

CONCERT IN AID OF
FARNHAM MALTINGS

... .. 2/-

SERENADE TO MUSIC VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

This beautiful work was composed for Sir Henry Wood's Golden Jubilee Concert at the Royal Albert Hall in 1938. Set to words from the scene in Portia's garden in the last act of "The Merchant of Venice", the music is Vaughan Williams at his most lyrical. The nocturnal mood is set by the orchestral introduction which prepares for the voices' magical entry, and from then on the work speaks for itself. It will be sung tonight by the Waverley Singers and the Farnborough Singers, with Joan Cotterill taking the small soprano solo part.

SYMPHONY No.8 in B MINOR ("UNFINISHED") SCHUBERT

1. Allegro moderato 2. Andante con moto

From 1822, when it was written, until 1865, when it was first performed, this work lay forgotten and unheard. There seems little doubt that Schubert planned more than the existing two movements of his 8th Symphony but, although many theories have been advanced, the reason for its apparent abandonment remains a mystery. Despite this, the magical beauties of the two completed movements remain firm favourites with us to-day. It is compelling music, never quite at peace with the world yet always hopeful of complete serenity. The Symphony opens almost secretly; an air of mystery pervades the first subject, and is not completely lost in the pastoral quality of the second - a foreboding murmur is nearly always present. The second movement is calmer but still not quite free of the romantic sadness of the first and there is still some occasional agitation.

I N T E R V A L

CARMINA BURANA CARL ORFF

Cantiones profanae, cantoribus et choris cantandae
comitantibus instrumentis atque imaginibus magicis

Carl Orff was born in 1895 and wrote "Carmina Burana" in 1937. It is a setting of medieval verses written in Low German and dog-Latin by vagrant monks in the 13th Century, highly influenced by the carefree, happy life they led during their youthful wanderings through Europe. The poems have been grouped by the composer in the distinctive scenes set out below to form this Cantata. The sentiment is uninhibited and in general the words express delight at experiences gained very much outside the monastery walls! The music is for the young at heart, and the rhythms and tunes are highly infectious. Using a large orchestra with extensive percussion section and stripping the music of all sophistication, a marvellous primitive effect is achieved by bold repetition of words, a complete lack of counterpoint, and strong repetitive rhythms.

PROLOGUE : THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

No.1. O Fortuna,
Velut luna
Statu variabilis,
Semper crescis
Aut decrescis;
Vita detestabilis
Nunc obdurat
Et tunc curat
Ludo mentis aciem,
Egestatem,
Potestatem
Dissolvit ut glaciem.

Sors immanis
Et inanis,
Rota tu volubilis,
Status malus,
Vana salus,
Semper dissolubilis,
Obumbrata
Et velata
Mihi quoque niteris;
Nunc per ludum
Dorsum nudum
Fero tui sceleris.

Sors salutis
Et virtutis
Mihi nunc contraria.
Est affectus
Et defectus
Semper in angaria.
Hac in hora
Sine mora
Corde pulsum tangite;
Quod per sortem
Sternit fortem,
Mecum omnes plangite!

No.2. Fortune plango vulnera
Stillantibus ocellis,
Quod sua mihi munera
Subtrahit rebellis.
Verum est quod legitur
Fronte capillata,
Sed plerumque sequitur
Occasio calvata.

CHORUS:

O Fortune, you are so changeable.

My fate is in the hands of your
ever-turning wheel.

Let us all be warned - even the
strongest of men are overthrown
by your whim.

CHORUS:

I weep over the fate which Fortune
has dealt me.

In Fortune solio
Sederam elatus,
Prosperitatis vario
Flore coronatus;
Quicquid enim florui
Felix et beatus,
Nunc a summo corruui
Gloria privatus.

Fortune rota volvitur;
Descendo minoratus;
Alter in altum tollitur;
Nimis exaltatus
Rex sedet in vertice
Caveat ruinam!
Nam sub axe legimus
Hecubam reginam.

Once I was happy and successful;
now I have nothing.

Beware the turn of Fortune's wheel.

