

St MARY'S CHURCH



THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN GRATEFUL
BRANCHES OF THE MAN OF GODS CHURCH
FELL IN THE GREAT WAR 1914-18

A Time to Mourn

A Time to Dance

with the
**BRIGHTON
CHAMBER
ENSEMBLE**

RICHARD DAWSON

ORGAN

DEBIPRIYA SIRCAR

SITAR

SUNDAY

18TH NOVEMBER

2018

3.30PM

ST MARY'S CHURCH, KEMP TOWN

61 St James's Street, Brighton BN2 1PR

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

St Mary's Church gratefully acknowledges the generous assistance and participation of the following:

The Right Worshipful the Mayor of the City of Brighton and Hove
Councillor Dee Simson

The Hon. Caroline Lucas, MP

Marcus Baldwin

Sandie Cooper

Joanna and Jessica Gordon-Hall

Tereze Svilane

The Gujarati Cultural Society

OUR MUSICIANS

The Brighton Chamber Ensemble

Sophia Bartlette, Steve Carroll-Turner, Rachel Ellis

Ros Hanson-Laurent and Siriol Hugh-Jones

Richard Dawson

Debipriya Sircar

OUR READERS

Martin Bartholomew

Bankim Chandra

Mike Fudger

Nkem Ifejika

Gary Jones



This free event has been generously supported by the Heritage Lottery Fund as part of the restoration and renewal of St Mary's Church.

We are grateful for the HLF's continued support.

Welcome
Opening Prayer and Lighting of the Paschal Candle

Fr Herbert Bennett

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The Great War Memorials at St Mary's Church, Kemp Town

The Right Worshipful the Mayor of the City of Brighton and Hove
Councillor Dee Simson

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Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)
Viola Sonata (1919), 3rd movement - *Adagio*

Ros Hanson-Laurent, viola & Steve Carroll-Turner, piano

Rebecca Clarke is known as an Anglo-American composer but in fact her mother, Agnes von Helferich, was from Munich and her American father, Joseph Thacher Clarke, had been educated in Germany. The viola sonata was written in 1919 for a competition sponsored by Clarke's neighbour and patron, Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge. It achieved joint first place with Ernest Bloch's Suite for Viola, but was demoted to second to avoid accusations of favouritism by Coolidge. The appassionato third movement opens with a soulful, languorous melody first stated in the piano's left hand and then taken up by the viola. The bugle-call figure which opens the entire work reappears with varying degrees of urgency.

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Lt Donald Hankey describes the Battle of the Somme

Read by Fr Mike Fudger

Donald Hankey was born in Chesham Street, Brighton in 1884, the son of a retired sheep baron from Australia. He struggled to find his calling in life, first joining the army, then studying theology at Oxford University, then working with the poor in London. He fought in the Great War initially as an enlisted man, before accepting that it was his duty to serve as an officer. This is his account of the first day of the Battle of the Somme. He was killed in action a month after writing this, on 12th October 1916.

I only saw a very little bit of the battle. Thank God it has gone well elsewhere; but here we are where we started. Day and night we have done nothing but bring in the wounded and the dead. When one sees the dead, their limbs crushed and mangled, their features distorted and blackened, one can only have repulsion for war. It is easy to talk of glory and heroism when one is away from it, when memory has softened the gruesome details. But here, in the presence of the mutilated and tortured dead, one can only feel the horror and wickedness of war. Indeed it is an evil harvest, sown of pride and arrogance and lust of power. Maybe through all this evil and pain we shall be purged of many sins. God grant it! If ever there were martyrs, some of these were martyrs, facing death and torture as ghastly as any that confronted the saints of old...

For these were mostly quiet souls, loving their wives and children and the little comforts of home life most of all, little stirred by great emotions or passions. Yet they had some love for liberty, some faith in God – not a high and flaming passion, but a quiet insistent conviction. It was enough to send them out to face martyrdom, though their lack of imagination left them mercifully ignorant of the extremity of its terrors. It was enough, when they saw their danger in its true perspective, to keep them steadfast and tenacious.

For them 'it is finished'. Rest in peace.

★

A list of belongings returned to a soldier's widow

Read by Gary Jones

In August 1914, Arthur Avis, a 27-year-old farm worker from Buxted, enlisted with the newly formed 7th Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment. He was killed in action a year later at Armentières, leaving a widow, Ellen, and baby daughter, Kathleen. Before their marriage in 1912, Ellen had worked as a parlourmaid for a Brighton solicitor, which is how Arthur's name came to be added to a Brighton memorial.

The War Office always attempted to return the personal property of deceased soldiers to their next of kin. This is what Ellen got back.

