

**GUILDFORD  
PHILHARMONIC  
ORCHESTRA**

*William Armon Leader*

**PHILHARMONIC CHOIR**

**Guildford Corporation Concerts**  
*Vernon Handley Director of Music*

**THE EIGHTEENTH CONCERT IN  
THE ENTERPRISING SERIES**

**Saturday 3rd May 1969 at 7.45 pm  
GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL**

**CAROLINE FRIEND**

*Soprano*

**VERNON HANDLEY**

*Conductor*

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CAROLINE FRIEND was born in Edinburgh in 1944. She lived in the Guildford district for many years and attended the High School for Girls. In 1965, she entered the Royal College of Music and has studied singing with Meriel St. Clair. In her second year at the College she won the Leslie Woodgate Oratorio Prize and also the Van Someren-Godfrey English Song Recital Prize, as a result of which she was asked to make a recording of English songs for the College archives. As well as taking part in productions at the College, including a performance of Parry's "Job" under Sir Adrian Boult, Caroline Friend has appeared as soloist with many choral societies in the country, such as the Harrow Choral Society, the Cambridge University Musical Society, and the Tilford Bach Society with whom she sang in Westminster Abbey. She has also broadcast and given many recitals all over the country, and has been chosen to illustrate Frank Howes' nationally famous lectures on English folksong. Later this year, Caroline Friend will be singing in the Edinburgh Festival.

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Because of the amount of unfamiliar work that the Philharmonic Choir undertakes, its training falls on a team of people, and the Musical Director wishes to thank the assistant conductor, Mr. Kenneth Lank, and those who have conducted and accompanied sectional rehearsals: Mary Rivers, Patricia Finch, Elizabeth Lyon, Prudence Eddon, Stella Woodcock and Kathleen Atkins. The Musical Director also wishes to thank Mrs. D. W. Wren for the time she has given to a seating plan to accommodate the Choir.

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Guildford Corporation would like to express its gratitude to the Red Cross organisation for its services at these concerts throughout the season.

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#### OVERTURE "THE REHEARSAL"

GEOFFREY BUSH

This Overture was completed in 1943 and was given its first concert performance in 1953 at the Cheltenham Festival by the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz. The work originated in a reading of the Duke of Buckingham's Restoration comedy, "The Rehearsal". This play (a precursor of Sheridan's "The Critic") is an amusing satire both on the heroic drama of the time and also on the first attempts at English opera. The principal target of Buckingham's ridicule was John Dryden, the Poet Laureate, who is caricatured under the name of Mr. Bayes (a role corresponding roughly to that of Mr. Puff in "The Critic"). Accordingly, the Overture begins with a mock portentous slow section suggesting Bayes' complacency and self-importance.

The following quotation is taken from a scene in the play which shows Bayes instructing his dancers how to perform a ballet of his own devising:

Mr. Bayes (lying down flat on his face): "Now mark my note *Effaut flat*. Strike up Music Now". (As he rises up hastily he falls down again). "Ah, gadscookers, I have broke my nose".

Mr. Johnson (a Critic): "By my troth, Mr. Bayes, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in *Effaut*".

*Programme note by the composer.*

Elgar's view of Falstaff was formed by a deep reading of Shakespearean and Falstaffian literature, but the piece is really based on Shakespeare's histories, and, therefore, Falstaff is not a simple buffoon. He is "a knight, a gentleman and a soldier". Elgar portrays him "in the round" (literally and metaphorically), "not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in others". The score which Elgar thought his finest orchestral work is rich in different themes which represent different characters and experiences in the work, and the brilliance of the score is that it never steps outside its basic musical material to convey such diverse states as vulgarity, ceremony, sleep and pastoral dreams.

The first section gives us a picture of Falstaff and Prince Hal ; the second represents the Boar's Head and Gadshill, and all the revelry and sleep ; the third, Falstaff's recruiting march and the return through Gloucestershire, the proclamation of Prince Hal as King and the journey to London ; and the fourth and last, the royal procession from Westminster Abbey during which Falstaff amongst the enthusiastic crowds, is repudiated. The work ends with his death.

Elgar's intuitive grasp of form saw that this rich and colourful score needed some relief, and within it there are two interludes. In the first, we see the old knight asleep and dreaming of "Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk". In the second, we are in the pastoral atmosphere of "Gloucestershire, Shallows Orchard", with pipe and tabor, and a little figure for the strings, derived from Falstaff's themes.

