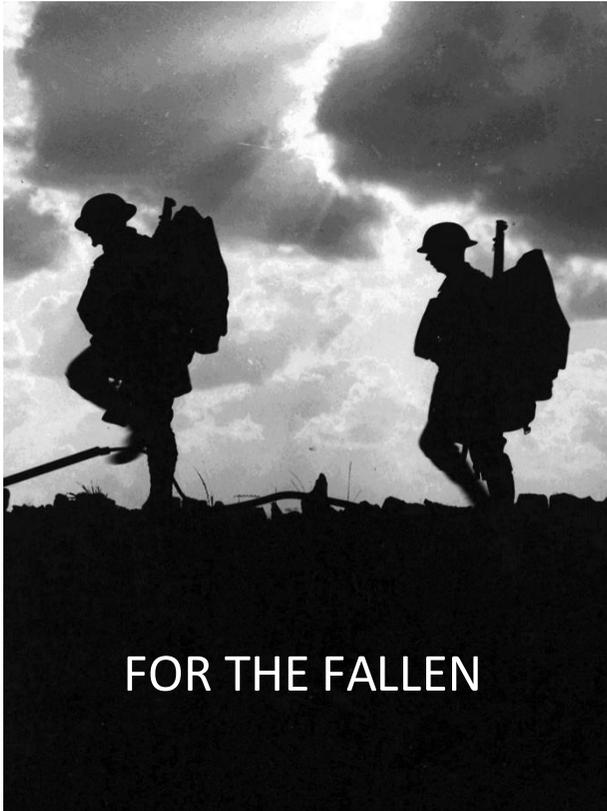




Pegasus



FOR THE FALLEN

MUSIC AND POETRY OF THE GREAT WAR

Pegasus Choir

Matthew Altham *Director* Graham Wood *Organ*

Robin Whitehead & Ann Rachlin *Readers*

Saturday, 5 July 2014, 7.30pm

St Thomas the Martyr Church, Winchelsea

Programme £1

Programme

This programme has been conceived as a continuous sequence of readings and music. We therefore ask that you hold your applause until the end of each half of the concert. Thank you.

Nunc Dimittis	Gustav Holst (1874–1934)
The Guns	Anon.
Nachtlied	Max Reger (1873–1916)
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis	Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)
Memories	Ted Streeton (1908–2000)
A Short Requiem	Walford Davies (1869–1941)
1. Salvator Mundi	6. Audi vocem
2. De profundis clamavi	7. Hymn
3. Requiem aeternam I	8. Gloria Patri
4. Levavi oculos	9. Vox ultima crucis
5. Requiem aeternam II	
In Memoriam	Ewart Alan Macintosh (1893–1917)
For Io, I raise up	Charles Villiers Stanford (1852–1924)

INTERVAL

Blagoslovi dushe moya gospoda	Sergei Rachmaninov (1873–1943)
Nyne otpushchaeshi	Sergei Rachmaninov
Selections from correspondence	Vera Brittain (1893–1970) Roland Leighton (1895–1915)
Psalm 23	Ivor Gurney (1890–1937)
Since I Believe in God the Father Almighty	Ivor Gurney
For the Fallen	Douglas Guest (1916–1996)
To Music	George Dyson (1883–1964)
Expectans expectavi	Charles Wood (1866–1926)
Letter in the event of my death	Winston Churchill (1874–1965)
Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen	Gustav Mahler (1860–1911) arr. Clytus Gottwald

Composers and the Great War

by Samir Savant

The First World War began in the late summer of 1914, and in this centenary year Pegasus is joining the commemorations of the millions who died. The war involved soldiers from across the world, but its effects were felt most keenly in Europe, where old empires crumbled, monarchies were toppled and new countries were born.

It is easy sometimes to overlook the personal and human cost of war, and in conceiving this programme of readings and music I have been inspired by the individual stories of the artists involved, including composers from five countries most affected by the conflict. Their music attests to the enduring power of a shattering experience shared by so many individuals and families a century ago.

