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RECORDINGS



Holst Beni Mora Choral Symphony, Op. 41

Heather Harper *soprano*

BBC Symphony Orchestra · BBC Chorus and Choral Society

Sir Malcolm Sargent

Perhaps one of the most important influences in Gustav Holst's life was his friendship with Ralph Vaughan Williams, two years his senior, whom he met at the Royal College of Music in 1895. They had a common purpose of ensuring English music was put back on the cultural map, not least through the use of folk song, which both men spent some time after the turn of the 19th century collecting on tours through the countryside. Holst would however soon broaden out his intellectual curiosity in a different direction – in particular eastwards, to the cultures of North Africa, the Levant and India. The last was supercharged by his interest in Sanskrit, and he would write several works, notably *Savitri* and the *Rig Veda* hymns, as a direct result of that influence.

But it was not least through Vaughan Williams's kindness to him that Holst was inspired to write **Beni Mora** (which he termed his "Oriental Suite", and which is one of his most bewitching works) after a visit to Algiers in the winter of 1908. Holst never enjoyed the best of health, and his condition was aggravated by overwork prompted mainly by a lack of funds. By the time he went to North Africa he was suffering badly from asthma and neuritis, and all these factors combined to make him depressed. It was clear that some time in a warmer and more relaxing environment would improve matters, and Vaughan Williams – who, unlike Holst, was a man of private means – paid for him to go to Algiers. One day Holst was strolling through the city streets and heard an indigenous musician playing a single phrase repeatedly for two hours on a bamboo flute. Holst noted the phrase down, and it formed the basis for his Suite's third and final movement, named after the location in which he heard it: "In the Street of the Ouled Nails". Holst read voraciously anything to do with the East, and this diet had included *The Garden of Allah* by minor British novelist Robert Hichens (1864–1950), which was set in a fictional place called Beni Mora. This gave Holst his title for the whole of the Suite.

The first two movements are designated, simply, as First Dance and Second Dance. First Dance evokes the mysticism of the Arab world, combining lively rhythms with more reflective

moments and using woodwind especially to create a flavour of exoticism amid great orchestral flourishes, though it ends quietly. The Second Dance has a sinuousness to it, opening with a solo bassoon answered by strings and underpinned by gentle timpani. As with other works inspired by Holst's interest in the East – one thinks particularly of his *Japanese Suite* of 1915 – the strong elements of oriental influence are quickly contrasted with music that could only be English, and written by a man steeped in the musical traditions of that country.

"In the Street of the Ouled Nails" begins almost furtively with phrases on low strings, until the flute makes its subtle entry. It then plays the eight-note tune Holst heard in Algiers, which is repeated 163 times: critics have referred to this as an early sign of minimalism, and they may well be correct. Holst was never a composer to overwrite: for him, less was more, while the same could not be said of some of his recent, more florid, forebears. The tune then becomes the foundation for others, with different rhythms, played by the whole orchestra, notably with dramatic percussion (the tambourine and timpani foremost), soaring strings and growling basses. Near the end the brass take up the tune the flautist has been playing, leading to a dramatic climax in which the whole ensemble is playing it. As well as being hypnotic, it becomes overwhelming, and if one knows Holst only by works such as *The Planets* (great and innovative though that suite, too, is), one is struck by the intense originality of this creation. Indeed, the germ of the vision that made *The Planets* – which Holst began to write two years after the first performance of *Beni Mora* – can be detected in the earlier piece: there had been nothing quite like either work in the English canon, whatever the emanations of genius from Parry, Elgar and Vaughan Williams. *Beni Mora* has a gentle, almost philosophical conclusion that suggests something of eternity.

For all that we now hear of the Suite's remarkable originality, the work was given a cool reception at its premiere at the Queen's Hall in London on 1 May 1912, when Holst himself conducted it. There was hissing from some of the audience, whose conservatism seemed strangely outdated at a time when Oriental culture was widely popular in London, and one

unenlightened critic harrumphed about the work incarnating the idea of “Biskra dancing girls in Langham Place”. Vaughan Williams was not merely being loyal to his friend when he wrote that “if it had been played in Paris rather than London it would have given its composer a European reputation, and played in Italy would probably have caused a riot”. That reputation would not be long in coming, thanks to the phenomenal success of *The Planets*, but one must stress again that the genius that produced that work is clearly audible in *Beni Mora*.

Sir Malcom Sargent’s recording on this album, made with the BBC Symphony Orchestra in 1956, is one of the fastest of all accounts of this work: only the composer himself takes it at a quicker tempo, and then only in the First Dance. The effect is to showcase a sharp, penetrating work with a sense of freshness given by playing that relays the power of the work anew even to those who have heard it many times.

