



**Ian Bostridge *tenor***

**Harriet Burns *soprano***

**Joseph Middleton *piano***

**Thursday 29 October 2020**

**6.00pm**

**Leeds Town Hall**

## PROGRAMME

### **Franz Schubert** (1797-1828)

Ellens Gesang I - Raste Krieger! Krieg ist aus  
Ellens Gesang II - Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd!  
Ellens Gesang III - Ave Maria

---

#### ***Winterreise***

Gute Nacht  
Die Wetterfahne  
Gefrorene Tränen  
Erstarrung  
Der Lindenbaum  
Wasserflut  
Auf den Fluße  
Rückblick  
Irrlicht  
Rast  
Frühlingstraum  
Einsamkeit  
Die Post  
Der greise Kopf  
Die Krähe  
Letzte Hoffnung  
Im Dorfe  
Der stürmische Morgen  
Täuschung  
Der Wegweiser  
Das Wirtshaus  
Mut  
Die Nebensonnen  
Der Leierman

## Ellens Gesang I

Raste Krieger! Krieg ist aus,  
Schlaf den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken,  
Träume nicht von wildem Strauss  
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken.

In der Insel Zauberhallen  
Wird ein weicher Schlafgesang  
Um das müde Haupt dir wallen  
Zu der Zauberharfe Klang.

Feen mit unsichtbaren Händen  
Werden auf dein Lager hin  
Holde Schlummerblumen senden,  
Die im Zauberlande blühen.

Nicht der Trommel wildes Rasen,  
Nicht des Kriegs Gebietend Wort,  
Nicht der Todeshörner Blasen  
Scheuchen deinen Schlummer fort.

Nicht das Stampfen wilder Pferde,  
Nicht der Schreckensruf der Wacht,  
Nicht das Bild von Tagsbeschwerde  
Stören deine stille Nacht.

Doch der Lerche Morgensänge  
Wecken sanft dein schlummernd Ohr,  
Und des Sumpffgefieders Klänge  
Steigend aus Geschilf und Rohr.

*Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)/ German: Adam Storck*

Rest, soldier! Your war is over,  
Sleep, sleep, nothing will awaken you,  
Don't dream of fierce battles,  
Nor of days and nights full of horrors.

Here in the island's enchanted halls  
A gentle lullaby  
Will waft around your weary head  
To the sound of a magical harp.

Spirits with unseen hands  
Will send blissful flowers of sleep,  
Which bloom in the enchanted land,  
To your resting place.

Neither the wild beating of the drums,  
Nor the commanding summons to battle,  
Nor the braying of the horns of death  
Will chase away your slumber.

Neither the stamping of terrified horses,  
Nor the frightened call of the sentry,  
Nor the image of the day's duties  
Shall disturb your peaceful night.

But the morning song of the lark  
Will gently enter your slumbering ear,  
And the sounds of marsh birds  
Will rise from reeds and rushes.

## Ellens Gesang II

Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd!  
Weicher Schlummer soll dich decken,  
Träume nicht, wenn Sonn' erwacht,  
Dass Jagdhörner dich erwecken.

Schlaf! der Hirsch ruht in der Höhle,  
Bei dir sind die Hunde wach,  
Schlaf, nicht quäl' es deine Seele,  
Dass dein edles Ross erlag.

Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd!  
Weicher Schlummer soll dich decken;  
Wenn der junge Tag erwacht,  
Wird kein Jägerhorn dich wecken.

*Sir Walter Scott /German: Adam Storck*

Hunter, rest from the chase!  
Gentle slumber shall enfold you,  
Do not dream that when the sun rises  
Hunting horns will wake you.

Sleep! The stag is resting in his den,  
Your hounds are awake beside you,  
Sleep, don't let it distress you  
That your noble steed has perished.

Hunter, rest from the chase!  
Gentle slumber should enfold you;  
When the new day dawns,  
No hunting horn will awaken you.

