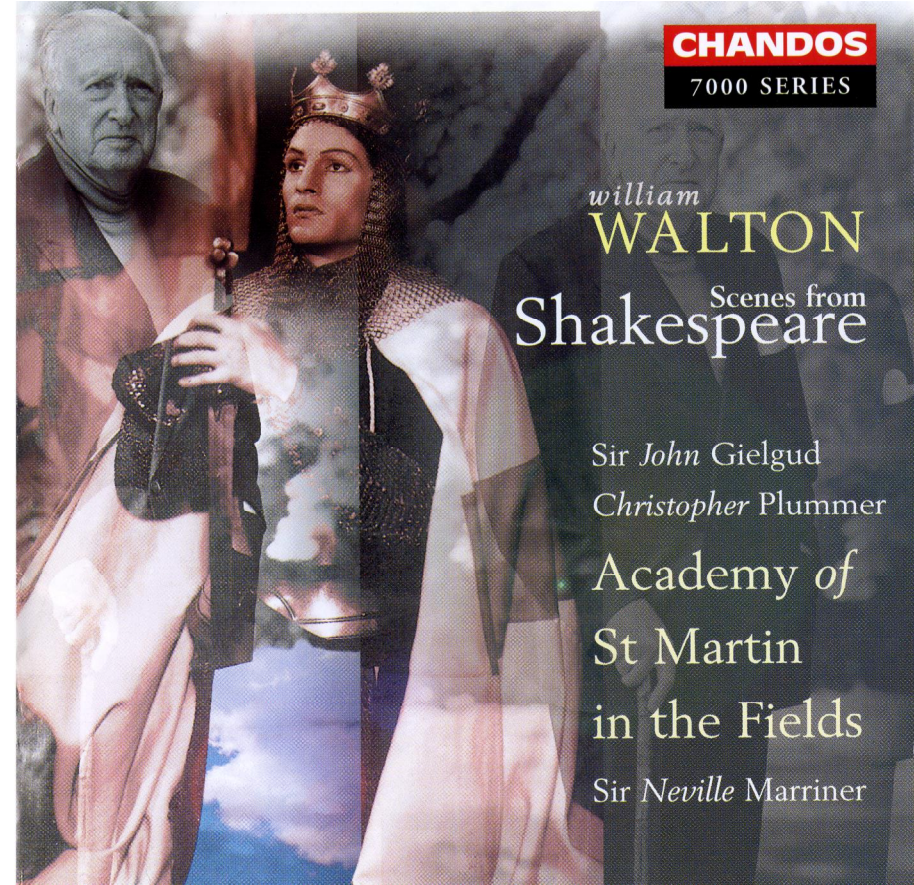
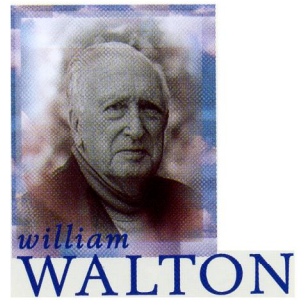


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Royal College of Music

William Walton

William Walton (1902–1983)

As You Like It* 5:35

A Poem for Orchestra after Shakespeare

compiled by Christopher Palmer

- | | | | |
|---|----|-----------|------|
| 1 | i | Prelude – | 2:52 |
| 2 | ii | Moonlight | 2:44 |

Henry V† 38:49

A Shakespeare Scenario

compiled by Christopher Palmer

- | | | | |
|---|----|---|-------|
| 3 | I | Prologue | 9:16 |
| 4 | II | Passacaglia on the Death of Falstaff | 2:46 |
| 5 | IV | Interlude: 'Touch her soft lips and part' | 2:14 |
| 6 | V | i) Harfleur – | 3:48 |
| 7 | | ii) The Night Watch | 5:21 |
| 8 | VI | St Crispin's Day – | 3:23 |
| 9 | | Agincourt | 11:54 |

Hamlet* 17:50

A Shakespeare Scenario

compiled by Christopher Palmer

- | | | | |
|----|------|------------------------|------|
| 10 | II | Fanfare – | 0:56 |
| 11 | | Soliloquy – | 2:36 |
| 12 | III | The Ghost | 3:16 |
| 13 | V | The Question – | 2:17 |
| 14 | | 'To be or not to be' – | 3:13 |
| 15 | VIII | Threnody | 2:13 |
| 16 | IX | Finale (Funeral March) | 3:15 |