Sargent was also a formidable choral conductor, and this talent is manifest in the other recording included here, Holst’s [First] **Choral Symphony**, Op.41 of 1923–24. The work dates from a time when the composer was beginning to feel that he had not built enough on the success of *The Planets*, whose first performance had been in London in September 1918, just before Holst was due to embark for Salonika to contribute to the war effort (something he had been yearning to do since 1914). He had tried to write an opera, with *The Perfect Fool*, but like *Beni Mora* and so many of his other works it was met with disregard, despite the later popularity of an independent suite distilled from its opening ballet. He was still working to the point of exhaustion in order to provide for his wife and daughter, and with a complete collapse of health apparently imminent he was ordered by his doctors to take a year off from his relentless teaching work, mainly that undertaken at St Paul’s Girls’ School in Hammersmith.

He already had his Choral Symphony in draft form and, commanded to do nothing else, took the score with him to his house in the sleepy and picturesque little town of Thaxted

in North Essex and immediately began to revise, re-work and polish it. The work had been commissioned by the Leeds Triennial Festival for performance in the autumn of 1925, where it was conducted by Albert Coates with Dorothy Silk – a former housemaid whose career Holst had done much to encourage – as soloist. A London performance, also conducted by Coates and featuring Silk, took place within weeks. The music is of the highest calibre, demonstrating the mastery of colour, invention and orchestration that had been confirmed by *The Planets*; but, yet again, critics scorned the work, and one suspects that those expressing disenchantment did so mainly because they could not comprehend why Holst had not written something as straightforward as *The Planets* again.

The Leeds premiere appeared to go well: reviewing it in the *Musical Times*, Harvey Grace wrote that “this Symphony of Holst’s gives the text the best of chances” and commended the use of voices as another part of the orchestral ensemble rather than distinct from it. He also praised the “great variety and rhythmic interest” of the vocal writing and drew attention to the name of the piece. By calling it his “First” Choral Symphony the composer strongly intimated there would be at least a second – a display of confidence unusual in so understated a composer. At the subsequent London performance, however, the orchestra and chorus were badly under-rehearsed given the complexities of the score. The resulting bad impression deterred further programming of the work. It also had a damaging effect on Holst’s general reputation, which was never as high again until after his death in 1934. The atmosphere of disregard towards the Symphony even affected Vaughan Williams who, despite his devotion to Holst, described his feelings towards it as those of “cold admiration”. However, just as Holst’s general reputation has risen, so has appreciation of the Choral Symphony: it is a work that in its radical structure, use of verse and the novel demands it made upon singers was ahead of its time and one that, rather like *Beni Mora*, was met by some of its initial critics with a blinkered conservatism that has long since worn off and given way to a sensible and intelligent perspective on it.

There was also apparent dissatisfaction at the range of texts Holst had chosen to set, with critics looking for a coherence of theme that the composer had never intended to be present: he was simply motivated by setting words he felt the desire to put to music. There is a common theme – all are poetry by John Keats (1795–1821), but the verse is, to put it mildly, diverse. The most famous come from the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*; almost unknown are some lines the poet scribbled on the flyleaf of a book of plays. What they did have in common was that the very words themselves suggested something musical to him: they did not point to any great message or philosophy.

The work is divided into a Prelude and four movements, in keeping with the idea of conventional symphonic structure. The Prelude is titled “Invocation to Pan”, and is a haunting, highly atmospheric opening reflecting the mystical undercurrents in so much of the composer’s work. The setting is of verse from the shepherds’ chorus in *Endymion*; and Holst used the Roundelay from Book IV of the same poem for the first movement, named “Song and Bacchanal”. The second movement is a setting of the *Ode to a Grecian Urn*; the third is a Scherzo, comprising “Fancy” and “Folly’s Song”, from *Extracts from an Opera*.

The Finale, the longest of all the sections, uses lines from various of Keats’s poems, starting with “Spirit here that reignest”, lines the poet had written in his copy of Beaumont and Fletcher’s plays. The rest of the movement sets lines from the *Hymn to Apollo*, the *Ode to Apollo* and another ode, *Bards of Passion and of Mirth*. The singing of the settings largely alternates between a solo soprano – on this recording, Heather Harper (1930–2019) – and the chorus.

Irrespective of how the critics appraised this intensely personal work, Holst – who often bottled up his feelings more than was perhaps good for him – wrote within months of the first performance, “I think the work as a whole is the best thing I have ever written”. He even started, late in life, to write a Second Choral Symphony, using the poetry of George Meredith, but his premature death intervened: the sketches are in the British Library.