My own connection to the war is not familial, but it is personal: every time I enter the Royal College of Music, where I work, I see the name of George Butterworth on the war memorial in our outer hall. Butterworth was one of the most promising British composers of his generation and was killed in 1916 during the Battle of the Somme. He was 31 years old. His name is a reminder of so many lives cut short, including within the world of the arts.

Gustav Holst wanted to enlist at the outbreak of the war and was frustrated to be found unfit for military service. He taught and composed during the war, completing the orchestral suite *The Planets*, the first movement of which is a vivid evocation of “Mars, the Bringer of War”. Holst’s friends the composers George Butterworth and Cecil Coles, whom he had got to know at the Royal College of Music, were among those killed in action.

In 1918 Holst finally had the chance to contribute to the war effort, eagerly volunteering for the music section of the YMCA’s education department, to work with British troops stationed in Salonica awaiting demobilisation. For the purpose, Holst changed his name from “von Holst” to “Holst”, fearing that it looked too German to be acceptable in such a role. He returned to Britain in the summer of 1919.

Holst's unaccompanied *Nunc dimittis* dates from 1915 and was written for Richard Terry, organist of Westminster Cathedral, and first performed on Easter Sunday of that year. For some reason it was afterwards forgotten and was only published in 1979, in an edition by the composer's daughter, Imogen Holst. Holst's love of Renaissance music is clear in this unaccompanied piece, particularly the way the male and female voices of the eight-part choir answer each other antiphonally.

Like many of the composers in this programme, the German **Max Reger** was deeply patriotic and committed to his own country's war effort. At the beginning of the war he began to compose a setting of the Latin Requiem, having in mind his countrymen who were dying in active service. After a false start, he began anew in 1915. Reger never got to hear the completed work, which was scored for solo voice, chorus and orchestra, since it was first performed in July 1916, a few months after his death.

Reger's *Acht geistliche Lieder* (Eight Sacred Songs) of 1914 show the influences of Bach and Brahms – the former in their technical mastery and the latter in their introspection and harmonic richness. From this set we sing *Nachtlied*, a setting of the 16th-century German Protestant theologian and hymn writer Petrus Herbert, calling upon God for protection during the night.

Maurice Ravel was keen to join the French air force the moment the war began, but like Holst he was thwarted in his attempts to enlist, on account of his age and weak health. Instead, he became a truck driver stationed at the Verdun front. During the war Ravel composed one of his most popular works, the suite for solo piano *Le tombeau de Couperin* (Couperin's Tomb), which is both an homage to the French Baroque composer François Couperin and a memorial to six friends of the composer who died in the conflict.

Despite his strong antipathy towards the German aggression, Ravel refused to join the National League for the Defence of French Music, formed during the war, stating: "It would be dangerous for French composers to ignore systematically the works of their foreign colleagues, and thus form themselves into a sort of national coterie".

Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis was written in December 1914 as one of three songs for unaccompanied choir which mark a rare foray into choral writing

for Ravel. He wrote both the texts and music while waiting to join the army. The sombre central movement, which we sing this evening, is a melancholy reflection on the war for which Ravel was preparing, and it includes references to the three colours of the French flag as well as to a soldier who has left for war. The innocence of the flowing soprano solo contrasts sharply with the harsh realities Ravel would experience during active service.

Shropshire-born **Walford Davies** studied at the Royal College of Music with Charles Villiers Stanford and Hubert Parry, later joining them as a member of the composition faculty. He did not serve in the war but was appointed the first director of music of the newly-created Royal Air Force in 1918.