Effects. Form 112A.

Memorandum for the Officer in Charge of Infantry Records, Hounslow.

From the War Office, London. 28th September 1915.

Will you please note that any articles of personal property now in your possession belonging to the late No. 216 Private Arthur Edward Avis, 7th Battalion, Sussex Regiment, should be despatched to:

Mrs Ellen Avis,
72, Five Ash Downs,
Buxted, Near Uckfield, Sussex.

Any medals granted to the deceased that are now in your possession or that may hereafter reach you should be forwarded to the same person.

Effects

1 Bible	1 packet of correspondence	1 cap badge
1 tinder	photos	1 locket
1 purse	1 disc	1 charm

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Erich Korngold (1897-1957)
Groteske from
Suite for Piano (left hand), Two Violins & Cello, Op. 23 (1930)

Rachel Ellis and Sophia Bartlette, violin
Siriol Hugh-Jones, cello & Steve Carroll-Turner, piano

Austrian-born pianist Paul Wittgenstein (1887–1961) made his debut as a concert pianist in 1913 but was called up at the outbreak of the war and shot in the elbow during the German assault on Ukraine, resulting in the amputation of his right arm. After the war, he commissioned works from many leading composers, the best-known of which is Ravel's Concerto for Piano Left Hand.

The Suite, an ironic look at Vienna's musical past, was the second work that Wittgenstein commissioned from his compatriot Erich Korngold. The Groteske refers to 'grotesque dance', a form of comic or buffoonish dance that emerged as a pointed contrast to 'noble dance' in the 18th century. In 1920s Munich, Valeska Gert pioneered an avant-garde form of the grotesque dance as a vehicle for social and political satire.

*

The Funeral of Nurse Margaret Ryle in Serbia

Read by the Hon. Caroline Lucas, MP

In February 1915, St Clair Livingston, a Canadian nurse, visited Nish, the wartime capital of Serbia. There she witnessed the funeral of Margaret Ryle, a nurse from Brighton who had died from typhus while assisting Serbian refugees and Austrian prisoners-of-war. Margaret had grown up in Madeira Place, off St James's Street, and is named on the war memorial from All Souls' Church in Eastern Road.

While in Nisch I attended the funeral of a young English girl who had been doing Red Cross work in the Russian Mission. Six students carried the open coffin, covered with flowers, over the rough Nisch roads, two miles to the cemetery. About four hundred people, including the Russian Ambassador and his wife, Prince and

Princess Trubitskoi, and Mr. Blakney, from the British Embassy, followed. As we walked the people came to the doors of their houses and shops and stood with bare, uncovered heads. The street crowd of beggars, gypsies, strangers, and Austrian prisoners stood reverently aside, and made the sign of the cross. During the impressive funeral service in the Greek Church we stood around the flower-covered coffin, over which were spread three flags - a Russian, a Serbian, and a British. We held lighted yellow wax tapers in our hands, and when the service was finished, one by one the people of all nations went forward and kissed the hand of the dead girl, according to the Greek custom. They laid her to rest among the new-made graves of Serbian heroes, and each person present shovelled some earth over the silver-coloured casket. To us were given some flowers that had lain in her hands, that we might give them to her mother, if we lived to regain England, when we were to tell the young girl's mother how much the Serbian people appreciated the unselfish work of the daughter, and how they sorrowed with her in her loss.

Now a white cross stands in the graveyard at Nisch, on which is written:

MARGARET CHRISTOPHE CAROLINE RYLE - AGED 23
DIED AT NISCH FEBRUARY 23rd, 1915
REST IN PEACE

*

Nikolai Myaskovsky (1881-1950)
Cello Sonata No. 1, opus 12 (1911 rev. 1935)
1st movement - *Adagio - Andante*

Siriol Hugh-Jones, cello & Steve Carroll-Turner, piano

Best-known for his symphonies, Russian composer Nikolai Myaskovsky was a mature student when he entered the St Petersburg Conservatoire in 1906. There he met and formed a lasting friendship with his class mate Sergei Prokofiev. Myaskovsky was called up at the outbreak of war in 1914. He was wounded and suffered shell shock on the Austrian front. The first cello sonata, composed before the war but revised much later, is haunting and quite dark in character.

*

Wilfred Owen and Rabindranath Tagore

Read and performed by Debipriya Sircar

In 1920, the Indian Nobel Laureate, Rabindranath Tagore, visited Britain, where he received a letter from a woman called Susan. She wrote:

It is nearly two years ago, that my dear eldest son went out to the War for the last time and the day he said Goodbye to me - we were looking together across the sun-glorified sea - looking towards France with breaking hearts - when he, my poet son, said these wonderful words of yours... 'when I leave, let these be my parting words: what my eyes have seen, what my life received, are unsurpassable'. And when his pocket book came back to me - I found these words written in his dear writing - with your name beneath.