### Ellens Gesang III

Ave Maria! Jungfrau mild,  
Erhöre einer Jungfrau Flehen,  
Aus diesem Felsen starr und wild  
Soll mein Gebet zu dir hinwehen.  
Wir schlafen sicher bis zum Morgen,  
Ob Menschen noch so grausam sind.  
O Jungfrau, sieh der Jungfrau Sorgen,  
O Mutter, hör ein bittend Kind!  
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Unbefleckt!  
Wenn wir auf diesen Fels hinsinken  
Zum Schlaf, und uns dein Schutz bedeckt  
Wird weich der harte Fels uns dünken.  
Du lächelst, Rosendüfte wehen  
In dieser dumpfen Felsenkluft,  
O Mutter, höre Kindes Flehen,  
O Jungfrau, eine Jungfrau ruft!  
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Reine Magd!  
Der Erde und der Luft Dämonen,  
Von deines Auges Huld verjagt,  
Sie können hier nicht bei uns wohnen.  
Wir woll'n uns still dem Schicksal beugen,  
Da uns dein heil'ger Trost anweht;  
Der Jungfrau wolle hold dich neigen,  
Dem Kind, das für den Vater fleht.  
Ave Maria!

Hail Mary! Gentle Maiden,  
Hear a maiden's plea,  
From this bleak wild rock  
Let my prayer be wafted to you.  
We shall sleep safely until morning,  
However cruel men may be.  
Oh Maiden, behold a maiden's cares,  
Oh Mother, hear the plea of your child!  
Hail Mary!

Hail Mary! undefiled!  
When we sink down to sleep on this rock  
And your care envelops us  
This hard rock will seem soft to us.  
When you smile, the scent of roses wafts  
Through this dismal cavern,  
Oh Mother, hear your child's plea,  
Oh Maiden, a maiden cries to you!  
Hail Mary!

Hail Mary! Purest Maiden!  
The demons of the air and earth  
Are chased away by the grace of your eyes,  
They cannot live here with us.  
We will bow silently to our fate,  
Because your blessed comfort touches us;  
Incline in grace to a maiden,  
To a child that prays for its father.  
Hail Mary!

*Sir Walter Scott / German: Adam Storck*

## Winterreise

Poems by: Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

### Gute Nacht

Fremd bin ich eingezogen,  
Fremd zieh' ich wieder aus.  
Der Mai war mir gewogen  
Mit manchem Blumenstrauß.  
Das Mädchen sprach von Liebe,  
Die Mutter gar von Eh', -  
Nun ist die Welt so trübe,  
Der Weg gehüllt in Schnee.

Ich kann zu meiner Reisen  
Nicht wählen mit der Zeit,  
Muß selbst den Weg mir weisen  
In dieser Dunkelheit.  
Es zieht ein Mondenschatten  
Als mein Gefährte mit,  
Und auf den weißen Matten  
Such' ich des Wildes Tritt.

Was soll ich länger weilen,  
Daß man mich trieb hinaus?  
Laß irre Hunde heulen  
Vor ihres Herren Haus;  
Die Liebe liebt das Wandern -  
Gott hat sie so gemacht -  
Von einem zu dem andern.  
Fein Liebchen, gute Nacht!

Will dich im Traum nicht stören,  
Wär schad' um deine Ruh',  
Sollst meinen Tritt nicht hören -  
Sacht, sacht die Türe zu!  
Ich schreibe im Vorübergehen  
An's Tor dir: gute Nacht,  
Damit du mögest sehen,  
An dich hab' ich gedacht.

### Good Night

As a stranger I arrived,  
And as a stranger I leave.  
May greeted me with kindness,  
With many bunches of flowers.  
The girl spoke of love,  
Her mother even of marriage, -  
Now the world is bleak,  
The path covered by snow.

I cannot choose the time  
Of my journey;  
I must find my own way  
In this darkness.  
A shadow cast by the moonlight  
Is my travelling companion,  
On the white fields  
I search for deer tracks.

Why should I linger, waiting  
Until I am driven out?  
Let stray dogs howl  
Outside their master's house;  
Love loves to wander,  
God has made it so,  
From one to another.  
Dear love, good night!

I will not disturb you in your dreaming,  
It would be a pity to spoil your rest;  
You shall not hear my footsteps  
As I softly shut the door!  
On my way out I'll write  
"Good Night" on the gate,  
So that you may see  
That I have thought of you.

### **Die Wetterfahne**

Der Wind spielt mit der Wetterfahne  
Auf meines schönen Liebchens Haus.  
Da dacht ich schon in meinem Wahne,  
Sie pfiß den armen Flüchtling aus.

Er hätt' es eher bemerken sollen,  
Des Hauses aufgestecktes Schild,  
So hätt' er nimmer suchen wollen  
Im Haus ein treues Frauenbild.

Der Wind spielt drinnen mit den Herzen  
Wie auf dem Dach, nur nicht so laut.  
Was fragen sie nach meinen Schmerzen?  
Ihr Kind ist eine reiche Braut.