Davies's *Short Requiem*, published in 1915, was composed "In sacred memory of all those who have fallen in the war". The work favours texts from the scripture over the Latin mass, including his famous setting of Psalm 121 ("I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills") and a religious poem by the medieval monk John Lydgate. Since the Reformation, British composers had shied away from writing Requiem masses, as lavish musical settings of prayers for the dead were seen as too Catholic in sentiment. Davies can therefore be said to have written the first "British" Requiem; certainly many British composers were to copy his model, including Herbert Howells. Rowan Williams refers to this liturgical and musical shift as "possibly the biggest single change in the Christian culture [in England] in the 20th century".

Charles Villiers Stanford moved from London when the war began, fearful of the air-raids, and in the course of the conflict he learned of former composition pupils at the Royal College of Music injured and killed. *For lo, I raise up* was written in 1914, and its turbulent mood, dispelled only towards the end by a feeling of calm and awe, reflects the composer's horror of what war might bring. Certainly, the text from Habbakuk is an apt description of the ravages of invasion and defeat.

Thousands of miles away, in Russia, in just two weeks of January and February 1915, **Sergei Rachmaninov** composed his *All-Night Vigil*, from which we sing two movements this evening. Often referred to as the *Vespers*, this most important and popular of Rachmaninov's religious works had its premiere in Moscow in March of that year to benefit the Russian war effort, and was so warmly received that it was repeated five times within a month.

Rachmaninov was particularly enamoured of *Nyne otpushchaeshi* (the Nunc Dimittis, with the text in traditional church Slavonic, in contrast to Holst's Latin) and expressed a desire to have it sung at his own funeral.

Rachmaninov had already toured Russia the previous autumn to raise funds for Russian war relief, though he had conflicting feelings about this: having spent much time in Germany he admired advances in Teutonic art and science and did not join in the anti-German hysteria which swept Russia, showing the same ambivalence as Ravel to nationalistic fervour.

Of all the composers in today's programme, **Ivor Gurney** has perhaps the most tragic life story. Born in modest circumstances in Gloucester, he won a scholarship in 1911 to study at the Royal College of Music. Stanford is reputed to have told his fellow pupil and friend Herbert Howells that Gurney was potentially the best of his entire generation, but that he was unteachable. Gurney's studies were interrupted in 1915 by his enlistment in the Gloucestershire Regiment. It was at the front, facing the misery of daily life and unable to find the peace and tools required for composition, that he turned to poetry for solace. He went on to write some 1,500 poems, including two anthologies which were published during the war.

The war inflicted great personal hardship on Gurney: he was shot in the arm, gassed and spent much time in military hospitals, even attempting suicide in 1918. Although it was at one time thought that Gurney was a victim of shell-shock, it is now generally accepted that his illness predated the war, but his experiences there may have worsened his condition.

After the war Gurney recovered from his physical injuries enough to resume studies at the Royal College of Music, this time with Ralph Vaughan Williams. However, the horrors of what he had endured ultimately took their toll and his behaviour became more erratic. From 1922 he was institutionalised in an asylum in Gloucester, and then in a mental hospital in London, where he died of tuberculosis in 1937, aged just 47.

This evening we sing two of Gurney's rarely heard choral works which, like many of his poems, remain unpublished to this day. His setting of Psalm 23 ("The Lord is my Shepherd") was written in 1914 while he was a student, and carries a special significance as he used to sing it to himself in the trenches to

calm his nerves. *Since I Believe in God the Father Almighty*, a motet for double choir composed in 1925, sets words by Robert Bridges which explore a contradictory relationship with God, reflecting Gurney's own doubts after witnessing the inhumanity of war at first hand.

Douglas Guest was born in 1916, at the height of the war. He had a distinguished career in church music, serving as organist of Salisbury and Worcester cathedrals and finishing his career at Westminster Abbey. Although he composed comparatively little, his music was always beautifully crafted, with a natural feel for text. Guest's setting of Laurence Binyon's famous poem *For the Fallen* was written for Westminster Abbey choir in 1971 and is sung all over the world on Remembrance Sunday each year.