IN SPRINGTIME

No.3. Veris leta facies
Mundo propinatur,
Hiemalis acies
Victa iam fugatur,
In vestitu vario
Phoebus principatur,
Nemorum dulcisono,
Qui cantu celebratur.

Flore fusus gremio
Phoebus novo more
Risum dat, hoc vario
Iam stipatur flore
Zephyrus nectareo
Spirans in odore;
Certatim pro bravio
Curramus in amore.

Cytharizat cantico
Dulcis philomena,
Flore ridet vario
Prata iam serena,
Salit cetus avium
Silve per amena,
Chorus promit virginum
Iam gaudia millena.

CHORUS:

Spring has chased Winter away.

All is alive with the flowers and
scents of Spring.

Young girls join the nightingale in
its songs of love.

No.4. Omnia sol temperat
Purus et subtilis,
Nova mundo reserat
Facies aprilis,
Ad amorem properat
Animus herilis,
Et jocundis imperat
Deus puerilis.

Rerum tanta novitas
In solempni vere
Et veris auctoritas
Jubet nos gaudere,
Vias prebet solitas,
Et in tuo vere
Fides est et probitas
Tuum retinere.

Ama me fideliter,
Fidem meam nota,
De corde totaliter
Et ex mente tota.
Sum presentialiter
Absens in remota,
Quisquis amat taliter
Volvitur in rota.

No.5. Ecce gratum
Et optatum
Ver reducit gaudia,
Purpuratum
Floret pratum,
Sol serenat omnia,
Iam iam cedant tristia.
Estas redit;
Nunc recedit
Hyemis sevitia.

Iam liquescit
Et decrescit
Grando, nix et cetera,
Bruma fugit,
Et iam sugit
Ver estatis ubera:
Illi mens est misera,
Qui nec vivit,
Nec lascivit
Sub estatis dextera.

BARITONE:

The warmth of the April sun brings
thoughts of love to every young man.

We are expected to be happy in
Springtime.

But, as my love is far away, I
cannot help being sad.

CHORUS:

Just look at all the flowers! The
joys of Spring are with us again.

He's a miserable man who can't enjoy
life with Winter so far behind.

Gloriantur
Et letantur
In melle dulcedinis,
Qui conantur,
Ut utantur
Premio Cupidinis;
Simus jussu Cypridis
Gloriantes
Et letantes
Pares esse Paridis.

Let's not resist the call of love, but
enjoy ourselves to the full.

ON THE GREEN

No.6. DANCE

ORCHESTRA

No.7. Floret silva nobilis
Floribus et foliis.
Ubi est antiquus
Meus amicus?
Hinc equitavit.
Eia, quis me amabit?
Floret silva undique,
Nach min gesellen ist mir we,
Gruonet der walt allenthalben,
Wo ist min geselle also lange?
Der ist geritten hinnen,
O wi, wer soll mich minnen?

CHORUS:
The wood is thick with flowers and
leaves.
Where has my lover gone and who will love
me now?

No.8. Chramer, gip die warwe mir,
Die min wengel roete,
Damit ich die jungen man an ir
Dank der minneliebe noete.

CHORUS:
Pedlar, give me some rouge so that I may
catch the young men's eye.

Seht mich an
Jungen man,
Lat mich in gevallen.

Look young men - don't I attract you?

Minnet, tugentliche man,
Minneclliche vrouwen!
Minne tuot iu hoch genuot un-
De lat inch in hohen eren
schauwen.

Through love you can attain great heights.

Seht mich an
Jungen man,
Lat mich in gevallen.

Look young men - don't I attract you?

Wol dir, Werlt, das du bist
 Also freudenriche!
 Ich will dir sin undertan durch din
 Liebe immer sicherliche.

Seht mich an
 Jungen man,
 Lat mich in gevallen.

What a great life it is!

Look young men - don't I attract you

No.9. ROUND DANCE

Swaz hie gat umbe
 Das sind alles megede,
 Die wellent an man
 Alle disen sumer gan.

