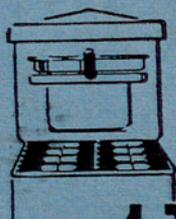


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EL PESSEBRE

A message of peace in Maestro Casals' Crusade for Peace

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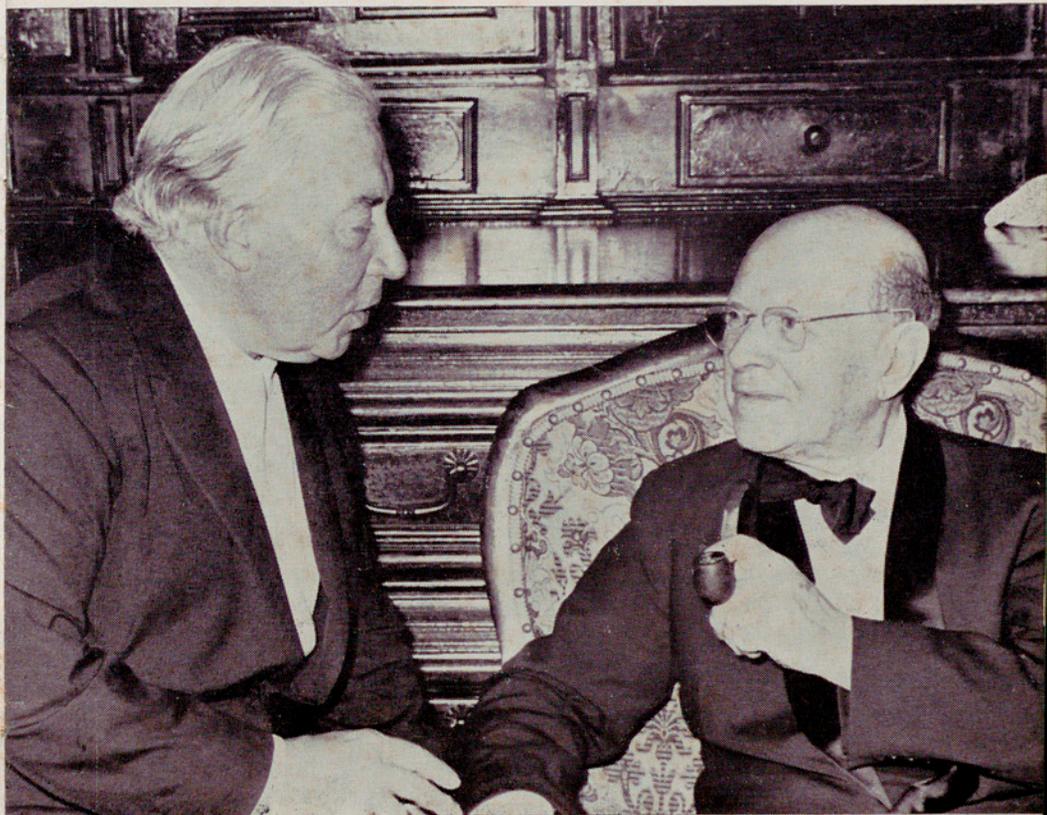


Photo: Pupier Garanger

Pablo Casals (right) with Joan Alavedra

A Peace Message by Pablo Casals

During the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the United Nations in October, 1958, I was granted the privilege of appearing before the supreme forum. There, where the causes most profoundly affecting the human conscience are discussed, I used two means of communicating the oppressions which weigh on my spirit. And I used the same two means to restate my faith in the great gifts with which our Creator endowed man whom He created in his own image, a faith which persists despite my spiritual disquiet.

I used my music and my voice to draw attention to the suffering which afflicts mankind because of the great and perhaps mortal danger threatening us. This is what I said at the time and which to this day holds the same urgency for me: If at my age I have come here for this day it is not because anything has changed in my moral attitude or in the restrictions that I have imposed upon myself and my career as an artist for all these years, but because today all else becomes secondary in comparison to the great and perhaps mortal danger threatening all humanity. The extraordinary scientific discoveries of our century which some great intellects, in their thirst for knowledge, have achieved, are now being exploited for the construction of instruments of monstrous destructiveness. Confusion and fear have invaded the whole world; misunderstood nationalism, fanaticism, political dogmas and lack of liberty and justice are feeding mistrust and hostility that make the collective danger greater every day: yet, the desire for peace is felt by every human being in the world. This desire has been manifested again and again in the face of the peril menacing all of us, by many distinguished personalities, in scientific writings, in the world Press, and above all by that citizen of the world, Dr. Albert Schweitzer.

