

Elgar in Sussex

Friday 2nd June

Preview Evening: At Home with Elgar

18.30 The Mill House, Fittleworth

Saturday 3rd June

Concert 1: Captured Sunshine

15.00 St Mary the Virgin, Fittleworth

Followed by a film showing of Elgar's Tenth Muse, 16.00

Concert 2: Weird Trees and Windflowers

19.00 Leconfield Hall, Petworth

Sunday 4th June

Concert Walk: Wood Magic

13.30 Village Hall, Fittleworth - Bedham - Stopham

How Calmly the Evening

18.00 St Mary's Church, Stopham

Toby Hawks, artistic director and violin

Terence Allbright, piano

Iain Gibbs, violin

Mark Gibbs, viola

Mark Walkem, cello

Dr Steven Halls, speaker (*At Home with Elgar*)

Adrian Brown, speaker (*Weird Trees and Windflowers*)

John Hawks, narrator, voice of Edward (*Captured Sunshine*)

Katie Hawks, voice of Alice (*Captured Sunshine*)

The Edwardians (*Wood Magic; How Calmly the Evening*)

Sop. Phoebe Clapham, Helen Dewhurst, Katie Hawks, Elizabeth Kelly

Alto Elspeth Barnet, Maria Birch, Janet Ormerod

Tenor Lewis Brown, Tim Peters, Chris Yate

Bass Roger Floyd, James Hobro, Reuben James

Matthew Cooke, organ (*How Calmly the Evening*)

100 Years of Elgar in Sussex

In May 1917, Edward Elgar's wife Alice and daughter Carice found him a composing retreat in the beautiful hills surrounding Fittleworth, West Sussex: a cottage called *Brinkwells*. Here, nestled in tranquil woodland overlooking the Arun valley, Elgar found a new fertility of inspiration, composing, in Alice's words, 'wonderful new music, different from anything else of his.'

Elgar wrote three masterpieces of chamber music in this haven: the Violin Sonata Op. 82, the String Quartet Op. 83, and the Piano Quintet Op. 84. They were all written concurrently, and their geneses are jumbled: Elgar would put one aside to work at another. They also share affinities of tonality, being centred round the keys of E and A minor (E for Edward and A for Alice, perhaps?).

They are at once revealing and revelatory. They are drawn from a well of melancholy and nostalgia: his beloved Alice was in ill-health and the dreadfulness of the war had shaken the almost morbidly sensitive Elgar to his core. Flashes of bravado alternate with moments of intense introspection, mirroring Elgar's own rather contradictory character.

They are revelatory in that they belie the contemporary claim that Elgar had burned himself out: true, we are far from the mighty virtuoso orchestral master, but these three works epitomise him more thoroughly. They are a logical extension to his miniaturist side: but instead of light works intended to give naïve pleasure, these are works of quiet sophistication, tender and ethereal: it is more the world of *Sospiri* and *Dream Children* than of *Chanson de Matin* and *La Capricieuse*.

The first public performance of the three chamber works took place on May 21st 1919 at the Wigmore Hall in London. Each work received, according to Alice, a 'most tremendous reception...& at the end an overwhelming ovation & when E. appeared more than ever. *Shouts & roars!*' Since then, they have achieved a respectable place in the concert canon: but they are still not heard nearly enough. This weekend allows us to appreciate these wonderful works together, in the very place they were composed. We hope you'll enjoy them as much as the Wigmore audience did just over 100 years ago.

Preview Evening: *At home with Elgar*

Idylle, Op. 4/1

Very Easy Melodious Exercises in the First Position, Op. 22

Sonatina, piano (1888-1930)

Romance, Op. 62, arr. viola and piano

Cello Concerto, Op. 85: Adagio

Chanson de Matin, Op. 15/2

As with many great composers, chamber music featured largely in Elgar's early life, not at all in his 'prime' and then again significantly in his 'autumn'. This is a well-worn pattern: composers cut their teeth on four-part harmony, of course, so the string quartet is ideal; but then the fascination with these pared down forces, requiring greater economy of means and technical focus, returns later in life, when musical thoughts and ideas are more concentrated after a lifetime's orchestral expression.

In Elgar's case, rather than string quartets, his most significant early chamber compositions are occasional pieces for violin and piano. The violin was his own instrument. Before his composing career was set, he had half-expected to become a professional player: during his years as a jobbing musician in and around Worcester, he played rank and file in orchestras, gave recitals and gave lessons to leisured ladies. Small wonder, then, that he was so powerfully drawn to writing for the instrument. That he only composed modest 'salon' pieces during this period, rather than an extended sonata, was perhaps recognition both of his compositional limitations at the time and his keen eye for the market.

