

GUILDFORD BOROUGH COUNCIL CONCERTS 1981/82

GUILDFORD PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra of the South East

**GUILDFORD BOROUGH
COUNCIL CONCERTS
1981/82**

**CIVIC HALL, GUILDFORD
SATURDAY 12 DECEMBER
at 7.45 p.m.**

Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra

Leaders: HUGH BEAN and JOHN LUDLOW

RALPH HOLMES
Violin

MARGARET CABLE
Contralto

**DEREK HAMMOND-
STROUD**
Baritone

PHILHARMONIC CHOIR

VERNON HANDLEY
Conductor

This concert is promoted by Guildford Borough Council with financial support from the South East Arts Association.

Ralph Holmes

Born in London in 1937, Ralph Holmes began to play the violin at the age of four and made his London debut at thirteen playing the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. He studied at the Royal Academy of Music, London, with David Martin, subsequently becoming a pupil of Georges Enesco in Paris and of Ival Galamian in New York. In 1955 Ralph Holmes was awarded the Arnold Bax Memorial Medal in the Harriet Cohen International Music Awards for Twentieth Century Music and in the following year won prizes in Europe including the Grand Prix de la Ville de Paris in the Concours International Marguerite Long-Jacques Thibaud. Since then, he has played with all the major orchestras in Great Britain.

The quality of Ralph Holmes' playing is recognised increasingly in the record world where it has drawn unstinting praise from many reviewers and the number of records he has made is growing apace. He has recently completed the world premiere recording of all the shorter works for violin and orchestra by Sibelius with Vernon Handley and the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra which is due for release shortly. His latest issued recording is of the attractive yet little known Violin Concerto by Sir Hamilton Harty (Chandos).

Highly respected as an authority on the teaching of the violin, Ralph Holmes has appeared on the Jury of a number of International Competitions including the Carl Flesch International Violin Competition and the John Player International Conductors Award.

Ralph Holmes has collaborated frequently with Vernon Handley and the Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra and we are delighted to welcome him to the Civic Hall this evening.

Margaret Cable

Margaret Cable's career has taken her to France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland and Scandinavia. Last year she gave a series of triumphant performances of Berlioz' "Nuits d'Ete" in France with the Orchestre de Lille conducted by Jean Claude Cassadesus.

In 1981 she took part in Bach's B minor Mass with the Stuttgart Bach Choir and Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Helmuth Rilling, in a highly acclaimed ten concert tour of the USA, which included television and radio broadcasts.

In oratorio, Margaret Cable is well known throughout Britain, where she performs regularly with all the major choral societies and orchestras. She has appeared at the Edinburgh, Aldeburgh, Bath and Three Choirs Festivals, the BBC Promenade concerts, and almost every month at the London concert halls.

Miss Cable studied piano and violin as a child, and won a scholarship to study singing at the Royal College of Music where she is now a member of the Singing Faculty. The natural beauty of her warm mezzo voice is matched by such fine musicianship that she receives invitations to sing a very wide repertoire. BBC recordings vary from Handel to Cesar Franck, and from medieval to contemporary music.

Margaret Cable has appeared in Guildford with Vernon Handley and the Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra on several previous occasions.

Derek Hammond-Stroud

Derek Hammond-Stroud is an experienced concert performer as well as an international opera singer. He has sung with leading orchestras and conductors, and is a distinguished Lieder singer, having made recordings of Schubert and Finzi songs. The Schubert Society asked him to give the Wigmore Hall recital with Gerald Moore which was the great accompanist's last public performance of "Die Winterreise".

Mr. Hammond-Stroud's greatest acclaim, however, has been as an opera singer, particularly associated with the Sadler's Wells/English National Opera, and his regular work with the Royal Opera House, the Netherlands Opera and the Metropolitan Opera of New York. Engagements in 1980 also included appearances at the International Verdi Festival in San Diego, Glyndebourne Opera and the role of Farfarello in a television film of "The Love of Three Oranges".

Philharmonic Choir

The Musical Director acknowledges with thanks the help he has received in training the choir from Kenneth Lank and accompanists Linden Knight and Patricia Wood. The Choir made its first recording in 1973 with the Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra: 'Intimations of Immortality' by Gerald Finzi, with Ian Partridge as soloist, and in 1976 recorded Hadley's 'The Trees So High' with the Philharmonia Orchestra.

Vernon Handley

Vernon Handley, Principal Conductor/Musical Director of the Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra, was born in Enfield, North London, and studied at Balliol College, Oxford and the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. Vernon Handley has been Musical Director of the Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra since 1962 and has developed it into a fully professional body of major importance which is now firmly established as "The Orchestra of the South East" with concerts in many towns throughout the South East region from Canterbury to Salisbury. In 1974 the Composers' Guild of Great Britain named Vernon Handley as "Conductor of the Year" for his services to British music and, now recognised as one of the major champions of British music, he is frequently entrusted with the world premiere of new works. He is very busy in the recording field and has an extensive list of recordings in the current catalogue including works by Dvorak, Tchaikovsky, Elgar, Tippett, Debussy, Vaughan Williams and Faure. His recordings of Elgar's First Symphony and recently released Second Symphony with the London Philharmonic Orchestra have received critical acclaim.

Vernon Handley is now one of Britain's busiest conductors. As well as a full season of concerts with all the major British orchestras, he is also taking on a number of engagements with foreign orchestras including the Stockholm Philharmonic, the NOS Radio Philharmonic Orchestra, Hilversum and the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra.

In spite of his busy schedule, Vernon Handley still manages to follow his keen interest in ornithology.