The anguish of the world caused by the continuation of nuclear danger is increasing every day; all realize the horrifying consequences of a nuclear war, which would cause not only irreparable material and physical destruction, but also moral and spiritual degradation. How I wish that there could be a tremendous movement of protest in all countries, and especially from the mothers, that would impress those who have the power to prevent this catastrophe.

It is my deep conviction that the great masses in these countries, as in every other country, want the understanding and mutual co-operation of their fellow men. It is for the Governments and those in power to see to it that the achievement of this desire will not become impossible and thus cause the terrible frustration felt by all those who are not living in unconsciousness.

It seems to me that those who believe in the dignity of man should act at this time in order to bring about a deeper understanding among people and a sincere "rapprochement" between

conflicting forces. The United Nations today represents the most important hope for peace. Let us give it all power to act for our benefit.

And let us fervently pray that the near future will disperse the clouds that darken our days now.

I repeat, music, that wonderful and universal language which is understood by everyone should be a source of communication among men. I once again exhort my fellow musicians throughout the world to put the purity of their art at the service of mankind in order to unite all people in fraternal ties.

With this objective in mind, I consider it my duty to offer my humble contribution in the form of a personal crusade. Let each of us contribute as he is able until this ideal is attained in all its glory; and let us unify our fervent prayers that in the near future all humanity may be joined in a spiritual embrace.

The London Philharmonic Society opens its fifth season with two concerts prior to a two-week tour of Germany by the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

During the course of the season the Society will be presenting programmes which have been co-ordinated with the London Symphony Orchestra and the Philharmonia Orchestra under a new scheme inaugurated by the London County Council and the Arts Council of Great Britain. It is hoped that the programmes given by these Orchestras will represent a wide and varied repertoire and be the first step in a more orderly planning of London's concerts.

In new and forward-looking plans, audience participation becomes a vital factor and the Society is convinced that at the start of this new scheme patrons in and around London will support it and enable the Orchestras and Societies concerned to progress even further in future seasons.

The reappearance of Pablo Casals in this country after such a long absence is an event of great interest and the London Philharmonic Society extend a very warm welcome to him this evening.

EL PESSEBRE

(THE MANGER)

In 1943, when Pablo Casals was living in exile in Prades, France, his friend the Catalonian poet, Joan Alavedra, was awarded first prize in a Catalonian Language Festival in Perpignan for his poem, "El Pessebre." Casals was deeply impressed by the expressiveness and lyrical simplicity of this poem, as well as by its intensely Catalonian quality, based, as it is, on the typical figures of the Catalonian Nativity—the Spinning Woman, the Fisherman, the Ploughman—as well as the universally familiar ones.

Casals considered setting the poem to music, in the form of an Oratorio. He worked on it for two years, and practically completed the first four parts, which was all of the poem that existed at that time; but he laid aside the task, disheartened by the menacing horizons looming over the world that had just emerged from a frightful war. Indifference or cynicism on the part of some, the reactionary intransigence of others, and the growing climate of tension and hostility made the Maestro reluctant to go on. Moreover, Casals had always rejected the idea of publishing his works during his lifetime; he wanted future generations to be free to judge him as a composer without being influenced by the personality of the interpreter.

When the United Nations extended to him its invitation to proclaim his message of Peace so that, accompanied by his extraordinary art, it might be borne to the farthest corners of the earth, Casals once more gave thought to the idea of completing his oratorio, "El Pessebre." In 1960 he revised what he had already done, and asked the poet Alavedra to add a final section which should sum up in an "Adoration" the sentiments of brotherhood and good will which imbue the work. He concluded the fifth and final part, in which he endeavoured to convey the message of his profound conviction as artist and man that Peace alone can save mankind from its infinite errors.

