

WAR
REQUIEM

This concert is given in aid of the Hampshire Society for Autistic Children

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"Autistics", of all ages, have great difficulty in understanding and making use of language. As some people are tone deaf to music, so they are "tone deaf" to words, gestures, facial expressions. They find the world a frightening place because they never know what may happen next. Despite this severe handicap, some learn to cope with language and "ordinary" life, to a varying degree. Many, however, require a permanent, loving, sheltered atmosphere, where they may continue their education and social and occupational development. They must be given a chance to fulfil themselves to the extent that their handicap allows. They must live among friends who understand their difficulties and will care for them when their parents can no longer cope, or are dead. At present, there is nowhere in Hampshire where autistic adolescents can go, except mental hospitals. These cannot provide the type of care, or the education facilities, which they so desperately need.

By the time you read this programme, the Society hopes to have an opportunity of buying a large house in Hampshire. Next, the long haul: conversion of the building, furniture, equipment, maintenance — not to mention staff and running costs. Your presence at Winchester Cathedral will help this much needed community to come into being.

Further details from the Hon. Secretary

P. T. White Esq.,
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Southampton.

HAMPSHIRE SOCIETY FOR AUTISTIC CHILDREN

Soprano ALISON HARGAN
Tenor NEIL JENKINS
Bass JULIAN SMITH

in WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

Wednesday 2nd and Thursday 3rd July 1975 at 7.30 p.m.

<i>Speaker on Wednesday, 2nd July</i>	Baroness Elliot of Harwood, D.B.E., President of The National Society for Autistic Children.
<i>Speaker on Thursday, 3rd July</i>	G. T. Dobson, Esq., C.Eng., A.M.I.Mech.E., Chairman of the National Society for Autistic Children

War Requiem

by **BENJAMIN BRITTEN**

The War Requiem was commissioned for the Festival to celebrate the consecration of St. Michael's Cathedral, Coventry, in May 1962. It was dedicated to four friends of the composer who were killed in the Second World War. Several features of the work show that Britten must have been conscious of fulfilling a task of the greatest significance and importance. It is written for a trinity of forces. The tenor and baritone soloists, as if soldiers, recount the poetry of Wilfred Owen, accompanied by the chamber orchestra. The Latin words of the Requiem Mass are expressed by the soprano soloist and full chorus with full orchestra. Set apart from these is the boys' choir with organ, also singing parts of the Mass. Britten has said that "the best music to listen to in a great Gothic church is the polyphony which was written for it, and was calculated for its resonance: this was my approach in the War Requiem — I calculated it for a big reverberant acoustic and that is where it sounds best".

Echoes of previous works are heard in the bugle calls reminiscent of his Serenade, the boys' voices recalling the Missa Brevis, or the music derived from the canticle Abraham and Isaac. Moments similar to Verdi's Requiem are found in the muttered prayer at the outset and the shattering G minor chords and drum beats during the Dies Irae episodes. A further theme which connects this work with others by Britten is that of persecution suffered by those who are innocent, as in Billy Budd, The Little Sweep, or Rejoice in the Lamb, to name but a few. In the War Requiem this relates to the suffering caused by war and to Britten's pacificism, more recently portrayed in the television opera Owen Wingrave. Another characteristic of his music is the sound of bells and their dissonant overtones contrasting with the major chord found in the harmonic series. The harshness of the tritone C to F sharp, sounded by bells and voices at the opening, pervades the whole work. It is resolved on to the peaceful chord of F major at the end of the three similar refrains which close the first, second and final sections of the Requiem.

Britten's sensitivity to words is shown in the way that Owen's poetry is mingled with the Latin verses, grimly illustrating their meaning in terms of the twentieth century. The music unifies the Latin and English words by pointing out the parallel meanings of the texts. For example, the brass outbursts of the Dies Irae are echoed in Voices, Sonnet and The Parable of the Old and the Young. The reference to boys in the Anthem for Doomed Youth matches the phrase *Te Decet Hymnus* sung by the boys' choir. A similar rhythm flickers during the '*flammis acribus*' and suggests the fire of the sacrifice in the Parable. The accompaniment to the Calvary poem anticipates the theme of the Agnus Dei.

A detailed description of the score seems unnecessary, for so much of it is self explanatory. The weird music of war which Owen heard in the choirs of wailing shells or monstrous anger of the guns is clearly imitated by the orchestras. There are three astonishing accumulations of sound in the freely chanted *Pleni sunt Coeli*, the huge climax of *Libera me*, and the complexity of the closing pages. Here the score extends to fifty staves as the three groups unite at last, each retaining their independence with differing words and music yet creating a magical restrained harmony.

The message of this work cannot be left inside the Cathedral like a forgotten Evensong. We are bound to wonder as we walk outside into a world torn by the conflicts of Vietnam, Cambodia or Ireland whether there can be any effectiveness in Owen's conclusion that "All a poet can do today is to warn. That is why the true Poets must be truthful".

Cecil Irwin



The audience is asked not to applaud.