He wrote for the circumstances in which he found himself: drawing-room music that was neither difficult to play nor to listen to, and that would sell. His Opus 1 *Romance* is an ambitiously large-scale piece, with a rather overelaborate violin part and lugubrious piano part. But his most successful pieces in the genre show a finely-judged flair for lyrical melody and elegant, unobtrusive piano accompaniment.

Idylle belongs to his Opus 4 set of pieces for violin and piano, and is genial and warmly lyrical. *Chanson de Matin*, from 1899, is one of Elgar's most instantly recognisable hits: but with good reason. We hear them both this evening in skilful arrangements for string quartet by Bill Thorp.

The disingenuously-titled *Very Easy Melodious Exercises in the First Position* were originally written for his niece, May Grafton, but their commercial worth is clear: they are beautifully crafted for maximum melodic interest with minimum technical effort. But in their simplicity lies their inherent difficulty, where a player is more concerned with true intonation, delicate expression and rhythmic exactitude.

Elgar was a competent, if unenthusiastic, pianist. He penned but a handful of works for solo piano – of which the most successful are the smaller scale. The delicious *Sonatina* was originally written in 1889 to encourage the same niece's piano-playing, and then revised for publication in 1930.

We know that Elgar's contribution to the violin repertoire was notable and extensive; but it was only towards the end of his life that he turned his proper attention to another member of the string family – the cello. The Cello Concerto, composed mostly at Brinkwells and completed there in 1919, is his most enduringly popular work and a supreme addition to the cello literature. We hear the sublime slow movement.

Although Elgar wrote wonderful orchestral parts for the Cinderella of the family, the viola (think of the exquisite solo of *In the South*, often lifted as a solo and called *In Moonlight*), he sadly never contributed to its solo repertoire: perhaps only because its worthiness as a solo instrument was still truly to be established by the likes of Rebecca Clarke, Paul Hindemith and Lionel Tertis. It was Tertis who, in 1929, arranged (with the composer's sanction) the Cello Concerto for viola; so we make no apologies for similarly arranging the exquisite Romance Op. 62 of 1910 – originally for the Cinderella of the woodwind section, the bassoon, and thus doubly appropriate.

Concert 1: Captured Sunshine

Brinkwells in Elgar's Words: A short selection from the diaries and letters, read by Katie and John Hawks.

String Quartet in E minor, Op. 83

I. *Allegro moderato*

II. *Piacevole (poco andante)*

III. *Allegro molto*

March 22 E. began a delightful Quartet. A remote and lovely 1st subject. May he soon finish it.

But it was to be another nine months before Elgar finally did. Begun at Severn House in Hampstead, it was eventually completed at Brinkwells on Christmas Eve 1918.

The gestations of the quintet and quartet are bound inextricably together, for the one interrupted the other. On September 15th, Elgar started the Quintet; on September 27th he was 'writing wonderful new music – real wood sounds....', although it is not clear whether this was the Quartet or Quintet. In October, however, he was 'possessed with his wonderful music, 2nd movement of 4tet – Varied by excursions to wood'. On November 13th, he 'wrote music & tried to recover threads – broken', but on the 26th he 'finished and copied *Piacevole*', and less than a month later it was finished. After the public premiere on the May 21st 1919, the score was published on the 26th, and, most fittingly, the playing parts appeared on June 3rd.

The string quartet is perhaps the most personal and intimate of the three chamber works. It is in the avowedly personal key of E minor, and has a poise and delicacy born of a masterful familiarity with string-writing. But gone is the rich Straussian lushness of the *Introduction and Allegro*; here the fat is pared away and while there are snatches of full body, they quickly give way to introspection and sadness.

The mood of the string quartet is troubled: from its uneasy, hesitant opening, where duple time wrestles with triple, uncertainty is paramount.

Characteristic Elgarian sighs waft us forward into a more urgent music, and the movement becomes increasingly restless. This restlessness is allayed by the lovely second subject, a whimsical musing on the opening, beneath which the accompanying instruments murmur gently, highlighting the theme and taking their turns. The music becomes more agitated, propelling the movement forward. It reaches a tremendous climax, the violin keening plaintively, high in its register. After the recapitulation, a passionate coda, enshrining the duple/triple time struggle, brings the movement to its reluctant conclusion.