George Dyson had first-hand experience of the war: he joined the Royal Fusiliers in 1914 and wrote a training pamphlet on the use of grenades. In 1916 he was invalided home, suffering from shell-shock, but he recovered enough to join the air force and became involved with its military bands. His a capella anthem *To Music* is a serene setting of Herrick's beautiful poem.

Like Stanford, **Charles Wood** was of a generation that had already experienced one major conflict – the Boer War – by the time the first world war broke out, but which could not have imagined the scale of the devastation that lay ahead. In 1919 Wood set to music the final stanzas of *Expectans expectavi*, a poem written in 1915 by C.H. Sorley, who was killed in battle at the age of 20, five months after arriving on the Western front. In the poem Sorley contrasts his superficial, public persona with the soul he is but dimly aware of, and in choosing to focus on the final stanzas, Wood memorializes the dedication and faithfulness of the soldiers, less than a year after the end of the war.

Gustav Mahler died a few years before the beginning of the war, but we have chosen his music to conclude our programme because to contemporary ears, the lush late Romanticism of his music can typify the decadence and self-absorption of the last years of the Austro-Hungarian empire, unaware that it was on the verge of catastrophe. At the same time, Mahler sometimes seems to share with other artists a keen awareness of the coming cataclysm. Thomas Mann based the physical description of Gustav von Aschenbach, the protagonist of his novella *Death in Venice*, upon Mahler, and in the novella

Mann's narrator describes 1911 – the year of Mahler's death – as one "that for months showed our continent such a threatening face."

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen is one of Mahler's *Rückert Lieder*, settings of the German Romantic poet Friedrich Rückert originally written for solo voice and orchestra or piano. The song, which we sing in a choral arrangement by Clytus Gottwald, was composed at the turn of the twentieth century and incorporated by Mahler a few years later into the famous Adagietto movement of his fifth symphony. Its elegiac introspection may be said to sum up – and bid farewell to – a culture that was to be irreparably ruptured by the outbreak of the war.

(Additional material by James Baer)

Notes on the readings

by Ann Rachlin

The Guns

Whilst leafing through some second-hand books, David and Di Smedley of Friars Road found this poem written on a folded sheet of paper that fell from between the pages. It is dated 5 July 1916 – a few days after the start of the devastating Battle of the Somme. The sound of the guns could be heard clearly along the south coast of England.

In Memoriam

Lieutenant Ewart Alan Mackintosh of the 5th Battalion Seaforth Highlanders was an officer in charge of about fifty men. He was killed in action on 21 November 1917. He was 24. He wrote this poem on the death of one of his men, Private David Sutherland.

Correspondence between Vera Brittain and Roland Leighton

Vera Brittain, writer, feminist, pacifist: It was Vera Brittain's younger brother Edward who introduced her to his friend, Roland Leighton, with two other close school friends. Vera and Roland fell in love and were engaged when he was sent to the front as an officer. All four young men were killed in the war.

Against her parents' wishes, Vera worked hard to gain a place at Somerville College, Oxford. She served as a VAD nurse in London, Malta and France. The moving correspondence between Vera and her fiancé Roland graphically portrays their physical and emotional distress during the war, described by the *Times Literary Supplement* as "almost unbearable". Her most famous book, her autobiography *Testament of Youth*, is currently in production and will be released as a film in 2015.

Vera Brittain was the mother of Baroness Shirley Williams of Crosby, PC.

Roland Leighton, poet and writer: Roland was educated at Uppingham School, Rutland. Both his parents were writers. He served as a second lieutenant in the 4th Norfolk and 7th Worcestershire regiments. He died of his wounds in 1915, aged 20, and was buried at Louvecourt.

In December 1915, Roland was due home on leave and he and Vera planned to spend it together. At the Grand Hotel Brighton, on the morning of 26 December, Vera had just finished dressing when she was called to the telephone. Believing it was Roland calling, full of hope, she ran to the phone longing to hear his voice. It was his sister Clare telephoning with the news that Roland had been killed three days earlier.

