

Civic Hall, Guildford, Saturday, 21 February, 7.45 p.m. 1970

Guildford Corporation Concerts

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC : VERNON HANDLEY

THE 20th CONCERT
IN THE ENTERPRISING SERIES



Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra

Leader: William Armon

Philharmonic Choir

Enid Hartle

Contralto

Brian Rayner Cook

Baritone

Vernon Handley

Conductor

**Symphonie, Opus 21
Webern**

**Five Tudor Portraits
Vaughan Williams**

**Symphony No. 1
Walton**

Enid Hartle

Enid Hartle was born in Sheffield, Yorks., and studied at the Guildhall School of Music where she held the Mitchell scholarship and won the College prizes for lieder and opera singing. After graduating from the College she went on to study with Madame Vera Rozsa.

Miss Hartle has sung several leading roles with the Morley College Opera Group, and her performances with the Glyndebourne Festival Opera Company drew warm praise from the critics. She has just returned from Barcelona where she fulfilled a contract with the Gran Teatro del Liceo. Concert engagements have taken Miss Hartle all over the British Isles, and her wide repertoire includes works in Russian and Hungarian.

Brian Rayner Cook

Brian Rayner Cook, whose earliest musical training was as an organist, read music at Bristol University. Before turning to solo singing he did a good deal of conducting, mainly of opera, including performances in Bristol of Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*, which attracted wide coverage in the national press. He entered the Royal College of Music as a Postgraduate Student, studying with Redvers Llewellyn, and winning several of the important prizes for singing. In April last year he was awarded a Kathleen Ferrier Memorial Scholarship. Brian Rayner Cook has appeared both in oratorio and on the recital platform. He has been invited by the Incorporated Society of Musicians to take part in one of their three Wigmore Hall recitals this year for "Outstanding Young Artists".

The Director of Music wishes to acknowledge with thanks the help he has received in training

the Philharmonic Choir from the assistant conductor, Mr. Kenneth Lank, the accompanists, Miss Mary Rivers and Miss Patricia Finch, and from Mrs. D. W. Wren who has given much time to a seating plan to accommodate the Choir.

PROGRAMME

Symphonie, Opus 21 Webern

1. Ruhig-schreitend (moving quietly).
2. Variations.

This evening's music has been chosen to show the contrasting styles of three composers. All three works were written within seven years of one another. It is nowadays thought that any modern music must be essentially noisy, and this criticism is particularly levelled at serial and post serial music. Webern's little symphony was written in 1928, and after his struggles to achieve his own use of the twelve note system represents something of a calm after a storm. He had realised that although modern music's language was to be different, it was possible to find expression for it in older forms, and the objection often made that this sort of music leads nowhere is defeated in the first movement of this symphony. The whole work lasts only ten minutes, and just as in some classical symphonies, the first section of the first movement is repeated in its entirety with no change of dynamic markings. In fact, out of this delicate world of timbres and colours Webern formally lays out exposition, development, recapitulation and coda, and he uses one simple form in each of these sections, namely the canon. What makes it subtle rather than simple music is the adventurous use of instrumental

colour, and while only clarinet, bass clarinet, two horns, harp, violins, violas and cellos are used, the variety of timbres which he draws from such a group is astonishing. The repeated sections are fairly easy to recognise, but in the Variations it is probably most rewarding to allow the ear simply to register the different tone qualities as they progress at different speeds before us.

Five Tudor Portraits Vaughan Williams

1. Ballad. The Tunning of Elinor Rummung.
2. Intermezzo. My pretty Bess.
3. Burlesca. Epitaph on John Jaybird of Diss.
4. Romanza. Jane Scroop (her lament for Philip Sparrow).
5. Scherzo. Jolly Rutterkin.

When in 1935 Vaughan Williams wrote his Choral Suite from poems of John Skelton he was a world famous composer by reason of his serious choral music and his symphonies. It is the fault of the English public that it tends to pigeonhole its composers as the purveyors of one type of mood or style. Although the technical thumbprint of Vaughan Williams, particularly in the orchestration, is visible on every page of The Portraits, it is unique among his works. People find it hard to accept that this boisterous, rude, full-blooded music could proceed from the mind that created the Tallis Fantasia and the Pastoral Symphony, and because of this terrible pigeonholing the composer's religious choral works such as *Dona Nobis Pacem* and *Sancta Civitas* are performed more often than the Five Tudor Portraits. From the first page the composer's ability to grasp Tudor life is abundantly clear; as clear as in other works where he had absorbed Tudor church music, and the great brewing of Elinor Rummung is bawled at us