The winsome *Andante piacevole* starts with the theme Alice described as being 'like captured sunshine' – and how right she is. Given voice by the second violin, this lovely melody evolves as a dialogue between the lower three instruments; indeed, the first violin has a whole twenty-two bars off! There is some cloud-cover over the second subject, with frequent pull-ups, before an eerie passage, oscillating wistfully between major and minor. The first violin tries to reassert itself but is pulled back by hesitant mutterings, before a broad, muscular restatement of the opening theme in the middle two voices – note the wonderful use of the viola C-string and the joyful first violin descant. The movement ends with a mouth-wateringly delicate coda, muted – the quartet tries to recapture the opening theme, but the thread is broken. It was entirely fitting that at Lady Elgar's funeral, this was the music that was played: the movement which had seemed to her 'so gracious and loveable'.

The mood of the finale (*Allegro molto*) is apparent from its vigorous *risoluto* introduction – a propulsive dotted figure in cello and viola, answered by chattering semi-quavers in the violins. The first then swaggers in with the main *brillante* theme. We career full tilt into the second *appassionato* theme, with its slightly 'jazzy' syncopations and accompaniment interjections. As Alice says, the movement is 'Very impassioned and carrying one along at a terrific rate'. After a particularly *brillante* climax, where all the instruments have scurrying semi-quavers like a rushing wind ('Most fiery and sweeps along like Galloping of Squadrons'), there is respite in a contrasting section, with a jovial main theme, before a masterfully drawn out lead-back into the *appassionato* theme. The first *brillante* theme does not recur until near the end, where it thrusts forward into a powerful coda. From here on, it is flat out to the finish: a dazzling flourish and six *fff* chords.

Elgarian Extra: Elgar's Tenth Muse,

A screening of this beautiful film about Elgar's brief relationship with Hungarian violinist, Jelly d'Aranyi. St Mary's Fittleworth, 16.00.



Concert 2: Weird Trees and Windflowers

Violin Sonata in E minor, Op. 82

I. Allegro

II. Romance: Andante

III. Allegro, non troppo

August 19. Much excitement – the piano arrived, in Mr. Aylwin's waggon. He came & his son & grandson & 2 or 3 other men, & Mark, & got it through garden & the workshop to nice position in studio – It sounded so well – not the worse for journey. May it result in booful new works.

Alice's hopeful wish was to be granted: 'Wrote some music', Elgar noted in his own diary the following morning. Within four days, the first movement had taken shape, and the whole thing was finished on September 15th 1918. This was to be the first completed work at Brinkwells. Elgar summed it up for his close friend and muse, Alice Stuart-Wortley ('Windflower'):

the first movement is bold and vigorous, then a fantastic, curious movement with a very expressive middle section; a melody for violin ... they say it is as good or better than anything I have done in an expressive way ... the last movement is very broad and soothing, like the last movement of the second symphony.

The arresting opening certainly bears out Elgar's description, and the whole movement fizzes with febrile energy. The Sonata, like the Quartet, is in E minor - yet it opens resolutely in A minor (the sub-dominant): we do not reach E minor proper until the anguished second subject calls a temporary halt to the movement's initial ferocity. There follows an extraordinary arpeggiated *tranquillo* section, recalling the slow movement of the Violin Concerto, after which the music winds itself up again to a thrillingly climactic recapitulation of the A minor opening. The two keys vie further, but after a shattering coda, the movement ends in a blaze of E major.

The 'fantastic, curious movement' is the exquisite and tellingly-titled *Romance*, which Alice branded '*wood magic. So elusive and delicate*'. In contrast to the 'spectral figures' (Northrop Moore), which characterise the outer sections of the movement, the 'very expressive middle section', a glorious long-lined melody. It creeps in quietly and builds to an impassioned climax, before dying wistfully away. The spectral figures return, the violin this time muted, heightening the sense of *wood magic*.

And then the dreamy finale, in rich and unequivocal E major. While 'broad and soothing' indeed, it is not without its moments of doubt: after a run of affirmatory climaxes, the music seems to lose its way in the woods, and we find ourselves back in the world of the *Romance*, with every chromatic sigh in the violin and will-o'-the-wisp piano figures. Towards the end, the second movement's long-lined melody makes a rapturous reappearance, before the exhilarating coda.

In offering the dedication of the sonata to his old friend Marie Joshua, he wrote:

I fear it does not carry us any further but it is full of golden sounds and I like it, but you must not expect anything violently chromatic or cubist.

Piano Quintet in A minor, Op. 84

I. *Moderato*

II. *Adagio*

III. *Andante – Allegro*

On the day the violin sonata was finished, Elgar began working on a piano quintet:

Wonderful weird beginning...Same atmosphere as 'Owls' – evidently reminiscence of sinister trees & impression of Flexham Park.

