

**A SPRING CONCERT**

(48)

1986.

presented by

WOMBOURNE & DISTRICT CHORAL SOCIETY

(Musical Director - Dennis J. Powell)

and the

WOLVERHAMPTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

(Musical Director - Mark Finch)

on Saturday 8th. March 1986

at 7.30.pm.

Conducted by Dennis J. Powell

and

Mark Finch

Soloists

Rona Lowe - Soprano

John Oxley - Baritone

PROGRAMME:

- 1) VAUGHAN WILLIAMS - TOWARD THE UNKNOWN REGION.
- 2) BRAHMS - 2ND. SYMPHONY.

INTERVAL

- 3) VAUGHAN WILLIAMS - DONA NOBIS PACEM.

# Toward the Unknown Region

Darest thou now O soul,  
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,  
Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow?  
No map there, nor guide,  
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,  
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land.  
I know it not O soul,  
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,  
All waits undreamed of in that region, that inaccessible land.  
Till when the ties loosen,  
All but the ties eternal, time and space,  
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds bounding us.  
Then we burst forth, we float,  
In time and space O soul, prepared for them,  
Equal, equipt at last, (O joy! O fruit of all!) them to fulfil O soul.

WALT WHITMAN

## CANTATA

### DONA NOBIS PACEM

#### I

*Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi  
Dona nobis pacem*

#### II

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!  
Through the windows—through the doors—burst like a ruthless force,  
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,  
Into the school where the scholar is studying;  
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride,  
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field, or gathering in his grain,  
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!  
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;  
Are beds prepared for the sleepers at night in the houses? No sleepers must sleep  
in those beds,  
No bargainers' bargains by day—would they continue?  
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?  
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!  
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,  
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,  
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,  
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,  
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses,  
So strong you thump O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

WALT WHITMAN.

#### III

#### RECONCILIATION

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,  
Beautiful that war and all its dreeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,  
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly, softly, wash again and ever  
again this soiled world:  
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,  
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I draw near,  
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

WALT WHITMAN.

#### IV

#### DIRGE FOR TWO VETERANS

The last sunbeam  
Lightly falls from the finished Sabbath,  
On the pavement here, and there beyond it is looking  
Down a new-made double grave.

Lo, the moon ascending,  
Up from the east the silvery round moon,  
Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon,  
Immense and silent moon.

I see a sad procession,  
And I hear the sound of coming full-keyed bugles,  
All the channels of the city streets they're flooding  
As with voices and with tears.

I hear the great drums pounding,  
And the small drums steady whirring,  
And every blow of the great convulsive drums  
Strikes me through and through.

For the son is brought with the father,  
In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell,  
Two veterans, son and father, dropped together,  
And the double grave awaits them.

Now nearer blow the bugles,  
And the drums strike more convulsive,  
And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has faded,  
And the strong dead-march sweeps me

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