

ASSEMBLY HALL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 13, 1983

3.00 pm

ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS CHORAL SOCIETY

80th SEASON

Elgar

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

SUSAN MASON, Mezzo-Soprano

ADRIAN THOMPSON, Tenor

ANTHONY MICHAELS-MOORE, Bass

Orchestra led by JANE PAMMENT

**conducted by
DEREK WATMOUGH**



GERONTIUS
– The Idea

Cardinal Newman's poem *The Dream of Gerontius* could well have been sub-titled 'A Vision of Death and Judgment', since this is what it is fact about. Newman jotted it down in odd moments and on rather small pieces of paper – including used envelopes – in 1865 following a period of illness and spiritual desolation. Published shortly afterwards in a monthly journal over the famous initials 'J.H.N.', its compelling mixture of vivid imagination and solid patristic theology made an immediate impression on the Victorian reading public.

The poem had haunted Elgar for many years until, in 1900, the moment arrived and he produced his musical setting, after a summer of very hard work, in response to a commission from the Birmingham Festival. (He actually set about two-thirds of the poem, selecting and editing with a taste and judgment which have been insufficiently acknowledged.) 'This is the best of me', he wrote at the beginning of the manuscript score, conscious that he had given a masterpiece to the world.

The first performance was, however, disastrous. Inadequate soloists and an under-rehearsed choir made a dismal hash of what appeared at the time to be difficult music in an unfamiliar idiom. Almost crushed by disappointment and bitterness, Elgar wrote to a friend: 'I have allowed my heart to open once – it is now shut against every religious feeling and every soft, gentle impulse *for ever*'. He could not, of course, have foreseen that Richter (the conductor at Birmingham) would take the work back to his native Germany and produce it with striking success during the following year, and that within a short time 'Gerontius' would be acclaimed everywhere for what it is: a work of amazing power and originality, combining intensely personal utterance with absolute fidelity to the spirit of Newman's poem; a work which would continue to be loved and performed – as it has been – for three-quarters of a century.

GERONTIUS

– The Performance

The overture is built on motifs which recur throughout the work, and ends quietly as Gerontius begins to meditate on his approaching death. But this is no gentle good-night, no sentimental Victorian death-bed scene. Gerontius is troubled by doubt and horror and by a frightening visitant 'knocking his dire summons' at the door. He begs his friends to pray for him, and the semi-chorus enters with 'Kyrie eleison' (Lord, have mercy). The main choir joins in with invocation of the saints and martyrs. With a short-lived return of strength, Gerontius admonishes himself: 'Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man' and makes an affirmation of faith: 'Firmly I believe and truly' (now a well-known hymn). But soon he is again overwhelmed by a 'sense of ruin, which is worse than pain' and by visions of evil which make him 'wild with horror and dismay'. 'Rescue him, O Lord, in this evil hour', the chorus urgently pleads. Gerontius utters his last words on earth: 'Into Thy hands, O Lord'; the Priest (bass) enters dramatically with the Prayer for the Dying: 'Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!' and the chorus leaps to a blazing B flat major chord with 'Go, in the name of Angels and Archangels'. They are joined by the semi-chorus, and the two choirs and bass soloist combine in an impressive ending to the first part of the work.

Part II opens with a subdued but magical orchestral introduction pointing the words 'How still it is!' which Gerontius sings as his soul is borne forward towards the Just and Holy Judge. He is joined by his Guardian Angel (mezzo-soprano) and a richly theological dialogue ensues, interrupted before long by a chorus of Demons, snarling with impotent malice in a devilish double fugue. As their 'sour and uncouth dissonance' dies away, Gerontius questions eagerly: 'Shall I see my dearest Master when I reach His throne?' He is warned by the Angel that 'the flame of the Everlasting Love doth burn ere it transform'.

The distant chorus of 'Angelicals' is now heard for the first time; and the music mounts in excitement as the Angel sings 'We now have passed the gate and are within the House of Judgment'. As they reach the threshold, the full chorus enters in massive seven-part harmony: 'Praise to the Holiest in the height' – the beginning of an extended and magnificently laid out choral sequence. When this is over, the Angel tells Gerontius: 'Thy judgment now is near'. The bass soloist, impersonating the angel who comforted Christ in Gethsemane, makes an impassioned plea in intensely chromatic descending scales:

'Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee;
Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened Thee . . .
Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee'.

The chorus (Gerontius' friends on earth) take up the plea for mercy; and the Angel, knowing it to be granted, sings a few bars of rapturous thanksgiving.

