

Guildford
Philharmonic
Orchestra

Guildford Corporation Concerts 1973-74

This concert is promoted by Guildford Borough Council with financial assistance from the Arts Council of Great Britain.

Civic Hall—Guildford

SATURDAY 27 APRIL 1974
at 7.45 p.m.

Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra

Leader: HUGH BEAN

Philharmonic Chior

Fiona Kimm

Contralto

Gerald English

Tenor

Thomas Allen

Baritone

Vernon Handley

Conductor

Fiona Kimm

Fiona Kimm was born in Ipswich in 1952 and was educated at schools in various naval ports around Britain. In 1970, she was awarded an Associated Board Scholarship to the Royal College of Music where she has been studying with Meriel St Clair. She won the Oratorio Prize in 1972, and an award for Lieder in 1973.

Her performances include many Oratorios, recitals of English, French and German Song, and a role in the first production of 'Thomas Bullen', an opera by Timothy Higgs.

Gerald English

Gerald English is an artist who embraces an extraordinary variety of skills. Contemporary composers such as Humphrey Searle, Phyllis Tate, Tom Eastwood and Ian Hamilton have written works for him, and by way of contrast, he is greatly admired for his understanding of early music, both from Mediaeval times and from the great Venetian period. His recordings of Monteverdi and Cavalli are outstanding, and his contributions to the mediaeval discography are equally distinguished.

Mr English speaks perfect French and often gives recitals of French Melodie, as well as German Lieder.

He appears regularly all over the British Isles, and has made major appearances in the United States, Canada, Spain, Switzerland, Holland and Italy. Last year Mr English toured extensively in Australia, giving concerts en route in Tahiti, New Zealand and Singapore.

Thomas Allen

Thomas Allen was born in Seaham, County Durham, and he began his studies in 1964 at the Royal College of Music with Hervey Alan. He has won a number of important prizes and competitions including the coveted Queen's Prize for United Kingdom and Commonwealth Singers, and in 1968 was awarded a Gulbenkian Foundation Scholarship.

Thomas Allen began a two year contract as a principal baritone at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden in 1972. From 1969 until 1972 he was a member of the Welsh National Opera, with whom he sang a great variety of roles.

From power of the devil;
Thy servant deliver,
For once and for ever.

By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,
Rescue him from endless loss;
By Thy death and burial,
Save him from a final fall;
By Thy rising from the tomb,
By Thy mounting up above,
By the Spirit's gracious love
Save him in the day of doom,

Gerontius

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Parce mihi, Domine.
Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.
And I trust and hope most fully
In that Manhood crucified;
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as He has died.
Simply to His grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong.

And I love, supremely, solely,
Him the holy, Him the strong.
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Parce mihi, Domine.
And I hold in veneration,
For the love of Him alone,
Holy Church, as His creation,
And her teachings, as His own.
And I take with joy whatever
Now besets me, pain or fear,
And with a strong will I sever
All the ties which bind me here.
Adoration aye be given,
With and through the angelic host,
To the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Sanctus, fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Mortis in discrimine.

I can no more; for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man.

. . . . And, crueller still,
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
The mansion of my soul. And, worse and
worse,
Some bodily form of ill
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome
curse
Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs, and
flaps
Its hideous wings,
And makes me wild with horror and dismay.
O Jesu, help! pray for me, Mary, pray!
Some Angel, Jesu! such as came to Thee
In Thine own agony. . . .
Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for me.
Mary, pray for me.

Assistants

Rescue him, O Lord, in this his evil hour,
As of old so many by Thy gracious power.—

Nee from the waters in a saving home;
(Amen.)

Job from all his multiform and fell distress;
(Amen.)

Moses from the land of bondage and despair;
(Amen.)

David from Golia and the wrath of Saul;
(Amen.)

. . . . —So, to show Thy power,
Rescue this Thy servant in his evil hour.

