



B S O

BROMLEY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Conductor – Adrian Brown

Leader – Andrew Laing



Janice Watson



John Upperton

Saturday 18th March 2017

Langley Park Centre for the Performing Arts

£ 1 . 50

www.bromleysymphony.org

Box office: 020 3627 2974

Registered Charity N° 1112117

This concert is dedicated to the memory of
Joyce Lilian Brown (31/12/1915 – 14/2/2017),
cherished by all of us who knew her.

PROGRAMME

Schumann Symphony No.2 in C

INTERVAL - 20 MINUTES

Refreshments are available in the dining hall.

Mahler Das Lied von der Erde Soloists: Janice Watson and John Upperton

Unauthorised audio or video recording of this concert is not permitted

Our next concert is on May 20th
at the Langley Park Centre for the Performing Arts:
Dukas 'La Peri' Fanfare & Poème dancé, **Debussy** Rapsodie
for orchestra and saxophone, **Brahms** Symphony No.2

ADRIAN BROWN – CONDUCTOR

John Carmichael



Adrian Brown comes from a distinguished line of pupils of Sir Adrian Boult. After graduating from the Royal Academy of Music in London, he studied intensively with Sir Adrian for some years. He remains the only British conductor to have reached the finals of the Karajan Conductors' Competition and the Berlin Philharmonic was the first professional orchestra he conducted. Sir Adrian said of his work: "He has always impressed me as a musician of exceptional attainments who has all the right gifts and ideas to make him a first class conductor".

In 1992 Adrian Brown was engaged to conduct one of the great orchestras of the world, the St. Petersburg Philharmonic Orchestra. In 1998 he was invited to work with the Camerata Salzburg, one of Europe's foremost chamber orchestras at the invitation of Sir Roger Norrington. Adrian has also conducted many leading British orchestras including the City of Birmingham Symphony, the BBC Symphony, the BBC Scottish Symphony and the London Sinfonietta.

His concerts with the Corinthian Chamber Orchestra in 2011 were met with critical acclaim, and Adrian was appointed their joint principal conductor.

2013 saw Adrian retire from Stoneleigh Youth Orchestra after 40 years and honoured with being one of three national figures nominated for a Lifetime Achievement Award by 'Music Teacher' and Classic FM. In the summer of 2013 he was awarded the 'Making Music' NFMS Lady Hilary Groves Prize for services to Community Music, a much appreciated and admired honour.

The 2014-15 season included a return to the Royal Orchestral Society after a much praised concert in 2014, and concerts with the Corinthian Orchestra in St James' Piccadilly. Adrian also gave a lecture to the Berlioz Society and another on the subject of his teacher, Adrian Boult, to the Elgar Society. He also completed his project of performing Berlioz 'Les Troyens'.

The 2015-16 Season included a performance of Elgar's 'The Dream of Gerontius' with the Royal Orchestral, and concerts with the Corinthian Orchestra.

Adrian returns to St John's Smith Square in June 2017 conducting a concert with the Royal Orchestral Society. Future plans include Vaughan Williams' 'Pastoral Symphony' with the Corinthian Orchestra, and a Centenary Season with Bromley Symphony to include 'The Planets' by Holst; premiered by Sir Adrian Boult, Adrian's teacher, and conducted by that pupil 100 years later.

Adrian Brown was one of a hundred musicians presented with a prestigious Classic FM Award at their Tenth Birthday Honours Celebration in June 2002.

Schumann – Symphony No.2 in C

In 1842, Schumann suffered a nervous collapse and eventually a ringing in his ears so debilitating that he couldn't even bear to listen to music (*'it cut into my nerves as if with knives'*). He wrote no music for a year. Eventually he began to study Bach, and used composition exercises to start writing again. Through much of 1845 Schumann remained unproductive, but then he wrote, to Mendelssohn, *'Drums and trumpets in C have been blaring in my head. I have no idea what will come of it!'* Later that year, while composing this symphony, he reported: *'All writing is a severe strain. I itch every day in a hundred different places.'* Even after its completion, he fretted, *'I fear my semi-invalid state can be divined from the music'*. . . But Schumann need not have worried. No one would suspect that a shadow lies over this astonishingly life-affirming symphony.