Although there have now been several recordings of the *First Choral Symphony* (and none finer than this one by Sargent, who brought to the task a personal acquaintance with Holst and a deep understanding of the composer's inspiration and motivation) it remains a stranger to the concert hall. One increasingly feels that Holst's day is yet to come, however, and when it does, a wider public may at last share his view of this beautiful, special and deeply inspired piece of music.

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LANI SPAHR – audio restoration engineer, producer and annotator – has garnered critical praise from *Gramophone* (“There are historic releases that make the grade because they are just that – ‘historic’ – and there are releases that make history because they are musically overwhelming. This set is both.”), BBC Radio 3, *BBC Music Magazine*, *Fanfare*, *The Sunday Times*, MusicWeb International, *Diapason*, Classical Source, *International Record Review*, and many others.

In 2016, BBC Radio 3 presented an hour-long documentary about his stereo reconstructions for Elgar Remastered (SOMMCD 261-4). In addition to his close collaboration with SOMM, which has produced several critically acclaimed recordings, his work can be heard on Music & Arts, West Hill Radio Archive, Naxos, Boston Records, and Oboe Classics, and he has worked for Sony/France on historic restorations of the recordings of George Szell. In 2020, he was awarded an Honorary Membership of the Elgar Society for his work on the recorded legacy of Sir Edward Elgar.

Formerly a leading performer on period oboes in the US, he was a member of Boston Baroque and the Handel and Haydn Society Orchestra of Boston. In addition, he has appeared with many of North America's leading period instrument orchestras, including Tafelmusik, Philharmonia Baroque, Tempesta di Mare, Apollo's Fire, Washington Bach Consort, the American Classical Orchestra, Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra, Mercury Baroque, and many others.

Also a modern oboist, he was the principal oboist of the Colorado Springs Symphony Orchestra, the Colorado Opera Festival, the American Chamber Winds, and the Maine Chamber Ensemble and made his European solo debut in 1999 playing John McCabe's Oboe Concerto with the Hitchin Symphony Orchestra in England.

He has served on the faculties of Colorado College, Phillips Exeter Academy (New Hampshire), and the University of New Hampshire Chamber Music Institute. He has toured throughout North America, Europe, and the Far East on period and modern oboes and has recorded for Telarc, Linn, Koch, Naxos, Vox, MusicMasters, L'Oiseau-Lyre, and Musica Omnia.

4 Prelude: Invocation to Pan

CHORUS

O Thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who lov'st to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
And through whole solemn hours dost sit,
and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds –
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx – do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain, be still the leaven:
That, spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal – a new birth:
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown – but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Paean,
Upon thy Mount Lycean!

5 Song and Bacchanal

SOLO

Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,
I sat a-weeping: in the whole world wide
There was no one to ask me why I wept, –
And so I kept
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
Cold as my fears.

Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,
I saw a-weeping: what enamoured bride,
Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,
But hides and shrouds
Beneath dark palm trees by a river side?

And as I sat, over the light blue hills
There came a noise of revellers: the rills
Into the wide stream came of purple hue –
'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
From kissing cymbals made a merry din –
'Twas Bacchus and his kin!

CHORUS

Bacchus!

SOLO

Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley
To scare thee. Melancholy!
O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!
And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
By shepherds is forgotten, when, in June,
Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and moon:
I rushed into the folly!

CHORUS

"Whence came ye, merry Damsels, whence came ye?
So many, and so many, and such glee?
Why have ye left your bowers desolate,
Your lutes, and gentler fate?"

"We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,
A-conquering!
Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,
We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide:
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our wild minstrelsy!"

SOLO

Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,
With sidelong laughing;
And little rills of crimson wine imbrued
His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white
For Venus' pearly bite:
And near him rode Silenus on his ass
Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
Tipsily quaffing.

CHORUS

"Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs, whence came ye?
So many, and so many, and such glee?
Why have ye left your forest haunts why left
Your nuts in oak-tree cleft?"
"For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;
For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
And cold mushrooms;
For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth;
Great God of breathless cups and chirping mirth!

I Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our mad minstrelsy!"

SOLO

Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
With Asian elephants:
Onward these myriads – with song and dance,
With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians' prance,
Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil
Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers' toil:
With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
Nor care for wind and tide.

CHORUS

Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,
We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide;
For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth;
Great God of breathless cups and chirping mirth!
We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,
A-conquering!

6 Ode on a Grecian Urn

CHORUS

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme;
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal – yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar. O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty",
SOLO that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Scherzo

7 FANCY CHORUS
Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let wingèd Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumns red-lipped fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloy with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;

When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the cakèd snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overaw'd,
Fancy, high-commission'd: – send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it: – thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;
Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And in the same moment – hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw:
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;

Shaded hyacinth alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearlèd with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its cellèd sleep;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Everything is spoilt by use:
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let wingèd Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:

Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.