I. REQUIEM AETERNAM

CHORUS

Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine,
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

*Give them eternal rest, O Lord
and let perpetual light shine upon them*

BOYS' CHOIR

Te decet hymnus, Deus in Sion;
et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem;
exaudi orationem meam, ad te omnis caro veniet.

*A hymn honours Thee, O God, in Sion,
and unto Thee shall prayer be given in Jerusalem
Hear my prayer: Unto Thee shall all flesh come*

TENOR SOLO

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries for them from prayers or bells,
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of silent minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

CHORUS

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.

Lord have mercy upon us, Christ have mercy upon us.



II. DIES IRAE

CHORUS

Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor et futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

*Day of wrath, that (dreadful) day
Shall consume the world in ashes
Spake David and the Sybil*

*How great shall be the trembling,
When the judge shall come
To search out all things carefully*

*The trumpet, spreading wondrous sound
Through the sepulchres of the world,
Shall summon all before the throne*

*Death itself shall be astounded, and nature,
When all creation shall arise
To answer the judge*

BARITONE SOLO

Bugles sang, saddening the evening air,
And bugles answered, sorrowful to hear.

Voices of boys were by the river-side.
Sleep mothered them; and left the twilight sad.
The shadow of the morrow weighed on men.

Voices of old despondency resigned,
Bowed by the shadow of the morrow, slept.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

*The book of words shall be brought forth
Wherein is set out everything
Whereby the world is to be judged*

*Therefore, when the Judge is seated
All that is hidden shall be brought to light
Nothing shall remain unpunished*

*What then shall I say in my wretchedness,
On whom shall I call for help,
When even the righteous are hardly safe?*

*King of awful majesty
Who does freely save the righteous
Save me, O fount of Mercy*

TENOR AND BARITONE SOLOS

Out there, we've walked quite friendly up to Death;
 Sat down and eaten with him, cool and bland,—
 Pardoned his spilling mess-tins in our hand.
 We've sniffed the green thick odour of his breath,—
 Our eyes wept, but our courage didn't writhe.
 He's spat at us with bullets and he's coughed
 Shrapnel. We chorussed when he sang aloft;
 We whistled while he shaved us with his scythe.

Oh, Death was never an enemy of ours!
 We laughed at him, we leagued with him, old chum.
 No soldier's paid to kick against his powers.
 We laughed knowing that better men would come,
 And greater wars; when each proud fighter brags
 He wars on Death—for Life; not men—for flags.

CHORUS

Recordare Jesu pie,
 Quod sum causa tuae viae:
 Ne me perdas illa die.

Quaerens me, sedisti lassus:
 Redemisti crucem passus:
 Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Ingemisco, tamquam reus:
 Culpa rubet vultus meus:
 Supplici parce Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
 Et latronem exaudisti,
 Mihi quoque spem dedisti,

Inter oves locum praesta,
 Et ab haedis me sequestra,
 Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
 Flammis acribus addictis,
 Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
 Cor contritum quasi cinis:
 Gere curam mei finis.

*Remember, Holy Jesu
 That I am the cause of Thy path of suffering
 Destroy me not on that day*

*Seeking me Thou didst rest aweared
 By Thy cross Thou hast redeemed me
 Let not so great a labour be in vain*

*I groan as the guilty
 My face is red with shame
 Spare Thy suppliant, O God.*

*Thou who didst pardon Mary
 And didst listen to the thief,
 Hast given me hope also*

*Grant me a place among the sheep
 And separate me from the goats
 Placing me on Thy right hand.*

*When the wicked are confounded
 And consigned to the bitter flames
 Call me forth with Thy blessed ones*

*I pray submissive, kneeling;
 My heart subdued like ashes;
 Take into Thy care my end.*

BARITONE SOLO

Be slowly lifted up, thou long black arm,
Great gun towering toward heaven, about to curse;

Reach at that arrogance which needs thy arm,
And beat it down before its sins grow worse;

But when thy spell be cast complete and whole,
May God curse thee, and cut thee from our soul!

CHORUS AND SOPRANO SOLO

Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

*Day of wrath, that (dreadful) day,
Shall consume the world in ashes
Spake David and the Sybil*

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

*How great shall be the trembling,
When the judge shall come
To search out all things carefully*

Lacrimosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla,
Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo parce Deus.

*Ah! that day of tears,
When from the ashes shall arise
Guilty mankind to be judged;
Spare him therefore, O God.*

TENOR SOLO

Move him into the sun—
Gently its touch awoke him once,
At home, whispering of fields unsown,
Always it woke him, even in France,
Until this morning and this snow.
If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know.

Think how it wakes the seeds,—
Woke, once, the clays of a cold star.
Are limbs, so dear-achieved, are sides,
Full-nerved—still warm—too hard to stir?
Was it for this the clay grew tall?
—O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?

CHORUS

Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem. Amen.
Holy Lord Jesus, give them rest, Amen.

III. OFFERTORIUM

BOYS' CHOIR

Domine Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae, libera animas omnium fidelium
defunctorum de poenis inferni, et de profundo lacu:
libera eas ore leonis, ne absorbeat eas tartarus, ne cadant in obscurum.

