

What's Next?

December: *Nordlys*, music of Scandinavian composers ~ On Friday and Sunday, December 16 & 18, 2 pm the Rawson Duo at their Chimacum home will present their fifth annual *Nordlys* (Northern Lights) concert showcasing works by Scandinavian composers at the turn of the century. Reservations are now being taken; complete details soon to be announced. (it's all Grieg to me? Not really, but could be.)

January: *Bella Italia* ~ On Friday and Sunday, January 20 & 22, 2 pm the Rawson Duo will present a second installment of their popular program premiered last January featuring Italian Masterpieces. Several items are brewing for this program including Ottorino Respighi's stunning and powerful Sonata in B minor.

Coming soon: *Encore: Rhapsody in Blue; Paris Bohème (Paris of the 1920s and '30s); and more . . .*
(watch for those emails)

Reservations: Seating is limited and arranged through advanced paid reservation, \$22 (unless otherwise noted). Contact Alan or Sandy Rawson, email rawsonduo@gmail.com or call 379-3449. Notice of event details, dates and times when scheduled will be sent via email or ground mail upon request. Be sure to be on the Rawsons' mailing list. For more information, visit:

www.rawsonduo.com

Web Sites and items related to today's program

www.bsamuseum.wordpress.com ~ the Birmingham Small Arms (BSA) & Military bicycling museum, lots of information about BSA civilian bicycles and cycling in the military.

www.pristineclassical.com ~ detailed biographical information on numerous composers.

www.world-war-pictures.com ~ the world wars through posters, photographs, poets and artists.

www.youtube.com ~ Search "EJ Moeran" for several quality recordings posted including his symphony in G minor. Also search "Moeran Kenmare Centennial" for a home video tour of the area and things related to Moeran. "Williams Lark Meredith" will bring up the complete Meredith poem, shown line by line along with a recording of *Lark Ascending*.

www.poetryfoundation.org ~ "an independent literary organization committed to a vigorous presence for poetry in our culture. It exists to discover and celebrate the best poetry and to place it before the largest possible audience." (mission statement from their home page. It's a fascinating site I'll have to spend more time with ~ *the editor*)

www.sussexmillsgroup.org.uk ~ interested in English windmills? Look no further.

HANGING OUT AT THE RAWSONS (take a look around)



Harold Nelson has had a lifelong passion for art, particularly photo images and collage. It sustained him through years of working in the federal bureaucracy with his last sixteen in Washington DC. He started using his current collage technique in 2004, two years before retirement from his first career and his move from Virginia to Port Townsend. His art is shown frequently on the Peninsula, and he is currently showing at Northwind Arts Center and the Northwind Showcase gallery.

www.hnelsonart.com

Cover: *Rest* engraved by John Cousen from painting by John Linnell, 1861

Rawson Duo Concert Series, 2011-12



At the home of Alan and Sandy Rawson
10318 Rhody Drive, Chimacum WA
Friday and Sunday, November 11 & 13, 2 pm

The Rawson Duo

Specializing in Romantic and early twentieth-century works, the **Rawson Duo** has given numerous recitals on college campuses and community performing arts series across the United States and Canada. The Rawsons now reside in Chimacum where they perform throughout the year in the intimate setting of their home located on 7.5 acres, bringing to life rarely heard works celebrated with warm hospitality.

Violinist **Alan Rawson** first pursued his music interests in his junior year in high school as a self-taught folk guitarist, recorder player, and madrigal singer. Classical Violin studies were begun at Cañada Junior College in Redwood City California, since their program did not include Country and Western fiddling. He received his Bachelor of Music and Master of Arts degrees from San Francisco State University and completed his doctorate degree at the University of Colorado in Boulder in violin performance studying with Oswald Lehnert while developing a passionate interest in Rocky Mountain cycling and cross country skiing. He has served on the music faculties of Concordia College in Moorhead, Minnesota and the University of Idaho in Moscow, and has recently retired from Minnesota State University Moorhead where he directed the University Orchestra and taught upper strings. He was concertmaster of the Fargo-Moorhead Symphony for twenty years and appeared as a featured orchestral soloist several times performing works by Tchaikowsky, Mozart, Sibelius, and Bruch, among others.

Alan has a passionate interest in exploring the music of past great composers, now all but lost to obscurity, and he is actively researching, locating and scanning public domain scores, making these freely available to the internet community worldwide.