The theme of "El Pessebre" is peace, purity of heart, and the faith and hope that this purity may give rise to magnanimity of spirit. Nothing could better convey this than the ingenuous, moving representation of the Christian Nativity. The poet provided him with a twofold inspiration: the Nativity and the simultaneous evocation of the Passion; the rejoicing guiding star, and the agony of the sacrifice undergone for man. And Casals worked with the dual emotion: the Child-God, weeping as though His tears might encompass all the suffering of the world, and the image of Christ the Redeemer, dying for love of mankind and to ransom it from its own forgetfulness of the spirit.

The poem is written in Catalan, and Pablo Casals put his music at the service of his mother tongue and his deep sense of his Catalonian background. But little by little the local flavour, the regional content, the folk image became subsumed in the grandeur of a universal concept. Casals made no use of the elements of folklore in which Catalonia abounds. His themes are completely original, even though they maintain the outlines and the character of the poetic model. The *Sardana* itself appears as a kind of signature, an evocation. The composer intones a hymn of praise to Peace; the poet gave him his text in Catalan, but the musical message is universal.

For this same reason Casals has employed a clear, limpid technique, eschewing any seeking for effect. His sole concern has been to put the sincerity of knowledge and feeling at the service of the elevation and purity of the idea. Every scene, every episode, we might say, reflects a state of emotion that derives from the identification of the artist with the man who longs for the triumph of the ideal of justice. And the music is in the nature of a background, a noble, unbroken sustaining link. The Maestro employs few musical allusions: an Oriental touch in the episode of the Caravan of the Wise Men and Shepherds, and the *Sardana* already alluded to with its popular note; but in general, the whole artistic purpose of the work has a single objective—and that is to bring to all a beautiful expression of Peace.

Pablo Casals put into his oratorio all his passion on behalf of justice, of peace with dignity, of man's freedom in relation to his fellow men and to himself. And thus "El Pessebre" becomes a universal message from the hand of a universal man, desirous of bringing about union among peoples, of moving those still capable of being moved.

"El Pessebre" was first presented in a concert in Acapulco, Mexico, in December 1960, in honour of the Maestro's exiled compatriots and the country which offered them unconditional asylum. But after this impressive performance, Casals launched his Crusade for Peace, presenting "El Pessebre" in various countries in response to the people's desire to support the efforts of this admirable artist.

Since April 1962 it has been performed in the United States in California, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Puerto Rico; as well as in Europe in Italy, France and Germany. Casals plans to continue his tour during the next two years, as requests for the work have come from all over the world. His crusade will take him through the countries of the Western Hemisphere, and probably to those behind the Iron Curtain as well.

The purpose of "El Pessebre" is to make its hearers "feel, knowing that feeling can open the door to thought. And thought and feeling, together, will enable Peace to illuminate the pathway

of those who are endeavouring to seek out routes to other worlds without yet having learned to live free and happy in this one." This is Pablo Casals' message and this is his crusade. And Peace could have no better champion than this great artist, loyal and steadfast in his belief that one day the star will shine again to light men's way to truth.

(Article by Dr. Alfred Matilla, Prof. of the University of Puerto Rico and the Conservatory of Music.)

Patrons are reminded that in an auditorium possessing the sensitive acoustical properties of the Royal Festival Hall the unstifled coughing of only one or two people can mar the enjoyment of the whole audience.

THE MANGER

(El Pessebre)

ORATORIO

Poem by Joan Alavedra

Music by Pablo Casals

I. THE ANNUNCIATION TO THE SHEPHERDS

Prelude (Sardana)

The Annunciation to the Shepherds

II. ON WAY TO BETHLEHEM

The Man at the Well

The Fisherman

The Man who Ploughs

The Star

The Man and Woman who carry the Grapes

The Woman who Spins

III. THE CARAVAN

The Caravan

The Three Pages

INTERVAL

Chorus of the Camels

Chorus of the Three Kings

IV. IN THE MANGER

Prelude to The Manger

The Mother of God

Saint Joseph

The Mule in the Stable

The Ox in the Stable

V. THE ADORATION

The Night of the Birth (Scene of the Manger's entrance)

The Tears of the Infant Jesus

The Arrival of the Shepherds

The Arrival of the Three Kings and The Offerings

Hosanna

Gloria

EL PESSEBRE

English Translation (by Dr. Donald McDonald)

I. The Annunciation to the Shepherds

THE ANNUNCIATION TO THE SHEPHERDS

Angel: An angel whose wings are golden
Flies to the shepherd's abode,
He perches on the branches
And there he sings this song:

-Lay down your food and your pitcher,
Take up your cloak and your staff,
Arise and follow me quickly,
The dogs will guard the sheep.