Tonight's extracts are taken from *Letters from a Lost Generation* and are edited by Alan Bishop and Mark Bostridge.

Wincheslea residents' connections with the Great War

Compiled by Peter Hatch

George Flint (1897–1968), father of Reg Flint of Icklesham, was a private in the Highland Light Infantry and fought on the Western front. He received two commendations; one of these was for bravery as a stretcher-bearer at Aras on 13 October 1918, when he continued to walk at a steady pace in the face of enemy fire in order to get his comrade to safety.

Alfred Clifford Sanderson (1900–1974), father of Pat Hoskins, was a member of the Royal Flying Corps towards the end of the war. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for setting, in the words of the *London Gazette*, “a fine example of determination and devotion to duty. In pouring rain and at a height seldom over 200 feet, he carried out a reconnaissance of the army front, locating the enemy forces by drawing their rifle and machine-gun fire.”

Ted Streeton (1908–2000), father of Eric Streeton, was a boy in Winchelsea during the course of the Great War. Ted's brothers Reg, Norman, Fred, Charles and Walter, as well as his stepbrother Jim, saw active service.

Stephen Thomas (1897–1961), uncle of Richard Thomas, served as a second lieutenant. He was wounded in 1918 and before returning to the front spent some of his convalescence with his mother, who was initially a Winchelsea weekender before settling here to avoid the London air raids.

Charles Thomas (1899–1958), uncle of Richard Thomas, served only a few weeks as a private before being captured and spending the last year of the conflict as a POW. It was as an art student that he drew the *Thomas map* of Winchelsea, reproductions of which are still sold in the museum.

James Yabsley (1869–1959), uncle of Reg Flint, was among the firemen who responded to an explosion at a munitions factory in east London on 19 January 1917. The explosion, which killed 73 people and injured more than 400, was initially thought to have been the work of the Germans but was in fact an accident. James, who was on board the first fire engine to arrive at the scene and who had silver plate embedded in his skull for the rest of his life as a result, was awarded the King's Police Medal and West Ham Fire Service Medal for his bravery in fighting the blaze.

HOLST – Nunc Dimittis

Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine,
secundum verbum tuum in pace:
Quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum
Quod parasti ante faciem omnium
populorum:
Lumen ad revelationem gentium, et
gloriam plebis tuae Israel.
Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto,
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et
semper, et in saecula saeculorum.
Amen.

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant
depart in peace, according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation
Which thou hast prepared before the
face of all peoples,
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles
And to be the glory of thy people Israel.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and
ever shall be, world without end.
Amen.

REGER – Nachtlied

Text by Petrus Herbert (1533–1571)

Die Nacht ist kommen,
Drin wir ruhen sollen;
Gott walt's, zum Frommen
Nach sein'm Wohlgefallen,
Daß wir uns legen
In sein'm G'leit und Segen,
Der Ruh' zu pflegen.

Treib, Herr, von uns fern
Die unreinen Geister,
Halt die Nachtwach' gern,
Sei selbst unser Schutzherr,
Schirm beid Leib und Seel'
Unter deine Flügel,
Send' uns dein' Engel!

Laß uns einschlafen
Mit guten Gedanken,
Fröhlich aufwachen
Und von dir nicht wanken;
Laß uns mit Züchten
Unser Tun und Dichten
Zu dein'm Preis richten!

The night has fallen,
And we should rest;
God is there, to care for us
By his good will,
So that we settle
In his company and blessing,
To maintain the peace.

Father, drive the evil spirits
Far away from us;
Keep the night watch;
Be our protector;
Shield both body and soul
Under your wings;
Send us your angels!

Let us go to sleep
With good thoughts,
Happily awaken
And never waver from you;
Let us, with rearing,
Focus our deeds and words
On your glory!

RAVEL – Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis

Text by the composer

Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis,
(Mon ami z'il est à la guerre)
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
Ont passé par ici.