	Richard III*	14:26
	A Shakespeare Scenario	
	compiled by Christopher Palmer	
17	II Prelude	3:10
18	III Monologue: 'Now is the winter of our discontent'	4:15
19	VII The Princes in the Tower	2:31
20	X Death of Richard and Finale	4:21
	TT 77:03	

Sir John Gielgud narrator*
 Christopher Plummer narrator†
 The Academy of St Martin in the Fields
 Sir Neville Marriner

William Walton: Scenes from Shakespeare

During the Service of Thanksgiving for the life and work of Sir William Walton, at Westminster Abbey in July 1983, a frail Sir Laurence Olivier ascended the pulpit and launched into a speech from *Henry V*, to the packed congregation suddenly appearing to throw off infirmity in the vigour of his rendering. He was celebrating a partnership in the cinema that had lasted almost fifty years. Olivier had first encountered Walton in *As You Like It* in 1935, though it was not until *Henry V* in 1944 that Olivier's regard for Walton the composer was truly cemented.

Walton wrote the music for fourteen films, and in the mid-1930s the cinema suddenly provided him a financial stability he had previously found elusive. This was the time when the commissioning of film scores from leading composers (in the UK Bliss's *Things to Come* was perhaps the best known) generated a distinctive new repertoire. Generally however, film music was not highly regarded by serious musicians, Walton himself turning down the then enormous offer of £1,650 in 1938, to write the music

for Shaw's *Pygmalion*, because he was working on his Violin Concerto. He remarked: 'It all boils down to this: whether I'm to become a film composer or a real composer.' On another occasion indicating his opposition to his film music being played in a concert, he said: 'Film music is not good film music if it can be used for any other purpose.' Rarely can a great artist have been more wrong in his judgement.

Walton wrote the music for *As You Like It*, starring Laurence Olivier and Elisabeth Bergner, in 1936, only his second film. It was forgotten until revived in 1986, when the expansive title music revealed the ceremonial Walton already emerging newly minted by the catalyst of Sibelius from the world of his own First Symphony. Shakespeare's familiar lyric 'Under the Greenwood Tree', though duly set by Walton, was not used.

During the war Walton wrote a succession of scores for the cinema and by the time he worked with Olivier again on a film, another seven had been completed, the wartime music including *The First of the Few*, from which 'The Spitfire' Prelude and Fugue was

quickly a concert favourite, first performed in January 1943.

In 1943 *Henry V* was conceived to be an icon of British victory in France: a reminder that we had successfully invaded France once before and could do it again. It was written and shot before Operation Overlord became a reality, and first seen when the return to Europe was still in progress, and when the outcome was by no means assured. Many of those associated with the making of *Henry V* were unconvinced of its probable success, and, in fact, Olivier's vision was articulated by Walton's music to a remarkable extent, Olivier confessing 'for me the the music actually made the film'. It was surely the contribution made by Walton's music which caused the audience at the first showing to be so excited that they stood and applauded.

Walton's music for *Henry V* succeeded because of its vivid writing and memorable invention (and adoption of then unfamiliar tunes); its genius in developing a true melodrama combining words and music. We have touching vignettes such as the expressive 3/8 as Pistol and his companions bid a tender farewell to Mistress Quickly outside the *Boar's Head*. (The words are an interpolation from Marlowe's *Dr Faustus*, the

title 'Touch her soft lips and part' Olivier's improvement on Shakespeare's 'Touch her soft mouth, and march'.) But, above all, the vigour of the action, most notably the charge of the French knights at Agincourt, finds Walton's music perfectly reflecting Olivier's panache.

Hamlet followed four years later and was shot in black and white at a time when colour was becoming the vogue. It had some of the brash strengths of the earlier scores, but they were now overshadowed by an introspective quality and a remarkable evocation of atmosphere, which found a new intensity in Walton. The camera-work, too, surely reflected this, the interiors in particular showing influences of both expressionist and Russian films. The way, in 'The Question', the music rushes with the camera up a precipitous spiral stairway is dramatically vivid, before it again underlies the dialogue in 'To be or not to be'. This is brilliantly done. In the ghost music too, Walton is exploring with an experienced and inventive ear, the ghostly atmosphere achieved by purely musical means, as when a deep pulsating – to become a cinema cliché in later years – suggests a heartbeat or perhaps Hamlet's own apprehension of what is to come. Yet in the 'Threnody' Walton's

string phrases evoke waves of emotion at the terrible denouement.