### **Gefrorene Tränen**

Gefrorne Tropfen fallen  
Von meinen Wangen ab:  
Ob es mir denn entgangen,  
Daß ich geweinet hab'?

Ei Tränen, meine Tränen,  
Und seid ihr gar so lau,  
Daß ihr erstarrt zu Eise  
Wie kühler Morgentau?

Und dringt doch aus der Quelle  
Der Brust so glühend heiß,  
Als wolltet ihr zerschmelzen  
Des ganzen Winters Eis!

### **The Weather-Vane**

The wind plays with the weather-vane  
On top of my beautiful beloved's house.  
In my folly I thought  
It was mocking the poor fugitive.

He should have seen it before,  
The sign above the house,  
Then he never would have looked for  
A faithful woman in that house.

The wind plays with hearts within  
As on the roof, but not so loudly.  
What is my suffering to them?  
Their child is a rich bride.

### **Frozen Tears**

Frozen tear drops  
Fall from my cheeks:  
Can it be that, without knowing it,  
I have been weeping?

Oh tears, my tears,  
Are you so lukewarm,  
That you turn to ice  
Like cool morning dew?

And yet you spring from a source  
In my heart with such heat,  
As if you wanted to melt  
All of winter's ice!

## **Erstarrung**

Ich such' im Schnee vergebens  
Nach ihrer Tritte Spur,  
Wo sie an meinem Arme  
Durchstrich die Grüne Flur.

Ich will den Boden küssen,  
Durchdringen Eis und Schnee  
Mit meinen heißen Tränen,  
Bis ich die Erde seh'.

Wo find' ich eine Blüte,  
Wo find' ich grünes Gras?  
Die Blumen sind erstorben  
Der Rasen sieht so blaß.

Soll denn kein Angedenken  
Ich nehmen mit von hier?  
Wenn meine Schmerzen schweigen,  
Wer sagt mir dann von ihr?

Mein Herz ist wie erstorben,  
Kalt starrt ihr Bild darin;  
Schmilzt je das Herz mir wieder,  
Fließt auch ihr Bild dahin

## **Der Lindenbaum**

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore  
Da steht ein Lindenbaum;  
Ich träumt in seinem Schatten  
So manchen süßen Traum.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde  
So manches liebe Wort;  
Es zog in Freud' und Leide  
Zu ihm mich immer fort.

Ich muß' auch heute wandern  
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,  
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel  
Die Augen zugemacht.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,  
Als riefen sie mir zu:  
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,  
Hier find'st du deine Ruh'!

Die kalten Winde bliesen  
Mir grad ins Angesicht;  
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,  
Ich wendete mich nicht.

## **Numbness**

I search in the snow in vain  
For a trace of her footsteps  
Where arm in arm  
We wandered through the green field.

I want to kiss the ground,  
Piercing the ice and snow  
With my hot tears,  
Until I see the

Where shall I find a flower?  
Where shall I find green grass?  
The flowers have withered,  
The grass is so pale.

Is there then no keepsake  
To take with me from here?  
When my pain is stilled,  
Who will speak to me of her?

My heart seems dead,  
Her image is cold within,  
If my heart should one day thaw,  
Her image would melt away too!

## **The Linden Tree**

By the fountain, near the gate,  
Stands a linden tree;  
In its shade I have dreamt  
So many sweet dreams.

I carved on its bark  
So many words of love;  
Whether in joy or in sorrow,  
I was always drawn to it.

Today I had to pass by it again  
In the dead of night.  
And even in the darkness  
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled  
As if calling to me:  
"Come here, to me, friend,  
Here you will find rest!"

The cold wind blew  
Straight into my face,  
My hat flew from my head,  
I did not turn back.

Nun bin ich manche Stunde  
Entfernt von jenem Ort,  
Und immer hör' ich's rauschen:  
Du fändest Ruhe dort!

Now I am many hours  
Away from that spot,  
And I still hear the rustling:  
There you would find rest!

### **Wasserflut**

Manche Trän' aus meinen Augen  
Ist gefallen in den Schnee;  
Seine kalten Flocken saugen  
Durstig ein das heiße Weh.

### **Flood**

Many tears from my eyes  
Have fallen into the snow;  
The icy flakes thirstily drink  
My burning grief.

Wenn die Gräser sprossen wollen  
Weht daher ein lauer Wind,  
Und das Eis zerspringt in Schollen  
Und der weiche Schnee zerrinnt.