The slow, anticipatory opening builds in both speed and power, as the vibrant first theme emerges. (Schumann: *'It is filled with struggle – very capricious and obstinate.'*) Insistent dotted rhythms lash it forwards but it is varied too, with exuberant moments, offbeat accompaniments to long-limbed themes, and a thrillingly tympanied end.

The Scherzo is the first violin section's showcase: an irrepressible near-perpetuum mobile is undercut with wistful twists, miniature hold-ups and two Trios – but remains irrepressible. Triplets reign over the first Trio, the second features a serious tribute to baroque counterpoint, during which the first violins utter the notes B^b/A/C/H (B-natural).

The glorious Adagio opens with oboe (and bassoon) solos over coaxing string accompaniment. It is all luminous but there is one section of utter sublimity, with high violins lifting over deep strings, who climb inexorably upwards. From this moment to the the stroked chords and dark queries in the lower strings that draw the movement to a close, the violins can't bear to let it end.

The finale, despite its fizziness, has been occasionally considered problematic in design. It features bustling violin pyrotechnics, restless hyperactivity, and a brilliant transformation of the principal melody. The development and recapitulation merge, followed by a long and involved Coda, based on a theme borrowed from Beethoven's *'An die ferne Geliebte'* (*'To the distant beloved'* – a tribute to Clara, here), where it accompanies the words *'Take, then, these songs of mine.'*

Janice Watson – Mezzo Soprano

Janice Watson is one of the world's major sopranos, renowned for the beauty of her sound. A flautist originally, she began taking singing seriously at the instigation of tenor Phillip Langridge, and studied with Johanna Peters and Renata Scotto. At the age of 23 she won the Kathleen Ferrier Award and the Royal Overseas League. She is also a Grammy award winner with two further nominations to her name.

Janice has performed in most of the major Opera Houses of the world with many of the world's leading conductors, and has been a regular guest with both English National Opera and Welsh National Opera. She has sung many times at the Royal Albert Hall Proms and the Edinburgh Festival.

Janice first made her name singing Mozart and Britten, but is now equally at home singing Verdi, Richard Strauss, Janacek and Wagner.

John Upperton – Tenor

John Upperton, dramatic tenor, was born in Co. Durham and read Music at the University of Liverpool. He studied as a postgraduate singer at the Royal College of Music, continuing with David Pollard.

Principal engagements include the Royal Opera House (since 2005), English National Opera, Midsummer Opera. For his QEH début he sang Pirro Ermione and for his Purcell Room début, Janáček's *Zápisník Zmizelého* (Diary of one who Disappeared) which he recorded in April 2010.

Having sung all the major Mozart and Rossini characters, John progressed through the lyric repertoire before making his mark in the heavier dramatic tenor roles while still retaining his *bel canto* upper register.

Gustav Mahler – Das Lied von der Erde

A scintillation of solo violin trills under probing horn. A sweet-sour oboe trading sardonic asides with the clarinet under a soaring tenor. A glowing flute, sniped at by a Chinese gong. A creamy mezzo recollects the sun glittering on a Tang Dynasty river scene. . . There is no work remotely like this one. In 1908, at the very height of his powers – but also in the depths of a deeply personal despair – Mahler gave birth to this work (really his 9th symphony, but he shared the superstition about 9th symphonies and entitled it differently). Mahler had recently been unfairly dismissed from his job at the Viennese opera, buried his beloved four-year-old daughter and been told by a doctor, with extraordinary bluntness, *'You have no cause to be proud of a heart like that.'* His heart disease proved inoperable and he wrote to Bruno Walter (who premiered this work after his death), *'This is the most personal thing I have ever done ... I have lost any calm and peace of mind I ever achieved ... and now, at the end of my life, have to begin to learn to walk and stand. Das Lied von der Erde was the first, most difficult step.'* It was also to prove to be one of his very greatest masterpieces.

