Memorial for Bruce Anthony Wannell

25.8.52 - 29.1.20
Welcome & Introduction
Richard McClary

Masnavi, excerpt
Rumi
Read by Alan Williams

Tombeau de Monsieur Chambonneres
Jean-Henry D’Anglebert
Mie Hayashi, Harpsichord

L’Incoronazione di Poppea: Oblivion Soave
Claudio Monteverdi
Olivia Chaney, Indian Harmonium

Ghazal no.1805 From The Divan of Shams
Rumi
Read by Will Harrigan

A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning
John Donne
Read by Hugh Haughton

St Matthew Passion: Erbarme Dich Mein Gott
Johann Sebastian Bach
Norman McSween, Piano, Flora Campbell-Tiech, Violin
Thierry Stulemeijer Baritone
Poem from Amers
Saint-John Perse
Read by Nicolas Tenzer

Chaconne in C minor from Dioclesian
Henry Purcell
Graham O’Sullivan & Martin Stancliffe, Recorders
Mie Hayashi, Harpsichord

Divina Commedia: Inferno, canto 26, ll.82-142
Dante
Read by Carla Gabrielli

I am in Love with Every Star
Sadie Harrison
Renee Reznik, Piano

The Collar
George Herbert
Read by George Lemos

Sonata for Flute and Piano
Cantilena (2nd Mov.)
Francis Poulenc
Imogen Parker, Flute, Sasha Sutherland, Piano

Tribute
Kevin Rushby

Goldberg Variations: Aria-Variatio 13, 16 and Aria da Capo
Johann Sebastian Bach
Mie Hayashi, Harpsichord

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Divina Commedia, Inferno, canto 26, il.82-142, Dante. (Translated by Allen Mandelbaum)

The greater horn within that ancient flame began to sway and tremble, murmuring just like a fire that struggles in the wind;

and then he waved his flame-tip back and forth as if it were a tongue that tried to speak, and flung toward us a voice that answered: “When

I sailed away from Circe, who’d beguiled me

stay more than a year there, near Gaeta—before Aeneas gave that place a name—

neither my fondness for my son nor pity for my old father nor the love I owed Penelope, which would have gladdened her,

was able to defeat in me the longing I had to gain experience of the world and of the vices and the worth of men.

Therefore, I set out on the open sea with but one ship and that small company of those who never had deserted me.

I saw as far as Spain, far as Morocco, along both shores; I saw Sardinia and saw the other islands that sea bathes.

And I and my companions were already old and slow, when we approached the narrows where Hercules set up his boundary stones that men might heed and never reach beyond: upon my right, I had gone past Seville, and on the left, already passed Ceōta.
'Brothers,' I said, 'o you, who having crossed a hundred thousand dangers, reach the west, to this brief waking-time that still is left

unto your senses, you must not deny experience of that which lies beyond the sun, and of the world that is unpeopled.

Consider well the seed that gave you birth: you were not made to live your lives as brutes, but to be followers of worth and knowledge.'

I spurred my comrades with this brief address to meet the journey with such eagerness that I could hardly, then, have held them back;

and having turned our stern toward morning, we made wings out of our oars in a wild flight and always gained upon our left-hand side.

At night I now could see the other pole and all its stars; the star of ours had fallen and never rose above the plain of the ocean.

Five times the light beneath the moon had been rekindled, and, as many times, was spent, since that hard passage faced our first attempt,

when there before us rose a mountain, dark because of distance, and it seemed to me the highest mountain I had ever seen.

And we were glad, but this soon turned to sorrow for out of that new land a whirlwind rose and hammered at our ship, against her bow.

Three times it turned her round with all the waters; and at the fourth, it lifted up the stern so that our prow plunged deep, as pleased an Other,

until the sea again closed-over us.
Adventurer
Linguist
Orientalist
&
Beloved friend