

Guildford
Philharmonic
Orchestra

Guildford Corporation Concerts 1972-73

Page Rec

Civic Hall—Guildford

SATURDAY 5th MAY at 7.45 p.m.

Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra

Leader: HUGH BEAN

Philharmonic Choir

Jane Manning

Soprano

Margaret Cable

Contralto

Kenneth Woollam

Tenor

Thomas Allen

Baritone

Vernon Handley

Conductor

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

Jane Manning

Jane Manning (who is appearing at short notice owing to the indisposition of Ilse Wolf) was born in Norwich, and studied at the Royal Academy of Music with Eric Green, and in Switzerland with Frederick Husler. Her repertoire is unusually wide-ranging, combining the standard oratorio and recital work with her special interest, contemporary music. She has appeared many times in the Royal Festival Hall, Purcell Room and Wigmore Hall. She is also a frequent broadcaster, and has appeared on television. Jane Manning performed with the Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra, Philharmonic Choir and Vernon Handley in 1962 when she was the soprano soloist in Elgar's *The Apostles*.

Margaret Cable

Margaret Cable was born and educated in Cambridge. She began her musical studies learning the piano, and later the violin. But, at the age of eighteen, she won a Scholarship and Exhibition for singing to the Royal College of Music where she studied with Cuthbert Smith. She has since been appointed a Professor of Singing at the College. She has appeared in a wide range of concert and recital work both in London and throughout the provinces, in addition to frequent broadcasts, recordings and television appearances.

Kenneth Woollam

Kenneth Woollam was born in Chester and was a chorister in the Cathedral choir. In 1961 he won a County Major Award and entered the Royal College of Music where he was a prominent soloist and prize winner. Kenneth Woollam's appearance and personality on stage has brought him considerable success in concerts, oratorio and opera. As well as appearances in this country, he has given concerts in Western Germany and Brussels, and has broadcast on Belgian Radio. He made his debut with Sadler's Wells Opera last year.

Thomas Allen

Thomas Allen was born in Seaham, Co. Durham. He studied singing at the Royal College of Music under Hervey Alan, and the organ under Harold Darke. In 1968 he was runner-up in the Federation of Music Societies annual competition for young musicians, and was awarded a Gulbenkian

Foundation Scholarship. Thomas Allen made his debut at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden in 1971, and is at present under contract to the Welsh National Opera as principal baritone. He has an extensive concert repertoire, and despite his operatic commitments, he has made frequent broadcasts of Lieder and English Songs.

Philharmonic Choir

The Philharmonic Choir is the larger of the two choirs under the conductorship of the Musical Director, who acknowledges with thanks the help he has received in training the choir from Mr. Kenneth Lank, and accompanists Miss Mary Rivers, Miss Patricia Finch and Miss Prudence Edden, and from Mrs. D. W. Wren who has given time to a seating plan to accommodate the Choir.

Guildford Corporation would like to express its gratitude to the Red Cross organisation for its services at these concerts throughout the season, and also to the Concertgoers' Society.

PROGRAMME

A MASS OF LIFE

Delius 1862—1934

'A Mass of Life' was Delius's biggest work, and yet its history and message are largely misunderstood by to-day's critics and public. It belongs to the period 1898-1905, that is to say, it comes from the years before he wrote most of the works which gained him his reputation. Since those years, however, produced 'Appalachia', and the opera, 'A Village Romeo and Juliet', one must consider them his period of maturity. Contrary to what we are led to believe nowadays, it was not Sir Thomas Beecham's first performance in 1909, nor subsequent ones by that conductor, that gained for the work whatever recognition it had. It is not generally known, for instance, that it had great success on the continent: Mahler knew it and studied it. It was given in Vienna, Prague and Wiesbaden in 1922. Bartok and Kodaly admired the work, and the former wrote to Delius speaking of his fascination. It was performed in Berlin in 1927. There were infrequent performances by Sir Thomas Beecham and Sir Malcolm Sargent, but now, with Sir Charles Groves' admirable

recording of the work, it only awaits the more thoughtful international conductors to gain its rightful place in the public's estimation.