Astonishing as it seems, Mahler, with death looming, invented a new artistic form: the 'song-symphony' – choosing to set to music ancient, autumnal, sometimes transcendent, occasionally defiantly furious Tang Dynasty poetry (from the 700s) culled from Hans Bethge's *'Die Chinesische Flöte'*. Here, discovered near the end of his life, was the true Mahlerian ideal: images of mortality, exhilaration, Spring, mourning, renewal. . . He wanted, though dying, *'to embrace the world'*, as he wrote Sibelius. For the purpose, Mahler pared down his style to a refinement even he had never found before. The orchestra is almost never used all at once: instead the voice and solo instruments weave in and out of a lieder-like texture, brush-strokes on Chinese silk. In terms of subtlety, it is pitch-perfect: in almost every bar there is some minute touch of genius. In common with the soprano's text in the famous final song, life had 'not been kind' to Mahler but, as Bruno Walter observed, *'He was faithful to the task laid upon him: to extract a divine significance from his suffering, and to turn it into glory.'*

From the first wild blast of unrepentant horn and swashbuckling tenor we are captured. Amidst needling violins and spiky Cor Anglais, a drunkard rails savagely against fate: the message: drink up, for life is short. A bitter xylophone, an insidious trilling violin, restless winds with a viciously swirled edge of musical development. The song stands defiant against death, even in the more nostalgic second section, before the singer returns to rail again against fate: ('Dark is life. Dark is death!') Horn, oboe and high violins corroborate this verdict; a shimmer from solo trumpet and a whip-crack of death at the close.

'*The Lonely One in Autumn*' is very different. Muted violins tread below a keening, questing oboe. Amid autumn mists and chill, the poet paces too, longing for a ray of sun. The final plea to the '*sun of love*' to shine upon his '*bitter tears*' is soon quenched; the lonely pacing of voice, with the reminiscent oboe, resumes.

'*Von der Jugend*' ('*Of Youth*') is a moment frozen in time. Amid delicate pentatonic chinoiserie, we have green and white porcelain, a curved bridge over the water, young people dressed in silk. Tambourine, solo violin, the occasional distant peppering of solo brass. Over – like life itself – in an instant.

In '*Of Beauty*', seductive young beauties pluck flowers – suddenly, up canter some glorious young horsemen, with jingling spurs and bridles (percussion). The breathless speed at which the singer essays the ensuing galloping torrent of words – representing wild heartbeats – makes it almost unsingable. The most exquisite girl gazes after a divine young man, the mezzo caressingly sharing with us, '*her proud pose a mere pretence*'. With harp, sky-high violins and the mezzo's own sensual tones, erotic heaviness fills the light summer air. . .

'*The Drunkard in Spring*' might well be our original drunkard, but it's Spring – as confirmed by a local bird (solo violin and piccolo) – and he's certainly more upbeat! His chipper mood is expansive, encompassing full brass, a lurching sense of tempo, and moments of wistfulness amongst a Spring-like effervescence.

In the immortal '*Der Abschied*' ('*The Farewell*') Mahler has entered another sound-world altogether. The music moves from opening tam-tam and oboe solo as if ungoverned by time: organic, free, no longer earth-bound. Mahler here uses two Tang Dynasty poems – along with a line of his own. The music continually seems to be beginning again, as if stretching, reaching, for some unattainable essence.

The orchestra marks the interval between the two poems with one of Mahler's most ridiculously beautiful, sometimes terrifying, wilful and wild funeral marches. At first surly with snarling basses, punctuated with remorseless punches from brass, gong and winds, the music finally gathers to itself some tattered remnants of string-led consolation. . . However, reconciliation is here left to the singer and the song. The music for the second poem recapitulates that for the first. Then that great hymn to spring—'*Die liebe Erde*'—soars forth in one, last, final, incandescent burst of ecstasy. . . And then we have arrived – at last – at the essence, at 'the still point of the turning world'. Voice and instruments reiterate '*ewig*' ('*forever*') with celeste until sound and silence merge into eternity.

Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde

Shon winkt der Wein im gold'nen Pokale,
Doch trinkt noch nicht, erst sing' ich euch ein
Lied! / Das Lied vom Kummer
Soll auflachend in die Seele euch klingen.
Wenn der Kummer naht,
Liegen wüst die Gärten der Seele,
Welkt hin und stirbt die Freude, der Gesang.
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.

Herr dieses Hauses!
Dein Keller birgt die Fülle des goldenen Weins!
Hier, diese Laute nenn' ich mein!
Die Laute schlagen und die Gläser leeren,
Das sind die Dinge, die zusammenpassen.
Ein voller Becher Weins zur rechten Zeit
Ist mehr wert, als alle Reiche dieser Erde!
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.