A native of Fargo, ND, **Sandy Rawson** (pianist, organist, harpsichordist) completed her Bachelor of Music degree in piano performance at the University of Minnesota and continued her studies at the Musik Akademie in Vienna, Austria. During her long tenure in the Fargo Moorhead area, she was a highly active accompanist and large ensemble pianist performing with all the major organizations including opera, symphony, choral, ballet, universities and public schools. She frequently appeared on faculty and guest artist recitals at the three local universities, NDSU, MSUM, and Concordia College. An active church organist from the age of 14, she held the post of organist at the First Congregational Church in Fargo for 25 years. She currently is the organist for Sequim Community Church and piano accompanist for Peninsula Chamber Singers.

Sandy's love of music is equaled by her love for cooking. A professionally trained chef, having lived several years in Europe and Japan, international cuisine has been a lifelong passion. Today's *This England* reception:

Fruitcake with Marzipan Icing
Coconut and Lavender Tea Breads
Sticky Toffee Pudding Cakes
Cookies with Lemon Curd
Chocolate Scones with Raspberry Jam and Clotted Cream
Cheddar Shortbread
Irish Soda Bread and Smoked Salmon Paté
Tea Sandwiches: Egg and Basil / Chicken Saté

This England

Sonata (1923)

Ernest John Moeran (1896-1950)

Allegro non troppo ma energico

Lento

Vivace e molto ritmico

~ interval ~

Six Studies in English Folksong Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Adagio ("Lovely on the Water")

Andante sostenuto ("Spurn Point")

Larghetto ("Van Dieman's Land")

Lento ("She Borrowed Some of Her Mother's Gold")

Andante tranquillo ("The Lady and the Dragoon")

Allegro Vivace ("As I Walked Over London Bridge")

The Lark Ascending (1914-20)

~ interval ~

Sonata No. 1 in D Minor (1909)

John Ireland (1879-1962)

(dedicated to W.W. Cobbett)

Allegro leggiadro

Romance (In tempo sostenuto quasi adagio)

Rondo (Allegro sciolto)

**HE rises and begins to round,
He drops the silver chain of sound
Of many links without a break,
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,**
All intervolv'd and spreading wide,
Like water-dimples down a tide
Where ripple ripple overcurls
And eddy into eddy whirls;
A press of hurried notes that run
So fleet they scarce are more than one,
Yet changingly the trills repeat
And linger ringing while they fleet,
Sweet to the quick o' the ear, and dear
To her beyond the handmaid ear,
Who sits beside our inner springs,
Too often dry for this he brings,
Which seems the very jet of earth
At sight of sun, her music's mirth,
As up he wings the spiral stair,
A song of light, and pierces air
With fountain ardor, fountain play,
To reach the shining tops of day,
And drink in everything discern'd
An ecstasy to music turn'd,
Impell'd by what his happy bill
Disperses; drinking, showering still,
Unthinking save that he may give
His voice the outlet, there to live
Renew'd in endless notes of glee,
So thirsty of his voice is he,
For all to hear and all to know
That he is joy, awake, aglow,
The tumult of the heart to hear
Through pureness filter'd crystal-clear,
And know the pleasure sprinkled bright
By simple singing of delight,
Shrill, irreflective, unrestrain'd,
Rapt, ringing, on the jet sustain'd
Without a break, without a fall,
Sweet-silvery, sheer lyrical,
Perennial, quavering up the chord
Like myriad dewdrops of sunny sward
That trembling into fulness shine,
And sparkle dropping argentine;
Such wooing as the ear receives
From zephyr caught in choric leaves
Of aspens when their chattering net
Is flush'd to white with shivers wet,
And such the water-spirit's chime
On mountain heights in morning's prime,
Too freshly sweet to seem excess,
Too animate to need a stress;
But wider over many heads
The starry voice ascending spreads,
Awakening, as it waxes thin,
The best in us to him akin;
And every face to watch him rais'd,
Puts on the light of children prais'd,
So rich our human pleasure ripes
When sweetness on sincereness pipes
Though nought be promis'd from the seas,
But only a soft-ruffling breeze
Sweep glittering on a still content,
Serenity in ravishment.