The woman was Susan Owen, and the 'poet son' she refers to was one of the finest British chroniclers of the Great War, Wilfred Owen. Having survived the worst of the fighting, he was killed a few days before the Armistice in 1918, aged 25.

The lines quoted by Owen are the opening lines of verse 96 from the English translation of Tagore's book of poetry, Gitanjali, for which he was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1913.

When I go from hence, let this be my parting word that what I have seen is unsurpassable.

I have tasted of the hidden honey of this lotus [yonder] that expands on the ocean of light, and thus I am blessed – let this be my parting word.

In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play and here have I caught sight of him [that eludes all forms].

My whole body and my limbs have thrilled with his touch who is beyond touch; and if the end comes here, let it come – let this be my parting word.

In Bengali it reads:

Jabar diney eay katha ti boley jano jaie
ja dekhechhi, ja peyechhi tulona taar nai.

...

When I go from hence, let this be my parting word

Jabar diney eay katha ti boley jano jaie

that what I have seen is unsurpassable.

Ja dekhechhi ja peyechhi tulona taar nai

I have tasted of the hidden honey of this lotus [yonder]

that expands on the ocean of light,

and thus I am blessed – let this be my parting word.

Eay jyoti-shomoudro majhi je shotodol poddo rajey

Tari modhu paan korechhi dhonnyo ami taai

Jabar diney eay katha ti janiye jano jaie

In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play and here have I
caught sight of him [that eludes all forms].

Bisshoruper khelaghorey kotoi gelem kheley

oprupke dekhe gelem duti noyon mele

My whole body and my limbs have thrilled with his touch who is
beyond touch; and if the end comes here, let it come – let this be my
parting word.

Porosh jarey jaina kora shokol dehe dilem dhora

eikhane shesh koren Jodi shesh kore din taai

Jabar bayla eay katha ti janiye jano jay

Original singer : Debabrata Biswas. Melody: Parimal Home

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Interval - 20 minutes

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East African soldiers tell of their experiences in the Great War

Read by Nkem Ifejika

Mrs Mary Woodhouse, of 47, Upper Rock Gardens, cared for the war memorial chapel at St Mary's until her death in 1930. Her son, Captain Coventry Woodhouse, had been killed in Mozambique in 1918. He was an intelligence officer in the war between the British and German Empires in East Africa that conscripted one million people, cost 100,000 lives, brought famine to the region, and left the population vulnerable to the influenza epidemic of 1918.

In the 1970s, historians interviewed some of the African soldiers.

Norman Kimono Kitui, a Kenyan veteran of the King's African Rifles, recalled the recruitment process:

The white District Commissioner came ... and called the old men together with the local chief; then he told them he needed people. Twenty or thirty. So the old men proposed men from different families to make the list. They walked the whole journey. They were received in Nairobi by the white man who was in charge of war affairs. The white man came with a doctor and instructed the recruits to line up and take off all their clothes. The doctor then tested the recruits for any diseases and handed them to another officer for more testing.

They took us to a house where we slept. In the morning we were woken by a whistle to go to parade. In the parade we were taught how to march while others were assigned to carry some luggage with their heads while others were assigned to carry people in the war. The ones who carried people had a piece of white cloth with a cross on it. They would carry the injured out of battle. I and others were put in teams and trained in marching exercises. There were thirty-two of us in the group. We were trained for one week.

Odandayo Mukhenye Agweli, another Kenyan veteran, remembered:

We had serious fights. Using mortars we levelled the whole place before attacking. To this day I still do not know why we fought the Germans and how the war began. Though we admired the European ways of fighting, we were still left wondering why so many people had to die. In our tribal wars the number of the dead was never very big.

From Malawi, Fololiyani Longwe had searing memories of the fighting:

War itself is bad. But think of lying on the ground where the hot sun is beating directly on your backs; think of yourself buried in a hole with only your head and hands outside, holding a gun. Imagine yourself facing this situation for seven days, no food, no water, yet you don't feel hungry; only death smelling all over the place. Listen to the sound from exploding bombs and machine guns, smoke all over and the vegetation burnt and of course deforested. Look at your relatives getting killed, crying and finally dead. These things we did, experienced, and saw.