Now follows the judgment scene which is the climax of the whole work. After a tremendous orchestral build-up, Gerontius, pierced by a brief glimpse of the Most Fair and, in effect, judging himself, utters a great cry: 'Take me away, and in the

lowest deep . . . There let me be'. The choir sings in the quietest whisper the opening verses of Psalm 90: 'Lord, Thou has been our refuge in every generation', after which a most beautiful relaxed melody is announced by the orchestra. This is taken up by the Angel, who sings farewell to Gerontius and leaves him suffering happily in purgatory as the chorus brings the work to a quiet, serene close.

THERE WILL BE AN INTERVAL OF 15 Minutes BETWEEN PARTS I & II

OUR ORCHESTRA today consists, as always, of a number of local music teachers, music students, gifted amateurs, and professionals. Over the years we have built up a regular band of players, and we are delighted to welcome them back under Jane Pamment's leadership.

TODAY'S SOLOISTS

SUSAN MASON – This is Susan's third appearance with the Society, the two previous ones being in Vivaldi's "Gloria" and Bach's "Christmas Oratorio". She was born in York and studied in London with Audrey Langford. She won first prize in the 1979 Tunbridge Wells International Young Artists Competition and two years later was selected as an ICM Young Recitalist for their lunchtime recitals. In 1980 Susan was runner-up in the National Federation of Music Societies competition for women's voices. We are delighted to have her back.

ADRIAN THOMSON has been closely associated with Glyndebourne Touring Opera for several years and his roles have included Ferrando in "Cosi fan Tutte" (1978) and Pedrillio in "Die Entfuhrung" (1980). In 1979 he sang Lensky in Aldeburgh Festival's highly acclaimed production of "Eugene Onegin" conducted by Rostropovich. Earlier this year he made his debut with Netherlands Opera as Pedrillio in "Die Entfuhrung". As an oratorio singer Adrian is noted for his Evangelist in the Bach Passions. "Geronius" is a recent addition to his repertoire, and we are very much looking forward to hearing one of the most highly regarded of the younger generation of English singers.

ANTHONY MICHAELS-MOORE completes our trio of youthful soloists. Anthony is no stranger to the Society of Tunbridge Wells (where he lives). Anthony was a semi-finalist in this year's International Young Concert Artists Competition, and was highly commended last year. He was also a finalist in this year's National Federation of Music Societies competition. He appeared with the Society last Season in a performance of Mozart's C Minor Mass and will sing the bass solo's in our 80th Birthday Concert performance of Bruckner's Mass in F Minor. Whilst he is waiting to take up an appointment as principal bass in a new opera house in Malaga, he teaches at Crowborough.

Forthcoming Concerts at The Assembly Hall, Tunbridge Wells

Sunday 4th December 1983. 3.00 p.m.

Royal Tunbridge Wells Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Barry Wordsworth, playing Brahms Violin Concerto in D (soloist Ralph Holmes), Haydn's Symphony No.100 (The Military) and works by Bizet and Delius.

Sunday 11th December 1983. 3.00 p.m.

CAROL CONCERT featuring the Royal Tunbridge Wells Choral Society, The Mayfield Band (Conductor, Ken Rich), Pembury Junior School Choir (conducted by Nick Gold), Revelation Singing Group, and Wilmarc Ellman (Accompanist). Conductor:— Derek Watmough.

Sunday 20th November 1983. 3.00 p.m.

Green Room Music Club Concert. Vanya Milanova (violin), Einar Henning Smebye (piano). Bach: Sonata No. 2 in A, Schubert: Sonatina No. 2, Bloch: Nigun, Greig: Sonata in C Minor.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

(ELGAR)

I.

GERONTIUS <i>Tenor</i>
THE PRIEST <i>Bass</i>
ASSISTANTS <i>Chorus</i>

GERONTIUS.

JESU, MARIA—I am near to death,
And Thou art calling me; I know it now.
Not by the token of this faltering breath,
This chill at heart, this dampness on my
brow,—

(Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)
'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)
That I am going, that I am no more.

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

This emptying out of each constituent
And natural force, by which I come to be.
Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,
Has never, never come to me before;

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

ASSISTANTS.

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

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

GERONTIUS.

Bouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the
man;

And through such waning span
Of life and thought as still has to be trod,
Prepare to meet thy God.

And while the storm of that bewilderment
Is for a season spent,
And, ere afresh the ruin on me fall,
Use well the interval.

ASSISTANTS.

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.
Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.