Seven years passed between *Hamlet* and *Richard III*, during which time Walton's Coronation marches, including *Orb and Sceptre*, the march for the 1953 Coronation, had become widely known. Walton approaches *Richard III* as a great historical pageant, rounding the action with royal marches. The title music consists of ceremonial, the atmosphere evoked with fanfares and brilliant passage-work, the wide-spanning trio tune merely presented. At the end Walton's music evokes a funereal cortege as we see the bloody image of the king's corpse leaving Bosworth field dangling across a horse, but Walton quickly removes us to a longer perspective as he elaborates the trio tune of the opening titles into a great royal

march behind the cast-list and end credits. Between these poles comes a succession of events characterized by Walton's music. The melodrama is underlined by the music in 'Now is the winter of our discontent', the first words spoken in the play. The murder of the two young princes in the tower is particularly affecting through Walton's muted, sorrowing, treatment, eschewing all histrionics.

The achievement of Walton and Olivier in these films is unique, an evergreen collaboration, which with the passage of time loses none of its impact, and far from the composer's original perspective, the music has acquired an independent life among his most popular works.

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William Walton: Szenen aus Shakespeare

Während des Dankgottesdienstes in Anerkennung des Lebens und Wirkens von Sir William Walton in der Westminster Abbey im Juli 1983 stieg ein gebrechlicher Sir Laurence Olivier in die Kanzel und begann eine Rede aus *Heinrich V.*, in der er zum Erstaunen der versammelten Gemeinde plötzlich in seiner energischen Interpretation seine Schwäche abzulegen schien. Olivier war Walton 1935, fünfzig Jahre zuvor, in *Wie es Euch gefällt* zum ersten Mal begegnet, obwohl Oliviers Bewunderung für Walton als Komponist erst 1944 in *Heinrich V.* fest zementiert wurde.

Walton schrieb Musik für vierzehn Filme, und Mitte der 30er Jahre gab ihm das Kino eine finanzielle Stabilität, die ihm zuvor versagt gewesen war. Es war die Zeit, in der Aufträge für Filmmusik an führende Komponisten charakteristisches Repertoire anregten (in Großbritannien war wohl Bliss' Musik für *Things to Come* die bekannteste). Filmmusik war unter seriösen Komponisten jedoch nicht hoch angesehen, und Walton selbst lehnte 1938 die damals gewaltige Summe von 1 650 Pfund für die Musik zu

Shaws *Pygmalion* ab, weil er gerade an seinem Violinkonzert arbeitete. Er bemerkte: "Letztendlich muß ich die Entscheidung treffen, ob ich ein Filmkomponist oder ein echter Komponist werden will." Bei einer anderen Gelegenheit drückte er seine Abneigung aus, seine Filmmusik im Konzertsaal spielen zu lassen: "Filmmusik ist keine gute Filmmusik, wenn sie zu einem anderen Anlaß verwendet werden kann." Ein großer Künstler dürfte wohl selten ein so unzutreffendes Urteil abgegeben haben.

Walton schrieb die Filmmusik zu *Wie es Euch gefällt* mit Laurence Olivier und Elisabeth Bergner 1936. Es war erst seine zweite Filmmusik, die bis zu ihrer Wiederbelebung 1986 in Vergessenheit geriet. Die expansive Titelmusik enthüllte den zeremoniellen Walton, der durch den Katalysator von Sibelius' Musik aus der Welt seiner Ersten Sinfonie erstanden war. Shakespeares berühmtes Lied "Under the Greenwood Tree" wurde zwar von Walton vertont, erschien aber nicht im Film.

Während des Krieges schrieb Walton eine Reihe von Partituren fürs Kino und es

entstanden sieben weitere Filme, bevor er wieder mit Olivier in einem Film zusammenarbeitete. Zu der Filmmusik aus der Kriegszeit gehört auch *The First of the Few*, dessen "Spitfire"-Präludium und -Fuge, im Januar 1943 uraufgeführt, sich bald als populäre Konzertnummer etablierte.