Das Firmament blaut ewig und die Erde
Wird lange feststeh'n und aufblueh'n im Lenz.
Du aber, Mensch, wie lang lebst denn du?
Nicht hundert Jahre darfst du dich ergötzen
An all dem morschen Tande dieser Erde!

Seht dort hinab! Im Mondschein auf den
Gräbern
Hockt eine wild-gespenstische Gestalt -
Ein Aff' ist's! Hört ihr, wie sein Heulen
Hinausgeht in den süßen Duft des Lebens!

Jetzt nehmt den Wein! Jetzt ist es Zeit,
Genossen!
Leert eure gold'nen Becher zu Grund!
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod!

Der Einsame im Herbst

Herbstnebel wallen bläulich übern See;
Vom Reif bezogen stehen alle Gräser;
Man meint, ein Künstler habe Staub vom Jade
Über die feinen Blüten ausgestreut.

Der süße Duft der Blumen ist verflogen;
Ein kalter Wind beugt ihre Stengel nieder.
Bald werden die verwelkten, gold'nen Blätter
Der Lotosblüten auf dem Wasser zieh'n.

Mein Herz is müde. Meine kleine Lampe
Erlosch mit Knistern, es gemahnt mich an den
Schlaf. / Ich komm' zu dir, traute Ruhestätte!
Ja, gib mir Ruh', ich hab' Erquickung not!

Drinking Song of the Sorrow of the Earth

Wine beckons from the golden goblet,
But don't drink yet – first, I'll sing you a song!
The song of sorrow
Shall ring with laughter in your soul.
When trouble draws near,
The gardens of the soul are laid waste,
Both joy and song wither and die.
Dark is life, dark is death.

Master of this house!
Your cellar is brim full of golden wine!
Here, this lute I call mine!
Strumming the lute and draining glasses,
These are the things that go together.
A full cup of wine at the right time
Is worth more than all the riches of this world!
Dark is life, dark is death.

The firmament is forever blue, and the earth
Will endure and blossom in spring.
But you, Man, how long will you live?
Not a hundred years are you allowed to revel
In all the rotten trinkets of this earth!

See down there! In the moonlight on the
graves
Squats a wild, ghostly figure –
It's an ape! Hear how its howling
Pierces through the sweet fragrance of life!

Now take the wine! Now is the time,
Comrades!
Drain your golden cups to the dregs!
Dark is life, dark is death!

The Lonely One in Autumn

Autumn mist hovers blue-tinged over the lake;
White frost covers every grass-blade;
One would think an artist had strewn jade dust
Over the delicate stems.

The sweet fragrance of flowers has blown
away/ A cold wind bends down their stems.
Soon the withered golden petals
Of lotus blooms will float by on the water.

My heart is weary. My little lamp
Has sputtered out; reminding me of sleep.
I come to you, dear resting place!
Yes, give me rest – I need to be refreshed!

Ich weine viel in meinen Einsamkeiten,
Der Herbst in meinem Herzen währt zu lange.
Sonne der Liebe, willst du nie mehr scheinen,
Um meine bitter'n Tränen mild aufzutrocknen?

Von der Jugend

Mitten in dem kleinen Teiche
Steht ein Pavillon aus grünem
Und aus weißem Porzellan.

Wie der Rücken eines Tigers
Wölbt die Brücke sich aus Jade
Zu dem Pavillon hinüber.

In dem Häuschen sitzen Freunde,
Schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern,
Manche schreiben Verse nieder.

Ihre seid'nen Ärmel gleiten
Rückwärts, ihre seid'nen Mützen
Hocken lustig tief im Nacken.

Auf des kleinen Teiches stiller
Wasserfläche zeigt sich alles
Wunderlich im Spiegelbilde.

Alles auf dem Kopfe stehend
In dem Pavillon aus grünem
Und aus weißem Porzellan;

Wie ein Halbmond steht die Brücke,
Umgekehrt der Bogen. Freunde,
Schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern.

Von der Schönheit

Junge Mädchen pflücken Blumen,
Pflücken Lotosblumen an dem Uferrande.
Zwischen Büschen und Blättern sitzen sie,
Sammeln Blüten in den Schoß und rufen
Sich einander Neckereien zu.