Chume, chum geselle min,
 Then bite harte din,
 Susser rosen varwer munt,
 Chum un mache mich gesunt.

Swaz hie gat umbe
 Das sind alles megede,
 Die wellent an man
 Alle disen sumer gan.

ORCHESTRA

CHORUS:

Those girls dancing in a ring have
 resolved to keep away from men this
 summer.

Come away from them, my dear, and be
 my mistress.

Those girls dancing in a ring have
 resolved to keep away from men this
 summer.

No.10. Were diu werlt alle min
 Von dem mere unze an den Rin,
 Des wolt ih nit darben,
 Das diu chunegin von Engellant,
 Lege an minen armen.

CHORUS:

If I owned everything from the sea to
 the Rhine, I'd give it all up for the
 Queen of England to lie in my arms.

IN THE TAVERN

No.11. Estuans interius
 Ira vehementi
 In amaritudine
 Loquor mee menti:
 Factus de materia
 Cinis elementi,
 Similis sum folio,
 De quo ludunt venti.

BARITONE:

When I look at myself, what poor
 stuff I'm made of.

Cum sit enim proprium
Viro sapienti
Supra petra ponere
Sedem fundamenti,
Stultus ego comparor
Fluvio labenti,
Sub eodem tramite
Nunquam permanenti.

Feror ego veluti
Sine nauta navis,
Ut per vias aeris
Vage fertur avis,
Non me tenent vincula,
Non me tenet clavis,
Quero mihi similes,
Et adiungor pravis.

Mihi cordis gravitas
Res videtur gravis;
Iocus est amabilis
Dulciorque favis;
Quidquid Venus imperat
Labor est suavis.
Que nunquam in cordibus
Habitat ignavis.

Via lata gradior
More iuventutis,
Implicor et vitiis
Immemor virtutis,
Voluptatis avidus
Magis quam salutis,
Mortuus in anima
Curam gero cutis.

No.12. Olim lacus colueram,
Olim pulcher extiteram,
Dum cignus ego fueram.

Miser, miser,
Modo niger
Et ustus fortiter!

Girat, regirat garcifer;
Me rogos urit fortiter:
Propinat me nunc dapifer.

Miser, miser
Modo niger
Et ustus fortiter!

I'm a weak-willed fool.

I'm undisciplined and easily led.

The only thing I'm really good at
is love-making.

I confess that all I really care
about is sinful pleasure.

COUNTER TENOR: (The roasted swan sings):

Once I was a beautiful, white swan.

Pity me now, all black and burnt!

I've been roasted on the spit, and now
I face the carver.

Pity me now, all black and burnt!

Nunc in scutella iaceo,
Et volitare nequeo.
Dentes frendentes video.

Miser, miser
Modo niger
Et ustus fortiter!

Lying on this dish, I can only wait to
be eaten up.

Pity me now, all black and burnt!

No.13. Ego sum abbas Cucaniensis,
Et consilium meum est cum bibulis,
Et in secta Decii voluntas mea est,
Et qui mane me quesierit in taberna,
Post vesperam nudus egredietur,
Et sic denudatus veste clamabit:
Waffna! Waffna!
Quid fecisti sors turpissima?
Nostre vite gaudia abstulisti omnia!

BARITONE AND CHORUS:

(To an audience of fellow drinkers, a
drunkard psalmodises like an Abbott)

No.14. In taberna quando sumus
Non curamus quid sit humus,
Sed ad ludum properamus,
Cui semper insudamus.
Quid agatur in taberna,
Ubi nummus est pincerna,
Hoc est opus ut queratur,
Si quid loquar, audiat.

MALE CHORUS:

When we're in the tavern, we don't care
what goes on outside.

Quidam ludunt, quidam bibunt,
Quidam indiscrete vivunt
Sed in ludo qui morantur,
Ex his quidam denudantur,
Quidam ibi vestiuntur,
Quidam saccis induuntur.
Ibi nullus timet mortem,
Sed pro Baccho mittunt sortem.

In here, there's gambling and drinking
galore.

