

# Symphony #16 in Bb

## Preface

This symphony remains one of my preferred works, quite possibly because it conjures happy childhood memories. At ten years of age I remember walking with my father and holding his hand. We were going to the town park's annual "tombola". But this was much more than an organized bingo. It was more like a mini circus.

(Movement one) The transformed park felt like a strange mysterious place full of beautiful exciting things with colourful booths, tents, posters and blinking lights. Different types of music intermingling with itself could be heard everywhere. Entering an isle with small booths on each side we stopped momentarily to check out what all the fuss was about (bar 35 - 46). It was all fun and games for everyone. After a few moments, we move on (bar 47 - 83) to the next booth. (bar 84 -94). This booth had a big colourful spinning wheel and every one screamed with joy when it stopped. After a few of those "pit stops", we sat down in front of what they called a "band shell".

(Movement two) People dressed in colourful red and blue suits came out from a back door. They were carrying shiny wind instruments and drums. They sat in a semi- circle. The woodwind instruments started playing and soon after the big bass drum and trumpets joined in. (bar 64) The town band was a favourite.

(Movement three) At night, the hard-working people come out. Although there were no "coal miners" in Rockland ....there were nevertheless, people who really couldn't afford to be there during the middle of the day. The consistent sound of the anvil is a grim reminder of drudgery and hard work that labourers endured daily.

(Movement four) The darkness also helped to intensify the glitter. The highlights were certainly the fireworks that caught everyone's attention (bar 1-30). But something else fascinated me even more. It was a big white, well lit carrousel. It kept turning round and round with horses going up and down to the sounds of repetitious tinkly music. (bar 31, VI.1) The town band trumpets could still be heard from a distance making it's way through all the joyful people noise. Then came the dreaded end. The carrousel slowed down (bar 112) and people left as quickly as they had arrived.