



Side On

Pax Britannica

How many millions of years has the sun stood in the heaven? But it never looked down until yesterday upon the embodiment of so much energy and power. The Diamond Jubilee of 1897 was a pageant which for splendour of appearance has never been paralleled in the history of the world. History may be searched and searched in vain, to discover so wonderful an exhibition of allegiance and brotherhood amongst so many myriads of men. The mightiest and most beneficial Empire ever known in the annals of mankind.

THE EMPIRE BUILDER

SAYS GOODBYE TO FAMILY AND FRIENDS
HE HAD BEFORE
BUT HE DOESN'T MIND
'COS HE WILL EASILY FIND SOME MORE
HE'S OFF TO PIONEER AGAIN
AND AS HE LEAVES OUR SHORE HE SINGS HIS SONG:

COME SAIL WITH ME
ON BRITAIN'S WORLD-WIDE SEA
WE'LL USE OUR HEART AND HAND
TO BUILD A BETTER LAND
WE'LL SAY FAREWELL
TO THE COUNTRY WE LOVE BEST
WE'LL GET INTO OUR SAILING BOAT
AND CULTIVATE THE REST

SAYS HELLO TO FRIEND AND FOE WHO GREET HIM FAR AWAY NONE OF THEM ARE REALLY SURE IF HE IS HERE TO STAY THEY SHOULD REALISE HE'S HERE UNTIL HIS DYING DAY SINGING THIS SONG:

COME SAIL WITH ME, etc.

HOW MANY MYSTERIOUS ISLANDS HOW MANY WHALES HAVE YOU SEEN HAVE YOU RISKED BEING EATEN HAVE YOU BASKED BY THE CARIBBEAN

SAYS HELLO, etc.

Nanny Hawkins—by Alan Bennett

Each night, when she thought drowsiness had taken the edge off the child's observation, Nanny Hawkins undressed. It was a ritual which began with the donning of a large grey nightgown of much washed flannelette, under the chaste and ample folds of which Nanny Hawkins would fumble and delve, those cold, sharp-jointed fingers dissociating hooks from eyes and safety pins from their moorings as garments fell in a growing heap around her tented ankles. And, as one by one, the salient plates of her baroque feminine armour were unbuckled, gradually the boy saw her figure resume its natural contours as she was transformed from a hard and scaly figure of presence and authority into a thin and tired body silhouetted under the huge nightgown by the dying fire.

BOY

WHY ARE HER EYES SO WARM AND CLEAR WHY ARE HER VISITS SO FEW MOTHER DEAR MOTHER I MISS YOU SO I SEE MORE OF NANNY THAN I SEE OF YOU WITH HER BLUE EYES TURNING TO GREY MY DREAMS ARE FADING AWAY

GREY UNIFORM AND LACE-UP SHOES READING WHILE HE PLAYS SHE MAKES SURE HE'S CLEAN AND SAYS HIS PRAYERS EVERYDAY AND THOUGH HIS MOTHER'S FAR AWAY HE SEES HER SMILE AND SAY

LOVE ME, I LOVE YOU LITTLE BOY PITY MOTHER DIDN'T SHARE THE LIFE OF HER ONLY SON TO TELL HIM OFF OR SYMPATHIZE WITH
ANYTHING HE'S DONE
AND NOW HE'S COME TO REALIZE THAT BEING
YOUNG'S NO FUN

LOVE ME, etc.

CARL DAVIS GEORGE HOV

Extracts of letters from Julian Grenfell ('The Lost Generation') by Reginald Pound, and published by Constable

The War suits my stolid health and stolid nerves and barbaric disposition . . . I adore war. It is like a big picnic, without the objectlessness of a picnic. I have never been so well or so happy. And how marvellously brave and cheerful the English Tommy is. You should have seen our men setting out for the trenches. Absolutely radiant with excitement and joy at getting back to the fight again! . . . And don't you think it has been a wonderful and almost incredible rally to the Empire, with the Hindus and the Boers, and South Fiji islanders all aching to come and throw stones at the Germans? It reinforces one's belief in the Old Flag and the Mother Country and the Heavy Brigade and the Thin Red Line, and all the Imperial idea which gets rather shadowy in peace-time, don't you think?

THE LOST GENERATION
Treble solo by Stephen Price
THEY CLOSE THEIR EYES
OUR EYES CLOSE ON THEM
IT COULD BE ME AND YOU
THE WORLD IS WEEPING FOR
IS IT RIGHT TO FORGET THE LOST GENERATION
THAT STAND AT THE TOP OF THE HILL?