When the grass is ready to grow,  
A warm wind blows,  
And the ice breaks up into fragments  
And the soft snow melts.

Schnee, du weißt von meinem Sehnen,  
Sag', wohin doch]geht dein Lauf?  
Folge nach nur meinen Tränen,  
Nimmt dich bald das Bächlein auf.

Snow, you know my longing,  
Tell me where your path leads?  
Just follow my tears  
And before long the brook will bear you away.

Wirst mit ihm die Stadt durchziehen,  
Munt're Straßen ein und aus;  
Fühlst du meine Tränen glühen,  
Da ist meiner Liebsten Haus.

It will take you through the town,  
In and out of the busy streets.  
When you feel my tears burning,  
That will be my beloved's house.

### **Auf dem Flusse**

Der du so lustig rauschtest,  
Du heller, wilder Fluß,  
Wie still bist du geworden,  
Gibst keinen Scheidegruß.

### **On the River**

You who murmured along so merrily,  
You clear, wild stream,  
How quiet you have become,  
You offer no farewell.

Mit harter, starrer Rinde  
Hast du dich überdeckt,  
Liegst kalt und unbeweglich  
Im Sande ausgestreckt.

With a hard, stiff crust  
You have covered yourself.  
You lie cold and motionless  
Stretched out in the sand.

In deine Decke grab' ich  
Mit einem spitzen Stein  
Den Namen meiner Liebsten  
Und Stund' und Tag hinein:

On your surface I carve  
With a sharp stone  
The name of my beloved  
And the hour and the day:

Den Tag des ersten Grußes,  
Den Tag, an dem ich ging;  
Um Nam' und Zahlen windet  
Sich ein zerbroch'ner Ring.

The day of our first meeting,  
The day I went away:  
About the name and numbers  
Winds a broken ring.

Mein Herz, in diesem Bache  
Erkennst du nun dein Bild?  
Ob's unter seiner Rinde  
Wohl auch so reißend schwillt?

My heart, in this brook  
Do you recognize your own image?  
Is there, beneath your surface, too,  
A surging torrent?



## Rückblick

Es brennt mir unter beiden Sohlen,  
Tret' ich auch schon auf Eis und Schnee,  
Ich möcht' nicht wieder Atem holen,  
Bis ich nicht mehr die Türme seh'.

Hab' mich an jeden Stein gestoßen,  
So eilt' ich zu der Stadt hinaus;  
Die Krähen warfen Bäll' und Schloßen  
Auf meinen Hut von jedem Haus.

Wie anders hast du mich empfangen,  
Du Stadt der Unbeständigkeit!  
An deinen blanken Fenstern sangen  
Die Lerch' und Nachtigall im Streit.

Die runden Lindenbäume blühten,  
Die klaren Rinnen rauschten hell,  
Und ach, zwei Mädchenaugen glühten. -  
Da war's gescheh'n um dich, Gesell!

Kommt mir der Tag in die Gedanken,  
Möcht' ich noch einmal rückwärts seh'n,  
Möcht' ich zurücke wieder wanken,  
Vor ihrem Hause stille steh'n.

## Irrlicht

In die tiefsten Felsengründe  
Lockte mich ein Irrlicht hin:  
Wie ich einen Ausgang finde,  
Liegt nicht schwer mir in dem Sinn.

Bin gewohnt das Irregehen,  
's führt ja jeder Weg zum Ziel:  
Uns're Freuden, uns're Leiden,  
Alles eines Irrlichts Spiel!

Durch des Bergstroms trock'ne Rinnen  
Wind' ich ruhig mich hinab,  
Jeder Strom wird's Meer gewinnen,  
Jedes Leiden auch sein Grab.

## A Backward Glance

The ground burns under the soles of my feet,  
Though I walk on ice and snow;  
But I'll not pause for breath again  
Until the towers are out of sight.

I have stumbled over every stone  
In my haste to leave the town;  
The crows shied snow and hailstones  
At my hat from every house.

How differently did you welcomed me,  
You town of infidelity!  
At your bright windows sang  
The lark and the nightingale in competition.

The round linden trees were in blossom,  
The clear fountains murmured brightly,  
And, ah, the girl's eyes flashed, -  
And your fate was, my friend, was sealed.

When that day comes into my thoughts  
I long to look back once more,  
I long to stumble back  
And stand in silence before her house.