The other great misunderstanding comes about because of the nature of the poetry of Nietzsche. 'Also sprach Zarathustra' came out in 1883. It was a culmination of the attitude of free-thinking amongst artists which had run riot in the Romantic period; but it was the expression of a philosopher as well as a poet: an attempt to find the meaning and purpose of human existence, and as such was a positive attempt and not, as many thoughtless commentators have averred, either anti-Christian or a licence for loose behaviour. Indeed, it was the positiveness of the philosophical ideas and the poetry which appealed to Delius, and he succeeds in matching the originality of the prose poem with original music in a way which neither Mahler nor Richard Strauss succeeded in doing, for both fell back on musical devices already well used and associated with other attitudes to life, for instance, the Viennese Waltz in Strauss's tone poem Zarathustra. Much criticism has been made of the English translation which will be sung to-day, the most popular being that the archaic idiom sounds peculiar. It is forgotten that Nietzsche's German itself used old fashioned forms and that his own study of the story is not nineteenth century Germany, but ancient Persian story.

'A Mass of Life' is a hymn of praise to life, and an effort to discover in full blooded living the meaning or purpose of existence. It is conceived in two parts, and the audience should remember that although the interval is placed where it is, Part 2, or the second of the two tremendous arches which are the two parts, has already begun. The second part is so much more intense than the first, at least spiritually, that it is probably a good thing to have a small rest after the tremendous opening chorus of Part 2, before making the attempt on the philosophical course which leads to the final ensemble. Each part begins with the full choral and orchestral forces urging man towards strength of spirit. The only difficulty is that in the first part we are hurled headlong into the chorus, while at the beginning of the second part there is a magical orchestral prelude before the evocation 'Arise, now arise'. Then, in each

part there is a movement for the baritone and orchestra and a central 'dance of life'. And although the soloists introduce each of these dances in the two parts, the dances themselves contain a great deal of music which is wordless, and these were the choruses which so impressed Bartok and Kodaly. Next, once again in both parts, the chorus and Zarathustra bring the message of woe: in the first part because natural Night has come, and in the second part because Death is approaching. The first part ends with a Song of Night, and the second with the great chorus 'Come now, let us wander', where Zarathustra approaches the mystery of Death, but in his strength seems to gather all the musical forces together in a great song which combines acceptance, joy and faith.

PART I

1. CHORUS

Thou Will unbending! Dispeller thou of care!
Thou mine essential in life! Preserve me from
all petty earthly conquests!

My soul's predestination which I call my
destiny, thou in me, over me, preserve me,
reserve me for one great worthy final destiny.
Then prepared and ripe I'll stand, when the
glorious mid-day looms, prepared and ripe,
like ore in the furnace: prepared to mine
ego, to my will, however deeply concealed, a
bow with passion craving its shaft, towards its
goal soaring starwards; a star prepared and
ripe in all its mid-day splendour, glowing,
transpierced, raptured 'mid the blaze of the
sun's bright arrows; yea, a sun itself e'en, and
a stern inflexible sun-will swaying, for
destruction prepared in conquest.

O Will, dispeller thou of care, thou mine
essential in life! Do thou reserve me for one
great final conquest.

Thou Will unbending! Dispeller thou of care,
thou mine essential in life! Preserve me from
ambition's petty conquests! My soul's
predestination, which I call my destiny, thou
in me, over me, preserve and reserve me for
one great worthy final destiny!

2. BARITONE SOLO

Now lift up your hearts, all, lift them,
brothers, high! higher! Nor forget the light
fantastic toe! And lift your feet and legs all
ye merry dancers, or, better still, stand ye
right on your heads!

Lo! this crown of the Laughing One, this fair
wreathlet of roses myself upon my own head
as a crown I set, I myself pronounced holy
my own laughter. For none other found I
strong enough to do the same.

Be like unto the wind, when from mountains'
high summit he darts; he'll dance to the tune
himself he whistles. The billows tremble and
tumble when they feel his foot stamping.

Lo! this crown of the Laughing One, yea this
crown wreathed of roses, dear beloved
brothers, into your midst this crown I cast!
All laughter dubbed I holy; ye higher-born
men, all, learn ye laughter.

3. SOLI AND CHORUS

Tenor: In thine eyes I gazed of late, O
wondrous Life. Gold saw I in thy night-eyes
gleaming. My heart stood still, seized with
voluptuous longing.

Soprano: Then a golden bark saw I glitter
on night's deep silent waters, saw it sinking,
fast drinking, again then blinking, that golden
cradling bark.

Contralto: At my feet that longed for the
dance one look didst thou cast, a smiling,
questioning, melting, quivering look.

Tenor: Twice only shookest thou soft thy
castanets with tiny hands, when my foot began
tripping in dance impassioned.

Contralto: High my heels then rose from
the ground, and my listening toes would fain
understand thee.