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Edward Elgar (1857-1934)
Piano Quintet in A minor, Op. 84 (1919)
1st Movement - *Moderato - Allegro*

Rachel Ellis and Sophia Bartlette, violin

Ros Hanson-Laurent, viola

Siriol Hugh-Jones, cello & Steve Carroll-Turner, piano

Elgar wrote his quintet at Brinkwells, the country cottage he had rented near Fittleworth in Sussex during the latter half of 1918. The opening of the first movement is spare and enigmatic. This material frames the different musical tableaux that follow and which appear to alternate between England and Vienna. A farewell to the Europe of the pre-war years, perhaps?

*

The sinking of *HMS Queen Mary* in the Battle of Jutland

Read by Martin Bartholomew, RN

In the ghastly shadow of the Western Front, it is easy to forget that many also served and died at sea. On Wednesday, 31st May 1916 the largest naval engagement of the war claimed the lives of 6,094 men and boys on the British side, and 2,551 on the German – The Battle of Jutland. Over fifty men from Brighton were lost.

Charles Freeland, from Sloane Street, was one of the casualties. A former rivet lad on the railways, he was a first-class stoker on the battlecruiser HMS Queen Mary on that fateful Wednesday. A seaman on HMS Tiger saw the Queen Mary go down. Of her crew of 1,286, only 20 survived.

My station was in the Conning Tower, and I remember thinking how splendid the enemy battle cruisers looked when they turned to the southward, their last ship in particular showing up wonderfully.

Both squadrons opened fire almost together, the Germans appearing to fire in ripples down their line starting from their leading ship. Their first salvo at us was about 200 yards short, and the next straddled us...

I remember watching the shells coming at us. They appeared just like big blue-bottles flying straight towards you, each time going to hit you in the eye; then they would fall, and the shell would either burst or else ricochet off the water and lollop away above and beyond you, turning over and over in the air.

The *Queen Mary* was next ahead of us, and I remember watching her for a little and I saw one salvo straddle her. Three shells out of four hit, and the impression one got of seeing the splinters fly and the dull red burst was as if no damage was being done, but that the armour was keeping the shell out.

The next salvo that I saw straddled her, and two more shells hit her. As they hit I saw a dull red glow amidships and then the ship seemed to open out like a puff ball, or one of those toadstool things when one squeezes it. Then there was another dull red glow somewhere forward, and the whole ship seemed to collapse inwards. The funnels and masts fell into the middle, and the hull was

blown outwards. The roofs of the turrets were blown 100 feet high, then everything was smoke, and a bit of the stern was the only part of the ship left above water. The *Tiger* put her helm hard-a-starboard, and we just cleared the remains of the *Queen Mary's* stern by a few feet.

The names of the British and Commonwealth dead are commemorated on the Chatham Naval Memorial, the names of the Germans at the Laboe Tower, near Kiel. In 1954, the Laboe Memorial was re-dedicated as a memorial for all nationalities; today it stands for 'peaceful sailing on all seas'. In 1994, I was at a service in Riga to mark the 50th anniversary of D-Day. A little along my pew was the German ambassador. It was a privilege to look him full in the face and to shake hands in peace.

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Edward Elgar (1857-1934)
Piano Quintet in A minor, Op. 84 (1919)
2nd Movement - Adagio

The second movement is quintessential Elgar. Elgar was himself a viola player and it is to the viola he gives the beautiful, extended first subject. If the opening movement recalls a lost Europe, the second is a lament for a changed England.

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An Indian Medical Officer in France

Read by Bankim Chandra

As part of Britain's war effort, over a million Indian soldiers and other personnel served in Europe, the Middle East and Africa. Brighton established a special connection with them when the Royal Pavilion was turned into a hospital to house Indians wounded on the Western Front.

In November 1917, Sergeant George Smith, who is named on the St James's memorial, died in Rawalpindi, in Punjab. He was an engineer from Bonchurch Road who had joined the Cyclists' Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment, and was stationed in India for most of the war. At almost exactly the same time, Lt Som

Dutt, was stationed equally far from his home, in northern France, as the medical officer with Hodson's Horse, a cavalry regiment of the Indian Army. A civil surgeon from Punjab, Som Dutt was one of very few Indians to receive a King's Commission. In November 1917, he wrote home to his wife in Multan.

You ask when I will come back home... I wish I knew. That is the question I am asking myself every minute of my life. No one knows... Only if I had in front of me a day to look forward to, to wait for, I would bear my lot better perhaps. As it is I am fixing my hopes on next winter. It is 14 months today since I left Bombay...

The church bells of the village are tolling away. There is a service, I believe, for a soldier who belonged to this village, and was killed a few days ago. This small village has 24 killed since the beginning of the war. What a toll each little village is paying. This horrible war is bringing more sorrow, devastation and ruin to the villages and towns of the countries engaged in it.