## Will-o'-the-wisp

Into the deepest chasms  
A will-o'-the-wisp enticed me;  
How I will find a way out  
Does not concern me much.

I am used to going astray;  
Every path leads to one goal;  
Our joys, our woes,  
Are all a will-o'-the-wisp game!

Down the mountain stream's dry course  
I will calmly wend my way.  
Every river will find the sea,  
Every sorrow will find its grave.

## Rast

Nun merk' ich erst, wie müd' ich bin,  
Da ich zur Ruh' mich lege:  
Das Wandern hielt mich munter hin  
Auf unwirtbarem Wege.

Die Füße frugen nicht nach Rast,  
Es war zu kalt zum Stehen;  
Der Rücken fühlte keine Last,  
Der Sturm half fort mich wehen.

In eines Köhlers engem Haus  
Hab' Obdach ich gefunden;  
Doch meine Glieder ruh'n nicht aus:  
So brennen ihre Wunden.

Auch du, mein Herz, in Kampf und Sturm  
So wild und so verwegen,  
Fühlst in der Still' erst deinen Wurm  
Mit heißem Stich sich regen!

## Frühlingstraum

Ich träumte von bunten Blumen,  
So wie sie wohl blühen im Mai;  
Ich träumte von grünen Wiesen,  
Von lustigem Vogelgeschrei.

Und als die Hähne krächten,  
Da ward mein Auge wach;  
Da war es kalt und finster,  
Es schriegen die Raben vom Dach.

Doch an den Fensterscheiben,  
Wer malte die Blätter da?  
Ihr lacht wohl über den Träumer,  
Der Blumen im Winter sah?

Ich träumte von Lieb' um Liebe,  
Von einer schönen Maid,  
Von Herzen und von Küssen,  
Von Wonne und Seligkeit.

Und als die Hähne krähen,  
Da ward mein Herze wach;  
Nun sitz ich hier alleine  
Und denke dem Traume nach.

Die Augen schließ' ich wieder,  
Noch schlägt das Herz so warm.  
Wann grünt ihr Blätter am Fenster?  
Wann halt' ich mein Liebchen im Arm?

## Rest

Only now do I notice how weary I am  
As I lie down to rest;  
Walking had kept up my spirits  
On the desolate road.

My feet did not ask for rest,  
It was too cold to stand still;  
My back felt no burden,  
The storm helped to drive me on.

In a charcoal-burner's cramped hut  
I have found shelter.  
But my limbs cannot rest,  
So fiercely do my wounds burn.

You too, my heart, in struggles and storm  
So wild and so bold,  
Only now in this stillness do you feel the sharp sting  
Of the serpent that lives within you!

## A Dream of Springtime

I dreamt of colourful flowers  
Such as bloom in May;  
I dreamt of green meadows,  
Of merry songs of birds.

And when the cocks crowed,  
My eyes awoke;  
It was cold and dark,  
The ravens were shrieking on the roof.

Who painted those leaves  
There on the window panes?  
Are you mocking the dreamer  
Who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamt of requited love,  
Of a beautiful girl,  
Of hearts and of kisses,  
Of bliss and happiness.

And when the cocks crowed,  
My heart awoke.  
Now I sit here alone,  
And think about my dream.

I shut my eyes again,  
My heart still beats warmly.  
Leaves on the window, when will you turn green?  
When will I hold my beloved in my arms?

### **Einsamkeit**

Wie eine trübe Wolke  
Durch heit're Lüfte geht,  
Wenn in der Tanne Wipfel  
Ein mattes Lüftchen weht:

So zieh ich meine Straße  
Dahin mit tragem Fuß,  
Durch helles, frohes Leben,  
Einsam und ohne Gruß.

Ach, daß die Luft so ruhig!  
Ach, daß die Welt so licht!  
Als noch die Stürme tobten,  
War ich so elend nicht.

### **Die Post**

Von der Straße her ein Posthorn klingt.  
Was hat es, daß es so hoch aufspringt,  
Mein Herz?

Die Post bringt keinen Brief für dich.  
Was drängst du denn so wunderbarlich,  
Mein Herz?

Nun ja, die Post kommt aus der Stadt,  
Wo ich ein liebes Liebchen hatt',  
Mein Herz!

Willst wohl einmal hinüberseh'n  
Und fragen, wie es dort mag geh'n,  
Mein Herz?

### **Der greise Kopf**

Der Reif hatt' einen weißen Schein  
Mir übers Haar gestreuet;  
Da glaubt ich schon ein Greis zu sein  
Und hab' mich sehr gefreuet.