Tenor: Towards thee I bounded; alas! from
my bound thou didst swiftly recoil, and in my
face was wafted thy fluttering, wild-flowing
hair, tongue-like.

Soprano: From thee I sprang back as if
lashed by serpents.

Tenor: Then stoodst thou, half-turned towards
me; thine eye was filled with longing.

Soprano and Contralto: With crooked glances
showst thou me crooked pathways; on crooked
pathways my foot learns cunning.

Soprano, Contralto and Tenor: I fear thee
near me, I love thee far off. Thy flight allures
me, thy seeking stays me. I suffer, yet all
would I suffer for thee right gladly. Thou,
whose coldness kindles, whose hate beguiles,
whose flight bindeth, whose scoff charms.

*Double Chorus with Soprano, Contralto, and
Tenor Soli:* Now for a dance over hill and
dale! I am the huntsman, wilt thou my hound
or my chamois be? Now close to me quickly,
thou pitiless Columbine! Now up and away!
Here are caverns and undergrowth: we are
sure to lose our pathway. Stay! stand still!
what way lurest thou me now? I'll dance to
thy step, I'll follow thee e'en on the faintest
track. Where art thou? Give me thy hand, or
even one small finger give.

Thou show'st me thy snow-white teeth and
snarlest sweetly, thy wicked eyes dart flashes
at me from beneath thy wild tresses. Seest thou
not owls and flittermice fluttering? Thou
owlet, thou flittermouse, dost thou dare mock
me? Give me thy hand.

Baritone Solo: O ye my new companions, ye
wonderful, higher-born mortals, how well you
please me to-day, since ye waxed light-hearted!
Ye have truly all now burst into bloom;
methinks for such flowers as you are, new
revels are required.

Contralto: O Zarathustra! Far beyond good
and evil we discover our island, and our ever
verdant meadow, we two alone. Reason 'tis

that we twain should love each other!
O Zarathustra, thou art not true enough to me. There is an ancient bell tolling. When, waking from slumber at midnight thou hearest it tolling, recall then my words. O Zarathustra, I know that soon thou wilt have forsaken me.

Baritone: Yea, but thou dost know it, too.

Bass Chorus: O man, mark well!

What tolls the solemn midnight bell?

I lay asleep,

Till haunting dreams broke slumber's spell.

The world is deep,

And deeper far than day can tell.

Deep is her woe.

Joy deeper still than grief of heart.

Woe says: Be gone!

But Joy would have Eternity.

Ne'er ending, everlasting day.

Soprano: And they gazed at each other and gazed upon the verdant meadow over which the cool shades of eventide swept; and they sighed and wept together.

4. BARITONE SOLO AND CHORUS

Baritone: Woe is me! Whither is time fled? Sank I not 'neath deep, deep fountains?

Chorus: The world sleeps. Ah, the hound howls, the moon shines.

Baritone: Rather would I die here than tell my midnight-heart's solemn thought. Now dead am I, and all is o'er. Spider, what weavest thou round me? Cravest thou blood? Ah, the dew falls, the hour is nigh, the hour when I shall shiver and freeze, the hour that asks and asks: "Who hath heart to do the deed? Who shall be Earth's Master? Who shall order: 'Thus flow, ye rivers, ye streams, and mighty waters!'" The hour draws nigh. O man, thou higher-born man, mark well! This my speech is meant for subtle senses. Attend and hearken: What saith the solemn midnight hour?

5. CHORUS AND BARITONE SOLO

Chorus: Night reigneth. Now louder murmur the leaping crystalline fountains: and is not my soul too like a leaping fountain?

Baritone: Night reigneth. Now awaken all the songs of fond lovers; and my own soul too is the song of a lover. The unrequited, ne'er to be requited dwells in me, that for utterance clamours, and a deep longing for love rages in me, that speaks itself nought but love's sweetest language. Light am I; oh, would that I were Night! But this is my solitude, that I am girdled round with Light.

Chorus: O solitude of all Givers! O silence deep of all Light-shedders!

Baritone: Woe that I Light must be! Now bursts from me like a fountain my longing.

PART II

1. ORCHESTRAL INTRODUCTION: ON THE MOUNTAINS

and
CHORUS WITH SOPRANO, CONTRALTO
AND TENOR SOLI

Chorus: Arise, now arise, thou glorious Noon-tide! The sea storms. Away away, ye ancient ocean-farers! Steer our ship to the regions where our dear children's country lies. That way fare! Wilder than storm-rack'd sea rages our heart-felt longing. Wax ye hard!