by the full orchestra and choir. The whole movement has great pace, but perhaps its finest achievement is the scurrying list of people who cannot wait to get to the ale-feast and are "with all their might running" to "Elinor on the Hill". By complete contrast the Intermezzo for baritone solo with the choir accompanying is the gentlest of songs. What a terrible old rogue John Jaybird of Diss must have been, and how the male voices of the choir contrive a malicious epitaph out of the mixture of dog Latin and scornful English. It is as well to note that the singers should be required to produce good tone only now and then when the humour demands it. For the rest of the time this is, as it is called, a burlesque; not only in regard to the man whose epitaph it is, but also as to singing and chanting and even orchestration. Once again, a beautiful contrast in Jane Scroop's lament, with the contralto soloist accompanied only by women's voices. As furious as was the epitaph, so is this movement gentle, and leaves us in exactly the right mood for the Scherzo which finishes the set and requires full orchestra, full choir, and the baritone soloist to hammer home this riotous finale.

1. The Tunning of Elinor Rummung

Tell you I will,
If that ye will
A-while be still,
Of a comely Jill
That dwelt on a hill:
She is somewhat sage
And well worn in age:
For her visage
It would assuage
A man's courage.
Droopy and drowsy,
Scurvy and lowsy,
Her face all bowsy,
Comely crinkled,
Wondrously wrinkled

Like a roast pig's ear,
Bristled with hair.
Her nose some deal hookéd,
And camously-crookéd,
Never stopping,
But ever dropping;
Her skin loose and slack,
Grained like a sack;
With a crooked back.
Jawed like a jetty;
A man would have pity
To see how she is gumméd,
Fingered and thumbéd,
Gently jointed,
Greased and anointed
Up to the knuckles;
Like as they were buckles
Together made fast.
Her youth is far past!

And yet she will jet
Like a jollivet,
In her furréd flocket,
And gray russet rocket,
With simper and cocket.
Her hood of Lincoln green
It has been hers, I ween,
More than forty year;
And so doth it appear,
For the green bare threadés
Look like sere weedés,
Withered like hay,
The wool worn away.
And yet, I dare say
She thinketh herself gay
Upon the holiday
When she doth her array
And girdeth on her geets
Stitched and pranked with pleats;
Her kirtle, Bristol-red,
With clothes upon her head
That weigh a sow of lead,
Writhen in wondrous wise
After the Saracen's guise,
With a whim-wham
Knit with a trim-tram
Upon her brain-pan;
Like an Egyptian
Capped about,
When she goeth out.

And this comely dame,
I understand, her name
Is Elinor Rummung,
At home in her wonning;
And as men say
She dwelt in Surrey

In a certain stead
Beside Leatherhead.
She is a tonnish gib,
The devil and she be sib.

But to make up my tale
She breweth nappy ale,
And maketh thereof pot-sale
To travellers, to tinkers,
To sweaters, to swinkers,
And all good ale-drinkers,
That will nothing spare
But drink till they stare
And bring themselves bare,
With 'Now away the mare!
And let us slay care'.
As wise as an hare!

Come who so will
To Elinor on the hill
With 'Fill the cup, fill!'
And sit there by still,
Early and late.
Thither cometh Kate,
Cisly, and Sare,
With their legs bare.
They run in all haste,
Unbraced and unlaced;
With their heeles dagged,
Their kirtles all jagged,
Their smocks all too-ragged,
With titters and tatters,
Bring dishes and platters,
With all their might running
To Elinor Rummung
To have of her tunning.

She lendeth them on the same,
And thus beginneth the game.
Some wenches come unlaced
Some housewives come unbraced
Some be flybitten,
Some skewed as a kitten;
Some have no hair-lace,
Their locks about their face
Such a rude sort
To Elinor resort
From tide to tide.
Abide, abide!
And to you shall be told
How her ale is sold
To Maud and to Mold.
Some have no money
That thither comé
For their ale to pay.
That is a shrewd array!
Elinor swaired, 'Nay,

Ye shall not bear away
Mine ale for nought,
By him that me bought!'
With 'Hey, dog, hey!
Have these hogs away!'
With 'Get me a staffé
The swine eat my draffé!
Strike the hogs with a club,
They have drunk up my swilling-
tub!'