Alice's comment, together with Elgar's own description of it to the work's dedicatee, Ernest Newman, as 'ghostly stuff', have cloaked the genesis of the first movement – the most musically complex of the three – in picturesque mystery. Basil Maine was the first to set it all down in black and white in *Elgar: His Life and Works* (1933):

The withered trees near Elgar's cottage in Sussex have inspired a legend in those parts. Upon the plateau, it is said, was once a settlement of Spanish monks, who, while carrying out some impious rites, were struck dead: and the trees are their dead forms.

This 'legend' seems to have no basis in fact or folklore: there were Augustinian Canons at nearby Hardham Priory, but they were not Spanish; and no such grotesque story has survived in 'those parts'. The location of any such trees are today indeterminable, but they, like the 'Enigma', have fuelled much tantalising speculation – aided and abetted by Alice's ambiguous diary entries:

September 16 . . . E. wrote more of the wonderful Quintet – Flexham Park – sad 'dispossessed' trees & their dance & unstilled regret for their evil fate – or rather course wh. brought it on...

The plain-song like certainly opening accounts for the monkishness; and the delicate major theme, with its guitar-like accompaniment (heightened by the pizzicato chords when it is repeated) for the Spanishness. Elgar was known to have a taste for the supernatural, and was acutely sensitive to location and atmosphere: if such a clump of 'weird trees', discovered on his exhaustive exploration of the woods around Brinkwells, with their

groves of coppiced Sweet (or Spanish...) Chestnuts, indubitably inspired this magical music, need we know more than that? As Rex Vicat Cole puts it in *British Trees*: 'Who that has felt the magic of the woods...can wonder at the tales of mystery that have grown up everywhere about trees?'

The episodic first movement has four main, recurring, sections. The introduction is characterised by a plainsong-like piano line, beneath which the strings utter eerie little interjections; a sighing phrase acts as a link between this and the next section, a brisk Brahmsian allegro in 6/8. The linking phrase then takes us onto a very different plane; a strange Spanish-sounding section which leads directly into a fat, swaggering theme. The introduction returns and is developed into a fugue with a blazing climax. Themes reappear and disappear and the movement ends in quiet desolation.

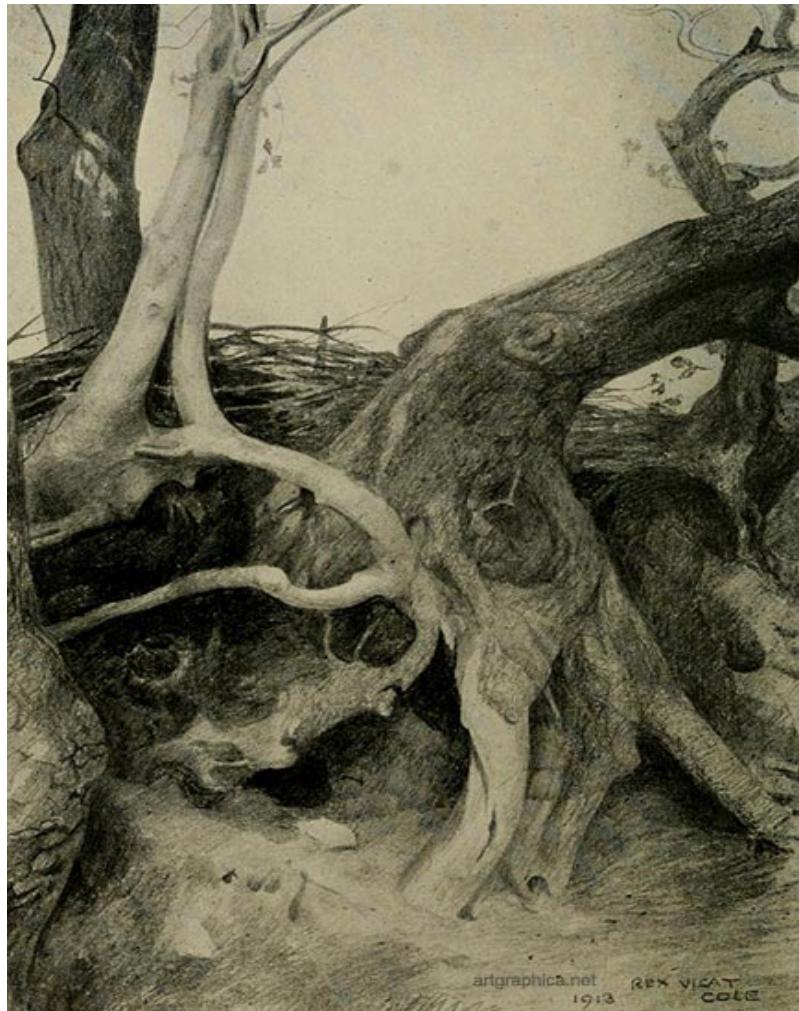
The slow movement is one of Elgar's most beautiful inspirations. It opens with the viola singing through a wood of dappled sunlight. Four questioning chords on the piano are answered by sighs on the strings. The first theme recurs, the piano sparkling through the texture, and the music builds to a tremendous climax, which dies away into the question-and-answer sequence, and a glorious return of the main theme. The movement ends in a mood of resigned acceptance.