THEIR NUMBERS GROW
AS ONE BY ONE
WAR TAKES ITS TOLL
FROM OUR OUTSTRETCHED ARMS
WE TRIED TO FORGET THE LOST GENERATION
THAT STAND AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

(THEY SHALL NOT GROW OLD AS WE THAT ARE LEFT GROW OLD AGE SHALL NOT WITHER NOR THE YEARS CONDEMN)

WE STRUGGLE TO FIND
SOME PRIDE IN THEIR PAIN
AS WE BURY OUR GUILT
ALONG WITH OUR MEN
BUT WREATHS CANNOT HIDE THE LOST GENERATION
THAT STAND AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

WE CANNOT REFUSE
TO SUFFER WITH THEM
TO CRADLE IN OUR ARMS
THE INVISIBLE FRIEND
TO HEAR THE CRIES OF A LOST GENERATION
THAT STAND AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

(THEY SHALL NOT GROW OLD AS WE THAT ARE LEFT GROW OLD AGE SHALL NOT WITHER NOR THE YEARS CONDEMN)

THE SUN STRIKES THE EARTH
THAT COVERS THE GRAVES
FRESH FLOWERS APPEAR
FED BY THE TEARS
OF A WORLD UNKNOWN TO THE LOST GENERATION
THAT STAND AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

CARL DAVIS
GEORGE HOWE

"High Wood" by Philip Johnston first appeared in the "Nation" and is included by permission of the "New Statesman"

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is High Wood called by the French, Bois Des Fourneaux, the famous spot which in Nineteen-Sixteen July, August and September was the scene of long and bitterly contested strife by reason of its high commanding site.

Observe the effect of shell-fire in the trees standing and fallen. Here is wire; this trench for months inhabited, twelve times changed hands; (they soon fall in), used later as a grave. It has been said on good authority that in the fighting for this patch of wood were killed somewhere above eight thousand men, of whom the greater part were buried here. This mound on which you stand being ... Madame, please, you are requested kindly not to touch or take away the Company's property as souvenirs; you'll find we have on sale a large variety, all guaranteed. As I was saying, all is as it was, this is an unknown British Officer, the tunic having lately rotted off. Please follow me—this way . . . the path, Sir, please. The ground which was secured at great expense the Company keeps absolutely untouched, and in that dug-out (genuine) we provide refreshments at a reasonable rate. You are requested not to leave about paper, or ginger-beer bottles, or orange peel, there are waste-paper baskets at the gate.

from "The Girls of Nineteen-Twenty-Six" by James Laver

Mother's advice, and Father's fears alike are voted—just a bore, there's Negro music in their ears, the World is one huge dancing floor they mean to tread the primrose path in spite of Mr. Joynson-Hicks they're people of the aftermath the Girls of 1926.

In greedy haste, on pleasure bent they have no time to think, or feel what need is there for sentiment now they've invented sex-appeal? they've silken legs and scarlet lips, they're young and hungry, wild and free their waists are round about the hips their skirts are well above the knee.

They've boyish busts and Eton crops, they quiver to the saxophone come, dance before the music stops and who can bear to be alone come drink your gin, or sniff your snow since youth is brief, and love has wings and time will tarnish, ere we know the brightness of the bright young things.

GIRLS

HELLO, HELLO, HELLO,

HELLO, LET ME INTRODUCE
A FRIEND OF MINE NAMED JILL
SHE'S THE ONE WHOSE DANCING
ALWAYS GIVES US SUCH A THRILL
BY DANCING IN THE WAY THEY DANCED
40 YEARS AGO
DANCE ON, JILL, DANCE ON.

HERE'S ANOTHER PRETTY GIRL
IN PROHIBITION CLOTHES
WE DON'T KNOW HER REAL NAME
SO WE JUST CALL HER 'ROSE'
WE LOVE HER 'COS SHE DRESSES
IN AN OLD FASHIONED STYLE
WALK ON ROSE, WALK ON.

AND HOW ABOUT JOANNA PLAYING THE PEEYANNA OLD RAGTIME AND HERE COMES DOLLY BELLA WITH HER SISTER'S FELLA HE DOESN'T MIND

FINALLY A WORD OR TWO ABOUT MY FAVOURITE GIRL
THE MOTHER OF THEM ALL, DUSKY PEARL
SHE CAN MIX THE 'SATAN'S KISS' OF 40 YEARS AGO
SET 'EM UP PEARL, SET 'EM UP.