The two interludes serve to set off the tremendous breadth of the more full-blooded passages. Burnett James has said that there is "a ripe humour and juicy vitality which are not really less than Shakespearean". It is because of this quality that Elgar is able to bring about the masterstroke of the work, and one which makes it so moving: the repudiation of Falstaff by his old comrade, Prince Hal, now the King. We hear fanfares as the King approaches and we hear the cheering crowds and the sudden collapse of Falstaff when he hails his old comrade who passes him by. We live with him his memories which recall the different sections of the work. Just before he finally dies, Elgar musically allows him to draw himself up to his full height, every inch "a knight, a gentleman and a soldier", before he bids us goodbye.

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INTERVAL

*Coffee will be served in the Surrey Room during the interval by members of the Concertgoers' Society.*

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- Prelude: Invocation to Pan  
I. Song and Bacchanal  
II. Ode on a Grecian Urn  
III. Scherzo—Fancy—Folly's Song  
IV. Finale

Holst's Choral Symphony was written for the Leeds Festival of 1925. He called it his First Choral Symphony as a second one was planned, but his untimely death in 1934 prevented it from being written. All the words of this symphony are from Keats's poetry, Holst having chosen the passages he wished to set very carefully, and although some people have criticised the choice of text for the last movement, when one realises that this is a real symphony, one can see Holst's wisdom. It is rarely performed, although it is a most colourful and exciting work. One of the reasons for its rarity is probably the size of the undertaking for a chorus, for they are on their feet in every movement, but undoubtedly the main problem is for the conductor, because structurally the symphony is most interesting. Holst rings the changes of his moods brilliantly, as, of course, should be so in a symphony, and the contrasts in the verses chosen demand very different treatments. On the other hand, the work is a symphony which also demands integrity and homogeneity, and Holst achieves this, a fact invariably missed by his critics, by purely musical means. Each movement has important material, both melodic and harmonic, made from fourths, thus giving a unity of musical language to the whole piece, and then, in each movement, melodic material will produce a rhythmic pattern or sometimes the rhythmic pattern will be established first and a melody founded on it: for example, in the Prelude, the altos and basses of the choir sing the words on one note for 17 bars, while the strings of the orchestra unfold a lugubrious chromatic fugue against them, but the moment the sopranos enter they take over the tune that the strings had introduced. In the second movement, each time a picture on the Grecian Urn has been described we hear the motif that introduces the movement, and this gives the strange feeling that one is moving round the Urn or turning it in one's hand. The Scherzo must be the fastest extended choral scherzo ever written, and Holst makes it a classical Scherzo and Trio, Folly's Song being a musical and textual contrast to Fancy in that it is as vulgar as Fancy is delicate. The composer's choice of words for the last movement seems haphazard at first, but when seen as whole is a Hymn to Apollo whose name is never actually mentioned.

Holst's other masterstroke in binding the work together is his use of the solo soprano, who crystallises the message of a movement or is responsible for its prelude or epilogue. Such diversity of moods and ideas, although realised with great economy on the part of the composer, present problems for anyone directing its performance, because much of the subject matter is classical, and Holst matched its nature in interesting but not overblown music, yet the moments of warm human emotion are there woven into the score, and must be placed very carefully in performance. Seen briefly, the varied moods of the work are an awesome invocation, a boisterous riot, a contrast with this of great beauty, a quicksilver lightening of the emotional weight, and then a deeply felt ceremony.

PRELUDE:

INVOCATION TO PAN

CHORUS

O Thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang  
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth  
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life,  
death  
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;  
Who lov'st to see the hamadryads dress  
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels  
darken;  
And through whole solemn hours dost sit,  
and hearken  
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—  
In desolate places, where dank moisture  
breeds  
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;  
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth  
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou  
now,  
By thy love's milky brow!  
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,

Hear us, great Pan!  
Be still the unimaginable lodge  
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge  
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,  
Then leave the naked brain: be still the  
heaven,  
That, spreading in this dull and clodded  
earth,  
Give it a touch ethereal—a new birth:  
Be still a symbol of immensity;  
A firmament reflected in a sea;  
An element filling the space between;  
An unknown—but no more: we humbly  
screen  
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly  
bending,  
And giving out a shout most heaven-  
rending,  
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,  
Upon thy Mount Lycean!

I

SONG AND BACCHANAL

SOLO

Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,  
I sat a-weeping: in the whole world wide  
There was no one to ask me why I wept,—  
And so I kept  
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears  
Cold as my fears.  
Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,  
I sat a-weeping: what enamoured bride,  
Cheated by shadowy woer from the clouds,  
But hides and shrouds  
Beneath dark palm trees by a river side?