The third movement's introduction wistfully recalls the linking phrase from the first, but sorrow and despair are quickly brushed aside in favour of a theme in Elgar's *nobilmente* vein, with echoes of the Second Symphony's finale. The syncopated second subject is heard on the piano first, then the strings. A triumphant recapitulation takes us into a mysterious new section, where the introduction and swaggering theme from the first movement are recalled in hushed tones; but these melancholy memories are fleeting and it is not long before an extended coda brings the work to a joyful and triumphant conclusion.

The Elgars and the Coles

Brinkwells forms part of the Stopham Estate, and before the Elgars arrived, the cottage had been taken on a long lease by the artist Rex Vicat Cole and his family. They too had sought refuge from the maelstrom of Town, and had fallen in love with Brinkwells and its view at first sight

Rex was a consummate artist with a particular speciality in depicting trees. The plate below is from his seminal book, *The Artistic Anatomy of Trees*.



Concert Walk: Wood Magic, in company with The Edwardians

- O Happy Eyes Op. 18/1
- Afar amidst the sunny isles Op. 18/3
- The Fountain Op. 71/2
- Serenade Op. 73/2
- Owls Op. 53/4
- Love Op. 18/2
- Death on the Hills Op. 72
- After many a dusty mile Op. 45/3

Elgar's father was a staunch member of the Worcester Glee Club, which gathered at the Crown Hotel in Broad Street to smoke, drink, perform and listen to music. Once he was proficient enough, Elgar junior would accompany the singers at these functions. Elgar's early exposure to this style of 'music for pleasure' gave him a natural feel for the four-part vocal ensemble.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century, the part-song (into which the madrigal and glee developed) had become the preserve of amateur singers and lesser composers. But with the establishment of the various competitive singing festivals around Victorian Britain, standards became higher and greater composers could make their contributions to the genre without blushing: Mackenzie, Parry, Stanford, Bantock, Delius, Vaughan Williams, Holst – and later Moeran, Warlock, Finzi, Ireland, Howells – all wrote delectable part-songs. Needless to say, Elgar's stand out, even in this exalted company.

Since there were so many choral groups around, demand for new repertoire was high. Elgar ever had his eye on the popular market, and penning a part-song or two was a good way of clinching a quick deal with a publisher: to quote the philistine chairman of Novello in 1914: 'I don't want any more Elgar symphonies or concertos, but am ready to take as many part-songs as he can produce, even at extortionate rates.' But it was also a genre he returned to again and again in his life, and one which, judging by the quality of his output, he found especially rewarding.

His most commercially successful part-song, *My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land*, was almost never published at all. Elgar chose to set words by Andrew Lang, but the poet refused permission for his poem to be used. Alice Elgar, herself a published poet and novelist, joyously came to the rescue, supplying fresh words to fit the already composed music. In the event, Lang grumpily relented and the song was published in the version we know so well today. But in tribute to Alice's noble act of heroism, we sing her words this afternoon: *Afar amidst the sunny Isles.*

Written around the same time in 1899, the buoyant *Oh Happy Eyes* was initially refused by Novello, but accepted a few years later on resubmission. It is full of sunny charm. *Love*, though written some years later in 1907, completes the Op. 18 set. He wrote it on his 50th birthday and dedicated it to his wife – “wh. made A. feel very unworthy & deeply deeply touched.”

Owls stands alone in his oeuvre, for Elgar supplied his own words, although they are only really designed to convey an eerie impression of a nocturnal woodscape. As Elgar wrote, 'it is only a fantasy and means nothing. It is in a wood at night evidently and the recurring 'Nothing' is only an owlish sound'.

1914 was a rich year for part-songs: *The Fountain* opens with a joyous leap, before subsiding into glisteningly rich harmonic depths; *Serenade* is characterised by a mesmeric ostinato, over which the sopranos sing a lovely melody like a Russian lullaby. *Death on the Hills* is one of Elgar's most extraordinary visions. Using a Russian poem by Maikov (translated by Rosa Newmarch) he brings out all the sinister menace of the text in music of epic power and expressiveness. He described it as 'one of the biggest things I have done'.