Then thither came drunken Alice,
And she was full of talés,
Of tidings in Walés,
And of Saint James in Galés,
And of the Portingalés,
With 'Lo, Gossip, I wis,
Thus and thus it is:
There hath been great war
Between Temple Bar
And the Cross in Cheap,
And there came an heap
Of mill-stones in a rout'.
She speaketh thus in her snout,
Snivelling in her nose
As though she had the pose.

'Lo, here is an old tippet,
An ye will give me a sippet
Of your stale ale,
God send you good sale!'
'This ale', said she, 'is nopyy;
Let us suppe and sopyy
And not spill a droppy,
For, so may I hoppy,
It cooleth well my croppy'
Then began she to weep
And forthwith fell asleep.
(With Hey! and with Ho!
Sit we down a-row,
And drink tille we blow.)

Now in cometh another rabble:
And there began a fabble,
A clattering and babble
They hold the highway,
They care not what men say,
Some, loth to be espied,
Start in at the back-side
Over the hedge and pale,
And all for the good ale.
(With Hey! and with Ho!
Sit we down a-row,
And drink till we blow.)
Their thirst was so great
They asked never for meat,
But drink, still drink,
And 'Let the cat wink,

Let us wash our gummés
From the dry crummés!'
Some brought a wimble,
Some brought a thimble,
Some brought this and that
Some brought I wot ne'er what.

And all this shift they make
For the good ale sake.
'With Hey! and with Ho!
Sit we down a-row,
And drink till we blow,
And pipe "Tirly Tirlow!"'.
* * *

But my fingers itch,
I have written too much
Of this mad mummung
Of Elinor Rummung!
Thus endeth the geste
Of this worthy feast.

2. Pretty Bess

My proper Bess,
My pretty Bess,
Turn once again to me!
For sleepest thou, Bess,
Or wakest thou, Bess,
Mine heart it is with thee.

My daisy delectable,
My primrose commendable,
My violet amiable,
My joy inexplicable,
Now turn again to me.

Alas! I am disdained,
And as a man half maimed,
My heart is so sore pained!
I pray thee, Bess, unfeigned,
Yet come again to me!

By love I am constrained
To be with you retained,
It will not be refrained:
I pray you, be reclaimed,
And turn again to me.

My proper Bess,
My proper Bess,
Turn once again to me!
For sleepest thou, Bess,
Or wakest thou, Bess,
Mine heart it is with thee.

3. Epitaph on John Jayberd of
Diss

Sequitur trigintale
Tale quale rationale,
Licet parum curiale,
Tamen satis est formale,
Joannis Clerc, hominis
Cujusdam multinominis,
Joannes Jayberd qui vocatur,
Clerc cleribus nuncupatur.
Obiit sanctus iste pater
Anno Domini Millesimo
Quingentesimo sexto.

In parochia de Diss
Non erat sibi similis ;
In malitia vir insignis,
Duplex corde et bilinguis ;
Senio confectus,
Omnibus suspectus,
Nemini dilectus,
Sepultus est among the weeds:
God forgive him his misdeeds!
Carmina cum cannis
Cantemus festa Joannis:
Clerc obiit vere,
Jayberd nomenque dedere:
Diss populo natus,
Clerc cleribus estque vocatus.
Nunquam sincere
Solitus sua crimina flere:
Cui male lingua loquax—
—Que mendax que, fuere
Et mores tales
Resident in nemine quales ;
Carpens vitales
Auras, turbare sodales
Et cives socios.
Asinus, mulus velut, et bos.
Quid petis, hic sit quis?
John Jayberd, incola de Diss ;
Cui, dum vixerat is,
Sociantur jurgia, vis, lis.
Fam jacet hic stark dead,
Never a tooth in his head.
Adieu Jayberd, adieu,
In faith, deacon thou crew!
Fratres, orate
For this knavate,
By the holy rood,
Did never man good:
I pray you all,
And pray shall,
At this trental

On knees to fall
To the football,
With 'Fill the black bowl
For Jayberd's soul'.
Bibite Multum:
Ecce sepultum
Sub pede stultum.
Asinum et mulum
With 'Hey, ho, rumblelow!'
Rumpopulorum
Për omnia Secula seculorum!