Gold'ne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,
Spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider.
Sonne spiegelt ihre schlanken Glieder,
Ihre süßen Augen wider,
Und der Zephyr hebt mit Schmeichelkosen
Das Gewebe ihrer Ärmel auf, Führt den Zauber
Ihrer Wohlgerüche durch die Luft.

O sieh, was tummeln sich für schöne Knaben
Dort an dem Uferrand auf mut'gen Rossen,
Weithin glänzend wie die Sonnenstrahlen;
Schon zwischen dem Geäst der grünen Weiden
Trabt das jungfrische Volk einher!

I cry many tears in my loneliness.
The autumn in my heart has lasted so long.
Sun of love, will you shine no more,
To gently dry my bitter tears?

On Youth

In the middle of the small lake
Stands a pavilion made of green
And white porcelain.

Like a tiger's back
The bridge of jade arches
Across to the pavilion.

In the little house sit friends,
Beautifully dressed, drinking, chatting;
Some writing down verses.

Their silk sleeves glide
Back, their silk caps
Pushed jauntily back on their heads.

On the little pool's still
Surface, everything appears
Wondrously in mirror image.

Everything is turned on its head
In the pavilion made of green
And white porcelain.

Like a half-moon stands the bridge,
With arch inverted. Friends,
Beautifully dressed, drinking, chatting.

On Beauty

Young girls pick flowers,
Pick lotus blooms at the water's edge.
Among bushes and leaves they sit,
Gathering petals in their laps and calling out
To tease each other.

Golden sunlight weaves around the figures,
Reflects them in the bright water.
The sun mirrors their slender limbs,
Their sweet eyes,
And a breeze lifts with flattering caresses
The fabric of their sleeves, wafts the magic of
Their perfumes through the air.

O look, what handsome boys are jostling
There on the bank on spirited steeds,
In the distance they glint like sunbeams;
Now among the branches of the green
willows,/ The vigorous young men approach!

Das Ross des einen wiehert fröhlich auf
Und scheut und saust dahin, / Über Blumen,
Gräser wanken hin die Hufe, / Sie zerstampfen
jäh im Sturm die hingesunk'nen Blüten.
Hei! Wie flattern im Taumel seine Mähnen,
Dampfen heiß die Nüstern!

Gold'ne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,
Spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider.
Und die schönste von den Jungfrau'n sendet
Lange Blicke ihm der Sehnsucht nach.
Ihre stolze Haltung is nur Verstellung.
In dem Funkeln ihrer großen Augen,
In dem Dunkel ihres heißen Blicks
Schwingt klagend noch die Erregung
Ihres Herzens nach.

Der Trunkene im Frühling

Wenn nur ein Traum das Leben ist,
Warum denn Müh' und Plag!?
Ich trinke, bis ich nicht mehr kann,
Den ganzen, lieben Tag!

Und wenn ich nicht mehr trinken kann,
Weil Kehl' und Seele voll,
So tauml' ich bis zu meiner Tür
Und schlafe wundervoll!

Was hör' ich beim Erwachen? Horch!
Ein Vogel singt im Baum.
Ich frag' ihn, ob schon Frühling sei,
Mir ist als wie im Traum.

Der Vogel zwitschert: Ja!
Der Lenz ist da, sei' kommen über Nacht!
Aus tiefstem Schauen lauscht' ich auf,
Der Vogel singt und lacht!

Ich fülle mir den Becher neu
Und leer' ihn bis zum Grund
Und singe, bis der Mond erglänzt
Am schwarzen Firmament!

Und wenn ich nicht mehr singen kann,
So schlaf' ich wieder ein,
Was geht mich denn der Frühling an!?
Laßt mich betrunken sein!

One of the horses whinnies joyfully,
And shies and bolts away;
Over flowers, grass, hooves are clattering,
Trampling the fallen blossoms like a storm.
Ha! How its mane flutters in frenzy,
Hot steam from its nostrils!

Golden sunlight weaves around the figures,
Reflects them in the bright water.
And the most beautiful young woman sends
Long, yearning looks after him.
Her proud pose a mere pretence.
In the flashing of her wide eyes,
In the darkness of her heated gaze,
Beats on a lament in the trembling of her
heart.

The Drunkard in Spring

If life is but a dream,
Why then toil and misery?
I drink until I can no more,
The whole day long!

And when I can drink no more,
When gullet and soul are full,
I stagger to my doorway
And sleep wonderfully!