Night Ride and Sunrise Opus 55 **Sibelius 1865–1957**

Although the title suggests a programmatic work, no suggestion of any story is given in the score. The music is so clear, however, that programme is unnecessary: an opening section gives way to a galloping figure on the strings with wisps of woodwind tunes or chords occasionally appearing which is obviously the Ride. The second main section, building from quiet calls in the woodwind and brass to a triumphant warm climax, whose melodies are so intertwined that they compel the ear to follow one statement and then another, is obviously the glory of the Sunrise. Even that moment when the sun is up and no longer striking sparks and beams from the landscape is mirrored in the sustained chord on the horns and lower woodwind with which the work finishes.

It is important to note, however, that during the gallop, one of the wisps of melody contains two thrusting semiquavers. When the gallop is over and before the Sunrise begins, those semiquavers are a repeated idea in the passage for strings and timpani which heralds the Sunrise, and a combination of the intervals of the gallop and the string passage is the material of the great climax.

Violin Concerto in A Minor **Dvorak 1841–1904**

Allegro Ma Non Troppo
Adagio
Allegro Giocosa

Dvorak's Violin Concerto was composed during 1879–80 and like Brahms's Concerto is dedicated to the famous Hungarian violinist Joachim. The first movement is serious in mood and rhapsodical in style, and bravura is used for an essentially musical end rather than for mere display. The slow movement is constructed chiefly on the opening simple and tender theme, but there is a dramatic middle section in the minor key. The Finale is characteristically national in colour exploiting a syncopated Furiant (a Bohemian waltz-like dance) based on two themes and a Dumka (a slow lament of Slavonic folk-music origin).

INTERVAL

Tickets for the concerts on 17 January 1982 and 6 February 1982 are on sale in the foyer during the interval.

Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra brochures price 50p are on sale this evening, also key rings at 75p in the foyer.

Five Tudor Portraits **Vaughan-Williams 1872–1958**

1. Ballad. The Tunning of Elinor Rummung.
2. Intermezzo. My pretty Bess.
3. Burlesca. Epitaph on John Jayberd 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 Jayberd 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 Rumming

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 threadès
 Look like sere weedès,
 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 Rumming,
 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 Rumming
To have of her tuning.

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 sweared, '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 swelling-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 noppý;
Let us suppe and soppý
And not spill a droppý,
For, so may I hoppý,
It cooleth well my croppý'
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 mumming
Of Elinor Rumming!
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:
Clerk 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 toc•h 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 Clerk, 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
bewail 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 worms,
And sometime whitebread-crumbs;
And many times and oft,
Between my 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 stockdoo,
 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 course for to 'cense
 With great reverence,
 As patriarch or pope
 In a black cope.
 Whilst 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,
 Saved 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 ruttingly,
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.

**Guildford Philharmonic Society
Members' Evening
Methodist Church Hall,
Guildford
Saturday 16 January 1982 at 7.30 p.m.**

**Recital:
Henry Messent, Flute
Susan Lofthouse, Mezzo Soprano
Geoffrey Thomas, Cello
Richard Nunn, Piano**

**Sunday 17 January 1982 at 7.45 p.m.
Civic Hall
Metamorphosen for 23 solo strings
Strauss
Symphonic Poem 'Richard III'
Smetana
Piano Concerto No.2 in Bb Major
Brahms
John Lill, Piano
Vernon Handley, Conductor**

**Saturday 6 February at 7.45 p.m.
Civic Hall
Partita for Double String Orchestra
Vaughan Williams
Cello Concerto
Delius
Daphnis and Chloe (complete ballet)
Ravel
John Boyce, Cello
Philharmonic Choir
Vernon Handley, Conductor**

**GUILDFORD PHILHARMONIC
ORCHESTRA
DIRECTOR OF MUSIC/CONDUCTOR:
VERNON HANDLEY**

First Violins:

Leaders: Hugh Bean
John Ludlow
Christopher Bearman
Sheila Beckensall
Marilyn Downes
Kathy Ford
Vito Gambazza
Kathleen Hamburger
Peter Newman
Susan Penfold
Martin Pring
Howard Walsh

Second Violins:

Nicholas Maxted Jones
Rosemary Roberts
Marie Louise Amberg
Timothy Callaghan
Ruth Dawson
John Forster
Ruth Knell
Andrew Laing
Adrienne Sturdy
Ronald Tendler

Violas:

Eric Sargon
James Walker
Jean Burt
Frederick Campbell
John Harries
William Hallett
Leonard Lock

Cellos:

Eldon Fox
John Stilwell
Pauline Sadgrove
Christina Macrae
John Hursey
Caroline Sayers

Basses:

Roy Benson
Michael Lea
Dugald Lees
Michael Fagg
Stephen Williams

Flutes:

Henry Messent
Catharine Hill

Piccolo:

Christopher Nicholls

Oboes:

James Brown
Janice Knight

Clarinets:

Hale Hambleton
Victor Slaymark

Bass clarinet:

Paul Allen

Bassoons:

Robert Jordan
Anna Meadows

Contra Bassoon:

Stephen Maw

Horns:

Peter Clack
Dennis Scard
David Clack
Lyn Evans
Ron Harris

Trumpets:

Clifford Haines
Patricia Reid

Trombones:

Alfred Flaszynski
Ian White

Bass Trombone:

Martin Nicholls

Tuba:

David Powell

Timpani:

Roger Blair

Harp:

Helen Tunstall

Percussion:

Charles Fullbrook
Stephen Lees
Jackie Kendle

Concerts Manager:

Kathleen Atkins

Concerts Assistant:

David Groves

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