Chorus with Soprano, Contralto and Tenor Soli: 'Tis gone, the lingering sorrow of my springtide. Summer am I become, yea summer's noon-tide, on mountains' high summits, by clear, cool waters, 'mid rapturous stillness. O come, my companions, and the silence shall enrapture our souls. For this is now our home. Snow-clad mountain summits. Dwellers with eagles, we, dwellers 'mid the snows, the sun our neighbour. Like a sudden tempest comes my bliss, and brings me freedom.

Chorus: Arise, now arise, etc.

INTERVAL

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

2. BARITONE SOLO

Baritone: Lyre, my solace, come, enchant me! I love thy ululating, quivering, drunken sound! From far away, from ages past thy voice comes to me, from afar, from the founts of Love. Thou ancient toller, thou dulcet warbler, my sweetest lyre, every pang tore at thy heart, pangs of fathers' ancestors' pangs. Lo, thy speech waxed ripe, like mellow autumn and afternoon, like this hermit's heart of mine I hear thee say: "The world herself waxed ripe, the grape-vine purples and fain would die of joy." Ye higher-born mortals, scent ye it not? An odour, secret and sweet doth use, an odour, breath of Eternity, of roses mingled with golden-brown wine's sweet breath of bliss and rapture, of drunken Midnight's joy in dying, that singeth: "The world is deep, and deeper far than day can tell."

3. FEMALE CHORUS AND BARITONE SOLO

Baritone: Stop not dancing, I pray ye, beautiful maidens! I came not hither to spoil your sport with angry looks. No woman-hater I, but God's counsel before the Devil, who is the spirit of heaviness. Then how should I be e'er averse to the Divine art of dancing, or to maidens' feet with graceful ankles? True, I am a forest and a night dark with foliage, but he that is not afraid of my shades will find rosy bowers beneath my cypresses. And e'en the tiny god he there may

find whom will all the maidens love the most, lying still, with his eyes closed in slumber. Truly, in broad daylight fell he asleep, the lazy rogue! Sought he to catch too many butterflies! Chide me not, ye beauteous light-footed maidens, if I chastise our little god of love! He is sure to cry and clamour, but his weeping will excite your laughter; and with tears in his eyes, he shall come and beg a dance of you, and I myself will sing a song to which he'll caper—a dancing mocking song of the spirit of heaviness, of his Highness the Devil who, so they tell me, is the "Lord of Creation".

Baritone: The sun has long gone down in all his glory: the meadow is damp and from the woodlands cometh coolness. An unknown power surrounds me and gazes thoughtfully. What! thou liv'st still, Zarathustra? And why? For what? By what? Thine aim? Where? How? Is it not folly still to be living? O my companions, the evening filleth my soul with doubts, forgive me my sadness. Evening it was, forgive me that evening has fallen upon me.

4. CHORUS AND SOLI

Chorus: Glowing Mid-day sleeps on the meadows. Thou liest in the heather. Hush!

Tenor: Like a delicate breeze that none can see, as o'er ocean becalmed it dances lightly, feather-like: danceth sleep on me. This is the coveted hour of solemn silence when no shepherd sounds his reed.

Chorus: O solitude of purpling heather! O bliss!

Baritone: What befell me? Hark, is it Time that hath fled? Am I not falling? Fell I not, hark! in the fountain of Eternity? Oh, now break, heart, that has known such rapture! Wouldst thou now carol, O my fond spirit?

Contralto: Stay thy song—hush! whisper not e'en a word. The world is grown perfect. Hush!

Chorus: Now agèd Mid-day sleeps.

Soprano: Sits he not drinking e'en now a well-seasoned brown drop of golden bliss, golden wine? And o'er him, rustling her wings, fair Fortune smiles.

Chorus: Fair fortune smiles! Thus smiles a god! Now agèd Mid-day sleeps.

Contralto: Rise, thou sleeper, Zarathustra! Thou noon-tide sleeper!

Baritone: Rouse me not! Hush! Waxed not the world this moment perfect? Lo, the golden rounded ball! Who art thou, tell me, my soul? How little sufficeth thee to be happy! How long, after so deep a sleep, should'st thou stay waking!

Chorus: O bliss. Now agèd Mid-day sleeps!