Gerontius

Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep,
The pain has wearied me. . . Into Thy
hands,
O Lord, into Thy hands. . . .

The Priest and Assistants

Profiscicere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo!
Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!
Go from this world! Go, in the Name of God
The Omnipotent Father, Who created thee!
Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,
Son of the living God, Who bled for thee!
Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, Who
Hath been poured out on thee! Go, in the
name
Of Angels and Archangels; in the name
Of Thrones and Dominations; in the name
Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the name
Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth!
Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets;
And of Apostles and Evangelists,
Of Martyrs and Confessors, in the name
Of holy Monks and Hermits; in the name
Of Holy Virgins; and all Saints of God,
Both men and women, go! Go on thy course;
And may thy place today be found in peace,
And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount
Of Sion:—through the Same, through Christ
our Lord.

INTERVAL

II

SOUL OF GERONTIUS Tenor
ANGEL Mezzo-Soprano
ANGEL OF THE AGONY Bass
DEMONS, ANGELICALS,
AND SOULS Chorus

Soul of Gerontius

I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed.
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ner'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling
pulse;

Nor does one moment differ from the next.

This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.

Another marvel: someone has me fast
Within his ample palm;

A uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
And hark! I hear a singing: yet in sooth
I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!

Angel

My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home,
For the crown is won,
Alleluia,
For evermore.
My Father gave
In charge to me
This child of earth
E'en from its birth,
To serve and save,
Alleluia,
And saved is he.
This child of clay
To me was given,
To rear and train
By sorrow and pain
In the narrow way,
Alleluia,
From earth to heaven.

Soul

It is a member of that family
Of wondrous beings, who, ere the worlds were
made,
Millions of ages back, have stood around
The throne of God.

I will address him, Mighty one, my Lord,
My Guardian Spirit, all hail!

Angel

All hail! my child,
My child and brother, hail! what wouldest
thou?

Soul

I would have nothing but to speak with thee
For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with thee
Conscious communion; though I fain would
know
A maze of things, were it but meet to ask,
And not a curiousness.

Angel

You cannot now
Cherish a wish which ought not to be wished.

Soul

Then I will speak. I ever had believed
That on the moment when the struggling soul
Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it fell
Under the awful Presence of its God,
There to be judged and sent to its own place.
What lets me now from going to my Lord?

Angel

Thou art not let; but with extremest speed
Art hurrying to the Just and Holy Judge.

Soul

Dear Angel, say,
Why have I now no fear of meeting Him?
Along my earthly life, the thought of death
And judgement was to me most terrible.

Angel

It is because
Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost not
rear.
Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so
For thee bitterness of death is passed.
Also, because already in thy soul
The judgement is begun.

Angel

A presage falls upon thee, as a ray
Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy lot.
That calm and joy uprising in thy soul
Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense,
And heaven begun.

Soul

Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled;
And at this balance of my destiny,
Now close upon me, I can forward look
With a serenest joy.

But hark! upon my sense
Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make me
fear
Could I be frightened.

Angel

We are now arrived
Close on the judgement-court; that sullen howl
Is from the demons who assemble there,

Hungry and wild, to claim their property,
And gather souls for hell. Hist to their cry.

Soul

How sour and how uncouth a dissonance!

Demons

Low-born clods
Of brute earth,
They aspire
To become gods,
By a new birth,
And an extra grace,
And a score of merits,
As if aught
Could stand in place
Of the high thought,
And the glance of fire
Of the great spirits,
The powers blest,
The lords by right,
The primal owners,
Of the proud dwelling
And realm of light,—
Dispossessed,
Aside thrust,

Chucked down,
By the sheer might
Of a despot's will,
Of a tyrant's frown,
Who after expelling

Their hosts, gave,
Triumphant still,
And still unjust,
Each forfeit crown
To psalm-droners,
And canting groaners,
To every slave,
And pious cheat,
And crawling knave,
Who licked the dust
Under his feet.