Primo pro nummata vini;
Ex hac bibunt libertini,
Semel bibunt pro captivis,
Post hec bibunt ter pro vivis,
Quater pro Christianis cunctis,
Quinquies pro fidelibus defunctis,
Sexies pro sororibus vanis,
Septies pro militibus silvanis.

Octies pro fratribus perversis,
Nonies pro monachis dispersis,
Decies pro navigantibus,
Undecies pro discordantibus,
Duodecies pro penitentibus,
Tredecies pro iter agentibus.
Tam pro papa quam pro rege
Bibunt omnes sine lege.

We drink toast upon toast to everyone
we can think of.

Bibit hera, bibit herus,
Bibit miles, bibit clerus,
Bibit ille, bibit illa,
Bibit servus cum ancilla,
Bibit velox, bibit piger,
Bibit albus, bibit niger,
Bibit constans, bibit vagus,
Bibit rudis, bibit magus.

Bibit pauper et egrotus,
Bibit exul et ignotus,
Bibit puer, bibit canus,
Bibit presul, et decanus,
Bibit soror, bibit frater,
Bibit anus, bibit mater,
Bibit ista, bibit ille,
Bibunt centum, bibunt mille.

Parum sexcente nummate
Durant cum immoderate
Bibunt omnes sine meta,
Quamvis bibant mente leta.
Sic nos rodunt omnes gentes,
Et sic erimus egentes
Qui nos rodunt confundantur
Et cum iustis non scribantur.

Everybody drinks, no matter who he is.

If we drink all our money away,
who cares?

LOVE

No.15. Amor volat undique,
Captus est libidine.
Juvenes, juvencule,
Coniunguntur merito.

Siqua sine socio,
Caret omni gaudio,
Tenet noctis infima
Sub intimo cordis in custodia
Fit res amarissima.

BOYS' CHORUS AND SOPRANO:

Look at all the young couples making
love!

It's a lonely girl who has no lover.

There's nothing worse!

No.16. Dies nox et omnia
Mihi sunt contraria,
Virginum colloquia,
Me fay planszer,
Oy suvenz suspirer,
Plu me fay temer,

BARITONE:

I can't seem to enjoy myself, even in
the company of girls.

O sodales, ludite,
Vos qui scitis dicite,
Mihi mesto parcite,
Grand ey dolor,
Attamen consulite,
Per voster honor.

Tua pulchra facies,
Me fay planszer milies,
Pectus habens glacies,
A remender
Statim vivus fierem
Per un baser.

No.17. Stetit puella
Rufa tunica
Si quis tetigit,
Tunica crepuit.
Eia.

Stetit puella,
Tamquam rosula
Facie splenduit,
Os eius floruit.
Eia.

No.18. Circa mea pectora
Multa sunt suspiria
De tua pulchritudine,
Que me ledunt misere.

Manda liet, manda liet,
Min geselle chumet nit.

Tui lucent oculi
Sicut solis radii,
Sicut splendor fulguris
Lucem donans tenebris.

Manda liet, manda liet,
Min geselle chumet nit.

Vellet deus, vellent dii
Quod mente proposui,
Ut eius virginea
Reserasset vincula.

Manda liet, manda liet,
Min geselle chumet nit.

No. I wish I knew why I alone feel so
miserable.

Even your good looks fail to rouse me
- but a kiss would work wonders!

SOPRANO:

There stood the girl in a delicate red
dress.

She had rosy lips and a blush in her
cheeks.

BARITONE AND CHORUS:

My heart bleeds with love for you.

(My lover doesn't respond)

I am dazzled by the beauty in your eyes

(My lover doesn't respond)

O God, do something to make her
surrender!

(My lover still doesn't respond)

No.19. Si puer cum puellula
Moraretur in cellula,
Felix conjunctio.
Amore suscescente
Pariter e medio,
Avulso procul tedio,
Fit ludus ineffabilis,
Membris, lacertis, labiis.

No.20. Veni, veni, venias,
Ne me mori facias.
Hyrca, nazasa trillirivos!

Pulchra tibi facies,
Oculorum acies.
Capillorum series,
O quam clara species.

