

For Dad – David Ian Glendinning (11th November 1926 to 7th October 2014)

You just heard that Dad had a brief national service career in military intelligence and that his day-job interest in surveying and mapping led to his involvement in the history and archaeology of the magnificent Priory alongside us. Dad actually had a wide interest in geography and historical exploration, so not just historical maps, but ancient documents of all kinds. Generally, that interest in documents was in their content – people, places, events and their language – the history and archaeology – rather than their literary or poetic merits. Dad's artistic interest was mainly musical – strictly classical and traditional music – and he had a deep love and knowledge of the composers and their works.

He was also no mean singer and conductor – so, prancing around the dining room to accompany his latest favourite on voice and imaginary baton, was quite normal. For us kids – Jane, Andrew and myself – growing up at 98A, there was a memorable period where his interest in ancient texts and his love of classical music came together in one particular work that caught his imagination ... and therefore ours.

We chose not to play anything from it here today. Long before it hit the public consciousness in mid 1970's after-shave ads and as the incidental music to James Burke on the BBC, we were as a family already well-versed in Dad's own performance of the 1967 Deutsche Grammophon recording of Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana*. Since then, it's been called "the most overused piece of music ... in film history" and "thoroughly spoiled by the loss of context ... from the original".

Well, in case you didn't know, the original is a 13th century collection of poems written by monks in a mediaeval German, from which Orff created *Carmina Burana* in the 1930's. It's notably very bawdy in places, quite explicit on pleasures of the flesh generally, and it's plain weird in other places. I'll spare you the piece sung by the swan roasting on the spit (!), in fact I'll spare you the singing altogether, and I'll even spare you the mediaeval German too – though of course, Dad never spared *us* these as he sang and conducted his way around the dining room.

So, to put it back in context, and in memory of David,
I will share with you this passage from *In the Tavern*:

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[Carl Orff - *Carmina Burana* – *In The Tavern*]

When we're here in the tavern, we do not think how we'll turn to dust.

But we hurry to gamble, which makes us all sweat -
What happens in the tavern, where money is host?
You may well ask, so hear what I say.

Some gamble, some drink, some behave loosely.
Of those who gamble, some are stripped bare,
Some win their clothes, and some dress in sacks.

But here, no-one fears death.

This man drinks, that man drinks, a hundred drink, a thousand drink.
Six hundred pennies would hardly suffice, if everyone drank immoderately.

However much they cheerfully drink,
we are the ones whom everyone scolds, and thus are we destitute.

May those who slander us be cursed
and may their names be *not* written in the book of the righteous.

For here, no-one fears death.

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