Shepherd: Have you heard a beautiful voice?
-Was it voice or violin?
-'T was the bleat of a lamb while dreaming
-'T was the water falling down
Trickling softly in the mosses
Lest it wake tomorrow morn.
-Will it not be then the star
That shines high there in the sky?
Behold, it makes its way . . .!

The soft beating wings we hear,
Fly on through the air.
-Sounds of heavenly music!
-Sleeping sheep are there
That the shepherd watches
With his soothing flute;
And flame of the fire
That stops them from flight.

And at once the night becomes quiet
With great and awesome silence;
And a voice suspended in air
Breaks forth with ringing tone:

Angel: -Arise from sleep;
In a stable in the city of Bethlehem
A miracle, a miracle
Has taken place this day.

The Son of God in His Person
Has been born in our flesh,
And he weeps for all creatures.
Glory to God in the Highest!
Arise from sleep and come!
The Star is there to guide you
And my voice sings along your way.

Shepherds: There a shepherd takes a chicken
And another a fine lamb
And another takes a turkey
And there's one who takes a ram.
A vessel of honey is carried
By boys who think they are men.

Shepherd: When at last they reach the summit
Just then the morning breaks through.

THE MAN AT THE WELL

Narrator: At a well-side toils a man
His water draws from the well.

Shepherd: -Good morning and good water!
Here's wishing all of you well!

The Man: -It is for all time this well,
Must give water for all time.
The child who greets us this morning
Will wash away all our sins . . .

THE FISHERMAN

Narrator: Standing on the shore
See a fisherman

-Come with us, our friend,
Shepherds ask of him.

Fisherman: -In the river that passes
The current I See!
In waves of reflection
My fish wait for me,
Whose tails are dancing
And shining and sparkling
As clearly and freshly
As silver and gold.
But deep in the pools
Lie baited by hooks and my lure,
In darkness is waiting
A catch that is sure.

Shepherds: -Good day and good fishing!
We go on our way.

Fisherman: -Hiding from the parents
Tell only to the Child,
That I fish for fishes
That he will give
To the multitudes of men
That will come to hear
The holy words
That he will wish to say.
He, a fisherman also,
Will be filled with joy.

THE MAN WHO PLOUGHS

Narrator: They find a man who ploughs a humid field
Who ploughs with oxen great expanses,
Drives them on with a shout;
There is one who works,
Who works very well, early in the morning.

Shepherd: -Good morning, man with a plough!
Do not proceed with your working,
But come with us to Bethlehem.

Ploughman: -I must finish my work,
So I must plough and sow;
Thresh the wheat, grind the grain,
Bake it into bread,
Bread whose crust is golden.

Shepherd: -There is still much time to work!

Ploughman: -No, it's true - this is my story:
In the depth of darkness,
Tell this to the Child:
Came a beauteous angel
So close to my bed.

The room was fully lighted
With the light of Heaven,
Neither made by sunrise
Nor the light of fire.
'T was a light of brightness,
Living like a lamp;
Brightly shone around him
Like the light of day.
-Waken from your sleeping,-
He said - Follow me,
And with your oxen
Plough all you now see.
For then, in the morning,
A Sower will be born.
Prepare the land,
Oh ploughers of the world!
And the grain shall come forth,
Made into good bread.
On the night of sorrow,
As his last farewell,
Like a fond remembrance,
He will give us bread.

THE STAR

Shepherds: Blue sky is fading,
Stars are invading.
Heavens above us
Adorn the night.
Peaceful and silent
Nature is sleeping
In expectation of
The Birth.
How silent the wind
And the waters sing.
The birds of the night,

How muffled their wings.
Now over the fields
Pass the rays of a star,
In shadows are drifting
Blending their light.
And standing alone
Are the branches so bare;
But blossoming flowers
Embrace the sky.