Rosa rubicundior,
Lilio candidior,
Omnibus formosior,
Semper in te glorior.

No.21. In trutina mentis
Dubia fluctuant contraria,
Lascivus amor
Et pudicitia.
Sed eligo quod video,
Collam iugo prebeo;
Ad iugum tamen suave transeo.

No.22. Tempus est iocundum,
O virgines,
Modo congaudete,
Vos iuvenes.

O! totus floreo,
Iam amore virginali totus ardeo,
Novus amor est quo pereor.

Mea me confortat
Promissio,
Mea me deportat
Negatio.

O! totus floreo,
Iam amore virginali totus ardeo,
Novus amor est quo pereor.

MALE CHORUS AND BARITONE:

If a young man lingers in his lover's
room, the fulfilment of their love
is inevitable.

DOUBLE CHORUS:

Come, come to me, do, or I shall die!

Everything about you is so desirable!

You are absolutely perfect!

SOPRANO:

Although I know I ought to stay pure,
I just can't resist you.

CHORUS, BARITONE & BOYS' CHORUS:

Come on everybody, enjoy yourselves.

O, I'm overcome with my newest love!
I'd die for her!

It's more fun making love than refusing it.

O, I'm overcome with my newest love!
I'd die for her!

Tempore brumali
Vir patiens,
Animo vernali
Lasciviens.

O! totus floreo,
Iam amore virginali totus ardeo,
Novus amor est quo pereo.

Mea mecum ludit
Virginitas,
Mea me detrudit
Simplicitas.

O! totus floreo,
Iam amore virginali totus ardeo,
Novus amor est quo pereo.

Veni, domicella,
Cum gaudio,
Veni, veni, pulchra,
Iam pereo.

O! totus floreo,
Iam amore virginali totus ardeo,
Novus amor est quo pereo.

A man is dead in the Winter, but comes
to life with the Spring.

O, I'm overcome with my newest love!
I'd die for her!

It's better to have a good time than
to stay innocent.

O, I'm overcome with my newest love!
I'd die for her!

Come and be my mistress and I'll die
for you.

O, I'm overcome with my newest love!
I'd die for her!

No.23. Dulcissime, ah totam tibi subdo me. SOPRANO:

Dearest, I give myself wholly to you.

No.24. Ave formosissima,
Gemma pretiosa,
Ave decus virginum,
Virgo gloriosa,
Ave mundi luminar,
Ave mundi rosa,
Blanziflor et Helena,
Venus generosa.

CHORUS:

All praise to Venus, Goddess of Love!

EPILOGUE : THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

No.25. O Fortuna,
Velut luna
Statu variabilis,
Semper crescis
Aut decrescis;
Vita detestabilis
Nunc obdurat
Et tunc curat
Ludo mentis aciem,
Egestatem,
Potestatem
Dissolvit ut glaciem.

CHORUS:

O Fortune, you are so changeable.

Sors immanis
Et inanis,
Rota tu volubilis,
Status malus,
Vana salus,
Semper dissolubilis,
Obumbrata
Et velata
Mihi quoque niteris;
Nunc per ludum
Dorsum nudum
Fero tui sceleris.

My fate is in the hands of your
everturning wheel.

Sors salutis
Et virtutis
Mihi nunc contraria.
Est affectus
Et defectus
Semper in angaria.
Hac in hora
Sine mora
Corde pulsum tangite;
Quod per sortem
Sternit fortem,
Mecum omnes plangite!

Let us all be warned - even the
strongest of men are overthrown
by your whim.

THE WAVERLEY SINGERS' next concert will be on 3 April 1971 at 7.30 p.m. in St. Thomas-on-the-Bourne Church, Farnham (Vivaldi's "Gloria" and Haydn's "Theresa Mass").

THE R.A.E. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA's next public concert will be on 13 February 1971 at 7.30 p.m. in Wavell County Secondary School, Farnborough (Bach's Harpsichord Concerto No.1 in D minor, with Stephen Thomson, Faure's "Masques et Bergamasques" and Bizet's Symphony No.1 in C).