[8] FOLLY'S SONG

When wedding fiddles are a-playing,
Huzza for folly O!
And when maidens go a-Maying,
Huzza for folly O!
When a milk-pail is upset,
Huzza for folly O!
And the clothes left in the wet,
Huzza for folly O!
When the barrel's set a-broach,
Huzza for folly O!
When Kate Eyebrow keeps a coach,
Huzza for folly O!
When the pig is over-roasted,
And the cheese is over-toasted,
When Sir Snap is with his lawyer,
And Miss Chip has kiss'd the sawyer,
Huzza for folly O!

[9] Finale

SOLO

Spirit here that reignest!
Spirit here that painest!
Spirit here that burnest!
Spirit here that mournest!
Spirit, I bow
My forehead low,
Enshaded with thy pinions.
Spirit, I look,
All passion-struck,
Into thy pale dominions.

CHORUS

God of the golden bow,
And of the golden lyre,
And of the golden hair,
And of the golden fire!

In thy western halls of gold
When thou sittest in thy state,
Bards, that erst sublimely told
Heroic deeds, and sang of fate,
With fervour seize their adamant lyres,
Whose chords are solid rays and twinkle
radiant fires.

Here Homer with his nervous arms
Strikes the twanging harp of war,
And even the western splendour warms
While the trumpets sound afar.

SOLO

Then, though thy Temple wide, melodious swells
The sweet majestic tone of Maro's lyre:
The soul delighted on each accent dwells –
Enraptured dwells – not daring to respire,
The while he tells of grief around a funeral pyre.

CHORUS

'Tis awful silence then again;
Expectant stand the spheres;
Breathless the laurell'd peers.
Nor move, till ends the lofty strain,
Nor move till Milton's tuneful thunders cease,
And leave once more the ravish'd heavens in peace.

Thou biddest Shakespeare wave his hand,
And quickly forward spring
The Passions – a terrific band –
And each vibrates the string
That with its tyrant temper best accords,
While from their Master's lips pour forth
the inspiring words.

A silver trumpet Spenser blows,
And, as its martial notes to silence flee,
From a virgin chorus flows
A hymn in praise of spotless Chastity.
'Tis still! Wild warblings from the Aeolian lyre
Enchantment softly breathe, and tremblingly expire.

SOLO

Next thy Tasso's ardent numbers
Float along the pleasèd air,
Calling youth from idle slumbers,
Rousing them from Pleasure's lair:
Then o'er the strings his fingers gently move,
And melt the soul to pity and to love.

CHORUS

But when Thou joinest with the Nine,
And all the powers of song combine,
We listen here on earth:
The dying tones that fill the air,
And charm the ear of evening fair,
From thee, great God of Bards,
receive their heavenly birth.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?

Yes, and those of heav'n commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wondrous,
And the parle of voices thund'rous;
With the whisper of heav'n's trees
And one another, is soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, trancèd thing,
But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumbered, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

SOLO

Spirit here that reignest!

Spirit here that painest!

Spirit here that burnest!

Spirit here that mournest!

Spirit, I bow

My forehead low,

Enshaded with thy pinions.

Spirit, I look,

All passion-struck,

Into thy pale dominions.

CHORUS

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,

Ye have left your souls on earth!

Ye have souls in heaven too,

Double-lived in regions new!

John Keats (1795–1821)

Gustav Holst 1874–1934

^b Heather Harper *soprano* • BBC Chorus and Choral Society

BBC Symphony Orchestra

Sir Malcolm Sargent *conductor*

Beni Mora, Op.29 No.1 ^a

[14:02]

Oriental Suite for Orchestra in E minor

- | | | |
|---|--|------|
| ① | First Dance: Adagio – Vivace | 5:21 |
| ② | Second Dance: Allegretto | 2:53 |
| ③ | Finale: Adagio – Allegro moderato "In the Street of the Ouled Nails" | 5:48 |

Choral Symphony, Op.41 ^b

[51:34]

- | | | |
|---|----------------------------|-------|
| ④ | Prelude: Invocation to Pan | 4:43 |
| ⑤ | I. Song and Bacchanal | 10:31 |
| ⑥ | II. Ode on a Grecian Urn | 11:38 |
| | III. Scherzo: | |
| ⑦ | Fancy – | 3:01 |
| ⑧ | Folly's Song | 2:42 |
| ⑨ | IV. Finale | 18:55 |

Total duration:

65:37

^a Recording (Stereo): Kingsway Hall, London, 29 August 1956
(Original Release: HMV BSD 754)

^b BBC Live Broadcast (Mono): Royal Festival Hall, London, 22 January 1964 (Home Service)

Executive Producer: **Siva Oke**

Audio Restoration: **Lani Spahr**

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