THE MAN AND WOMAN WHO CARRY
THE GRAPES

Narrator: A man and a woman in cold of night, by narrow paths
Through olive trees are going to the vineyards.
Between them is suspended a carrier of grapes
That is overflowing; and as they walk the trail
The shepherds see them from the distant hills.

Shepherds: -Day and night you both must use,
When the wine is in the making;
The grapes will not wait for men!

The Man: -This wine we make is not for me, my friends,
For mine is stored below and is forgotten.
This wine is made in winter night and frost,
Yet lying in the snow the grapes are unfrozen.

Shepherds: The grapes so cold?

The Man: -Yes but they're not cold . . .
"Go to the vineyard once more",
The voice of a Child did say,
"When the hour of twelve has sounded
The vines will have grown again,
And your hands will both be marked
With the colour of red roses,
As if with roses of blood.
Take this wine and keep it in silence.
Keep this wine in silent devotion,
For one day the call will come
And it will be borne away.
In a chalice it will come,
Placed there upon a table,

And with His friends He will drink
Together in a communion
That we'll share together".

THE WOMAN WHO SPINS

Narrator: See there in a doorway a woman who spins.

Shepherds: -Come hither and join us!
It's the night of the Birth!

The Woman: -You must not fear . . . the sheep sleep by themselves;
In the morning the dogs will watch them well.
But for my labour, simple for my hands,
To my heart it is filled with endless sorrow,
For with hands I must spin and weave
A cloth with fragrance woven in its fabric.
For the day when this Child who will now be born
Will suffer His day of greatest sorrow . . .

I see Him now . . . straining up the hill,
Piercing rocks are the pathway for His feet:
And the heavy Cross He drags.
His face reflects compassion, care, and His love
For the people who are watching.
Now . . . a woman advances, without fear.
The line of the soldiers she has parted;
And with a cloth, which is from this I spin,
She dries his tortured face covered with dust and blood
And sweat and tears of grief, - anguished unto death.
And she gives Him the fresh comfort of a cloth,
Where God will leave printed His true likeness.

On wild stormy peak I see Him hung;
The lightnings flash, the black clouds roll with thunder,
The earth is struck and trembles in the storm.
The angry wind batters furiously the Cross;
And He is there, hung, the wind has blown His hair
On His sweet face filled with His love and kindness.
Now with His frail form all covered with blood
That is flowing slowly from His body to earth.

At midnight comes a group of faithful friends;
Down from the Cross they take the cold and still body.
And in the light, in the feeble glow of stars,
They wrap Him so tenderly enshrouded . . .
It is this cloth, my friends, I say again,
That will receive Him at last at the time of death.
Go tell then to the Child, that this old woman
Is spinning now, and can not go to him.
Tell him so softly that his mother doesn't hear you.
Poor little mother! great will be her grief!

Shepherds: It's the night of the Birth!

II. The Caravan to Bethlehem

THE CARAVAN

Narrator: By the summit of the mountains
Riding camels pass three Kings,
Three Kings are riding high on their camels,
As slowly moves their caravan.
There are three pages leading the way
And pulling the camels on with their ropes.

THE THREE PAGES

The Pages: -We can not go on
It's almost the dawn,
And we are so weary.
-How cruel the night!
It just isn't right!
-The sad ugly face
Of the camel is frosty.
-The snowflakes do fall,
And cover us all,
And this is our ending.
-By comfortable hearths,
To lodging and food,
We are soon returning.
-So let us go on!
-Don't be so dumbfounded.
-March up and march down
Great deserts and plains.
-They're having such fun,
While in the hot sun,
We're living on dates.
-Who knows what to say!
It really is nothing.
-Farewell, farewell, chivalry
With sword and armour,
Goodbye earthly things,
And goodbye lovers too.
-Our needs are so small,
Just nothing at all
But starlight to follow.
-Palm trees giving shade,
Small house in the glade
Away from the sunshine . . . !

Small boy with blue eyes
And doves in the skies . . .!
-Delectable pies
And sweet little cupcakes!
-Our welcoming home . . .
Fountain bubbling foam,
A wife beloved . . .