1943 wurde *Heinrich V.* als Symbol für den britischen Sieg in Frankreich betrachtet; eine Mahnung, daß die Briten schon einmal erfolgreich in Frankreich einmarschiert waren und es wieder tun könnten. Der Film wurde geschrieben und gefilmt, bevor "Operation Overlord" Realität wurde, und zuerst gezeigt, als die Rückeroberung Europas noch andauerte und das Ergebnis keineswegs gesichert war. Viele der an der Entstehung von *Heinrich V.* Beteiligten waren von seinem möglichen Erfolg nicht überzeugt. Oliviers Vorstellung wurde in bemerkenswerten Maße von Waltons Musik ausgedrückt, und Olivier gestand: "...für mich machte die Musik den Film." Es war sicherlich Waltons Musik, die das Publikum bei der Premiere so begeisterte, daß es aufstand und begeistert applaudierte.

Waltons Musik zu *Heinrich V.* war so erfolgreich wegen seiner lebhaften Komposition und der Erfindung (oder Aufnahme wenig bekannter) eingänglicher

Melodien. Sein Genie liegt in der Entwicklung wahren Melodramas, das Worte und Musik vereint. Es gibt rührende Vignetten wie den ausdrucksvollen 3/8-Abschnitt, als Pistol und seine Gefährten sich vor dem "Eberskopf" zärtlich von Mistress Quickly verabschieden. (Die Worte sind ein Einschub aus Marlowes *Dr. Faustus* und der Titel "Touch her soft lips and part" eine Verbesserung von Shakespeares "Touch her soft mouth, and march".) Doch im Elan der Handlung, besonders dem Angriff der französischen Ritter bei Agincourt, reflektierte Waltons Musik Oliviers Auftrumpfen vollkommen.

Hamlet folgte vier Jahre später und wurde in Schwarzweiß gedreht, als Farbe gerade in Mode kam. Hier finden sich einige der ungestümen Stärken der früheren Partituren, die nun aber von einer introspektiven Qualität und erstaunlichen atmosphärischen Dichte überschattet werden, die in Walton eine neue Intensität hervorrief. Die Kameraführung reflektierte dies auch, und besonders die Innenausstattung zeigte Einflüsse expressionistischer und russischer Filme. Die Art und Weise, wie die Musik in "The Question" (Die Frage) mit der Kamera eine steile Wendeltreppe hinaufstürmt, ist lebhaft dramatisch, bevor sie in "To be or not

to be" (Sein oder nicht sein) wiederum den Dialog reflektiert. Dies wird brillant gehandhabt. Auch die Geistermusik erforscht Walton mit erfahrener und phantasievollem Ohr, und die greuliche Stimmung wird mit rein musikalischen Mitteln erreicht, wie etwa, wenn ein tiefes Pulsieren – später ein Klischee des Kinos – den Herzschlag oder womöglich gar Hamlets eigene Angst vor der Zukunft andeutet. In der "Threnodie" erwecken Waltons Streicherphrasen jedoch Wegen des Gefühls angesichts des schrecklichen Ausgangs.

Zwischen *Hamlet* und *Richard III.* verstrichen sieben Jahre, in denen Waltons Krönungsmärsche, einschließlich *Orb and Sceptre*, der Marsch für die Krönung 1953, weithin bekannt wurden. Walton behandelte *Richard III.* als großes historisches Prunkstück und rundete die Handlung mit königlichen Märschen ab. Die Titelmusik ist zeremoniell, ihre Atmosphäre wird durch Fanfaren und brillantes Passagenwerk erreicht, und die expansive Triomelodie wird ohne Aufhebens präsentiert. Am Ende, wenn wir das blutige Bild sehen, in dem der König über seinem Pferd hängend das Feld von

Bosworth verläßt, evoziert Waltons Musik einen Begräbnisaufzug, doch der Komponist entführt uns schnell zu einer weiteren Perspektive, indem er für die Besetzungsliste und den Abspann die Triomelodie aus der Titelmusik in einen prunkvollen königlichen Marsch verwandelt. Zwischen diesen Polen folgt eine Reihe von Ereignissen, die durch Waltons Musik charakterisiert werden. In "Now is the winter of our discontent", den ersten Worten des Schauspiels, wird das Melodrama durch die Musik unterstrichen. Besonders ergreifend ist der Mord der jungen Prinzen im Tower in Waltons verhaltener, trauernder Behandlung, die alle Theatralik vermeidet.

Waltons und Oliviers Errungenschaften in diesen Filmen sind einzigartig, eine unvergängliche Zusammenarbeit, deren Effekt die Zeit nichts anhaben kann, und deren Musik trotz der ursprünglichen Einstellung des Komponisten sich eine eigenständige Existenz unter seinen populärsten Werken erobert hat.