From the sins that are past;
From Thy frown and Thine ire;
From the perils of dying;
From any complying
With sin, or denying
His God, or relying

On self, at the last;
From the nethermost fire;

From all that is evil;
From power of the devil;
Thy servant deliver,
For once and for ever.

By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,
Rescue him from endless loss;
By Thy death and burial,
Save him from a final fall;
By Thy rising from the tomb,
By Thy mounting up above,
By the Spirit's gracious love
Save him in the day of doom.

GERONTIUS.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
 De profundis oro te,
 Miserere, Judex meus,
 Parce mihi, Domine.
 Firmly I believe and truly
 God is Three, and God is One ;
 And I next acknowledge duly
 Manhood taken by the Son.
 And I trust and hope most fully
 In that Manhood crucified ;
 And each thought and deed unruly
 Do to death, as He has died.
 Simply to His grace and wholly
 Light and life and strength belong.
 And I love, supremely, solely,
 Him the holy, Him the strong.
 Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
 De profundis oro te,
 Miserere, Judex meus,
 Parce mihi, Domine.
 And I hold in veneration,
 For the love of Him alone,
 Holy Church, as His creation,
 And her teachings, as His own.
 And I take with joy whatever
 Now besets me, pain or fear,
 And with a strong will I sever
 All the ties which bind me here.
 Adoration aye be given,
 With and through the angelic host,
 To the God of earth and heaven,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
 De profundis oro te,
 Miserere, Judex meus,
 Mortis in discrimine,

I can no more; for now it comes again,
 That sense of ruin, which is worse than
 pain,
 That masterful negation and collapse
 Of all that makes me man.

.
 And, crueller still,
 A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
 The mansion of my soul. And, worse and
 worse,
 Some bodily form of ill
 Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome
 curse
 Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs, and
 flaps
 Its hideous wings,
 And makes me wild with horror and dismay.
 O Jesu, help I pray for me, Mary, pray !

Some Angel, Jesu ! such as came to Thee
 In Thine own agony.
 Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for me.
 Mary, pray for me.

ASSISTANTS.

Rescue him, O Lord, in this his evil hour,
 As of old so many by Thy gracious power :—
 Noe from the waters in a saving home ;
 (Amen.)
 Job from all his multiform and fell distress ;
 (Amen.)
 Moses from the land of bondage and despair ;
 (Amen.)
 David from Golia and the wrath of Saul ;
 (Amen.)
 — So, to show Thy power,
 Rescue this Thy servant in his evil hour.

GERONTIUS.

Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep,
 The pain has wearied me. . . . Into Thy
 hands,
 O Lord, into Thy hands. . . .

THE PRIEST AND ASSISTANTS.

Profiscicere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo !
 Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul !
 Go from this world ! Go, in the Name of
 God
 The Omnipotent Father, Who created thee !
 Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,
 Son of the living God, Who bled for thee !
 Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, Who
 Hath been poured out on thee ! Go, in the
 name
 Of Angels and Archangels ; in the name
 Of Thrones and Dominations ; in the name
 Of Princedoms and of Powers ; and in the
 name
 Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth !
 Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets ;
 And of Apostles and Evangelists,
 Of Martyrs and Confessors, in the name
 Of holy Monks and Hermits ; in the name
 Of holy Virgins ; and all Saints of God,
 Both men and women, go ! Go on thy course ;
 And may thy place to-day be found in peace,
 And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount
 Of Sion :—through the Same, through Christ
 our Lord.

II.

SOUL OF GERONTIUS	<i>Tenor.</i>
ANGEL	<i>Mezzo-Soprano.</i>
ANGEL OF THE AGONY	<i>Bass.</i>
DEMONS, ANGELICALS, AND SOULS	<i>Chorus.</i>

SOUL OF GERONTIUS.

I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed.
 A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
 An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
 Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
 And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
 I hear no more the busy beat of time,
 No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling
 pulse;
 Nor does one moment differ from the next.

.

This silence pours a solitariness
 Into the very essence of my soul;
 And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
 Hath something too of sternness and of pain.

.

Another marvel: someone has me fast
 Within his ample palm;
 A uniform
 And gentle pressure tells me I am not
 Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
 And hark! I hear a singing: yet in sooth
 I cannot of that music rightly say
 Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.
 Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!

ANGEL.

My work is done,
 My task is o'er,
 And so I come,
 Taking it home,
 For the crown is won,
 Alleluia,
 For evermore.
 My Father gave
 In charge to me
 This child of earth
 E'en from its birth,
 To serve and save,
 Alleluia,
 And saved is he.
 This child of clay
 To me was given,
 To rear and train
 By sorrow and pain
 In the narrow way,
 Alleluia,
 From earth to heaven.