**For singing till his heaven fills,
'Tis love of earth that he instils,
And ever winging up and up,
Our valley is his golden cup,
And he the wine which overflows
To lift us with him as he goes:**
The woods and brooks, the sheep and kine
He is, the hills, the human line,
The meadows green, the fallows brown,
The dreams of labor in the town;
He sings the sap, the quicken'd veins;
The wedding song of sun and rains
He is, the dance of children, thanks
Of sowers, shout of primrose-banks,
And eye of violets while they breathe;
All these the circling song will breathe,
And you shall hear the herb and tree,
The better heart of men shall see,
Shall feel celestially, as long
As you crave nothing save the song.
Was never voice of ours could say
Our inmost in the sweetest way,
Like yonder voice aloft, and link
All hearers in the song they drink:
Our wisdom speaks from failing blood,
Our passion is too full in flood,
We want the key of his wild note
Of truthful in a tuneful throat,
The song seraphically free
Of taint of personality,
So pure that it salutes the suns
The voice of one for millions,
In whom the millions rejoice
For giving their one spirit voice.

Yet men have we, whom we revere,
Now names, and men still housing here,
Whose lives, by many a battle-dint
Defaced, and grinding wheels on flint,
Yield substance, though they sing not, sweet
For song our highest heaven to greet:
Whom heavenly singing gives us new,
Enspheres them brilliant in our blue,
From firmest base to farthest leap,
Because their love of Earth is deep,
And they are warriors in accord
With life to serve and pass reward,
So touching purest and so heard
In the brain's reflex of yon bird;
Wherefore their soul in me, or mine,
Through self-forgetfulness divine,
In them, that song aloft maintains,
To fill the sky and thrill the plains
With showerings drawn from human stores,
As he to silence nearer soars,
Extends the world at wings and dome,
More spacious making more our home,
**Till lost on his aerial rings
In light, and then the fancy sings.**

* bold text is quoted in the Vaughan Williams score

*a few Bits of Interest**

Ernest John Moeran, or Jack to his friends, was born in Heston on 31st December 1894, the second son of the Rev J W W and Esther Moeran. Shortly after his birth the family moved to Bacton, in the remote Norfolk Fen Country. As a child he learned to play the violin and piano, and made some early compositional efforts while at Uppingham School (works he later destroyed).

In 1913 he enrolled at the Royal College of Music to study piano and composition under Sir Charles Stanford. His studies were cut short by the outbreak of war, and in 1914 he enlisted as a motorcycle despatch rider in the 6th (cyclist) Battalion of the Norfolk Regiment.

On 3rd May 1917, at Bullecourt in France, Moeran received a severe head injury, with shrapnel embedded too close to the brain for removal, and underwent what would now be considered primitive head surgery which involved the fitting of a metal plate into the skull. Unsurprisingly this was to affect him for the rest of his life.

After discharge from the services on a disability pension he returned briefly to teach at Uppingham before returning in 1920 to the music course at the Royal College, staying there under John Ireland. This period, the most active in his creative output, saw a number of important early works, including the *String Quartet in A Minor*, the *First Rhapsody* for orchestra, the *Piano Trio*, the *Violin Sonata* and a number of works for solo piano. Moeran had also by this time begun collecting folk songs, visiting pubs, especially in his native Norfolk, and noting down the old songs that were still to be heard at the time, something he was to partake in for the rest of his life.

Some of these folksongs Moeran set to his own arrangements, and collections for a variety of solo and ensemble vocal settings were to follow for the rest of his life. Of particular interest are the setting for voice and piano of *Six Folksongs from Norfolk*, *Six Suffolk Folksongs*, and *Songs from County Kerry*.

By the middle of the 20's Moeran had struck up a close friendship with Philip Heseltine, better known under his pen-name as the composer Peter Warlock. In 1925, together with the artist Hal Collins, they rented a house in Eynsford, Kent where they were to live together for three years of allegedly wild, drunken anarchy which brought them an assortment of musical and artistic visitors and the occasional attention of the local police. This period also saw an understandable decline in the regularity of Moeran's musical output. It is also thought that at Eynsford Moeran developed the alcoholism which so often overshadowed his work for the rest of his life.

On leaving the house as funds ran dry Moeran began to move towards a stylistic reappraisal which was to see him moving away from the earlier influence of composers such as Delius and Ireland, especially on his use of harmony. The first instrumental works to show signs of this were the *Sonata for Two Violins* and the *String Trio*, written during a period of ongoing illness and for the first time created straight onto the



* mostly hewn from the internet

page rather than through experimentation at the keyboard, as was the choral cycle *Songs of Springtime*.