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Übersetzung: Friary Music Services

William Walton: Scenes from Shakespeare

Lors de la cérémonie célébrée en juillet 1983, à Westminster Abbey, en hommage à la vie et à l'œuvre de Sir William Walton, Sir Laurence Olivier gravit, très frêle, les marches de la chaire et se lança, devant une large assemblée de fidèles, dans une tirade de *Henry V.* Par la vigueur de son interprétation, il donnait l'impression de rejeter sa faiblesse. C'est un partenariat dans le cinéma de près d'un demi-siècle qu'il fêta. Olivier avait découvert Walton dans *As You Like It* en 1935. Toutefois, ce n'est qu'en 1944, avec *Henry V.*, que son estime pour les talents de compositeur de Walton se confirme.

Walton a composé la musique de quatorze films et au milieu des années trente, le cinéma lui procure soudain une stabilité financière à laquelle il n'a pu encore prétendre. C'est l'époque où les commandes de musiques de film à des compositeurs de renom (dans le Royaume-Uni, *Things to Come* de Bliss était peut-être la plus réputée) génèrent un répertoire nouveau et particulier. Toutefois, celui-ci ne jouit généralement pas de l'estime des musiciens sérieux. En 1938, Walton refuse d'ailleurs la somme énorme

pour l'époque de £1 650 qu'on lui offre pour écrire la musique de *Pygmalion* de Shaw, car il travaille à son Concerto pour violon. Il déclare: "Tout revient à savoir s'il me faut écrire des musiques de film ou devenir un véritable compositeur." Il dit encore, refusant que cette musique soit exécutée en concert: "Une musique de film qui peut être utilisée à d'autres fins n'est pas une bonne musique de film." De la part d'un grand artiste, une telle erreur de jugement est rare.

En 1936, Walton compose la musique de *As You Like It*, dont Laurence Olivier et Elisabeth Bergner sont les vedettes. C'est son second film seulement. Ces pages qui ont sombré dans l'oubli sont redécouvertes en 1986 lorsque la musique du générique révèle un Walton cérémonieux, émergeant déjà, paré de neuf sous l'effet catalytique exercé par Sibelius, de l'univers de sa propre Première symphonie. "Under the Greenwood Tree", le poème lyrique bien connu de Shakespeare, mis en musique par Walton, n'y est pas repris. Pendant la guerre, Walton compose beaucoup pour le cinéma et au moment où il collabore de nouveau avec Olivier à la mise en scène

d'un film, il en a sept autres à son actif. La musique de *The First of the Few* date de cette époque. Le "Spitfire" prelude et fugue créé en 1943, qui en est extrait, devient rapidement un succès.

En 1943, *Henry V* se veut un symbole de la victoire britannique sur la France: une évocation de l'heureuse issue d'une précédente invasion laissant présager de la possibilité d'un nouveau triomphe. Le film est conçu et tourné avant que débute l'Operation Overlord et le public le découvre lorsque le mouvement de retour vers l'Europe n'est qu'amorcé, sans aucune certitude quant à son issue. Parmi les personnes associées à la réalisation de *Henry V*, nombreuses sont celles à ne pas être convaincues de son probable succès. En fait, la vision de Laurence Olivier est articulée dans une très large mesure par la musique de Walton. Olivier avoue que "la musique a en réalité fait le film". Et c'est sans aucun doute la contribution de Walton qui est à l'origine, lors de la première, de l'excitation de l'auditoire qui se lève pour applaudir.

La musique composée par Walton pour *Henry V* fut appréciée en raison de la vivacité de son écriture, de sa remarquable originalité (ainsi que du choix de mélodies peu familières à l'époque) et du génie dont fait

preuve le compositeur dans le développement d'un véritable mélodrame combinant paroles et musique. Une grande émotion imprègne certains passages comme ce 3/8 expressif lorsque Pistol et ses compagnons font de tendres adieux à Mistress Quickly devant la taverne *Boar's Head*. (Il y a ici une interpolation de *Dr Faustus* de Marlowe, le titre "Touch her soft lips and part" est la version améliorée que Laurence Olivier donne du texte de Shakespeare "Touch her soft mouth, and march"). Mais c'est surtout la vigueur de l'action, et tout particulièrement la charge des chevaliers français à Agincourt, que Walton illustre en reflétant parfaitement le panache de Laurence Olivier.