The National Federation of Music Societies to which the R.A.E. Symphony Orchestra is affiliated, gives support towards the cost of this concert with funds provided by the Arts Council of Great Britain.

The R.A.E. Symphony Orchestra gratefully acknowledges the support of the following Patrons:

Mrs. J. Cotterill
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R.A.E. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Violins

Kenneth Honich (Principal)
Arthur Alsey
Evelyn Case
Gwen Cole
Jana Leden
Gerald Moss
Edna Redmill
Robert Perry
John Thomas

Peter White (Principal)
John Beckett
Alan Brecken
Helma Evans
Ronald Hazell
Graham Hunt
John McCormick
Leonard Pilbeam
Michael Sidford
Gordon Stewart

Violas

Brenda Collins
Robert Forrest
Carol Jenner
Mary Sidford
Frank Tulett
Peter Twinn

'Cellos

Deitrich Kuchemann
Alice Jessett
Barbara Loynes
Lewis Nicholson
Kate Nicholls
Rosamond Twinn

Double Bass

Frank Tomsett
Charles Cudmore

Piccolos

Julian Bradshaw
Lynne Collins

Flutes

Julian Bradshaw
Laurie Spark
Lynne Collins

Oboes

Michael Gardener
Charlotte Dunham
Isobel Sears

Cor Anglais

Isobel Sears

E♭ Clarinet

Alan Dewey

Clarinets

Alan Dewey
Llewelyn Niblett
Felicity Mills

Bass Clarinet

Felicity Mills

Bassoons

Robert Allison
Mary Houseman
Nicholas Bradshaw

Contra Bassoon

John Williams

Horns

Edward Roberts
Ian Brydon
Jack Raggett
Jean Patten

Trumpets

Sidney Douglas
James Gorton
Paul Harris

Trombones

Gordon Cutler
Douglas Wheeler
Roger Longcroft

Tuba

Tom Williams

Piano

Margery Wakefield

Timpani

Leslie Lawrence
Norman Patrick

Percussion

Christopher King
Susan Lawrence
John Gillings
Nigel Shipway
Robert Edwards

WAVERLEY SINGERS' accompanist for rehearsals : Margery Wakefield.

N.A.E. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Violins

Kenneth Hough (Principal)
 Arthur Alsey
 Evelyn Case
 Owen Cole
 Jane Loden
 Gerald Ross
 Edna Hedrell
 Robert Perry
 John Thomas

Violas

Robert White (Principal)
 John Hackett
 Alan Brecken
 Helen Evans
 Kenneth Macell
 Graham Hunt
 John McCarty
 Leonard Phipps
 Michael Shford
 Gordon Stewart

Cellos

Brenda Collins
 Robert Forrest
 Carol Jenner
 Mary Shford
 Frank Talbot
 Peter Wain

Double Bass

Peterkin Richardson
 Alice Jassat
 Barbara Lyons
 Julia Nicholson
 Kate Nicholls
 Edmund Trian

Flutes

Julian Bradshaw
 Lynne Collins

Oboes

Michael Gaden
 Geraldine Pugh
 Lynne Collins

Bassoons

Michael Gaden
 Geraldine Pugh
 Isabel Sears

Clarinet

Isabel Sears

Trumpet

Alan Dewey

Cor Anglais

Alan Dewey

Drum

Mervyn Moffet

Timpani

Colley Mills

Conductor

Robert Allison

Organ

Mary Housman

Harmonium

John Williams

Choir

Edward Roberts
 Ian Brydon
 Jack Kagan
 Joan Potter

Trumpets

Edney Douglas
 James Gordon
 Neil Harris

Flutes

Julian Bradshaw
 Lynne Collins
 Roger Langford

Oboes

Michael Gaden
 Geraldine Pugh

Bassoons

Michael Gaden
 Geraldine Pugh

Clarinet

Isabel Sears
 Norman Patrick

Cor Anglais

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Drum

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Harmonium

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 Ian Brydon
 Jack Kagan
 Joan Potter