*O Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory, free the souls of the faithful dead
from the punishment of Hell and from the deep lake;
free them from the lion's mouth; let not Hell consume them, let them not fall into obscurity.*

CHORUS

Sed signifer sanctus Michael repraesentet eas in lucem sanctam:
quam olim Abrahae promisisti, et semini ejus.

*But let Thy standard-bearer Saint Michael lead them to the holy light,
which Thou didst promise once to Abraham, and to his seed*

BARITONE AND TENOR SOLOS

So Abram rose, and clave the wood, and went,
And took the fire with him, and a knife.
And as they sojourned both of them together,
Isaac the first-born spake and said, My Father,
Behold the preparations, fire and iron,
But where the lamb for this burnt-offering?
Then Abram bound the youth with belts and straps,
And builded parapets and trenches there,
And stretched for the knife to slay his son.
When lo! an angel called him out of heaven,
Saying, Lay not thy hand upon the lad,
Neither do anything to him. Behold,
A ram, caught in a thicket by its horns;
Offer the Ram of Pride instead of him.
But the old man would not so, but slew his son,--
And half the seed of Europe, one by one.

BOYS' CHOIR

Hostias et preces tibi Domine laudis offerimus:
tu suscipe pro animabus illis, quarum hodie memoriam facimus:
fac eas, Domine, de morte transire ad vitam.

*Sacrifices of praise and prayers to Thee Lord, we offer.
Receive them for the souls of those whom today we commemorate.
Make them, O Lord to pass from death unto life*

IV. SANCTUS

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua, Hosanna in excelsis.
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. Hosanna in excelsis.

*Holy Lord God of Hosts
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest
Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest*

BARITONE SOLO

After the blast of the lightning from the East,
The flourish of loud clouds, the Chariot Throne;
After the drums of Time have rolled and ceased,
And by the bronze west long retreat is blown,

Shall life renew these bodies? Of a truth
All death will He annul, all tears assuage? –
Fill the void veins of Life again with youth,
And wash, with an immortal water, Age?

When I do ask white Age he saith not so:
“My head hangs weighed with snow.”
And when I hearken to the Earth, she saith:
“My fiery heart shrinks, aching. It is death.
Mine ancient scars shall not be glorified,
Nor my titanic tears, the sea, be dried.”



V. AGNUS DEI

TENOR SOLO

One ever hangs where shelled roads part.
In this war He too lost a limb,
But His disciples hide apart;
And now the Soldiers bear with Him.

CHORUS

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem.
Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, grant them rest.

Near Golgotha strolls many a priest,
And in their faces there is pride
That they were flesh-marked by the Beast
By whom the gentle Christ's denied.

CHORUS

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem.
Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, grant them rest.

The scribes on all the people shove
And bawl allegiance to the state,
But they who love the greater love
Lay down their life; they do not hate.

CHORUS

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem sempiternam.
Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, grant them eternal rest.



VI. LIBERA ME

CHORUS AND SOPRANO SOLO

Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna, in die illa tremenda:
Quando coeli movendi sunt et terra: Dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem.
Tremens factus sum ego, et timeo, dum discussio venerit, atque ventura ira.
Quando coeli movendi sunt et terra. Dies illa, dies irae, calamitatis et miseriae,
dies magna et amara valde. Libera me Domine . . .

*Deliver me, O Lord from Everlasting death on that terrible day
when heaven and earth must be moved, when Thou comest to judge the world by fire
I am made to tremble and I am afraid until the judgement and wrath to come are here.
When heaven and earth will be moved. Day of wrath, that day of calamity and misery,
That great and terrible day when Thou comest to judge the world by fire*

TENOR SOLO

It seemed that out of battle I escaped
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped
Through granites which titanic wars had groined.
Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.
Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,
Lifting distressful hands as if to bless.

And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.
"Strange friend," I said, "here is no cause to mourn."

BARITONE SOLO

"None," said the other, "save the undone years,
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,
Was my life also; I went hunting wild
After the wildest beauty in the world.

For my glee might many men have laughed,
And of my weeping something had been left,
Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,
The pity of war, the pity war distilled.
Now men will go content with what we spoiled.
Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.
They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress,
None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.
Miss we the march of this retreating world
Into vain citadels that are not walled.
Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot-wheels
I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,
Even from wells we sunk too deep for war,
Even the sweetest wells that ever were.

I am the enemy you killed, my friend.
I knew you in this dark; for so you frowned
Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.
I parried; but my hands were loath and cold."

TENOR AND BARITONE SOLOS

"Let us sleep now. . ."

BOYS' CHOIR, CHORUS AND SOPRANO SOLO

In paradisum deducant te Angeli: in tuo adventu suscipiant te Martyres,
et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem

Chorus Angelorum te suscipiat, et cum Lazaro quondam paupere aeternam habeas requiem.

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Requiescant in pace. Amen.

*May the angels lead thee into Paradise: May the Martyrs receive thee at thy
coming and lead thee into the holy city of Jerusalem.*

*May the chorus of angels receive thee, and with Lazarus who once was poor
mayest thou find eternal rest.*

Give them eternal rest, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them.

May they rest in peace. Amen.



The Dean and Chapter request members of the audience to replace their kneelers before they leave.

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