Free Translation of No. 3

Here follows a trental, more or
less reasonable, hardly fitting for
the Church, but formal enough,
for John the Clerc, a certain man
of many names who was called
John Jayberd. He was called clerk
by the clergy. This holy father
died in the year of our Lord 1506.
In the parish of Diss there was
not his like ; a man renowned for
malice, double-hearted and
double-tongued, worn out by old
age, suspected of all, loved by
none. He is buried . . . Sing we
songs in our cups to celebrate
John. The clerk truly is dead and
was given the name of Jayberd.
He was born among the people of
Diss and was called clerk by the
clergy. Never was he wont truly to
bemoan his sins. His evil tongue
was loquacious and lying. Such
morals as his were never before in
anyone. When he breathed the
vital air he disturbed his
companions and his fellow
citizens as if he were an ass, a
mule, or a bull. Do you ask who
this is! John Jayberd, inhabitant
of Diss with whom while he lived
were associated quarrels,
violence and strife.
Now here he lies . . .
Pray, brethren . . .
Drink your fill. See he is buried
under your feet, a fool, an ass
and a mule . . .
For ever and ever.

4. Jane Scroop. Her lament for
Philip Sparrow

Placebo!
Who is there, who?
Dilexi!
Dame Margery?
Fa, re, mi, mi,
Wherefore and why, why?
For the soul of Philip Sparrow,
That was, late, slain at Carrow,
Among the Nuns Black.
For that sweet soul's sake,
And for all sparrows' souls
Set in our bead-rolls.

When I remember again
How my Philip was slain,
Never half the pain
Was between you twain,
Pyramus and Thisbe,
As then befell to me:
I wept and I wailed,
The tears down hailed,
But nothing it availed
To call Philip again,
Whom Gib, our cat, hath slain.
Vengeance I ask and cry,
By way of exclamation,
On all the whole nation
Of cattes wild and tame:
God send them sorrow and
shame!

That cat specially
That slew so cruelly
My little pretty sparrow
That I brought up at Carrow!
O cat of churlish kind,
The fiend was in thy mind
So traitorously my bird to kill
That never owed thee evil will!
It had a velvet cap,
And would sit upon my lap,
And seek after small wormes,
And sometime whitebread-
crumbes ;
And many times and oft,
Between by breastes soft
It would lie and rest ;
It was proper and prest!

Sometime he would gasp
When he saw a wasp ;
A fly, or a gnat,
He would fly at that ;
And prettily he would pant
When he saw an ant!

Lord how he would pry
After a butterfly!
Lord, how he would hop
After the grasshop!
And when I said, 'Phip, Phip!'
Then he would leap and skip,
And take me by the lip.
Alas! it will me slo
That Philip is gone me fro!

For Philip Sparrow's soul,
Set in our bead-roll,
Let us now whisper
A Pater noster.

Lauda, anima mea, Dominum!
To weep with me, look that ye
come,
All manner of birdés in your
kind;
See none be left behind.

To mourning look that ye fall
With dolorous songs funeral,
Some to sing and some to say,
Some to weep, and some to pray,
Every bird in his lay.
The goldfinch, the wagtail;
The jangling jay to rail,
The fleckéd pie to chatter
Of this dolorous matter;
And Robin Redbreast,
He shall be the priest
The requiem mass to sing,
Softly warbling,
With help of the reed sparrow,
And the chattering swallow,
This hearse for to hallow;
The lark with his long toe;
The spinke, and the martinet also;
The fieldfare, the snite
The crow and the kite
The raven called Rolfe,
His plain song to sol-fa;
The partridge, the quail;
The plover with us to wail;

The lusty chanting nightingale;
The popinjay to tell her tale,
That toteth oft in a glass,
Shall read the Gospel at mass;
The mavis with her whistle
Shall read there the Epistle.
Our chanters shall be the cuckoo,
The culver, the stockdoe,
With 'peewit' the lapwing,
The Versicles shall sing.

The swan of Maender,
The goose and the gander,
The duck and the drake,
Shall watch at this wake;
The owl that is so foul,
Must help us to howl;
The heron so gaunt,
And the cormorant,
With the pheasant,
And the gagging gant,
The dainty curlew,
With the turtle most true.
The peacock so proud,
Because his voice is loud,
And hath a glorious tail,
He shall sing the Grail.

The bird of Araby
That potentially
May never die.
A phoenix it is
This hearse that must bless
With aromatic gums
That cost great sums,
The way of thurification
To make a fumigation,
Sweet reflare,
And redolent of air,
This corse for to 'cense
With great reverence,
As patriarch or pope
In a black cope.
Whiles he 'censeth the hearse,
He shall sing the verse,
Libera me, Domine!
In do, la sol, re,
Softly Be-mol
For my sparrow's soul.