SOUL.

It is a member of that family
 Of wondrous beings, who, ere the world were
 made,
 Millions of ages back, have stood around
 The throne of God.

I will address him. Mighty one, my Lord,
 My Guardian Spirit, all hail!

ANGEL.

.

All hail! my child,
 My child and brother, hail! what wouldest
 thou?

SOUL.

I would have nothing but to speak with thee
 For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with
 thee
 Conscious communion; though I fain would
 know
 A maze of things, were it but meet to ask,
 And not a curiousness.

ANGEL.

.

You cannot now
 Cherish a wish which ought not to be wished.

SOUL.

Then I will speak. I ever had believed
 That on the moment when the struggling soul
 Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it fell
 Under the awful Presence of its God,
 There to be judged and sent to its own place.
 What lets me now from going to my Lord?

ANGEL.

.

Thou art not let; but with extremest speed.
 Art hurrying to the Just and Holy Judge.

SOUL.

.

Dear Angel, say,
 Why have I now no fear of meeting Him?
 Along my earthly life, the thought of death
 And judgment was to me most terrible.

.

ANGEL.

It is because
Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost not
fear.

Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so
For thee bitterness of death is passed.
Also, because already in thy soul
The judgment is begun.

ANGEL.

A presage falls upon thee, as a ray
Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy lot.
That calm and joy uprising in thy soul
Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense,
And heaven begun.

SOUL.

Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled;
And at this balance of my destiny,
Now close upon me, I can forward look
With a serenest joy.

But hark! upon my sense
Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make me
fear
Could I be frightened.

ANGEL.

We are now arrived
Close on the judgment-court; that sullen howl
Is from the demons who assemble there,

Hungry and wild, to claim their property,
And gather souls for hell. Hist to their cry

SOUL.

How sour and how uncouth a dissonance!

DEMONS.

Low-born clods
Of brute earth,
They aspire
To become gods,
By a new birth,
And an extra grace,
And a score of merits,
As if aught
Could stand in place
Of the high thought,
And the glance of fire
Of the great spirits,
The powers blest,
The lords by right,
The primal owners,
Of the proud dwelling
And realm of light,—

Dispossessed,
Aside thrust,

Chucked down,
By the sheer might
Of a despot's will,
Of a tyrant's frown,
Who after expelling
Their hosts, gave,
Triumphant still,
And still unjust,

Each forfeit crown
To psalm-droners,
And canting groaners,
To every slave,
And pious cheat,
And crawling knave
Who licked the dust
Under his feet.

ANGEL.

It is the restless panting of their being;
Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their
bars,
In a deep hideous purring have their life,
And an incessant pacing to and fro.

DEMONS.

The mind bold
And independent,
The purpose free,
So we are told,
Must not think
To have the ascendant.
What's a saint?
One whose breath
Doth the air taint
Before his death;
A bundle of bones,
Which fools adore,
Ha! ha!
When life is o'er.
Virtue and vice,
A knave's pretence.
'Tis all the same;
Ha! ha!
Dread of hell-fire,
Of the venomous flame,
A coward's plea.
Give him his price,
Saint though he be,
Ha! ha!
From shrewd good sense
He'll slave for hire;
Ha! ha!
And does but aspire
To the heaven above
With sordid aim,
And not from love.
Ha! ha!

SOUL.

I see not those false spirits ; shall I see
My dearest Master, when I reach His throne ?

ANGEL.

Yes,—for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord.

One moment ; but thou knowest not, my child,
What thou dost ask : that sight of the Most Fair
Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

SOUL.

Thou speakest darkly, Angel ! and an awe
Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

ANGEL.

There was a mortal, who is now above
In the mid glory : he, when near to die,
Was given communion with the Crucified,—
Such, that the Master's very wounds were
stamped
Upon his flesh ; and, from the agony
Which thrilled through body and soul in that
ent' race,
Learn that the flame of the Everlasting Love
Doth burn ere it transform.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :

ANGEL.

Hark to those sounds !
They come of tender beings angelical,
Least and most childlike of the sons of God.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !
To us His elder race He gave
To battle and to win,
Without the chastisement of pain,
Without the soil of sin.
The younger son He willed to be
A marvel in His birth :
Spirit and flesh His parents were ;
His home was heaven and earth.
The Eternal blessed His child, and armed,
And sent Him hence afar,
To serve as champion in the field
Of elemental war.
To be His Viceroy in the world
Of matter, and of sense ;
Upon the frontier, towards the foe,
A resolute defence.