Le premier était plus bleu que ciel,
(Mon ami z'il est à la guerre)
Le second était couleur de neige,
Le troisième rouge vermeil.

“Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
(Mon ami z'il est à la guerre)
Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
Qu'apportez par ici?”

“J'apporte un regard couleur d'azur.
(Ton ami z'il est à la guerre)”

“Et moi, sur beau front couleur de
neige,
Un baiser dois mettre, encor plus pur.”

“Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
(Mon ami z'il est à la guerre)
Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
Que portez-vous ainsi?”

“Un joli coeur tout cramoisi,
(Ton ami z'il est à la guerre)”...

“Ah! je sens mon coeur qui froidit ...
Emportez-le aussi.”

Three beautiful birds from Paradise
(my beloved is away at war),
three beautiful birds from Paradise
have passed by here.

The first was bluer than the sky
(my beloved is away at war),
the second was the colour of snow,
the third a red vermilion.

“Lovely little birds of Paradise
(my beloved is away at war),
lovely little birds of Paradise,
what do you bring here?”

“I bring a look from blue eyes
(your beloved is away at war).”

“And I, on your snow-white brow
am to lay a kiss, even purer.”

“Red bird of Paradise
(my beloved is away at war),
red bird of Paradise,
what do you bring?”

“A dear heart all crimson
(your beloved is away at war)”...

“Ah! I feel my heart grow cold...
Carry it off as well . .

WALFORD DAVIES – A Short Requiem

1. Salvator Mundi

O Saviour of the world,
Who by Thy cross and precious blood hast redeemed us,
Save us and help us, we humbly beseech thee, O lord.

2. De profundis clamavi

Out of the deep have I called unto you, O Lord, Lord hear my voice.
O let your ears consider well the voice of my complaint.
If thou Lord will be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord who may abide it?
For there is mercy with thee, therefore shalt thou be feared.
I look for the Lord, my soul doth wait for him; in his word is my trust.
My soul fleeth unto the Lord, before the morning watch I say, before the morning watch.
O Israel trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.
And he shall redeem Israel from all his sins.

3. Requiem aeternam I

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.
(Eternal rest grant them, Lord, and let light perpetual shine upon them.)

4. Levavi oculos

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh even from the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand.
So that the sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore.

5. Requiem aeternam II

6. Audi vocem

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me:
Write: from henceforth
Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.
Even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours.

7. Hymn

No more to sigh, no more to weep,
The faithful dead in Jesus sleep.
Unfading let their memories bloom
While rest their bodies in the tomb;
Nor will the Lord their love distrust
That strews its garlands o'er the dust.

Though in the grave their clay is cold
They have not left the Christian fold;
Still we are sharers of their joy,
Companions of their blest employ;
And Thee in them, O Lord most high,
And them in Thee we magnify.

An Angel sings that they are blest,
Yea, saith the spirit, sweet their rest;
In bowers of Paradise they meet,
Secure beneath their Saviour's feet,
Nor fear the trump that soon shall all
Before the throne of judgment call.

8. Gloria Patri

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.

9. Vox ultima crucis

Tarry no longer toward thy heritage,
Haste on thy way and be of right good cheer.
Go each day onward on thy pilgrimage.
Think how short time thou shalt abide thee here.
Thy place is built above the starre's clear;
None earthly palace wrought in so stately wise.
Come on, my friend, my brother most dear!
For thee I offered my blood in sacrifice.
Tarry no longer!

STANFORD – For lo, I raise up

Text from Habbakuk, chapters 1–2

For lo, I raise up that bitter and hasty nation, which march through the breadth of the earth, to possess the dwelling places that are not theirs. They are terrible and dreadful, their judgement and their dignity proceed from themselves. Their horses also are swifter than leopards, and are more fierce than the evening wolves. And their horsemen spread themselves, yea, their horsemen come from afar.

