ALAN BULLARD

A SONG TO SAINT HELENA

Cantata for Soprano and Bass Soloists, Choir and Orchestra

VOCAL SCORE

 $\underline{\text{A Song to Saint Helena}}$ was commissioned by Colchester Choral Society in memory of Mr W J Hughes (whose bequest partially funded the commission) and to celebrate the 800th anniversary of the granting of Colchester's first Charter by Richard I.

Saint Helena is the patron saint of Colchester and her statue tops the tower of the Moot Hall. I have taken the text from a number of sources and the work begins with settings of the inscriptions on the Moot Hall bells, written in about 1900 by Sir Gurney Benham and used with kind permission of Ms Maura Benham. An orchestral interlude then moves back to AD60, and in the Latin words of the $\underline{\text{Annals}}$ of Tacitus the shoir sing of the sacking and burning of the Roman colony of Colchester by the Iceni and the Trinovantes, led by Boadicea, while the bass solo sings a loose paraphrase of the Latin text.

The next section suggests a ruined Roman city, in the Dark Ages, dreaming of past and possible future splendours. Colchester must have been like this it was more or less abandoned by the year 800 - and although the fragmentary Anglo-Saxon poem The Ruin does not specifically refer to Colchester it seems entirely suitable here. I have set sections of the translation by Kevin Crossley-Holland, with his kind permission, for solo soprano and choir.

The revival of Colchester in the eleventh and twelfth centuries is typified by the Castle, St John's Abbey and St Botolph's Priory — and by the signing of the Charter in 1189. I have given part of the text of the Charter—in many ways the beginning of Colchester's modern prosperity—to the bass solo, with the choir later echoing and joining in with the bell inscriptions again. But the last word is for St Helena, the discoverer of the True Cross: the soloists, echoed by the choir, sing the fifteenth century Prayer to Saint Helena.

Musically, the work makes much use of scales and change-ringing techniques and as it progresses the scales change their quality from a rather brusque and earthly mode (Phrygian) to a luminous and heavenly one (Lydian), the key-centre always being E.

Alan Bullard.

2 Flutes (2nd = Piccolo), 2 Oboes, 2 Bassoons 3 Trumpets in B flat Orchestration:

Timpani (1 player), Percussion (2 players) Violins 1 and 2, Violas, Cellos, Double Basses

Duration: approximately 20 minutes

A SONG TO SAINT HELENA

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CHOIR
           Placed here on high We serve the town, Beneath the crown, Beneath the sky.
          Differing in size, In note and weight, Yet small or great We harmonise. With measured speech Well timed and true Our message due We tell to each.
          Brief, clear and bold, We say our say And then straightway Our peace we hold.
          O mortal race Our lesson learn: Each has his turn And time, and place.
           (Inscriptions on the Moot Hall bells by Sir Gurney Benham, used with permission)
CHOIR
          qua contumelia et metu graviorum, quando in formam provinciae cesserant,
BASS
          the people of Britain, led by Boadicea, had been ground down by the Roman oppressors,
          the Roman petty tyrants: the Britons were insulted, humiliated.
CHOIR
          rapiunt arma,
BASS
          so they took up arms, and rebelled.
CHOIR
          acerrimo in veteranos odio,
BASS
          they hated the Roman veterans, who had recently settled in Colchester,
CHOIR
          quippe in colonia Camulodunum recens deducti pellebant domibus, exturbabant agris,
          captivos, servos appellando.
BASS
          and driven them out of their land, calling them captives and servants, slaves.
CHOIR
          ad hoc templum divo Claudio constitutum quasi arx aeternae dominationis aspiciebatur,
BASS
          and, for the Britons, the temple of Claudius was a citadel of everlasting Roman oppression.
CHOIR
          inter quae nulla palam causa delapsum simulacrum Victoriae
BASS
          then, for no apparant reason, the Statue of Victory fell down,
CHOIR
          ac retro conversum quasi cederet hostibus.
BASS
          with its back turned, as though it were running away from the enemy.
CHOIR
          et cetera quidem impetu direpta aut incensa sunt:
          when everything had been stolen or set on fire -
BASS
          templum in quo se miles conglobaverat biduo obsessum expugnatumque.
CHOIR
BASS
          the temple where the soldiers were hiding was besieged, and taken by storm.
          (from the Annals of Tacitus: English paragnase by A.B.)
          O mortal race Our lesson learn: Each has his turn And time, and place.
CHOIR
          Wonderful is this wall of stone, wrecked by fate.
CHOIR
          The city buildings crumble, the bold works of the giants decay.
SOPRANO
          Roofs have cave in, towers collapsed,
          Barred gates are gone, gateways have gaping mouths, hoar frost clings to mortar....
          Slaughtered men fell far and wide, death struck down every valiant man,
CHOIR
SOPRANO
          Death struck down every valiant man,
          ....Deserted ramparts became waste places, the derelict town decayed.
CHOIR
           ....Warriors and craftsmen by dead in the earth....
SOPRANO
          Here, long ago, many a harpy man
CHOIR
          Was clothed resplendently in glowing gold.
          Proud and flushed with wine, in his shining armour
          He gazed upon his treasure...silver and curious stones,
          Gold, gems, and precious jewels....

And he gazed at this fine castle, built in a great kingdom.
          (from the Anglo-Saxon poem The Ruin, translated by Kevin Crossley-Holland, used with
          Richard, by the grace of God, King of England, Duke of Normandy and Aquitain....
BASS
          to the Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, Earls, Barons, Sheriffs, Stewards, Provosts, and
          all his Bailiffs and faithful subjects of his whole land within the sea and beyond,
          Know ye, that we have granted, and by this our present charter have confirmed to our
          burgesses of Colchester, that they may appoint from amongst themselves whomsoever they
(+CHOIR)
          will for Bailiffs and a Justice to hold the pleas of our crown, and to plead the same
          pleas within their borough.
CHOIR +
          Placed here on high We serve the town, Beneath the crown, Beneath the sky.
SOPRANO
          Grant that they be free through the whole of England....
BASS
          Differing in size, In note and weight, Yet small or great, We harmonise.
CHOIR
          And they that owe them debts, shall well and fully pay them...
BASS
          With measured speech Well timed and true Our message due We tell to each.
CHOIR
          And all the burgesses may hunt the fox, and the hare, and the polecat....
BASS
CHOIR +
          Brief, clear and bold, We say our say And then straightway Our peace we hold.
SOPRANO
          Given by the hand of William, our Chancellor, the sixth day of September, 1189.
BASS
          (from Colchester's Charter of 1189)
          O mortal race, Our lesson learn: Each has his turn And time, and place.
CHOIR
CHOIR +
SOLOISTS
          Saint Helena, I to thee pray To help me at my final day
          To set the cross and His passion Betwixt my sinful soul and doom (= judgment)
Now and in the hour of my death, And bring my soul to perfect rest.
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(Prayer to Saint Helena, c.1425, slightly modernised by A.B.)

19, Streetford Place, Lendon, W.1

Commissioned by Colchester Choral Society in memory of Mr W J Hughes

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ALAN BULLARD (1989)



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