God knows when He will think fit to put an end to it. The French people say, that where it was so rare to see anyone hopping on a wooden leg, the sight has become only too common now, and yet by the time one is finished, thousands and thousands will be sleeping the eternal sleep under the earth, and hundreds of thousands will be wounded and maimed, so many for life.

Merciful God have pity on poor human beings and end this bloody massacre. Enough homes have been ruined, wives have lost their husbands, parents their sons, sisters their brothers, children their fathers, and girls their sweethearts. Have pity on us now. Have pity on the rest, and end this now. Oh, it is dreadful, dreadful, simply horrible.

Three weeks after Dutt wrote this letter, Hodson's Horse fought one of its toughest actions at the Battle of Cambrai and suffered heavy casualties. Dutt was awarded the Military Cross for tending the wounded on the battlefield, under enemy fire. He tended to the fallen without discrimination - friend and foe alike. A wounded colonel of the German Army was so moved by his service, that he removed his Iron Cross and pinned it to Dutt's breast in gratitude.

★

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)
Piano Quintet in A minor, Op. 84 (1919)
3rd Movement - *Andante - Allegro*

The third movement begins with material from the first movement's introduction. This gives way to a gracious theme at a brisker tempo (*allegro*). A second 'jaunty' motif provides a contrast that soon becomes more emotionally complex. Eventually, after a reprise of the slow opening melody, and a final battle between strings and piano, the work ends in a blaze of A major.

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Blessing and Dismissal

Fr Herbert Bennett

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Edward Elgar (1857-1934)
Carillon Chimes (1923)

Richard Dawson, organ

Elgar composed this work for the Loughborough carillon and war memorial. Plans for the carillon were finalised in 1919 and when completed in 1923 it became the first 'grand carillon' in England. Given the restricted opportunities for further performances in the work's original version, Elgar transcribed it for organ.

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*The retiring collection will be shared between
Blind Veterans UK & Samara's Aid Appeal*

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TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN GRATEFUL
 REMEMBRANCE OF THE MEN OF THIS CHURCH
 WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR 1914-18
 THIS CHAPEL WAS DEDICATED

*To every thing there is a season,
 and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
 A time to be born, and a time to die;
 a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
 A time to kill, and a time to heal;
 a time to break down, and a time to build up;
 A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
 a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
 A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
 a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
 A time to get, and a time to lose;
 a time to keep, and a time to cast away;
 A time to rend, and a time to sew;
 a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
 A time to love, and a time to hate;
 a time of war, and a time of peace.*

Ecclesiastes 3, 1-8.

ALLEN. W.
 ALFEY. C.
 BEHR. F. J.
 BEST. C.
 BIRD. L.
 BLACKSTONE. G.
 BRANSDEN. E.
 BRANSDEN. F.
 BROWN. J. W.
 CARE. C.
 CARE. J. R.
 CARE. T. H.
 CHANCE. E. G.
 CHATFIELD. G.
 CHORLEY. A.
 COPPARD. W. G.
 COTTIS. A.
 DAY. T. M.
 EFFERT. K.
 ENGLEBACK. R.
 EVERSLED. L.
 EVERSLED. P. D.
 FOREMAN. W. J.
 FREELAND. C.
 FUNNEL. G. F.
 GAUSSEN. D. N.
 GAVEN. T.
 GILLAM. J.

CABLE. E. C.
 GOODRICH. A.
 BRINSFORD. G.
 HARTHAM. C.
 HARMAN. J.
 HARVEY. W.
 HERRIOT. A.
 HIGHTON. W.
 HUMPHREY. J. H.
 JESSOP. W.
 LOOFLEY. W.
 MARSHALL. W.
 MARTIN. A.
 MAXWELL. V.
 MOORE. A.
 PARKER. B.
 PARKS. E. W.
 PARKS. H. I.
 PAVETT. F.
 PEEBLES. C.
 PHILLIPS. C. W.
 PILE. E. H.

POPE. C. M.
 POPE. R. T. B.
 RICE. G.
 PRIDDEY. P.
 PRINCE. W. E.
 PRYOR. W. J.
 PULLEN. F.
 QUINTON. A.
 REDMAN. A.
 REEKIE. A.
 RICHARDSON. A.
 ROBERTS. W.
 ROSE. A.
 ROSE. R. E.
 SHARP. H.
 SPARKES. A.
 STUNELL. E. J.
 STUNT. A.
 SWAIN. L.
 TEE. C.
 TERRY. G.
 TIPPER. L.
 WELLS. F. H. S.
 WELLS. G.
 WINTER. H.
 WOODHOUSE. C. W.
 WOODS. A. M.
 WOODS. R.