-We can not go on,
It's almost the dawn.
How cruel the night
It just isn't right.
-The sad ugly face of the camel
is frosty.
-The snowflakes do fall
and cover us all
And this is our ending!

INTERVAL

A warning gong will be sounded for five minutes before the end of the interval.

CHORUS OF THE CAMELS

Shepherds: Ever in the East
Lo, a star will call
To follow its beauty.
Moving slowly on
Through the heat of desert,
Brilliant with starlight.

Camels: From the awful heat
Through the night we pass.
Through the cold that numbs us;
Legs so weak and worn,
And our knees are sore,
And our flesh is frozen.
How steep are the mountains
That we must cross;
The end will be welcome.

Shepherds: How long must we go
Through strange distant lands
And feeling so weary?

CHORUS OF THE THREE KINGS

*Kings and
Shepherds:* Night and its mystery - we hold its secret -
That on this day and in this place
Is revealed to all men following the starlight.
On this day He is born, and in this place.
His birth is proclaimed to all who come and see.
Mystery shall on this night be unveiled;
Most cherished night, remembered for all time!
From our distant countries journeyed,
As we came our wise men have guided us,
And with their knowledge of the skies
The course of the stars is followed by our caravans.
We come, we follow, now guided by the orbit of a star
As it crosses the sky; until the morn,
When the star slips slowly from our sight,
It's the end of the star's marked path. It has not lied.
When the star moves no longer and rests still,
And the sky opens through the clouds above,
Lighting below on the plain, the very place
Standing underneath the bright guiding star,
See in the doorway, a simple stable, - The Child.

III. The Manger

THE MOTHER OF GOD

The Virgin: I wished to be a servant
In the house of the Lord
I quietly was kneeling
Imploring of my God.
I whispered: "I am unworthy
To have wished this to be".
In the silence,
The window was opening wide.
An angel of the Lord
Stood before me in the light,
-"Hail Mary" -said he to me,
"You will be Mother of God".

-"Hail Mary, full of grace,
The Lord is with Thee
And blessed art Thou
Among all women.
And blessed is the fruit
Of thy womb, Jesus!

It is then that my prayer began
In that moment, there;
Prayer that endures forever,

Prayer that is in my heart
Forever 'til the glory of the Child
That is born this night
Will last in all the memories,
Endless ages left of time.
For He must save the world
From all its evil,
Shed His Blood,
And my tears of grief,
To wash them all away.

SAINT JOSEPH

Saint Joseph: Oh God, that from the time of my betrothal
Has given me a vision in a dream;
And asked of me the faith of my love
To believe in the immaculate conception.
It is You in this Infant, and You my Son!
I am a simple workman, glorified by Thee.
And with these hands will I earn bread
For God, that I may keep Him
For the world that needs Him so.

THE MULE IN THE STABLE

The Mule: — What beautiful sounds.
Have you heard the prayer of the mother?
The ox has not heard
The prayer of the mother.
A man has sung,
A sound has begun,
And someone is moving.
It is a young mule,
Unless I am wrong.
Just born of the Virgin,
A brilliance of light
Shining in my eyes,
Golden where he lies,
And everywhere is dancing.
Like the sun shines
On the hay in the meadow,
He shines like the sun,
He shines on the manger.

THE OX IN THE STABLE

The Ox: Restless passed the night.
Awake, without sleep,
Heart so filled with fright,
Fearful of the noises.

I tried to sing my cares away,
For I thought this would keep me from fear,
From trembling in anguish.

Magic of the night
A far distant light
And as if in flight
Are children of heaven.
Melodies and words
Like the sound of birds,
Filling all the air
With the sound of music.

The calf newly born
With coat never worn
Is beauty unbounded.
But there is a light
In splendour of night
Which all things surrounds.
In depth of the night,
I see this great light
Come out from the stable.
The straw on the floor,
The dawn through the door
The morning is breaking.
We waken now,
The night is no more
The sun is appearing.

IV. The Adoration

THE SCENE OF THE MANGER'S ENTRANCE

Shepherd: Brightest star shines there above us,
Spreading through the endless sky;
The fields are sown with silver
All that lives there rest securely.
-Is it the cry of the wind?
Do you hear it? 'T is a cry
'T is the weeping of an infant.