ANGEL.

We now have passed the gate, and are within
The House of Judgment.

SOUL.

The sound is like the rushing of the wind—
The summer wind—among the lofty pines.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Glory to Him, Who evermore
By truth and justice reigns ;
Who tears the soul from out its case,
And burns away its stains !

ANGEL.

They sing of thy approaching agony,
Which thou so eagerly didst question of.

SOUL.

My soul is in my hand : I have no fear,—
But hark ! a grand mysterious harmony :
It floods me, like the deep and solemn sound
Of many waters.

ANGEL.

And now the threshold, as we traverse it,
Utters aloud its glad responsive chant.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !
O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.
O wisest love ! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;
And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all divine.
O generous love ! that He Who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo ;
And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.
Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !

ANGEL.

Thy judgment now is near, for we are come
Into the veiled presence of our God.

SOUL.

I hear the voices that I left on earth.

ANGEL.

It is the voice of friends around thy bed,
Who say the "Subvenite" with the priest.
Hither the echoes come; before the Throne
Stands the great Angel of the Agony,
The same who strengthened Him, what time
He knelt

Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with blood.
That Angel best can plead with Him for all
Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.

ANGEL OF THE AGONY.

Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on
Thee;

Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened
Thee;

Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled in
Thee;

Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled
Thee;

Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee;

Jesu! by that innocence which girdled Thee;

Jesu! by that sanctity which reigned in Thee;

Jesu! by that Godhead which was one with
Thee;

Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to
Thee;

Souls, who in prison, calm and patient, wait
for Thee;

Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come
to Thee,

To that glorious Home, where they shall ever
gaze on Thee.

SOUL.

I go before my Judge.

VOICES ON EARTH.

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.

Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.

ANGEL.

. . . . Praise to His Name!

O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.

SOUL.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.

There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—

There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn,

There will I sing, and soothe my stricken
breast,

Which ne'er can cease

To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its Sole Peace.

There will I sing my absent Lord and Love :—
Take me away,

That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

.

SOULS IN PURGATORY.

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge: in every
generation;

Before the hills were born, and the world was,
from age to age Thou art God.

Bring us not, Lord, very low: for Thou hast
said, Come back again, ye sons of Adam.

.

Come back, O Lord! how long: and be
entreated for Thy servants.

.

ANGEL.

Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,

In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And o'er the penal waters, as they roll,

I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.
And carefully I dip thee in the lake,

And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is giv'n,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou
liest;

And Masses on the earth, and prayers in
heaven,

Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most
Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,

Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,

And I will come and wake thee on the
morrow.

SOULS.

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge, &c. Amen.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest, &c. Amen.

THE ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS CHORAL SOCIETY

80th SEASON

Honary Life President	John H. Johnson
Chairman	W. Halstead Key
Musical Director and Principal Conductor	Derek Watmough
Honorary Life Members	H.W.E. Reynolds
	Anthony Smith-Masters

PATRONS

Mrs A. Fleming	Dr D.S.J. Maw	Mrs G. Stewart
Clr R.F. Hardcastle	Mrs H. Pardington	Mr & Mrs G.D. Stredder
H.J. Hinves	Miss D. Phillips	Mr & Mrs W. Yates
J.H. Johnson	H.W.E. Reynolds	The Music Centre,
Mr & Mrs W.H. Key	Mrs M. Romney	Tunbridge Wells

VICE PRESIDENTS

Mrs I. Allard	Mrs A.B. Gray	K. Pengelly
I. Audsley	Miss J.A. Hedges	Mrs S. Rouse
Mrs D.I. Benson	Peter Hesse	Mrs J. Sime
Roy Douglas	Mrs J. Lyle	Mrs E.F. Steward
Mrs L. Evans	Mrs I. Packman	Mrs D. Watmough
Miss G. Everard	R.S. Pearson	
Mrs J. Farncombe	P.C. Pearson	
Miss J. Funnell		

We are most grateful for the support of Patrons and Vice Presidents, and new ones are always welcome. Please ring or write to the General Secretary, Mr L.A. Lee, 233 Greggs Wood Road, Tunbridge Wells (T.W. 21937).

The Choir rehearses on Monday evenings from September to April. New members are always welcome. There is a simple and private audition. Please ring the General Secretary (as above) if you are interested in becoming a singing member.

The National Federation of Music Societies to which the Society is affiliated, give support towards the cost of concerts with the funds provided by the Arts Council of Great Britain. The Tunbridge Wells Borough Council also provides guarantees.

The Royal Tunbridge Wells Choral Society is a registered charity.