5. BARITONE SOLO WITH CHORUS

Baritone: God's woe is deeper, thou strangely wondrous world! snatch thou at God's deep woe, not at me! What am I? A delirious sweet-sounding lyre, that is heard at midnight;

I'm a belfry spirit whom no one understands, but who yet was made to talk to deaf ears, ye higher-born mortals; who understand me not.

Chorus: Thou art gone, O time of youth! O Noon-tide! O Afternoon! Then came Evening and Midnight. Oh, how she sighs, how she laughs, how she gasps and groans, doth Midnight. Hark what sober sense she speaks, this delirious poetess; she must have out-drunk her drunkenness. She waxed overwakeful? Her grief she swallows down in dreams—and if her grief be deep, then even more her joy. Joy is deeper still than grief of heart!

6. BARITONE SOLO, CHORUS AND SOLO QUARTET

Baritone: Come, now, let us wander! The hour is come now! Let us walk in Night's darkness! Ye higher-born mortals, the midnight hour is nigh. Now in your ears something I fain would whisper, which yonder ancient bell to me has told—as secret, as dreadful, as heartfelt, as that yon midnight bell to me revealeth, yon bell which more hath known than any man, which hath counted the pulsing of the oppressed hearts of our fore-fathers. O, how she sighs! how she laughs in her dreams, that ancient solemn, tolling midnight bell! Hush! Hush! Much then is told us which in day-time must not be heard. Lo, now in cooler air, when all our hearts' loud clamour is lulled to rest, it softly speaks, grows audible and steals upon night-haunted over-wakeful souls! Oh, how she sighs! how in her dreams she laughs! Dost thou not hear how she secretly, dreadfully, sweetly now speaketh to thee the agèd, deep and solemn Midnight?

Chorus: O man, mark well!

What tolls the solemn midnight bell?

I lay asleep

Till haunting dreams broke slumber's spell.

The world is deep.

And deeper far than day can tell.

Deep is her woe:

Joy deeper still than grief of heart.

Woe says: Be gone!

But Joy would have Eternity,

Ne'er ending everlasting day!

Soli and Chorus: Every joy for all things craves Eternity. What craves not Joy? She is more thirsty, more hungry, more heart-felt, more awful, more secret than all our woe; she craves love, she craves hate, she is over-rich; so rich is Joy that she for grief sore pineth. For earth, for you higher-born mortals, even, longeth Joy the intractable, Joy the rapturous. O bliss! O pain! O break, heart! Joy craves Eternity, Joy craves for all things endless day, eternal, everlasting, endless day!

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GUILDFORD PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Leader: Hugh Bean

Co-Leader: John Ludlow

First Violins

Hugh Bean
John Ludlow
Gillian Bailey
Hilary Behrens
Robin Brightman
Patricia Cassidy
Jean Fletcher
Vito Gambazza
Martin Hughes
Justin Jones
Joyce Nixon
Hazel Powell

Second Violins

Nicholas Maxted
Jones
Geoffrey Lynn
Marie-Louise
Amberg
Constance Ames
Cynthia Dunn
David Edwards
Garth Morton
Barbara Penny
Ian Rhodes
Deryck Wareing

Violas

John Meek
Philip Tomkins
Margaret Brookes
Gladys Jackson
Leonard Lock
Joyce Pritchard
Paul Silverthorne

Violoncelli

Eldon Fox
Ernest Greaves
Gwen Cassidy
Robert Dent
Christina Macrae
Pauline Sadgrove

Basses

Michael Brittain
Barry Guy
Ninian Perry
Charles Cudmore

Flutes

Henry Messent
Alan Baker
Stephen Hicking

Oboes

Terence Macdonagh
Moyra Tomey
Cor Anglais
Geoffrey Browne
Bass Oboe
Leonard Brain
Clarinets
John Denman
Victor Slaymark
Wilfred Goddard
Bass Clarinet
Edward Planas

Bassoons

Anthony Brooks
Linda Nealgrove
Stephen Moore
Contra Bassoon
Lionel Goring

Horns

Peter Clack
Dennis Scard
Charles Bloomfield
David Clack
Alfred Cursue
Alistair Smith
Andrew Fiske

Trumpets

Michael Hinton
Ted Hobart
Edward Riches
Colin Clague

Trombones

Dudley Bright
Roger Wissin
Bass Trombone
Bernard Bean

Tuba

Martin Fry

Timpani

Roger Blair

Percussion

Jack Lees
Alfred Dukes
Jon Tolansky

Harps

Fiona Hibbert
Thelma Owen

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.