THE TEARS OF THE INFANT JESUS

Shepherds: Oh tears fall upon the world.
In sleep, in his deepest dream,
The heart of man is weeping.
It falls from eyes that are closed,
Flowing down weary faces.
How deep, the sorrow that drives them.
The sky also sheds its tears:
Tears of softly falling starlight.

And there it ends upon a Manger,
A Child who waits therein,
And soon will open His eyes
To pierce the darkness of the world.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS AND THE THREE KINGS

Narrator: The shepherds are numb with cold,
Marching toward the light;
It fades where once suspended.
Then joy and delight come forth.
Scene of enchantment and peace,
A cavern in light enshrouded.

Narrator: As in wonder they gave heed
Red and golden light of dawn
Veiled them all in holy brightness!

OFFERINGS OF THE THREE KINGS AND THE SHEPHERDS

Shepherds: See, approaching are three Kings,
Mantles frosty cloak their shoulders.
Up to Jesus do they come,
And each heart is filled with gladness;
They all fall down on their knees
Cares are gone, and even sadness.

Narrator: The look of the Infant is calm
Joseph and Mary are silent.
The mule and ox observe.
They prick up their ears
All alert.

Shepherds: -God with you Joseph!
God be with you Mary!
We have come to see
And to worship Jesus.
What can we give him,
That His heart desireth.

King Melchior: -Receive, Oh Lord, this chest of gold
It is enough for a Kingdom

Boy Shepherd: -Is He a shepherd or a king?

Angel: -And to win your heart,
He will be a slave of Love.
His sceptre shall be a palm.

King Gaspar: -This incense I give to You,
To You, O God, in your Honour.

Boy Shepherd: -A God that is born like a Child!

Angel: -It's not the fragrance he loves,
But the spirit of truth that
Rises slowly from the incense.

King Balthasar: -A vase of myrrh I offer you
That is of death, a prediction.

Boy Shepherd: -If God, He will never die!

Angel: -Three days shall pass
Then He shall fly away up the sky
And He shall leave then the shroud.

Shepherdess: -Oh beauty comes from God,
How fine are His hands!

Angel: -And His arms, they make a cross
From the straw a thorn emerges.

Shepherd: -These flowers, I wish to give,
That are mingled with red roses.

Angel: -There on the feet of the Child
Appear drops, drops of red.

Shepherd: A carnation I throw Him
Which I picked first in the morning.

Angel: It has fallen to His side
And there I see Him Wounded.

Shepherdess: -How beautiful is His cradle,
'T is made from a manger

Angel: -He shall be resurrected
His spirit going to Heaven.

Boy Shepherd: -Now if the Christ Child would like,
I will play for Him the flute
And this I do very gladly,
And if we want to be gay
Come now, join all your hands
Dance together a Sardana.

ADORATION: HOSANNA

Narrator: And everything is suddenly transfixed.

*Shepherds:
and Angels:* O'er Bethlehem an angel flies,
And like the wind of God
That spreads out over all the spaces,
A great sound of a clamorous trumpet;
It rends the skies from end to end,
And raises in the spirit of each mortal a fear,
It does not last, this terrifying beauty of the heavens.
It falls like rain from sky.
And a host of angels invite us to see.
All that was fear is vanished.
And remains a beauty, undescribed,
An impulse of love, and the heavens are aflame
With a prayer - a fervent prayer.
Shepherds and Kings have gone down on their knees
All to worship The Child
Lying there is the Infant, where there is
A shining splendour of all lights of Heaven;
Shining splendid light.

Angel: Harmonious voices fill the sky
And come together in a symphony:

Choir of Angels: Voices and music fill the sky.
In the night so clear all the stars are dying.

Angels and Humanity fraternally embraces.
Shepherds: Kings and shepherds strongly clasp their hands,
All arms are seeking for a brother's arm.
And on their lips proclaim a Holy word:

Angels and Glory to God! Glory to God!
Shepherds: Glory sing to God in the highest.
Glory to God and to all creatures.
Peace to the earth,
Ever free the world from sin.
War shall disappear forever.
Peace to all men!
Peace to all men of good will!

Angel: -Peace to all men!
Peace to all men of good will!

All: -Peace!

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