They fly as an eagle that hasteth to devour, they come all of them for violence; their faces are set as the east wind, and they gather captives as the sand. Yea, he scoffeth at kings, and princes are a derision unto him. For he heapeth up dust and taketh it. Then shall he sweep by as a wind that shall pass over, and be guilty, even he whose might is his God.

Art not Thou from everlasting, O Lord my God, mine Holy One? We shall not die. O Lord, thou hast ordained him for judgement, and thou, O Rock, hast established him for correction. I will stand upon my watch and set me upon the tower, and look forth to see what he will say to me, and what I shall answer concerning my complaint.

And the Lord answered me and said, The vision is yet for the appointed time, and it hasteth toward the end and shall not lie. Though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come. For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. But the Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him.

RACHMANINOV – Blagoslovi dushe moya gospoda

Bless the lord, o my Soul, blessed art thou, O Lord.

O Lord my God, thou art very great.

Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.

Blessed art thou, O Lord.

The waters stand upon the mountains.

Marvellous are thy works, O Lord.

In wisdom hast thou made all things.

Glory to thee, O Lord, who hast created all.

RACHMANINOV – Nyne otpushchaeshi

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word. For mine eyes have seen thy salvation which thou hast prepared before the face of all people. A light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of thy people, Israel.

GURNEY – Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

GURNEY – Since I believe in God the Father Almighty

“Johannes Milton Senex” by Robert Bridges (1844–1930)

Since I believe in God the Father Almighty,
Man's Maker and Judge, Overruler of Fortune,
'Twere strange should I praise anything & refuse Him praise,
Should love the creature forgetting the Creator,
Nor unto Him in suff'ring and sorrow turn me:
Nay how could I withdraw me from His embracing?

But since that I have seen not, and cannot know Him,
Nor in my earthly temple apprehend rightly
His wisdom, and the heav'nly purpose eternal;
Therefor will I be bound to no studied system
Nor argument, nor with delusion enslave me,
Nor seek to please Him in any foolish invention,
Which my spirit within me, that loveth beauty
And hateth evil, hath reprov'd as unworthy:

But I cherish my freedom in loving service,
Gratefully adoring for delight beyond asking
Or thinking, and in hours of anguish and darkness
Confiding always on His excellent greatness.

GUEST – For the Fallen

Text by Laurence Binyon (1869–1943)

They shall grow not old, as we that
are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the
years condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in
the morning
We will remember them.

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DYSON – To Music**Text by Robert Herrick (1591–1674)**

Charm me asleep, and melt me so
 With thy delicious numbers;
 That being ravished, hence I go
 Away in easy slumbers.
 Ease my sick head,
 And make my bed
 Thou pow'r that canst sever
 From me this ill,
 And quickly still
 Though thou not kill my fever.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
 Or like those maiden showers,
 Which, by the peep of day strew
 A baptim o'er the flowers.
 Melt my pains
 With thy soft strains;
 That having ease me given,
 With full delight
 I leave this light,
 And take my flight for Heaven

WOOD – Expectans expectavi**Text by Charles Hamilton Sorley (1895–1915)**

This sanctuary of my soul
 Unwitting I keep white and whole,
 Unlatched and lit, if Thou shouldst
 care
 To enter or to tarry there.

With parted lips and outstretched
 hands,
 And listening ears, Thy servant
 stands.
 Call Thou early, call Thou late,
 To Thy great service dedicate.

MAHLER – Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen**Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866), English translation by Emily Ezust**

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen, I am lost to the world
 Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben, with which I used to squander so much
 Sie hat so lange nichts von mir time,
 vernommen, It has heard nothing from me for so long
 Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben! that it may well believe that I am dead!

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen, It is of no consequence to me
 Ob sie mich für gestorben hält, Whether it thinks me dead;
 Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen, I cannot deny it,
 Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der for in reality I am dead to the world.
 Welt.

Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel, I am dead to the world's tumult,
 Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet! And I rest in a quiet realm!
 Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel, I live alone in my heaven,
 In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied. In my love and in my song.