The *Five Part-songs from the Greek Anthology Op. 45* were originally written for male voice choir in 1902, but soon arranged by the composer for SATB. They are whimsical and delightful, and the fourth of the set felt peculiarly appropriate to this afternoon's escapade...

The Edwardians are a collection of semi-professional singers based in Sussex and London.

Concert Walk: *Wood Magic – Destinations*

Brinkwells: Elgar's hand-drawn map illustrating directions to the cottage for his friend, the violinist W. H. Reed.
(Postcard reproductions are for sale throughout the festival weekend.)



Bedham Old School was an elementary school and Sunday chapel. It is now owned by Manor Farm, and is about to undergo repairs.

The Studio, Bedham: This is Elgar's composing studio, and Vicat Cole's painting studio. It was moved from Brinkwells to its present location, and is now a self-catering holiday cottage.

St Mary's Church, Stopham: with Saxon foundations, the church has contributions from all mediaeval periods, as well as some fine renaissance brasses to the Barttelot family.

Texts

O happy eyes (*C. Alice Elgar*)

O happy eyes, for you will see
My love, my lady pass today;
What I may not, that may you say
And ask for answer daringly.
O happy eyes.

O happy flow'rs that touch her dress,
That touch her dress and take her smile,
O whisper to her all the while
Some words of love in idleness.
O happy flowers.

O happy airs that touch her cheek,
And lightly kiss and float away,
So carelessly as if in play,
Why take ye all the joy I seek?

O happy eyes my love to see,
Alas! alas! I may not greet
With word or touch my lady sweet;
More happy eyes, say all for me.

Afar, amidst the sunny Isles (*C. Alice Elgar*)

Afar, amidst the sunny Isles
We dwelt awhile, my love and I;
The sea stretched blue for endless miles
And seldom ships went floating by,
So hushed and still were wave and sky

When moonbeams 'cross the billows lay
We watched together on the shore;
We longed the hand of time to stay
And linger here for evermore,
Such hours had been but dreamed before.

The breezes wafted scents afar,
Bright garlands flung their blossoms high;
Nought seemed the deep-breathed peace to march
Till night came like a whispered sigh,
The light of day might scarcely die.

The Isles still cluster in the west
I nought of their fair skies can tell;
The sun may flush the mountain crest

But death below its shade must well;
There nought can touch my Love at rest
Beneath the blue waves' surge and swell

The Fountain (*Henry Vaughan*)

The unthrift sun shot vital gold,
A thousand, thousand pieces;
And heav'n its azure did unfold
Chequer'd with snowy fleeces;
The air was all in spice,
And ev'ry bush
A garland wore:
Thus fed my eyes,
But all the earth lay hush,
Only a little fountain lent
Some use for ears,
And on the dumb shades language spent,
The music of her tears.

Serenade (*Minsky, trans. Newmarch*)

Dreams all too brief,
Dreams without grief,
Once they are broken, come not again.

Across the sky the dark clouds sweep,
And all is dark and drear above:
The bare trees toss their arms and weep,
Rest on, and do not wake, dear Love.

Since glad dreams haunt your slumbers deep,
Why should you scatter them in vain?

Happy is he, when Autumn falls,
Who feels the dream-kiss of the Spring;
And happy he in prison walls
Who dreams of freedom's rescuing;

But woe to him who vainly calls
Through sleepless nights for ease from pain!
Once they are broken, come not again.

Owls (Edward Elgar)

What is that? ... Nothing;
The leaves must fall, and falling, rustle;
That is all:
They are dead
As they fall, -
Dead at the foot of the tree;
All that can be is said.
What is it? ... Nothing.

What is that? ... Nothing;
A wild thing hurt in the night,
And it cries
In its dread,
Till it lies
Dead at the foot of the tree;
All that can be is said.
What is it? ... Nothing.

What is that? ... Ah!
A marching slow of unseen feet,
That is all:
But a bier, spread
With a pall,
Is now at the foot of the tree;
All that could be is said.
Is it ... what? ... Nothing.

Love (Arthur Frank Maquarie)

Like the rosy northern glow
Flushing on a moonless night
Where the world is level snow,
So thy light.

In my time of outer gloom
Thou didst come, a tender lure;
Thou, when life was but a tomb,
Beamedst pure.

Thus I looked to heaven again,
Yearning up with eager eyes,
As sunflow'rs after dreary rain
Drink the skies.

Oh glow on and brighter glow,
Let me ever gaze on thee,
Lest I lose warm hope and so
Cease to be.

Death on the Hills (Maykov, trans. Rosa Newmarch)

Why o'er the dark'ning hill-slopes
Do dusky shadows creep?
Because the wind blows keenly there,
Or rainstorms lash and leap?