It was also at this time that Moeran began to show a much greater interest in his Irish roots - his father was Dublin-born though raised in England, and Moeran had spent some time in Ireland while serving in the army, but it was not until the 1930's that Moeran began to relate his compositions away from the Norfolk countryside and towards Ireland, particularly County Kerry in the far south west of the country. He became particularly fond of the small town of Kenmare, and for most of the rest of his life it was to here that he would return for musical inspiration.



1924 BSA Roundtank

The work which was to occupy much of the 1930s had in fact been commissioned and started in 1924 - his *Symphony in G Minor*. Almost finished in the 20's, Moeran abandoned work on it, not to resume until 1934, and finally finish on January 24th 1937 in Kerry. The success of this major work seemed to boost Moeran's confidence, and almost immediately he began work on what has been seen by some as the *Symphony's* natural companion,



Kenmare, Ireland, home of "Moeran's Bar"

the *Violin Concerto*. This piece, completed in 1942 after five years, is imbued with Irish spirit and lyricism, and whereas the *Symphony* is often wracked with gloom and despair, the *Violin Concerto* seems to offer hope and enlightenment in response.

Once again, however, the country was at war, and one can only assume that the overshadowing of what was Moeran's finest compositional period has had a lot to do with his later obscurity. As the forties wore on he married the cellist Peers Coetmore and wrote for her a *Cello Concerto* and *Cello Sonata*. Other major works of the period include the *Sinfonietta*, the *Third Rhapsody for Piano and Orchestra* (the nearest he came to writing a full piano concerto), the *Fantasy Quartet for Oboes and Strings* and the *Serenade in G*.

But as the decade wore on his health declined. Moeran was wrestling with a second symphony which seemed imminent at several points in time, yet was never completed and later disappeared. The marriage to Peers, never destined to be one of the great romances, was faltering, and his drinking continued. By 1950 he was living in increasingly poor health in Kenmare, worried that his instability would result in being certified insane, unable to concentrate for more than a short time.



"in the mountain country he so loved"

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; no prayers nor 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 goodbyes.
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

Anthem for Doomed Youth
Wilfred Owen (1893-1918)



Wilfred Owen is known by many as the leading poet of the First World War. His poetry does not spare the reader from the horrors of war, and it stands in stark contrast to the idealistic prose of poets such as Rupert Brooke.

Owen was born near Oswestry, Shropshire and was educated at the Birkenhead Institute and at Shrewsbury Technical School. He later passed the matriculation exam for the University of London but failed to secure a first-class honors required for scholarship. Prior to the outbreak of war, Wilfred worked as a private tutor, teaching English at the Berlitz School of Languages in Bordeaux, France.

In 1915, he enlisted in the Artists' Rifles and in January 1917 was commissioned as a second lieutenant with the Manchester Regiment. He was treated for shell-shock at Craiglockhart War Hospital in Edinburgh after some traumatic experiences in battle.

Wilfred Owen was killed in action on the 4th November 1918, only one week before the end of the war, during the crossing of the Sambre-Oise-Canal. The news of his death, on 4 November 1918, was given to his mother on Armistice Day.



from www.world-war-pictures.com

A Day of Remembrance: *Armistice, 1918*
“the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month”



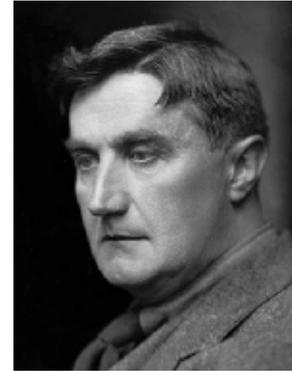
I am sitting amid the golden splendour of this generous harvest of 1914. Field upon field of grain is spread out before me. All down this slope of the valley and all up the hillside opposite the ripe corn stands in stooks ready for the ‘leading’ as they say hereabouts – or the ‘carrying’ as it is called elsewhere. Along the road which traverses the foot of the valley a wagon heavily laden with its golden burden passes towards the homestead. I see it sway to and fro like a ship in a cross sea, and faintly hear the chatter of the men in charge. Over all is a perfectly blue sky, with never a suspicion of cloud to fracture its perfection. Over all is a flood of sunshine. This, I muse, is England at its best – peaceful, happy, and contented England.