What do I hear when I awake? Hark!
A bird sings in the tree.
I ask it if it is spring yet,
It's like I'm in a dream.

The bird chirps, "Yes!
Spring is here, it has come overnight!"
Roused from a trance, I take heed,
The bird sings and laughs!

I fill my cup again
And drain it to the dregs
And sing, until the moon gleams
In the black night-sky!

And when I can sing no more,
I fall asleep again,
What do I care about spring!?
Let me be drunk!

Der Abschied

Die Sonne scheidet hinter dem Gebirge.
In alle Täler steigt der Abend nieder
Mit seinen Schatten, die voll Kühlung sind.
O sieh! Wie eine Silberbarke schwebt
Der Mond am blauen Himmelssee herauf.
Ich spüre eines feinen Windes Weh'n
Hinter den dunklen Fichten!

Der Bach singt voller Wohllaut
durch das Dunkel.
Die Blumen blassen im Dämmerchein.
Die Erde atmet voll von Ruh' und Schlaf,
Alle Sehnsucht will nun träumen.
Die müden Menschen geh'n heimwärts,
Um im Schlaf vergess'nes Glück
Und Jugend neu zu lernen!
Die Vögel hocken still in ihren Zweigen.
Die Welt schläft ein!

Es wehet kühl im Schatten meiner Fichten.
Ich stehe hier und harre meines Freundes;
Ich harre sein zum letzten Lebewohl.
Ich sehne mich, o Freund, an deiner Seite
Die Schönheit dieses Abends zu genießen.
Wo bleibst du? Du läßt mich lang allein!
Ich wandle auf und nieder mit meiner Laute
Auf Wegen, die vom weichen Grase schwellen.
O Schönheit!
O ewigen Liebens - Lebens - Trunk'ne welt!

Er stieg vom Pferd und reichte ihm
Den Trunk des Abschieds dar.
Er fragte ihn, wohin er führe
Und auch warum es müßte sein.
Er sprach, seine Stimme war umflort:
Du, mein Freund,
Mir war auf dieser Welt das Glück nicht hold!
Wohin ich geh'?
Ich geh', ich wand're in die Berge.
Ich suche Ruhe für mein einsam Herz.
Ich wandle nach der Heimat, meiner Stätte.
Ich werde niemals in die Ferne schweifen.
Still ist mein Herz und harret seiner Stunde!
Die liebe Erde allüberall
Blüht auf im Lenz und grünt aufs neu!
Allüberall und ewig blauen licht die Fernen!
Ewig... ewig...

The Farewell

The sun disappears behind the mountains.
Evening descends into every valley,
With its shadows, steeped in coolness.
O look! Like a silver boat floating,
The moon rises on the blue lake of the
heavens. / I feel a gentle wind blowing
Behind the dark spruces!

The brook sings, resounding pleasantly in the
darkness.
The flowers turn pale in the twilight.
The earth breathes, full of peace and sleep,
All longing now wants to dream.
Weary people head homeward,
To find again in sleep
Forgotten happiness and youth!
The birds perch quietly on their branches.
The world falls asleep!

A cool breeze blows in the shade of my
spruces. / I stand here and wait for my friend;
I am waiting for his final farewell.
O my friend, I long to enjoy
The beauty of this evening at your side.
Where are you? You leave me alone so long!
I wander up and down with my lute,
On paths swelling with soft grass.
O beauty!
O world, drunk with eternal love and life!

He dismounted and offered him
A farewell drink.
He asked him where he was heading,
And why it had to be so.
He spoke, his voice was muffled:
You, my friend,
Fortune has not been kind to me in this world!
Where am I going?
Away, I'll wander in the mountains.
I seek peace for my lonely heart.
I walk towards my homeland, my abode.
I shall never stray far from there.
Quiet is my heart as it awaits its hour!
The beloved earth everywhere
Blooms in spring and turns green again!
Everywhere and forever the blue vistas shine!
Forever... forever...