GEORGE HOWE

Side Two

Extract from "The Civil War in Spain" by Robert Payne. Published in British Commonwealth & Empire excluding Canada by Secker & Warburg. Published elsewhere by G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York.

I came down off the black hills one gale-swept night in 1938 during the battle into Villaneuva. The town of Villaneuva was under shell-fire and it was burning. For safety I entered the Church. It was an evacuation station and its floor was covered with wounded men, groaning and screaming. Doctors were going among the men; the Church was lit by a few acetylene flares placed on the ground. Long shadows writhed on the ground like in a mobile El Greco. All the Church was the echoing litany of death. I went up to the dismantled high altar to write my report. Bowed over the centre of the altar, his head upon his hands, was a wounded man, blood streaming from his head. He was standing as a priest stands when he murmurs: 'This is my Body'. The man was dying, I thought. He is pleading the sacrifice of Spain. Far off, the machine guns rattled.

SPAIN

LONG BEFORE

WISH YOU WERE HERE

RAIN FALLS ON OUR LAND
LISTENING TO A MILITARY BAND
IN THE STRAND
PLAY SUMMER TUNES
GET INTO YOUR CAR
THE AIRPORT ISN'T VERY FAR
HERE YOU ARE
LOOKING FOR SUN
BULLFIGHT EVERY DAY
WATCH THE SPANISH CHILDREN PLAY
MONTH OF MAY
IS SUMMER TIME
HAS THERE BEEN A WAR?

SITTING ON THE SUNBURNT SHORE

CARL DAVIS GEORGE HOWE

"Vergissmeinicht" by Keith Douglas from "Collected Poems". Published by Faber & Faber

Three weeks gone and the combatants gone, returning over the nightmare ground we found the place again, and found the Soldier sprawling in the sun

The frowning barrel of his gun overshadowing. As we came on that day, he hit my tank with one like the entry of a demon.

Look. Here in the gunpit spoil the dishonoured picture of his girl who has put: Steffi. Vergissmeinicht in a copybook Gothic script.

We see him almost with content abased, and seeming to have paid and mocked at by his own equipment that's hard and good when he's decayed

But She would weep to see today how on his skin the Swart flies move; the dust upon the paper eye and the burst stomach like a cave. For here the lover and the killer are mingled who had one body and one heart and death who had the Soldier singled has done the lover mortal hurt.

GOODNIGHT SUGAR, CLOSE YOUR EYES

GOODNIGHT SUGAR

WHILE WE SAY OUR LAST GOODBYES
WHEN MORNING COMES HE'S JUST ANOTHER SOLDIER
WE'LL FIGHT TOO
WE'LL FIGHT FOR YOU
GOODNIGHT SUGAR HOPE YOU'LL PRAY
FOR YOUR PAPA WHO'S MANY MILES AWAY
AND ONE DAY WHEN YOU'VE GROWN A LITTLE OLDER
WE'LL PRAY TOO
WE'LL PRAY FOR YOU

PLEASE BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY THAT NOTHING WILL CHANGE
WAIT AND SEE
WAIT AND SEE
EVERYTHING WE KNOW IS SURE TO STAY THE SAME
WAIT AND SEE

GOODNIGHT SUGAR GO TO SLEEP
I CAN'T BEAR TO SEE YOU WEEP
AND ONE DAY WHEN YOU UNDERSTAND MY CRYIN'
WE'LL CRY TOO
CARL DAY
WE'LL CRY FOR YOU
GEORGE I

Extract from "English History, 1914-1945" by A. J. P. Taylor. Published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford.

In the Second World War the British people came of age. This was a people's war. Not only were their needs considered. They themselves wanted to win—"Victory at all costs". They succeeded. No English soldier who rode with the tanks into liberated Belgium or saw the German murder camps at Dächau or Buchenwald could doubt that the War had been a noble crusade. The British were the only people who went through both World Wars from beginning to end. Yet they remained a peaceful, civilized people, tolerant, patient and generous. Traditional values lost much of their force. Other values took their place. Imperial greatness was on the way out; the welfare state was on the way in. The British Empire declined; the condition of the people improved. Few now sang 'Land of Hope and Glory'. Few even sang 'England Arise'. England had risen all the same.