Hamlet suit quatre ans plus tard. Le film est tourné en noir et blanc à une époque où la couleur est en passe d'avoir la vogue. La musique a un peu de la fougue des partitions antérieures, mais celle-ci est maintenant voilée par une approche introspective et une étonnante évocation de l'atmosphère, des qualités qui s'affirment de plus en plus chez Walton. Le jeu de la caméra est dans la même ligne, les intérieurs, en particulier, témoignent à la fois de l'influence des films russes et expressionnistes. Dans "The Question", la manière dont la musique s'engouffre en même temps que la caméra

dans un escalier en spirale vertigineux est d'une grande intensité dramatique. Puis Walton utilise le jeu des sonorités pour refléter le dialogue dans "To be or not to be". Ces pages sont brillantes. Dans le thème du fantôme aussi, où l'atmosphère lugubre est le fait de moyens essentiellement musicaux, Walton explore avec une oreille expérimentée et inventive, comme au moment où surgit cette intense pulsation – ce sera plus tard un procédé cinématographique – qui suggère les battements de cœur ou peut-être l'appréhension de Hamlet pressentant les événements à venir. Et dans le chant funèbre, les phrases énoncées par les cordes évoquent les vagues d'émotion qu'engendre l'effroyable dénouement.

Sept années s'écoulent entre *Hamlet* et *Richard III*, pendant lesquelles les marches du couronnement de Walton, entre autres *Orb and Sceptre*, la marche pour le couronnement de 1953, acquièrent une large renommée. Walton aborde *Richard III* comme une grande fresque historique, encadrant l'action de marches royales. La musique du générique consiste en un rite: l'atmosphère est suggérée par des fanfares et des sonorités brillantes et l'ample mélodie du

trio est à peine présentée. A la fin, Walton évoque l'image d'un cortège funèbre tandis que s'offre à nous le spectacle sanglant de la dépouille royale ballottée par le cheval qui l'emporte loin de Bosworth field. Mais Walton approfondit bientôt la perspective en métamorphosant la mélodie du trio du générique du début en une grande marche royale, après la distribution et le générique de la fin. Entre ces pôles apparaissent une succession d'événements illustrés par Walton. Le mélodrame est renforcé par la musique dans "Now is the winter of our discontent", les premiers mots prononcés dans la pièce. Le choix de sonorités sourdes et sombres, dénuées de tout effet théâtral, rend le meurtre des deux jeunes princes dans la tour particulièrement saisissant.

L'exploit accompli par Walton et Olivier dans ces films est unique. Il est le fruit d'une collaboration qui transcende le temps et dont l'impact résiste aux années. Et, contrairement à l'idée que s'en faisait le compositeur, cette musique a acquis, parmi ses œuvres les plus réputées, son statut propre.

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Traduction: Marie-Françoise de Meets

Henry V

I Prologue

- [3] O, for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention;
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraisèd spirits that hath dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdles of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high uprearèd and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
To make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,

Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

II Passacaglia on the Death of Falstaff

- [4] (*as Falstaff*)
God save thy Grace – King Hal – my royal Hal,
God save thee my sweet boy:
My King, my Jove, I speak to thee my heart.

(*as King Henry*)

I know thee not, old man, fall to thy prayers.
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dreamed of such a kind man,
So surfeit swelled, so old and so profane,
But being awakèd I do despise my dream.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest,
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive
That I have turned away my former self
So shall I those that kept me company.

IV Interlude

- [5] Farewell, farewell, divine Zenocrate –
Is it not passing brave to be a king
And ride in triumph through Persepolis!
Touch her soft lips and part.

V (i) Harfleur

- 6 Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend unto the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galléd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! On, on, you noblest English!
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
the mettle of your pasture; let us swear
that you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you here so mean and base

That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge
Cry, 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'
.....the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches
And down goes all before them!

(ii) The Night Watch

- 7 Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
And the third hour of drowsy morning named.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night

Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away.
 The poor condemnèd English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
 Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts.
 O, now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry, 'Praise and glory on his head!'
 For forth he goes and visits all his host,
 Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
 And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night;
 But freshly looks and overbears attaint
 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
 A largess universal like the sun
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night.

VI St Crispin's Day

[8] This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall see this day, and live old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian':
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
 And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day'.
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember with advantages
 What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
 This story shall the good man teach his son;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
 This day shall gentle his condition:
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day!