Angel

It is the restless panting of their being;
Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their
bars,
In a deep hideous purring have their life,
And an incessant pacing to and fro.

Demons

The mind bold
And independent,
The purpose free,
So we are told,
Must not think
To have the ascendant,
What's a saint?
One whose breath
Doth the air taint
Before his death;
A bundle of bones,
Which fools adore,
Ha! ha!
When life is o'er.
Virtue and vice,
A knave's pretence.
'Tis all the same; ;
Ha! ha!
Dread of hell-fire,
Of the venomous flame,
A coward's plea.
Give him his price,
Saint though he be,
Ha! ha!
From shrewd good sense
He'll slave for hire;
Ha! ha!
And does but aspire
To the heaven above
With sordid aim,
And not from love.
Ha! ha!

Soul

I see not those false spirits; shall I see
My dearest Master, when I reach His throne?

Angel

Yes,—for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord.

One moment; but thou knowest not, my child,
What thou dost ask: that sight of the Most
Fair
Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

Soul

Thou speakest darkly, Angel! and an awe
Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

Angel

There was a mortal, who is now above
In the mid glory: he, when near to die,
Was given communion with the Crucified,—

Such, that the Master's very wounds were
stamped
Upon his flesh; and, from the agony
Which thrilled through body and soul in that
embrace,
Learn that the flame of the Everlasting Love
Doth burn ere it transform.

Choir of Angelicals

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:

Angel

. . . Hark to those sounds!
They come of tender beings angelical,
Least and most childlike of the sons of God.

Choir of Angelicals

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!
To us His elder race He gave
To battle and to win,
Without the chastisement of pain,
Without the soil of sin.
The younger son He willed to be
A marvel in His birth:
Spirit and flesh His parents were;
His home was heaven and earth.
The Eternal blessed His child, and armed,
And sent Him hence afar,
To serve as champion in the field
Of elemental war.
To be His Viceroy in the world
Of matter, and of sense;
Upon the frontier, towards the foe,
A resolute defence.

Angel

We now have passed the gate, and are within
The House of Judgement.

Soul

The sound is like the rushing of the wind—
The summer wind—among the lofty pines.

Choir of Angelicals

Glory to Him, Who evermore
By truth and justice reigns;
Who tears the soul from out its case,
And burns away its stains!

Angel

They sing of thy approaching agony,
Which thou so eagerly didst question of.

Soul

My soul is in my hand: I have no fear,—
But hark! a grand mysterious harmony:
It floods me, like the deep and solemn sound
Of many waters.

Angel

And now the threshold, as we traverse it,
Utters aloud its glad responsive chant.

Choir of Angelicals

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!
O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,

A second Adam to the fight
 And to the rescue came.
 O wisest love! that flesh and blood
 Which did in Adam fail,
 Should strive afresh against the foe,
 Should strive and should prevail;
 And that a higher gift than grace
 Should flesh and blood refine,
 God's Presence and His very Self,
 And Essence all divine.
 O generous love! that He Who smote
 In man for man the foe,
 The double agony in man
 For man should undergo;
 And in the garden secretly,
 And on the cross on high,
 Should teach His brethren and inspire
 To suffer and to die.
 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
 And in the depth be praise:
 In all His words most wonderful;
 Most sure in all His ways!

Angel

Thy judgment now is near, for we are come
 Into the veiled presence of our God.

Soul

I hear the voices that I left on earth.

Angel

It is the voice of friends around thy bed.
 Who say the "Subvenite" with the priest.
 Hither the echoes come; before the Throne
 Stands the great Angel of the Agony,
 The same who strengthened Him, what time
 He knelt
 Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with blood.
 That Angel best can plead with Him for all
 Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.

Angel of the Agony

Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on
 Thee!
 Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened
 Thee;
 Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled in
 Thee;
 Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled
 Thee;
 Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee;
 Jesu! by that innocence which girdled Thee;
 Jesu! by that sanctity which reigned in Thee;
 Jesu! by that Godhead which was one with
 Thee;
 Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to
 Thee;
 Souls, who in prison, calm and patient, wait
 for Thee;
 Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come
 to Thee,
 To that glorious Home, where they shall ever
 gaze on Thee.