WELL DONE

GRAECIAN PRINCE TAKES HIS PRINCESS BY THE HAND DOWN LAMBETH WALK THEY CONGA TO THE BAND AND YOU'VE GOT A MEDAL OR TWO TO SHOW YOUR SON I'M GLAD YOU WON WELL DONE

YOUR DOCTOR'S A FREE MAN SO FEEL ILL-AT-EASE
YOU NEVER HAD YOUR OWN HOUSE AND A CAR
WE'RE THINKING ABOUT YOU SO YOU SHOULD
BE PLEASED
HAIGH AND HEATH ARE IN THE DOCK
AT THE ODEON PATRICIA ROC

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR IS OFF TO THE U.S.A.
TO MARRY THE RICH G.I. SHE MET ON NEW YEAR'S DAY
AND YOU GOT A MEDAL OR TWO TO SHOW YOUR SON
I'M GLAD YOU WON
WELL DONE

REACH FOR YOUR SLIPPERS, TURN ON THE TV FOOD IS GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY 'COS EVERYTHING'S FREE AFTER SIX LONG YEARS YOU'VE WON A NIGHT WITH ANNIE GET YOUR GUN'

THE MAN FROM THE H.P. IS AT THE DOOR
FORGET ABOUT THE PRICE JUST BUY SOME MORE
'COS YOU GOT A MEDAL OR TWO TO SHOW YOUR SON
I'M GLAD YOU WON
WELL DONE
I'M GLAD YOU WON

WELL DONE
I'M GLAD YOU WON
WELL DONE

CARL DAVIS GEORGE HOWE

I AM A PAPER BAG

TOO TRUE BABY BLUE
SINCE YOU WENT TO BED
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MR. WHITE
AND HIS BROTHER MR. RED LA LA LA
LA LA, LA LA LA
LA LA, LA LA

I AM BRITAIN YOU ARE BRITAIN YOU ARE A PAPER BAG

QUITE RIGHT MR. WHITE PURPLE IS A BETTER SCENE RED AND BLUE ARE NOT FOR YOU FOR THEY WERE FAR TOO MEAN LA LA LA LA LA LA LA, ETC.

I AM BRITAIN YOU ARE BRITAIN YOU ARE MILITARY CLOTHES

WELL SAID MR RED
WHERE ARE THE OTHER TWO
TOTALLY DESPERATE MR. WHITE
AND SLEEPY BABY BLUE LA LA LA
LA LA LA, ETC.

I AM BRITAIN YOU ARE BRITAIN YOU ARE A KIPPER TIE .

GEORGE HOW

From "Recessional" by Rudyard Kipling from "The Five Nations". Published by Methuen & Co. by Permission of Mrs. George Bambridge.

The tumult and the shouting dies
The captains and the kings depart:

Far-called, our navies melt away.
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!

WE WERE HAPPY THERE

IN A BOATER IN A BOWLER IN A BOAT
IN THE SUMMER WE WERE DRIFTING AWAY
NEVER EXPECTING THE DAY
WHEN WE WOULDN'T HAVE OUR TAILORS
OUR SERVANTS AND OUR SAILORS
OUR OLD BOYS PLAYING CRICKET ON THE GREEN
WE WOULDN'T HAVE OUR DANCES
OUR GOSSIP OUR ROMANCES
AND AN EMPIRE WE'D NEVER SEEN

ON THE SMOOTH AND SACRED LAWNS
WE HELD THE CARDS OF LIFE AND DEATH
WE WERE HAPPY THERE
WE WERE HAPPY THERE

IN A BOATER IN A BOWLER IN A BOAT
GENTLY GLIDING THROUGH THE LONG YEARS OF PEACE
NEVER THINKING THAT SUMMER WOULD CEASE
SELLING COMPANIES AT TEATIME
WITH THE LADIES IN THE MEANTIME
TAKING HAMPERS TO THE AGED AND THE POOR
WE COULDN'T HEAR THE CRYING
FOR WE HAD NO FEAR OF DYING
WHEN FOR KING AND COUNTRY WE WENT TO WAR

ON THE SMOOTH AND SACRED LAWNS, ETC.

