

GUILDFORD BOROUGH COUNCIL CONCERTS 1981/82

**GUILDFORD  
PHILHARMONIC  
ORCHESTRA**

**The Orchestra of the South East**

**GUILDFORD BOROUGH  
COUNCIL CONCERTS  
1981/82**

**CIVIC HALL, GUILDFORD  
SUNDAY 25 APRIL 1982  
at 7.45 p.m.**

# **Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra**

Musical Director/Conductor:  
VERNON HANDLEY

Leader: JOHN LUDLOW

**BERNADETTE GREEVY  
Contralto**

**KENNETH WOOLLAM  
Tenor**

**MICHAEL RIPPON  
Bass**

**PHILHARMONIC CHOIR**

**VERNON HANDLEY  
Conductor**

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

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Guildford Borough Council acknowledges with grateful thanks the help it has received throughout this season of concerts from the Red Cross, the Guildford Philharmonic Society and the pupils of the County School.

## **BERNADETTE GREEVY**

According to many international music critics, Bernadette Greevy is one of the finest dramatic mezzo's singing today. Born in Dublin, she has travelled extensively through Europe, Canada, the United States, Middle East and Far East, singing in both recital and the great works with orchestra under such distinguished conductors as Sir John Barbirolli, Sir Charles Groves, Pierre Boulez and Sir David Willcocks. Recently she made a very successful concert tour of New Zealand. She has appeared in many important music festivals including Bath, Edinburgh and Paris, and is a regular guest at the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts. Her recent appearances have included performances of Mahler's Third and Eighth Symphonies, Tippett's "A Child of our Time" conducted by the composer in the United States and Stockholm, Verdi's Requiem in the Brighton Festival with Alberto Erede and for Pope John Paul II at the open air Mass in Dublin.

She has made a number of highly successful recordings, among them Handel Arias, two Handel Operas, Brahms' Songs, Berlioz "Nuits D'Ete", Schubert's A flat Mass and Bach Arias, and recently recorded Elgar's "Sea Pictures" with Vernon Handley.

## **KENNETH WOOLLAM**

Kenneth Woollam was born in Chester, where, as a boy, he was a chorister in the cathedral choir. He won a scholarship to the Royal College of Music in 1961, and was a prominent prize winner and soloist. In 1972 he joined English National Opera, making his debut as Pierre in Prokofiev's "War and Peace". In this outstanding performance he was described as 'a singer of intelligence and ringing lyrical warmth'. Since that time he has appeared with that company in many different roles. In 1981 he made his operatic debut in France in "The Tales of Hoffman".

As well as his many operatic performances Kenneth Woollam has been widely praised for his concert appearances and broadcasts. He returned to the 1981 Proms to sing in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

## **MICHAEL RIPPON**

Michael Rippon began his singing career as a Choral Scholar at St. John's College, Cambridge. He makes regular visits to Europe and America in opera and concert, and is a busy recording and broadcasting artist with many world premieres to his name, in particular the works of Peter Maxwell Davies.

In 1978 Mr. Rippon made his debut in the United States for Boston Opera, where he has since returned for two productions, his success there led to his debut for the New York City Opera.

Michael Rippon works regularly with the BBC, appearing at the Proms and at the Royal Festival Hall, and in January 1981 he was the guest soloist with the BBC Symphony Orchestra under Gennadi Rozhdestvensky on their tour of Switzerland.

Michael Rippon has performed with Vernon Handley and the Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra on several previous occasions and recently sung the solo role in Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast" in the Royal Festival Hall with the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Vernon Handley.

## **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.

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS ELGAR 1857-1934

There is no doubt that Elgar thought for some time about Cardinal Newman's poem before actually getting to work on the Oratorio as we know it, and although he had started setting the poem before the Birmingham Festival Committee invited him to write a work for them, it was undoubtedly this approach, made in 1900, which provided the spur for him to finish the work. The failure of the first performance due to the newness of the idiom and the particular circumstances of rehearsals is now well known, but it was not long before the work became an enduring success.

Elgar headed the score "Ad maiorem Dei gloriam (To the glory of God)" and at the end

wrote, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour and is not; but this I saw and know: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory". It is as well to remember, in view of some of the more substantial criticisms of the work, that Elgar said quite clearly that in Gerontius he had in mind not a Priest or a Saint, but, "a man like us, a sinner, a repentant one, of course, but still no end of a worldly man in his life, but now brought to book. Therefore, I have not filled his part with church tunes and rubbish, but a good healthy, full-blooded romantic, remembered worldliness, so to speak. It is, I imagine, much more difficult to tear oneself away from a well-to-do world than from a cloister."

### THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

#### I

GERONTIUS	Tenor
ASSISTANTS	Chorus
THE PRIEST	Bass

#### *Gerontius*

Jesu, Maria — I am near to death

And Thou art calling me; I know it now,  
Not by the token of this faltering breath,

This chill at heart, this dampness on my  
brow,—

(Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)

'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,  
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)

That I am going, that I am no more.

'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,  
(Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee.)

This emptying out of each constituent  
And natural force, by which I come to be.

Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant  
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,  
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,  
Has never, never come to me before;

So pray for me, my friends, who have not  
strength to pray.

#### *Assistants*

Kyrie eleison, Christie eleison, Kyrie eleison.  
Holy Mary, pray for him.  
All holy Angels, pray for him.  
Choirs of the righteous, pray for him.

All Apostles, all Evangelists, pray for him,  
All holy Disciples of the Lord, pray for him.  
All holy Innocents, pray for him.  
All holy Martyrs, all holy Confessors,  
All holy Hermits, all Holy Virgins,  
All ye Saints of God, pray for him.

*Gerontius*

Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the  
man;  
And through such waning span  
Of life and thought as still has to be trod,  
Prepare to meet thy God.  
And while the storm of that bewilderment  
Is for a season spent,  
And, ere afresh the ruin on me fall,  
Use well the interval.

*Assistants*

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.  
Be merciful, be gracious, Lord, deliver him  
From Thy frown and Thine ire;  
From the sins that are past;  
From the perils of dying;  
From any complying  
With sin, or denying  
His God, or relying  
On self, at the last;  
From the nethermost fire;  
From all that is evil;  
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,  
Aferce 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.—

Noe 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.

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INTERVAL

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Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra key rings  
will be on sale this evening at 75p in  
the foyer.

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  
fear.  
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,—  
Dispossed,  
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 judgement 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 on 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 has been our refuge. Amen.

*Choir of Angelicals*

Praise to the Holiest. Amen.

Cardinal Newman

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Friday 30 April at 7.30 p.m.  
Congress Theatre, Eastbourne

The Wasps Overture      Vaughan Williams  
Serenade to Music      Vaughan Williams  
Symphony No.9 (choral)      Beethoven

Kathryn Harries  
Penelope Walker  
William Kendall  
Henry Herford  
John Walker, Conductor  
Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra

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# GUILDFORD PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

**DIRECTOR OF MUSIC/CONDUCTOR: VERNON HANDLEY**

## **First Violins:**

Leader: John Ludlow  
Edmund Reed  
Christopher Bearman  
Sheila Beckensall  
Hywel Davies  
Kathleen Hamburger  
Clive Hobday  
Andrew Laing  
Robert Lewcock  
Linda McLaren  
Peter Newman  
Martin Pring

## **Second Violins:**

Nicholas Maxted Jones  
Harold Nathan  
Marie Louise Amberg  
Timothy Callaghan  
Ruth Dawson  
Marilyn Downes  
John Forster  
Ruth Knell  
Adrienne Sturdy  
Ronald Tendler  
Howard Walsh

## **Violas:**

John Meek  
James Walker  
William Hallett  
Jean Burt  
Frederick Campbell  
John Harries  
Julius Bannister  
Leonard Lock

## **Cellos:**

Robert Truman  
John Stilwell  
Pauline Sadgrove  
Christina Macrae  
John Hursey  
Darrell Davison  
Michael Christie

## **Basses:**

Michael Lea  
Peter Hodges  
Hubert Downes  
Michael Fagg  
Dugald Lees

## **Flutes:**

Henry Messent  
Catharine Hill

## **Piccolo:**

Christopher Nicholls

## **Oboes:**

James Brown  
George Caird

## **Cor Anglais:**

Janice Knight

## **Clarinets:**

Hale Hambleton  
Victor Slaymark

## **Bass Clarinet:**

Paul Allen

## **Bassoons:**

Nicholas Hunka  
Anna Meadows

## **Contra Bassoon:**

Nicholas Reader

## **Horns:**

Peter Clack  
Dennis Scard  
David Clack  
George Woodcock  
Ronald Harris

## **Trumpets:**

Clifford Haines  
Michael Hinton  
Edgar Riches

## **Tenor Trombones:**

Alfred Flaszynski  
Ian White

## **Bass Trombone:**

Martin Nicholls

## **Tuba:**

David Powell

## **Timpani:**

Roger Blair

## **Harp:**

Helen Tunstall

## **Percussion:**

Jonathan Bose  
Paul Clarvis  
Bill Lockhart  
Stephen Quigley

## **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.