Agincourt

- [9] Awake remembrance of our valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne,
The blood and courage that renownèd them
Runs in your veins; and your thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
The sun is high. Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

Music (Charge and Battle)

The day is ours! O God, Thy arm was here.
For when without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th' other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!
What is that castle called, that stands hard by?

They call it Agincourt.

Then call we this the field of Agincourt
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.
Do we now all holy rites:
Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum'
The dead with charity enclosed in clay.
And then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

Hamlet

II Soliloquy

- [11] O, that this too too sullied flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God, God,
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed, things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this,
But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a king, that was to this
Hyperion to a satyr, so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly – heaven and earth
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him
As if excess of appetite had grown
With what it fed on, yet within a month,
Let me not think on't... frailty thy name is woman!
A little month or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body
Like Niobe all tears, why she, even she –
O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourned longer – married with mine uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes
She married. O most wicked speed... to post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

V 'To be or not to be'

- ¹⁴ To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them. To die, to sleep –
No more, and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished to die to sleep!
To sleep, perchance to dream, ay there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause – there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th'oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
Which patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action...

Richard III

III Monologue

- ¹⁸ Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings;
And dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,

Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made-up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
 Why, Love foreswore me in my mother's womb:
 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
 She did corrupt frail Nature with some bribe
 To shrink mine arm up like a withered shrub;
 To heap an envious mountain on my back,
 To shape my legs of an unequal size;
 To disproportion me in every part,
 Like to a chaos, or an unlicked bear-whelp
 That carries no impression like the dam.
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
 And descant on mine own deformity:
 Then since this earth affords no joy to me,
 But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
 As are of better person than myself,
 I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
 And, whiles I live t'account this world but hell,
 Until this mis-shaped trunk that bears this head
 Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
 But yet I know not how to get the crown,
 For many lives stand between me and home:
 And I – like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
 Seeking a way and straying from the way,

Not knowing how to find the open air,
 But toiling desperately to find it out –
 Torment myself to catch the English crown:
 And from that torment I will free myself,
 Or hue myself out with a bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
 And cry 'Content' for that which grieves my heart,
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions.
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid can;
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
 Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
 And like a Sinon take another Troy.
 I can add colours to the chameleon,
 Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
 And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 Tut, were it further off, I'd pluck it down!

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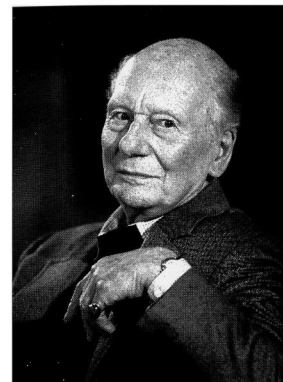
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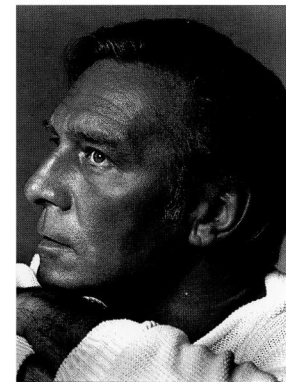
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William Walton (1902–1983)

As You Like It*

5:35

A Poem for Orchestra after Shakespeare

compiled by Christopher Palmer

- 1 i Prelude –
2 ii Moonlight

2:52

2:44

Henry V†

38:49

A Shakespeare Scenario

compiled by Christopher Palmer

- 3 I Prologue
4 II Passacaglia on the Death of Falstaff
5 IV Interlude: 'Touch her soft lips and part'
6 V i) Harfleur –
7 ii) The Night Watch
8 VI St Crispin's Day –
9 Agincourt

9:16

2:46

2:14

3:48

5:21

3:23

11:54

Hamlet*

17:50

A Shakespeare Scenario

compiled by Christopher Palmer

- 10 II Fanfare –
11 Soliloquy –

0:56

2:36

- 12 III The Ghost
13 V The Question –
14 'To be or not to be' –
15 VIII Threnody
16 IX Finale (Funeral March)

3:16

2:17

3:13

2:13

3:15

Richard III*

14:26

A Shakespeare Scenario

compiled by Christopher Palmer

- 17 II Prelude
18 III Monologue: 'Now is the winter of our
discontent'
19 VII The Princes in the Tower
20 X Death of Richard and Finale

3:10

4:15

2:31

4:21

TT 77:03

(DDD)

Sir John Gielgud narrator*

Christopher Plummer narrator†

The Academy of St Martin in the Fields

Sir Neville Marriner

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