IN A BOATER IN A BOWLER IN A BOAT
IN THE SUMMER WE HAD DRIFTED AWAY
NEVER EXPECTING THE DAY
WHEN THE DOORS WOULD CLOSE BEHIND US
AND THE NEON SIGNS WOULD BLIND US
AND THE HEROES THAT OUR FATHERS HAD REVERED
COULD RALLY US NO LONGER
FOR THE NAMELESS MEN WERE STRONGER
AND THE WORLD WE KNEW HAD DISAPPEARED
ON THE SMOOTH AND SACRED LAWNS, ETC.

CARL DAVIS GEORGE HOV

MUPS 375

Recent equipment may already be fitted with a suitable cartridge. If in doubt, consult your Dealer.

Narrated by JOHN GIELGUD Songs sung by GEORGE HOWE

Readings selected by Patrick Garland Music composed by Carl Davis Lyrics by George Howe Devised by Carl Davis Record Produced by Mike Leander



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Britain's world-wise see we'll use our heart and hand to build a better land

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STEREO MUPS 375

This stereo record can be played on mono reproducers provided either a compatible or stereo cartridge wired for mono is fitted. Recent equipment may already be fitted with a suitable cartridge. If in doubt, consult your dealer.

Narrated by

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I am in a sense the step-father of 'We Were Happy There' since it has been written by two performers in my play, 'Forty Years On' and on themes suggested by it. 'Forty Years On' is set in a run-down public school, Albion House, a loose metaphor of England today. The traditionalist headmaster is retiring, to be replaced by a more progressive figure. To mark his retirement, staff and boys put on a play which looks back with mockery and affection to the period 1900-1940 as seen through the eyes of an upperclass couple during the Second World War. Their memories range over the matchless lawns of Edwardian England, the loneliness of the night nursery; they recall the Lost Generation of the First War, Bloomsbury, Chamberlain and Munich. And throughout, their memories are shot through with the hopes and expectations engendered by the 1939-45 War. Some of these themes find direct echoes in 'We Were Happy There' for both are in a sense about memory, the past as seen through the eyes of different generations.

What I had not bargained for in writing the play was the attitude of the twenty or so boys who were to take part in it. The period 1900-1940 is for me a matter of heresay, and knowledge gained from books; it is only when we emerge from the Second War that remembered fact and personal recollection takes over. It came as something of a shock for me to find that this was not the case for these sixteen and seventeen year old boys. For them, for George Howe writing about it, the Second War is as remote as the First is for me. 'What happened in 1939' said one boy, 'was it the General Strike?' 'This

Krupps place we bombed, was it a restaurant?' If the boys in the play were remote in time from its events, Carl Davis, who wrote the music for 'Forty Years On' was remote by upbringing. He is an American, brought up in East Flatbush, Brooklyn, which is about as remote as you can get from the smooth and sacred lawns of the Edwardian era. Not his the remembered terrors of the night nursery or the lingering regrets for an imperial past. And very different from the collaborator he found for himself in the cast, George Howe . . . public schoolboy, house captain, captain of games, Greyfriars at its best. Their involvement in the play, combined with their separate detachment from its point of view come out in this record, for which Carl Davis wrote the music, George Howe the words.

The beginnings of the title song I first heard on the huge draughty stage of the Palace Theatre, Manchester, where we had opened for a pre-London run in September, 1968. It was a dismal time; the play was going badly, the audiences were thin and unappreciative and we were rehearsing pretty well all the time. In the all too few intervals from rehearsals, some of the boys began to put together the lyrics of the song which became 'We Were Happy There'. This title song was a truly co-operative effort, with lines contributed by odd boys who drifted in from rehearsals, snatches tried out by different combinations of voices, while Carl Davis improvised music on the organ accompanied by the strange group of instruments available in the cast, guitar, flute and horn, and the final version of the lyrics battered out in the Tea Centre, Oxford Road. For me, this song, which is about nostalgia, has already acquired a nostalgia of its own, utterly remote from the events it talks about... souvenir of a time which in experience was gloomy and depressing but in retrospect seems fruitful, rich and happy.

The songs are linked by readings taken from various sources and spoken by Sir John Gielgud. There is no fixed relationship between song and reading: the one is sometimes an ironical comment on the other. An account of the Empire on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee is followed by Come Sail With Me, a breezy farewell to imperial ambitions. Extracts from Julian Grenfell's letters from the front, rejoicing in the war introduces The Lost Generation, a song about the dead of the First War, of which he was to be one. In 'Spain' a couple daydream on a Spanish beach today knowing nothing of the Civil War which agitated their parents thirty years before.