And now the dark cloudy night
Chaseth away Phoebus bright,
Taking his course towards the
west,
God send my sparrow's soul good
rest!
Requiem aeternam dona eis,
Domine!
I pray God, Philip to heaven may
fly!
Domine, exaudi orationem meam!
To Heaven he shall, from Heaven
he came!
Dominus vobiscum!
Of all good prayers God send him
some!
Oremus,

Deus, cui proprium est misereri et
parcere,
On Philip's soul have pity!
For he was a pretty cock,
And came of a gentle stock,
And wrapt in a maiden's smock,
And cherished full daintily,
Till cruel fate made him to die;
Alas, for doleful destiny!
Farewell, Philip adieu!
Our Lord, thy soul rescue!
Farewell, without restore,
Farewell for evermore!

5. Jolly Rutterkin

Hoyda, Jolly Rutterkin, hoyda!
Like a rutter hoyda.

Rutterkin is come unto our town
In a cloak without coat or gown,
Save a ragged hood to cover his
crown,
Like a rutter hoyda.

Rutterkin can speak no English,
His tongue runneth all on
buttered fish,
Besmeared with grease about his
dish,
Like a rutter hoyda.

Rutterkin shall bring you all good
luck,
A stoup of beer up at a pluck,
Till his brain be as wise as a duck,
Like a rutter hoyda.

What now, let see,
Who looketh on me
Well round about,
How gay and how stout
That I can wear
Courtly my gear.

My hair brusheth
So pleasantly,
My robe rusheth
So ruttngly,
Meseem I fly,
I am so light
To dance delight.

Properly dressed,
All point devise,
My person pressed
Beyond all size
Of the new guise,
To rush it out
In every rout.

Beyond measure
My sleeve is wide,
All of pleasure
My hose strait tied,
My buskin wide
Rich to behold,
Glittering in gold.
Rutterkin is come, etc.

Interval

During the Interval, refreshments 1s., will be served in the Surrey Room by members of the Concertgoers' Society.

Symphony No. 1 in B flat minor Walton

Allegro assai.
Presto con malizia.
Andante,
Maestoso—Rioso ed
ardentamente—Vivacissimo—
Maestoso.

At the turn of the century, people were quite overcome if an Englishman produced a symphony, but nowadays, although those of Elgar, Vaughan Williams, Walton and Bax are not given enough hearings, owing to the championship of one or two foreign conductors, Walton's First Symphony is known all over Europe and America. Its impact is individual and immediate, and yet like much of Walton's music, it took him some years to complete. He was writing it during the years 1932-1935, and in fact allowed the first three movements to be performed while he was still struggling with the problem of finishing the work. Although Walton employs remote harmonies, a key relationship which circles tonalities and an organic approach to theme building allied to a disintegration of rhythmic pattern, yet the orchestration he employs is perfectly orthodox. By a careful division of string parts in all four

movements, and a reserving of his percussion strength until the last movement, he manages to create the impression of having a very much larger orchestra at his disposal.

The first movement is straightforward as to overall form, but the first subject theme asserts itself in all sections of the movement, and, being a tune reminiscent of Sibelius, it is capable of great organic changes, and sometimes we may be listening to what seems like new material when it is a remote development of the original snippet. The second movement does not resolve the tremendous tension of the first. In fact, the *con malizia* of the title is admirably suited to extending emotional tension in the music and the audience. The emotion of malice is offered by displaced accents, jagged rhythms and dissonant harmonies hammered out furiously off the beat as well as on. It is music of tremendous excitement with sudden fortissimos and sudden pianissimos, with an extraordinary coda working up from piano to fortissimo and then stopping completely for a long silence before the final explosion.

Now the third movement slowly unwinds itself before us, but where we might expect a romantic contrast to the presto, the melodies, though beautiful, are more melancholy than consoling, and at times a very forceful romanticism is expressed without resolving the moods so far experienced in the symphony. This resolution is achieved in the last movement. Some critics objected to the more ceremonial side of Walton as expressed in his Coronation Marches being brought to the fore here, but resolution was definitely needed in this work, and in this most orderly of the four movements

Walton achieves this without ever descending into sentimentality. The material from the Allegro and the slow movement opens the finale and then gives way to a furious fugue. After such a demanding work, the composer was at pains not to finish in a merely noble or satisfied spirit. The end is optimistic, but only in the most masculine manner; the final *maestoso* being one of the composer's most impassioned outbursts.