And then a shadow crosses my mind, and the current of my thoughts turns to the terrible tragedy which is being enacted on the Continent. I think of that other harvest – a harvest of red, which is being garnered amid the roar of cannon, the crack of rifle, the thrust of naked steel, but a day’s journey from where I loiter among the golden stooks. It is awful to compare the two pictures: here a picture of peace, a picture of harvest time in this wonderful England of ours – there slaughter, slaughter, slaughter, and alas! things a hundred times worse than slaughter.

from *The Cycle in Warfare* (bsamuseum.wordpress.com)

On 1st December 1950, during a heavy storm, he was seen to fall from the pier at Kenmare, and was dead on his recovery from the sea. The cause of death would appear to have been a cerebral haemorrhage following a heart attack. He was buried shortly after in Kenmare.

E.J. Moeran biographical notes by Andrew Rose (pristineclassical.com)



From the beginning of his career, in the first years of the twentieth century, **Ralph Vaughan Williams** was seen as a composer rooted in the past. His first significant large-scale work, the *Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis* composed in 1910, is indebted to the music of his sixteenth-century predecessor and to the great English tradition. His entire upbringing was steeped in tradition—he was related both to the pottery Wedgwoods and Charles Darwin. (“The Bible says that God made the world in six days,” his mother told him. “Great Uncle Charles thinks it took longer: but we need not worry about it, for it is equally wonderful either way.”) He became a serious student of English folk song and edited the *English Hymnal*.

Even the experience of studying with Ravel in 1908, which clearly enhanced his understanding of color and sonority, only served to sharpen his own individual style and to ground him more firmly in the sensibilities of his musical heritage. Years later, Ravel would call him “the only one of my pupils who does not write my music.” In fact, Vaughan Williams was one of the first composers of the new century who managed to forge a strong personal style almost exclusively from the materials of the past. “My advice to young composers,” he wrote, “is learn your own language first, find out your own traditions, discover what you want to do.”

The Lark Ascending, which Vaughan Williams composed in 1914, is indebted both to English folk song and to the composer’s reading of the work of the English novelist and poet George Meredith. For much of his life, Vaughan Williams lived near Dorking, Surrey, not far from Meredith’s beloved Box Hill, where the poet died, crippled and nearly deaf, in 1909. Vaughan Williams originally wrote *The Lark Ascending* as a short romance for violin and piano. The autograph is prefaced by lines from Meredith’s poem, “The Lark Ascending.” When Vaughan Williams enlisted in the army in 1914, after the outbreak of World War I (he was forty-one at the time), he set the score aside. The experience of serving in the war—he was an orderly with the Royal Army Medical Corps in France and then an officer—seems only to have heightened his nostalgia for a simpler time and for a world that no longer existed. It isn’t surprising then, that shortly after he came home in 1919, he picked up *The Lark Ascending*, lovingly fine-tuned it, and eventually orchestrated it as a touching souvenir of a time gone by. Even the song of the lark itself, which Vaughan Williams suggests in the flourishes of the solo violin, is now a rare thing, the bird’s population in decline and much of its natural habitat irrevocably spoiled.

The Lark Ascending is one of the supreme achievements of English landscape painting. In a single sweep of velvety pastoral writing, Vaughan Williams extols the untroubled joys of nature, the call of the lark, and, particularly in the animated middle section, the genial folk music of earlier times.

from *Chicago Symphony program notes by Phillip Huscher (CSO.org)*

John Ireland was born in Bowdon, near Manchester, England on 13th August 1879. His parents were literary people and knew many writers of the day, including Emerson. Ireland entered the newly-established Royal College of Music in London at the age of fourteen, lost both his parents shortly after, and had to make his own way as an orphaned teenager, studying piano, organ and composition. The last was under Sir Charles Stanford, who taught many of the English composers who emerged at the end of the 19th century: Ralph Vaughan Williams, Gustav Holst, Frank Bridge (born in the same year as Ireland), Eugene Goossens, Arthur Bliss, Herbert Howells, George Butterworth, and many others.



Ireland destroyed almost all his student works and juvenilia (the beautiful *Sextet for Clarinet, Horn and String Quartet* being one of the few works which he permitted to be published, and then only towards the end of his life) and emerged as a celebrated composer towards the end of World War I when his *Violin Sonata No.2 in A minor* brought him overnight fame. From then until his death in 1962 he led an outwardly uneventful life combining composition, composition teaching at the Royal College (where his pupils included Benjamin Britten and E. J. Moeran), and his position as organist and choirmaster at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, in London.