War is one of the recurring themes of the record. but not the symbol of Vietnam but war as we have known it in Europe; the First War, futile and romantic therefore, the Second, a very pointful war and near enough in time to be remote in imagination. War, and also patriotism, a patriotism which ranges from 'the mightiest and most beneficial Empire ever known in the annals of mankind' and Julian Grenfell's belief in 'the Old Flag and the Mother Country, the Heavy Brigade and the Thin Red Line' to that sceptical and limited patriotism which survived the Second War only to be turned into that tawdry parody we have today, when red, white and blue is a nice way of decorating a tea caddy and a Union Jack is only a paper bag.

ALAN BENNETT.



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WARNING

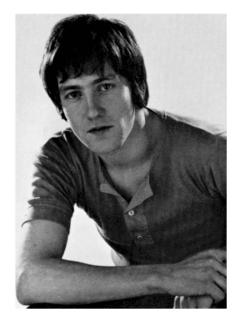
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Sir John Gielgud's current success is the part of the retiring headmaster in Alan Bennett's "40 Years On".

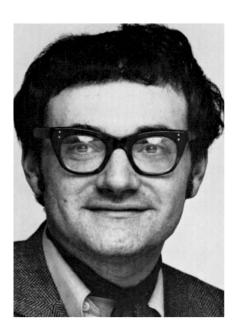
During the last six years, Sir John has appeared in many outstanding films including "Becket" and "Chimes at Midnight" (1963); "The Loved Ones" (1964); "The Assignment" (1966); "Mr. Sebastian" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (1967); and "Shoes of the Fisherman" and "Oh, What a Lovely War" (1968).

Recent television appearances include the ATV series "Conflict" and "The Mayfly and the Frog" (1966); "Alice in Wonderland" and "From Chekhov with Love" (1967); and "St. Joan" (1968).





George Howe was born in 1949 at Bromley, Kent. He was educated at St. Edmonds School, Oxford, becoming Head of House, and school colours, First XV in rugby and he is fond of skiing, swimming and surfing. He learnt to play the guitar at the age of eight, and has learnt the piano since the age of thirteen, fallowed by organ lessons at Oxford. He started song writing with Carl Davis during the pre-London run of "40 Years On" and his main ambition is to write a full-length play with music.



Carl Davis was born in New York in 1936 and has lived for the past ten years in London. His composing credits in England include the revue "Twists", two television operas commissioned by the BBC, many incidental scores for TV plays and radio, and the film "The Borfors Gun". He was musical director and arranger for Alan Bennett's "40 Years On" where he met and collaborated with George Howe on "We Were Happy There". He is currently co-composer, arranger and musical director for "The Stiffkey Scandals of 1932", now playing on Shaftesbury Ávenue.



Mike Leander producer, arranger, composer responsible for overall production of "We Were Happy There".



® 1969



MUPS 375

Pax Britannica
THE EMPIRE BUILDER Dayis, Howe) Leeds Music
Nanny Hawkins (Alan Bernett) BOY (Dayis, Howe)
Manny Hawkins (Alan Bernett) BOY (Lulian Grente) Leeds Music 3 Extrection (The Lost Generation) (THE LOST GENERATION Extracts of letters by Julian Grenfell Howe) Leeds Music

Wood" (Philip Jo Statesman "The Girls of Minsteen-Twenty-Six" (James Laver) GIRLS (Davis, Howe) Leeds Music

Narration by John Gielgud, George Howe— Vocal. John Gielgud directed by Patrick Garland. All Musical Selections Composed by Carl Davis & George Howe Arranged by Carl Davis

Produced by Mike Leander



WE WERE HAPPY THERE

@ 1969



STEREO

95T-L **MUPS 375**

Extract from "The Civil War in Spain" (Robert Payne).
Secker Warburg SPAIN (Dayls, Howe) Leeds Music
Vergissmeinicht (Keith Douglas) Faber & Faber
GOODNIGHT SUGAR (Dayls, Howe) Leeds Music
Extract from "English History 1914-1945" (A.J.P. Taylor)
Clarendon Press, Öxford WELL DONE (Davis, Howe)
Leeds Music 4 I AM A PAPER BAG (Davis, Howe)
Leeds Music 5 From "Recessional" (Rudyard
Kipling) Methuen & Co. WE WERE HAPPY
THERE (Davis, Howe) Leeds Music 5
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