And as I sat, over the light blue hills  
There came a noise of revellers: the rills  
Into the wide stream came of purple hue—  
'Twas Bacchus and his crew!  
The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills  
From kissing cymbals made a merry din—  
'Twas Bacchus and his kin!

Like to a moving vintage down they came,  
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on  
flame;  
All madly dancing through the pleasant  
valley,

To scare thee, Melancholy!  
O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!  
And I forgot thee, as the berried holly  
By shepherds is forgotten, when, in June,  
Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and moon:  
I rushed into the folly!

CHORUS

"Whence came ye, merry Damsels? whence  
came ye?  
So many, and so many, and such glee?  
Why have ye left your bowers desolate,  
Your lutes, and gentler fate?—  
'We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,

A-conquering!

Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,  
We dance before him thorough kingdoms  
wide:  
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be  
To our wild minstrelsy!"

SOLO

Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,  
Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,  
With sidelong laughing;  
And little rills of crimson wine imbrued  
His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough  
white  
For Venus' pearly bite;  
And near him rode Silenus on his ass,  
Pelted with flowers as he on did pass  
Tipsily quaffing.

CHORUS

"Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs? whence  
came ye?  
So many, and so many, and such glee?  
Why have ye left your forest haunts, why  
left  
Your nuts in oak-tree cleft?  
'For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;  
For wine we left our heath, and yellow  
brooms,  
And cold mushrooms;  
For wine we follow Bacchus through the  
earth;  
Great God of breathless cups and chirping  
mirth!  
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be  
To our mad minstrelsy!"

SOLO

Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,  
With Asian elephants:

Onward these myriads—with song and  
 dance,  
 With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians'  
 prance.  
 Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,  
 Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,  
 Plump infant laughters mimicking the coil  
 Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers' toil:  
 With toying oars and silken sails they glide,  
 Nor care for wind and tide.

CHORUS  
 Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,  
 We dance before him thorough kingdoms  
 wide:  
 For wine we follow Bacchus through the  
 earth;  
 Great God of breathless cups and chirping  
 mirth!  
 We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,  
 A-conquering!

## II

### ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

#### CHORUS

1  
 Thou still unravish'd 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-fring'd 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?

2  
 Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play  
 on;  
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
 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!

3  
 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 enjoy'd,  
 For ever panting, and for ever young;  
 All breathing human passion far above,  
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and  
 cloy'd,  
 A burning forehead, and a parching  
 tongue.

4  
 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 this 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.

5  
 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.

III  
SCHERZO  
FANCY

CHORUS

Ever let the Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home;  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;  
Then let winged Fancy wander  
Through the thought still spread beyond  
her:

Open wide the mind's cage-door,  
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.  
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;  
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,  
And the enjoying of the Spring  
Fades as does its blossoming;  
Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,  
Blushing through the mist and dew,  
Cloys with tasting: What do then?  
Sit thee by the ingle, when  
The sear faggot blazes bright,  
Spirit of a winter's night;  
When the soundless earth is muffled,  
And the caked snow is shuffled  
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;  
When the Night doth meet the Noon  
In a dark conspiracy

To banish Even from her sky.  
Sit thee there, and send abroad,  
With a mind self-overaw'd,  
Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!  
She has vassals to attend her:  
She will bring, in spite of frost,  
Beauties that the earth hath lost;  
She will bring thee, all together,  
All delights of summer weather;  
All the buds and bells of May,  
From dewy sward or thorny spray;  
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,  
With a still, mysterious stealth:  
She will mix these pleasures up  
Like three fit wines in a cup,  
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear  
Distant harvest-carols clear;  
Rustle of the reaped corn;  
Sweet birds antheming the morn:  
And, in the same moment—hark!

'Tis the early April lark,  
Or the rooks, with busy caw,  
Foraging for sticks and straw:  
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold  
The daisy and the marigold;  
White-plumed lilies, and the first  
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;  
Shaded hyacinth, alway  
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;  
And every leaf, and every flower  
Pearled with the self-same shower.  
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep  
Meagre from its celled sleep;  
And the snake all winter-thin  
Cast on sunny bank its skin;  
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see  
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,  
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest  
Quiet on her mossy nest;  
Then the hurry and alarm  
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;  
Acorns ripe down-pattering,  
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;  
Everything is spoilt by use:  
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,  
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid  
Whose lip mature is ever new?  
Where's the eye, however blue,  
Doth not weary? Where's the face  
One would meet in every place?  
Where's the voice, however soft,  
One would hear so very oft?