Ireland's music belongs to the school of 'English Impressionism'. Having been brought up on the German classics, notably Beethoven and Brahms, he was strongly influenced in his twenties and thirties by the music of Debussy, Ravel, and the early works of Stravinsky and Bartók. While many of his contemporaries, such as Vaughan Williams and Holst, developed a language strongly characterised by English folk song, Ireland evolved a more complex harmonic style closer to the French and Russian models. Like Fauré, he preferred the intimate forms of chamber music, song, and piano music to the larger orchestral and choral canvases. He wrote neither symphony (unlike his friend Arnold Bax who wrote seven) nor opera and only one cantata, *These Things Shall Be*, but his *Piano Concerto* is arguably the best to have been written by an Englishman, and is a work of intense emotion and nostalgic feeling.

Ireland was strongly influenced by English poetry. His settings of A. E. Housman, Thomas Hardy, Christina Rossetti, John Masfield and Rupert Brooke are among the best known of his works. He was also highly susceptible to the spirit of place. He lived for many years in London's Chelsea (*Chelsea Reach* for piano is a depiction in the form of a barcarole of that great sweep of the Thames as it passes along the Embankment to the west of the Houses of Parliament). He was also devoted to the Channel Islands of Guernsey and Jersey. Their location between England and France must have seemed appropriate to his musical orientation, but more importantly he found there traces of prehistoric pagan ritual to which he had originally been drawn through the writings of the Welsh writer Arthur Machen.



Ireland's Studio, 1904-26
14 Gunter Grove, Chelsea

But perhaps his greatest love was for the English county of Sussex, a landscape of rolling downs and (in Ireland's day) isolated villages, including Amberley whose 'Wild Brooks' - streams coursing through fields - gave him the inspiration for one of the most brilliant of his piano pieces (*Amberly Wild Brooks*) . . .

He first came to Sussex in the early 1920s when he was in his early 40s. He took rooms in Ashington overlooking Chanctonbury Ring. He would make notes on walks and use them to work on compositions in his Chelsea studio . . .

Ireland, at length, settled in a picturesque converted windmill at Washington half way between Storrington and Steyning, in the shadow of Chanctonbury Ring. Here he spent the last decade of his life. Norah Kilby (Ireland's devoted companion of his latter years) remembered:

"He'd known Rock Mill, by sight, for nearly thirty years and coveted it; he really wanted to live there. One day, about the time of the Coronation, when he was staying in Ashington, I came down to visit him and we went for a drive into Steyning to visit his favourite antique showrooms. On the way back, he noticed a board up at the end of the drive to Rock Mill. We went to the agents straight away and met the lady owning the property and from then on things moved very quickly and the Mill became his . . ."



Rock Mill

Many of John Ireland's works have strong Sussex connections: *The Downland Suite*, *Equinox*, *Amberley Wild Brooks*, the *Cello Sonata* inspired by a place on the Downs known as the Devil's Jumps and, perhaps, most colourfully, *Legend for Piano and Orchestra*.

Harrow Hill is located high up on the Downs above and well to the south of Storrington. Access to Harrow Hill is by footpath - there is no public road. You are walking into a remote and mysterious region which one feels time has passed by. It was here that Ireland found the inspiration for *Legend for Piano and Orchestra*. It is based on two stories that were related by Mrs. Kirby:

"In the far distant past there had been a leper colony in a remote part of the Downs and there had been a steep path leading up to what was known as Friday's Church because the clergyman attended it on Fridays for a service for the benefit of the lepers who were allowed to participate through a squint so that they shouldn't contaminate the congregation. On one occasion John Ireland arose early, cut some sandwiches and chose Harrow Hill as the place for his picnic. Just as he was about to start eating, he noticed some children dancing around him in archaic clothing -very quiet, very silent, He was a little put out about having his peace invaded by children; he looked away for a moment, when he looked back they had disappeared. The incident made such an impression on him that he wrote about his experience to Arnold Machen whose books had greatly influenced much of his music. The reply he received was a postcard with the laconic message "So, you've seen them too!"

~ Bruce Phillips, *The John Ireland Charitable Trust* (musicweb-international.com)