

**GUILDFORD
CORPORATION
CONCERTS**

**DIRECTOR OF MUSIC
VERNON HANDLEY**

GUILDFORD PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Leader : **WILLIAM ARMON**

FESTIVAL CHOIR

NORMAN TATTERSALL . Baritone

VERNON HANDLEY . Conductor

The **ELEVENTH CONCERT** in
THE ENTERPRISING SERIES
SATURDAY,
29th APRIL 1967
CIVIC HALL
Programme **1/-**

NORMAN TATTERSALL is well known in London and the Provinces, and has established his reputation in Recital, Concert, Oratorio and Broadcasting. After serving as a Captain in the Royal Engineers he studied singing at the Royal Academy of Music, winning many prizes. On leaving the Academy, he studied in Germany and Italy.

He has appeared with many important Societies, including the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Society, the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, and the Scottish National Orchestra. He has also appeared several times at the Leith Hill Festival, and in 1957 sang in their performance of Bach's St. Matthew Passion conducted by Dr. Vaughan Williams.

His appearances abroad include a highly successful Recital Tour of Western Germany, presenting programmes of English and German music in many of the leading cities.

FESTIVAL CHOIR

The Festival Choir is the larger of the two choirs under the conductorship of the Musical Director. It meets on Monday evenings at 7.15 p.m. in the Methodist Hall, and is mainly concerned with the performance of large choral works with orchestra. There are a few vacancies in the tenor and bass sections of the choir, and anyone interested should apply to the Director of Music, 155, High Street, Guildford. Mr. Handley wishes to acknowledge with thanks the help he has received in training the Festival Choir from the assistant conductor, Mr. Kenneth Lank, and accompanists Miss Mary Rivers and Miss Maureen Hall, and from Mrs. D. W. Wren and Miss G. Hall, who have given much time to a seating plan to accommodate the Choir.

PROGRAMME

CONCERTO GROSSO Malcolm Williamson
Born 1931

Between the autumn of 1964 and the summer of 1965 I wrote three orchestral works of which this is the second. The first was a Sinfonietta; and the third, my largest orchestral essay, Symphonic Variations. All three have elements of the concerto style of the eighteenth-century composers, and the Concerto grosso is laid out to exhibit in turn the strings, brass, percussion, and woodwind of a large orchestra. There are two movements with a small linking section. The first is scored for a string quartet, harp, and string orchestra. The linking section is like a recitative introducing the brass and percussion. The second movement is for a full orchestra giving the woodwind a chance to show off.

Analytically there is little to say. The work is in G minor/major even when it does not seem to be. The same thematic material is used throughout

the work even when it is not aurally evident. The formal scheme is that of traditional sonata form except insofar as the tonal relationships are concerned; and bald juxtaposition of blocks replaces bridge passages.

Programme note by the Composer.

Sea Drift Delius

Sea Drift, completed in 1904, is a setting for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra of the first of the Walt Whitman poems, which are published under that title in "Leaves of Grass". The words have been selected from the poem "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking". It was first performed, like several of Delius's works, in Germany in 1906, and the first British performance took place at Sheffield in 1908 under Sir Henry Wood. The story the poem relates is an intensely moving and tragic one. The words quite clearly give us pictures of the two birds nesting by the sea shore, their happiness in sharing this season, and the tragic blow that comes when the hen is killed. The accuracy of Whitman's observation conveys the feeling of bafflement that the remaining he-bird experiences, and poetically interprets the bird's actions as conveying anguish. The agony, anguish, love, hope, and finally a firm unsentimental acceptance of the heart-rending situation are conveyed in strong and passionate music by Delius.

Unfortunately, like so much of this composer's music, this work has been given many performances where only the most obvious emotions have been exaggerated, and where every striking harmony or beautiful phrase has been lingered on without any reference to the context. The most extraordinary characteristic of Delius's music is the one which many critics hold he does not possess at all: that is to say, his wonderful formal control of a style that seems superficially to be rhapsodic. Sea Drift seems to the listener to flow from beginning to end, but this is only achieved by the most careful organisation of sections, and even individual phrase lengths. It is not coincidence that the first bars of the piece are reiterated bass intervals with descending scales on the woodwind instruments above, and that in the middle of the work these bass intervals and their attendant chords return to form the basis of some of the baritone's narrative, and that the last main section of the work begins with falling scales on the strings and woodwind, which lead in turn to the reiteration of the bass intervals. Nor is it coincidence that the first two of the three sections mentioned above precede sections of lilting triplets or sections in six-four time. Although critics never mention the fact, can it be coincidence that the first animato section, the ecstatic "Shine! Shine! Shine!" of the chorus begins with the same interval followed by the same shaped phrase as the agonised ecstasy of the slow unaccompanied "O rising stars"?

The narrative is shared by the chorus and the baritone, and at times the two overlap. In the text printed below, words that are sung by the baritone and chorus simultaneously are bracketed.

CHORUS:

Once Paumanok,
When the lilac-scent was in the air and Fifth-month grass was growing.
Up this seashore in some briers,
Two feathered guests from Alabama, two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with brown.