BROMLEY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

VIOLINS

Andrew Laing (Leader)

Clare Wibberley

(Associate Leader)

Peter Bicknell

Bernard Brook

Ruth Brook

* Judy Brown

Andrew Condon

Mark Cousins

Rosie Cousins

Elizabeth Cromb

Tarcisio Dantas

Claire Dillon

Rosanna Dowlan

Rachel Dubourg

Ruth Elliott

Jenny Endersby

Jane Ferdinando

Andrew Harber

Eleanor Harber

Mike Ibbott (lead 2nd)

Gerard Kelly

Maja Kurtilic

Penny Longman

Richard Miscampbell

Monika Molnar

Judith Montague

* Sarah Norman

* David Rodker

Philip Starr

VIOLAS

Jenny Carter (Principal)

Nichola Goodwin

David Griffiths

Richard Longman

Simon McVeigh

Maria Staines

Liz Tarrant

Vanessa Townsend

CELLOS

* Alice McVeigh (Principal)

* Helen Griffiths

Helen McDonald

Jane Broadbent

Anne Curry

Becky Fage

Andrew Garton

Marion Hitchcock

Mandy Selby

* Berard Somerville

Amanda Stephen

DOUBLE BASSES

Adrian Ball (Principal)

Thomas Dignum

Barrie Pantrey

Tony Saunders

FLUTES & PICCOLO

Mark Esmonde

* Catherine Borner

Sharon Moloney (picc)

David Sullivan (picc)

OBOES & COR ANGLAIS

* Caroline Marwood

Vicky Dowsett

Philip Knight (Cor)

CLARINETS

Hale Hambleton (E^b)

David Floyd (Bass)

Chris Jeffery

Shelley Phillips

BASSOONS & CONTRA

Stephen Fuller

Julian Farrel

Chris Richardson (Con)

HORNS

Roy Banks

Frank Cottee

Mary Banks

Brian Newman

TRUMPETS

Robert Parton

Derek Cozens

Clive Griffin

TROMBONES

* Peter Bruce

Siddhartha Lethbridge

* Paul Jenner

TUBA

Scott Browning

TIMPANI & PERCUSSION

David Coronel

Ben Brooker

Tony Lucas

Anthony Summers

CELESTE

Anthony Summers

MANDOLIN

Peter Bicknell

HARPS

Gabriella Dall' Olio

Tamara Young

ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR

Simon McVeigh

CONCERT MANAGER

Neil Selby

* committee member

BROMLEY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Bromley Symphony Orchestra was formed in 1918 by Miss Beatrice Fowle and Miss Gwynne Kimpton, teachers at Bromley High School for Girls. Over the years, it has earned a high reputation for concerts of professional standard and has worked with many famous soloists and conductors. Sir Adrian Boult conducted regularly in the 1940s and in 1952 Norman Del Mar took over. Internationally renowned soloists who have performed with the orchestra include Paul Tortelier, John Lill, Dennis Brain, Kathleen Ferrier, Ralph Holmes, Hugh Bean, Emma Johnson, Leslie Howard and Sir Donald McIntyre.

President	Anthony Payne
Vice-Presidents	Shirley & Geoff Griffiths John & Riet Carmichael
Chairman	Paul Jenner

Patrons

Mrs Jill Brodie	Glynn & Denyse Griffiths	Dr Beryl Magrath
John & Riet Carmichael	Shirley & Geoff Griffiths	Dr Kathy McCarthy
Harold Coronel	Mrs Jean Handorff	Professor & Mrs S.W. McVeigh
Mr & Mrs B W Davis	Richard & Maureen Holden	Mrs June Norton
Mr & Mrs T J Dillon	Mr Alan Howes	Mr Martin Perkins
Mr & Mrs J Farrel	Yvonne and David Lowe	Penny Steer
		Richard and Barbara Wood

The BSO gratefully acknowledges the generosity of its Patrons, who provide the orchestra with an important and much valued source of funding.

If you are able to support the orchestra in this way, please send your donation (we suggest a minimum of £25 for individuals and £40 for couples) to:
The Treasurer, Bromley Symphony Orchestra, PO Box 1065, Bromley, BR1 9QD

You are reminded that a bequest in your will, as well as being a “painless” form of giving, is particularly valuable since, being a gift to a charity, it does not form part of your estate, thus reducing your Inheritance Tax liability.

The Orchestra is most appreciative of the help kindly given by many other individuals in the provision of such services as stewards, interval refreshments, ticket and programme sales, stage management and publicity.

For information on our concerts, visit www.bromleysymphony.org
or leave your name & address or email address at the ticket desk.