Pegasus

Soprano

Leonora Dawson-
Bowling*
Alice Fay
Rachel James
Katy McAdam+
Martha Oddy•
Madeline Smith†

Alto

Rose Dixon*
David Gabbe
Kirstin Gillon
Alison Grant
Philippa Ouvry‡
Ali Sheppard†

Tenor

Niall Bird
Gareth Moss†
Luke Phillips+
Samir Savant‡
Toby Scholz•*

Bass

James Baer†
Adrian Collister
Richard Ford
Peter Hatch
John Jones
Graham Wood*

•Soloist in Holst

* Soloist in Ravel

†Quartet in Davies

+Soloist in Stanford

‡Soloist in Rachmaninov

Pegasus is one of London's most versatile and accomplished chamber choirs. Its extensive repertoire embraces sacred and secular music from the Renaissance to the present day, and includes premieres of works by John Tavener, Thomas Adès and Francis Grier.

Pegasus's members are experienced singers who pursue their passion for choral music alongside careers in other fields. The choir has worked with the London Handel Players under Laurence Cummings and the Southbank Sinfonia under John Rutter. Pegasus has performed at the London Coliseum in three productions with renowned dancer Carlos Acosta. The choir's London concerts in the past year have included Handel's *Israel in Egypt* as part of the London Handel Festival, *Messiah* at the Grosvenor Chapel, Baroque works at St Martin-in-the-Fields, and concerts celebrating major anniversaries of Gesualdo, Poulenc and Britten.

In May 2013 Pegasus won the Chamber Choir prize at the Florilège Vocal de Tours International Choral Competition in France, along with a special award for its performance of the music of Poulenc. Pegasus was a semi-finalist in the BBC Choir of the Year competition in 2005 and a prize-winner at the 2007 Tolosa International Choral Competition in Spain. The choir has been featured on BBC television and radio, Channel 4 and Classic FM.

Matthew Altham has been the director of Pegasus since 2001. He began conducting choirs while studying at Oxford University. Alongside his work as a management consultant, Matthew directs Pegasus, Vox Cordis and the London Bach Players, with whom he has performed on several occasions in Pau, France. He has toured as a conductor and has broadcast on BBC Radio and Classic FM. Matthew also sings regularly in the church choir of St Mary the Virgin, Bourne Street, London.

Ann Rachlin MBE is an internationally acclaimed narrator, author, public speaker, recording artist and music educator who has appeared at music festivals all over the UK, including Bath, Leeds, Brighton, Harrogate and Chester. She has performed with the London Symphony Orchestra in a year of concerts at London's Barbican Concert Hall as well as with orchestras in the USA and Australia. She is an EMI recording artist with 24 CDs all currently available as downloads. Several times a year, Ann visits the University of Durham where she is a Fellow of Grey College and where she has given seven audio-visual talks on various subjects. She is a recognised authority on the Victorian actress, Ellen Terry. Ann was the subject of *This Is Your Life* when tributes were paid to her by Yehudi Menuhin, Sir Georg Solti and Archbishop Robert Runcie. This is Ann's third appearance with Pegasus Choir. Further information can be found on her website: www.annrachlintalks.com.

Robin Whitehead was ordained in 1980 in St Albans Abbey. After two curacies, he began a 12-year stint as an incumbent in north London before heading to the Diocese of Leicester in 1997 to become Team Rector of an inner-city parish, where he was heavily involved in multi-faith issues. In 2004 Robin moved across to the Diocese of Lincoln, where he became Vicar and then Team Rector of the Parish of Boston, overseeing the cathedral-like church of St Botolph, known far and wide as Boston "Stump". He became Rural Dean in 2009 and the same year was made a Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral. Robin was appointed a Canon Emeritus on leaving the Diocese last year. Following treatment for cancer, he took early retirement at the beginning of 2013 and left full-time stipendiary ministry. Now on a pension, he is hugely enjoying life in Winchelsea.



Alfred Clifford Sanderson in 1917