Ever let the Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home:  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;  
Then let winged Fancy wander  
Through the thought still spread beyond  
her:  
Open wide the mind's cage-door,  
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.

FOLLY'S SONG

When wedding fiddles are a-playing,  
Huzza for folly O!  
And when maidens go a-Maying,  
Huzza for folly O!  
When a milk-pail is upset,  
Huzza for folly O!  
And the clothes left in the wet,  
Huzza for folly O!

When the barrel's set a-broach,  
Huzza for folly O!  
When Kate Eyebrow keeps a coach,  
Huzza for folly O!  
When the pig is over-roasted,  
And the cheese is over-toasted,  
When Sir Snap is with his lawyer,  
And Miss Chip has kiss'd the sawyer,  
Huzza for folly O!

IV  
FINALE

SOLO

Spirit here that reignest!  
Spirit here that painest!  
Spirit here that burnest!  
Spirit here that mournest!  
Spirit! I bow  
My forehead low,  
Enshaded with thy pinions!  
Spirit! I look,  
All passion-struck,  
Into thy pale dominions!

CHORUS

God of the golden bow,  
And of the golden lyre,  
And of the golden hair,  
And of the golden fire!

In thy western halls of gold,  
When thou sittest in thy state,  
Bards, that erst sublimely told  
Heroic deeds, and sang of fate,  
With fervour seize their adamant lyres,  
Whose chords are solid rays, and twinkle  
radiant fires.

Here Homer with his nervous arms  
Strikes the twanging harp of war,  
And even the western splendour warms,  
While the trumpets sound afar.

SOLO

Then, through thy Temple wide,  
meiodious swells  
The sweet majestic tone of Maro's lyre:  
The soul delighted on each accent  
dwells,—  
Enraptured dwells,—not daring to  
respire,  
The while he tells of grief around a funeral  
pyre.

CHORUS

'Tis awful silence then again;  
Expectant stand the spheres;  
Breathless the laurell'd peers,  
Nor move, till ends the lofty strain,  
Nor move till Milton's tuneful thunders  
cease,  
And leave once more the ravish'd heavens  
in peace.

Thou biddest Shakespeare wave his hand,  
And quickly forward spring  
The Passions—a terrific band—  
And each vibrates the string  
That with its tyrant temper best accords,  
While from their Master's lips pour forth  
the inspiring words.

A silver trumpet Spenser blows,  
And, as its martial notes to silence flee,  
From a virgin chorus flows  
A hymn in praise of spotless Chastity.  
'Tis still! Wild warblings from the Æolian  
lyre  
Enchantment softly breathe, and tremblingly  
expire.

SOLO

Next thy Tasso's ardent numbers  
Float along the pleased air,

Calling youth from idle slumbers,  
Rousing them from Pleasure's lair:—  
Then o'er the strings his fingers gently  
move,  
And melt the soul to pity and to love.

CHORUS

But when *Thou* joimest with the Nine,  
And all the powers of song combine,  
We listen here on earth:  
The dying tones that fill the air,  
And charm the ear of evening fair,  
From thee, great God of Bards, receive  
their heavenly birth.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,  
Ye have left your souls on earth!  
Have ye souls in heaven too,  
Double-liv'd in regions new?  
Yes, and those of heaven commune  
With the spheres of sun and moon;  
With the noise of fountains wondrous,  
And the parle of voices thund'rous;  
With the whisper of heaven's trees  
And one another, in soft ease  
Seated on Elysian lawns  
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;  
Underneath large blue-bells tented,  
Where the daisies are rose-scented,  
And the rose herself has got  
Perfume which on earth is not;  
Where the nightingale doth sing  
Not a senseless, tranced thing,  
But divine melodious truth;  
Philosophic numbers smooth;  
Tales and golden histories  
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then  
On the earth ye live again;  
And the souls ye left behind you  
Teach us, here, the way to find you,  
Where your other souls are joying,  
Never slumbered, never cloying.  
Here, your earth-born souls still speak  
To mortals, of their little week;  
Of their sorrows and delights;  
Of their passions and their spites;  
Of their glory and their shame;  
What doth strengthen and what maim.  
Thus ye teach us, every day,  
Wisdom, though fled far away.

SOLO

Spirit here that reignest!  
Spirit here that painest!  
Spirit here that burnest!  
Spirit here that mournest!  
Spirit! I bow  
My forehead low,  
Enshaded with thy pinions!  
Spirit! I look,  
All passion-struck,  
Into thy pale dominions!

CHORUS

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,  
Ye have left your souls on earth!  
Ye have souls in heaven too,  
Double-lived in regions new!