BARITONE:

And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand
And every day the she-bird crouch'd on her nest, silent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

CHORUS:

Shine! Shine! Shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together,
Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together.

BARITONE:

Till of a sudden,
May-be killed, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the nest,
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appeared again,
And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the sea,
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or fitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

CHORUS:

Blow! Blow! Blow!
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

BARITONE:

Yes, when the stars glistened,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scalloped stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.
He called on his mate,
He poured forth the meanings which I of all men know.
Yes, my brother, I know,
The rest might not, but I have treasured every note,
For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds and sights after their
sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listened long and long.
Listened to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,
Following you, my brother.

CHORUS:

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind embracing and lapping, everyone close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.
Low hangs the moon, it rose late,
It is lagging—O, I think it is heavy with love, with love.
O madly the sea pushes upon the land,

With love, with love.

BARITONE:

O, night! Do I not see my love fluttering out among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?
Loud! Loud! Loud!
Loud I call to you, my love!
High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves.
Surely you must know who is here, is here,
You must know who I am, my love.

CHORUS:

O rising stars,
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you.
O throat, O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth,
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one I want.
Shake out carols!
Solitary here, the night's carols!
Carols of lonesome love! death's carols!
Carols under the lagging, yellow waning moon!
O, under that moon where she droops almost down into the sea!
O, reckless, despairing carols.

BARITONE:

But soft! sink low!
Soft! Let me just murmur,
And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea,
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,
But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately to me,
Hither, my love!
Here I am! Here!
With this just-sustained note I announce myself to you.
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.

CHORUS:

Do not be decoyed elsewhere.
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice,
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray,
Those are the shadows of leaves.

BARITONE:

O, darkness! O, in vain!
O, I am very sick and sorrowful.
O brown halo in the sky near the moon, drooping upon the sea!
O troubled reflection in the sea!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night.
O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!
In the air, in the woods, over fields,
Loved, loved, loved, loved, loved!
But my mate no more, no more, with me!
We two together no more.

INTERVAL

Symphony No. I in A flat Elgar

Andante - Nobile e semplice - Allegro

Allegro molto

Adagio

Lento - Allegro

If a member of the audience at the Queen's Hall in 1908 had been told that the Symphony, whose first London performance he was hearing, would win a hundred performances in its first year of existence, he would not have been surprised, for he would have been one of an audience who had called for the composer after the first movement, after the third movement, and then with frantic applause at the end of the Symphony. But he would have been surprised to be told that the work would suffer an eclipse, and that for many years its composer would be thought of as not having been a good symphonist. Although the Oratorios, Concerti, Enigma Variations and Introduction and Allegro have maintained Elgar's reputation over the years, it has not been until the last ten years that the two symphonies have started to come into their own again.

For two years before the production of his First Symphony, Elgar had produced no major work, and disturbed by his inability to achieve financial security, he had threatened early in 1907 to give up composing altogether, but he had been contemplating since 1898 the possibility of a symphony, and it started to take shape in October of 1907. He said that he composed it out of his experience of life, and with a *massive* hope in the future. The Symphony's extraordinary power is in its ability to appeal to any audience immediately without, however, making any popular gestures. It is strangely unified, and most of the principal themes can be found to have some relationship with the first noble tune. This tune starts straightaway at the beginning of the first movement, and unfolds its whole length in simple two-part harmony, with flutes, clarinets, bassoons and violas singing it quietly in octaves. When we have heard it once, the full orchestra takes it up; and having given us the main material of his work, Elgar gets the first large Allegro under way. It is during this Allegro that all the main developments of the first movement take place. Occasionally a quiet version of the first tune, played very tenderly by the first violins, or a few bars of the tune itself, intervene, but rarely hold up the progress of this colossal movement.

Immediately the second movement starts we realize that the weight of this huge orchestra has been dispersed, and even with characteristically angular material Elgar manages to keep his Scherzo light and swift. One extraordinary Mahlerian episode for solo violin and strings reminds us that the composer was capable of the great charm of the Wand of Youth Suites, and the Dorabella variation from the Enigma. The rather lumpy march tune which occurs frequently in this movement serves in quiet augmentation for the beautiful transition at the end of the movement which leads to the at first serene, but later passionate, third movement. The mood of this movement is so entirely different from the bustle of the first two that it is surprising to find that every bar is characteristic of Elgar. His many-sided nature is nowhere better shown than in the wide emotional range which the inclusion of this movement in the Symphony confirms.

The join to the finale is made perfectly, for it opens quietly, slowly and with great mystery. Quotations from the first movement and a strange distant march tune, undoubtedly related to the first tune of the first movement, pass before us. Then, a violent Allegro, full of dotted rhythms, announces the Elgar of the brilliant musical argument and telling orchestration. Nothing stops the headlong flight of this movement until the reappearance of the first tune in the Symphony, and this gathers the orchestra around it, sharing the material of the movement it has interrupted, until together the separate ideas reach a coda of great triumph. Elgar's massive hope was never clearer than here.