No wind blows chill upon them,
Nor are they lash'd by rain:
'Tis Death who rides across the hills
With all his shadowy train.

The old bring up the cortege,
In front the young folk ride,
And on Death's saddle in a row
The babes sit side by side.

The young folk lift their voices,
The old folk plead with Death:
"O let us take the village-road,
Or by the brook draw breath.

There let the old drink water,
There let the young folk play,
And let the little children
Run and pluck the blossoms gay."

After many a dusty mile (Anon, trans. Edmund Gosse)

After many a dusty mile,
Wanderer, linger here awhile;
Stretch your limbs in this long grass;
Through these pines a wind shall pass
That shall cool you with its wing.

Grasshoppers shall shout and sing,
While the shepherd on the hill,
Near a fountain warbling still,
Modulates, when noon is mute,
Summer songs along his flute;

Underneath a spreading tree,
None so easy-limbed as he,
Sheltered from the dog-star's heat.
Rest; and then, on freshened feet,
You shall pass the forest through.
It is Pan that counsels you

How calmly the evening

St Mary's Church, Stopham

Elgar was a Roman Catholic, and thus composed comparatively little Anglican service music. But he did write a couple of early hymn tunes, of which the best known is *Drakes Broughton*. We sing it here with words by Cardinal Newman, familiar to Elgarians as the author of *The Dream of Gerontius*. The service will follow the Evensong service of the Book of Common Prayer. As an anthem, the choir will sing *How calmly the Evening*, a tender setting of Toke's text commissioned by the editor of the *Musical Times*, in which it was first published in 1907.

How Calmly the Evening (choir)

How calmly the evening once more is descending,
As kind as a promise, as still as a prayer;
O wing of the Lord, in Thy shelter befriending,
May we and our households continue to share.

We come to be soothed with Thy merciful healing;
The dews of the night cure the wounds of the day;

We come, our life's work and its brevity feeling,
With thanks for the past, for the future we pray.

Lord, save us from folly; be with us in sorrow;
Sustain us in work till the time of our rest;
When earth's day is over, may heaven's tomorrow
Dawn on us, of homes long expected possest.

Thomas Toke Lynch

Hymn (all)

1 Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three and God is One;
and I next acknowledge duly
manhood taken by the Son.

2 And I trust and hope most fully
in that manhood crucified;
and each thought and deed unruly
do to death, as he has died.

3 Simply to his grace and wholly
light and life and strength belong,
and I love supremely, solely,
him the holy, him the strong.

4 And I hold in veneration,
for the love of him alone,
Holy Church as his creation,
and her teachings as his own.

5 Adoration ay be given,
with and through the angelic host,
to the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Biographies

Toby Hawks (music director and violin) is a freelance performer and teacher of the violin and viola. He read Modern and Medieval Languages at Cambridge University, and his combined interest in languages and music saw him study folk music in Finland: he now also plays various folk string instruments, such as the nyckelharpa. Toby is more and more specialising in the Baroque, but Elgar has been his first and constant love since his teenage years and performing the three great chamber works in the place they were conceived has been a long-cherished ambition.

Terence Allbright (piano) as a tiny tot taught himself to play the piano and started to compose. He studied various keyboard instruments with John Bertalot, Graham Mayo and John Bigg, and composition at Cambridge with Laurence Picken. His busy concert schedule has recently included a rare complete performance of *Le Rossignol Éperdu* by Reynaldo Hahn, song recitals with Ann Murray, and Felicity Lott. His recordings include Somervell's *Maud* (and songs by Sterndale Bennett and Howells); Fauré, Martucci and Falla song cycles with Ann Murray, and a disc of contemporary songs with Jane Manning and Stephen Roberts for the English Poetry and Song Society. Terence has composed for the BBC, Chichester String Ensemble, and the Riot Ensemble. A local of Petworth since 1979, Terence was artistic director of the Petworth Festival from 1994 to 2001, and teaches at Chichester University.

Iain Gibbs (violin) studied the violin with Erik Houston at the Royal College of Music, John Crawford at Trinity Laban, and Detlef Hahn back at the RCM. He is a member of the Orchestra of Welsh National Opera, and has worked with the John Wilson Orchestra, the Royal Opera, Royal Northern Sinfonia and BBC Symphony Orchestra. He has recorded for Seth McFarlane and performed with Lady Gaga and Tony Bennett at the Royal Albert Hall. Iain has been generously lent a 1928 William Hill violin. Forthcoming performances include Sibelius' Violin Concerto with the Portobello Orchestra and Havering Concert Orchestra.