Soul

I go before my Judge. . . .

Voices on Earth

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.
 Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.

Angel

. . . Praise to His Name!

O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
 Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of
 God.

Soul

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
 There let me be,
 And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
 Told out for me.
 There, motionless and happy in my pain,
 Lone, not forlorn,—
 There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
 Until the morn,
 There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
 Which ne'er can cease
 To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
 Of its Sole Peace.
 There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—
 Take me away,
 That sooner I may rise, and go above,
 And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

Souls in Purgatory

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge; in every
 generation;
 Before the hills were born, and the world was,
 from age to age Thou art God,
 Bring us not, Lord, very low: for Thou hast
 said, Come back again, ye sons of
 Adam.

Come back, O Lord! how long: and be
 entreated for Thy servants.

Angel

Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,
 In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
 And o'er the penal waters, as they roll,
 I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.
 And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
 And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
 Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
 Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.
 Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
 Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou
 liest;
 And Masses on the earth, and prayers in
 heaven,
 Shall aid thee at the Throne on the Most
 Highest.
 Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,
 Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
 Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
 And I will come and wake thee on the
 morrow.

Souls

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge. Amen.

Choir of Angelicals

Praise to the Holiest. Amen.

Cardinal Newman

GUILDFORD PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Director of Music and Conductor: VERNON HANDLEY

Leader: Hugh Bean

Co-Leader: John Ludlow

First Violins

Hugh Bean
Michael Rennie
Sheila Beckensall
Stefan Brown
Patricia Cassidy
Bradley Creswick
Jean Fletcher
Beatrice Harper
Martin Hughes
Kate Jacobs
Kathleen Malet
Leila Palmer
Robert Trory

Second Violins

Nicholas Maxted Jones
Rosemary Roberts
Constance Ames
Gillian Bailey
Norbert Blume
Ruth Dawson
Cynthia Dunn
Paul Manley
Claire Renwick
Ian Smith
Deryck Wareing

Violas

Roger Chase
Luciano Jorio
Margaret Brookes
Neil Gray
Robin Grice
Leonard Lock
Trevor Snoad

Cellos

Eldon Fox
Jack Holmes
Laurence Cromwell
Gwen Cassidy
Christina Macrae
Pauline Sadgrove
John Stilwell

Basses

Keith Marjoram
John Duffy
Douglas Lees
Ninian Perry

Flutes

Henry Messent
Jane Parry

Piccolo

Christopher Nicholls

Oboes

Sara Barrington
Janice Knight

Cor Anglais

John Clementson

Clarinets

John Denman
Victor Slaymark

Bass Clarinet

Gordon Lewin

Bassoons

Anthony Brooks
Fritz Berent

Contra Bassoon

Nicholas Reader

Horns

Peter Clack
David Clack
Charles Bloomfield
Frank Hawkins

Trumpets

Clifford Haines
Howard Hawkes
Roland Wilson

Tenor Trombones

Alfred Flaszynski
Jack Pinches

Bass Trombone

Geoffrey Perkins

Tuba

Clifford Bevan

Timpani

Roger Blair

Percussion

Jonathan Bose
Boyd Gilmour
Heather Steadman

Harp

Fiona Hibbert

Concerts Manager: Kathleen Atkins

The audience may be interested to know that the violin sections are listed in alphabetical order after the first desk, because a rotation of desks is adopted in this orchestra, so that all players have the opportunity of playing in all positions in the section.

SATURDAY 4 MAY at 7.30 p.m.

Methodist Hall—Guildford

Concertgoers' Society Members Evening

The Haffner Quartet

String Quartet in D Major K575

—Mozart

Italian Serenade—Wolf

String Quartet in A Minor, Op. 51 No. 2

—Brahms