Mark Gibbs (viola) studied viola at the Royal College of Music with Peter Lewis, Penny Filer and Jonathan Barritt, and with Czech violist Jan Peruška at the Academy of Performing Arts, Prague. Mark is a keen chamber musician and has performed recitals throughout London and the south east, and his recent concerts include Telemann's viola concerto with Solistes de Musique Ancienne. Mark has played Principal viola with many orchestras and regularly performs with the Philharmonia Orchestra, City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, London Concert Orchestra and Mozart Festival Orchestra; he was a member of Southbank Sinfonia in 2015. He can often be found in the pit at Phantom of the Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, London.

Mark Walkem (cello) graduated from the University of Birmingham with a first in Music; he went on to study at the Birmingham Conservatoire with Lionel Handy. Mark has performed the cello concertos of Elgar, Saint-Saëns (No.1) and Haydn (C major). An interest in period performance led to baroque cello studies with leading cellist/ viola da gamba player Richard Tunnicliffe and an involvement with the University of Birmingham's Centre for Early Music Performance and Research. Mark currently holds teaching posts at King Edward's School (Birmingham), King Edward VI High School for Girls, Bablake School (Coventry), West House School and with the Solihull Music Service. Mark also plays the double bass, and is an active choral singer. In his spare time, Mark enjoys playing tennis and cooking.

Dr Steven Halls has been Chairman of the Elgar Society since 2008 and has also been Chairman of the Elgar Complete edition for a decade. He read Modern Languages at Oxford, and holds a PhD in German and Music from Sheffield University, a MBA from Nottingham Business School and a MPhil in Politics from Nottingham Trent University. He studied the cello with Pauline Dunn in Harrogate and Suzanne Ramon in Paris and has been directing and performing in chamber series in the Midlands and the South more than 20 years. Having been professionally involved in music promotion in the North and in the Midlands from 1976, he followed a career in local government from 1987. Steven has been Chief Executive of Three Rivers District Council, in Hertfordshire, for the last 14 years.

Sir Adrian Boult wrote of **Adrian Brown**: 'He has always impressed me as a musician of exceptional attainments who has all the right gifts and ideas to make him a first-class conductor.' Adrian remains the only British conductor to have reached the finals of the Karajan Conductors' Competition: in fact, the Berlin Philharmonic was the first professional orchestra he conducted. He has conducted the St Petersburg Philharmonic Orchestra, the Camerata Salzburg, the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, the BBC Symphony Orchestra, the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra and the London Sinfonietta. He is also a great proponent of contemporary music and has numerous first performances to his credit. With a personal connection of one remove to Elgar, we are delighted that Adrian is able to join us this weekend.

Katie Hawks is a teacher, historian and musicologist. Her speciality is English music from earlier periods: she has written and lectured on Handel, and directs an occasional choir, *Byrdsong*, in performances of music from the C15th-C16th.

John Hawks's career has been in advertising, estate management and heritage conservation, but from early youth his first love has been music, with his own long-running monthly chamber concert series in Wimbledon, South London.

Thanks

Like lots of nice ideas, *Elgar in Sussex* began as an idle thought: you know, wouldn't it be nice to get some like-minded colleagues together to play the three chamber works in the village in which they were composed...? But after further thought and encouragement, idea became compulsion – and here we are. But here we are only because of the hard work of several very special people.

The Rev. Colin Datchler was my first port-of-call, and we are enormously grateful to him for his moral and practical support. But it was especially wonderful of him to find us Margaret Welfare – without whose generosity and amazing, tireless and invaluable aid the project would certainly have foundered. She single-handedly found us venues and helpers, organised crucial publicity and nobly tried out the walk with husband Chris several times over: Margaret – thank you so much!

We are hugely grateful to Michael and Yoko Varvill for their wonderful generosity in hosting our Friday night event in their beautiful house; to Paul Yule for the showing of his film and the thrilling use of The Studio; to Octavia Hastings for the use of evocative Bedham Old School; and to Jane and Laurie Barker for having us at the Elgarian epicentre – Brinkwells.

Many thanks to Anne Waters for her splendid help at Stopham, with choosing hymns and arranging tea for many; and to Sir Brian and Lady Fiona Barttelot. Thank you also to Matthew Cooke, for playing the organ.

A great personal thanks to my dear friends Lisa and Peter Calvert-Smith, whose fault really the whole thing is: for they it was who gave me the initial warm encouragement and the strength to go on with the whole mad scheme.

And last but not least, a standing ovation for my wonderful speakers and musicians: Steven, Adrian, Katie and John; my Edwardian singers; Terry, Iain, Mark and Mark, without whom the weekend would definitely *not* have been possible! I know you'll agree that I am very fortunate to count such superb players and people as colleagues and friends.

Toby Hawks