Doch bald ist er hinweggetaut,  
Hab' wieder schwarze Haare,  
Daß mir's vor meiner Jugend graut -  
Wie weit noch bis zur Bahre!

Vom Abendrot zum Morgenlicht  
Ward mancher Kopf zum Greise.  
Wer glaubt's? und meiner ward es nicht  
Auf dieser ganzen Reise!

### **Loneliness**

Like a dark cloud  
Drifting across clear skies,  
When a faint breeze wafts  
Through the tops of the pine trees:

I go on my way  
With heavy steps,  
Through bright, joyful life,  
Alone and ungreeted.

Ah, why is the air so calm?  
Ah, why is the world so bright!  
When the tempests were still raging,  
I was not so miserable.

### **The Post**

A post horn sounds from the street.  
What is it that makes you leap so,  
My heart?

The post brings no letter for you.  
Why do you throb, then, so strangely,  
My heart?

Because the post comes from the town  
Where once I had a true beloved,  
My heart!

I suppose you would like to look in  
And ask how things are back there,  
My heart?

### **The Hoary Head**

The frost has sprinkled a white coating  
On my hair;  
It made me think I was already grey-haired,  
And that made me very happy.

But soon it melted,  
And my hair is black again,  
And so I shudder at my youth –  
How far still to the grave!

From dusk to dawn  
Many a head has turned grey.  
Who would believe it? But mine has not  
In the whole course of this journey!

### **Die Krähe**

Eine Krähe war mit mir  
Aus der Stadt gezogen,  
Ist bis heute für und für  
Um mein Haupt geflogen.

Krähe, wunderliches Tier,  
Willst mich nicht verlassen?  
Meinst wohl, bald als Beute hier  
Meinen Leib zu fassen?

Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr geh'n  
An dem Wanderstabe.  
Krähe, laß mich endlich seh'n,  
Treue bis zum Grabe!

### **Letzte Hoffnung**

Her und da ist an den Bäumen  
Manches bunte Blatt zu seh'n,  
Und ich bleibe vor den Bäumen  
Oftmals in Gedanken steh'n.

Schaue nach dem einen Blatte,  
Hänge meine Hoffnung dran;  
Spielt der Wind mit meinem Blatte,  
Zitt'r' ich, was ich zittern kann.

Ach, und fällt das Blatt zu Boden,  
Fällt mit ihm die Hoffnung ab;  
Fall' ich selber mit zu Boden,  
Wein' auf meiner Hoffnung Grab.

### **Im Dorfe**

Es bellen die Hunde, es rascheln die Ketten;  
Es schlafen die Menschen in ihren Betten,  
Träumen sich manches, was sie nicht haben,  
Tun sich im Guten und Argen erlaben;

Und morgen früh ist alles zerflossen.  
Je nun, sie haben ihr Teil genossen  
Und hoffen, was sie noch übrig ließen,  
Doch wieder zu finden auf ihren Kissen.

Bellt mich nur fort, ihr wachen Hunde,  
Laßt mich nicht ruh'n in der Schummerstunde!  
Ich bin zu Ende mit allen Träumen.  
Was will ich unter den Schläfern säumen?

### **The Crow**

A crow came with me  
From out of the town,  
And still today  
It circles above my head.

Oh crow, strange creature,  
Do you not wish to leave me?  
Do you intend, very soon,  
To take my corpse as prey?

Well, I've not much farther  
To wander with my staff in my hand.  
Oh crow, let me see at last  
Faithfulness unto to the grave!

### **Last Hope**

Here and there on the trees  
Many bright leaves can be seen,  
And often I stand before the trees  
Lost in thought.

I look at the single remaining leaf  
And hang my hopes on it;  
If the wind plays with my leaf,  
I tremble all over.

Ah! if the leaf falls to ground,  
My hope falls with it;  
And I, too, sink to the ground,  
Weeping on my hope's grave.

### **In the Village**

The dogs are barking, their chains are rattling;  
People are asleep in their beds,  
They dream of the things they do not have,  
Find delight in good and bad things.

And by tomorrow morning all will have vanished.  
Still, they have enjoyed their share,  
And hope that what remains to them,  
Might still be found on their pillows.

Bark me on my way, you watchful dogs!  
Let me not find rest in the hours of slumber!  
I am finished with all dreaming  
Why should I linger among sleepers?

## Der stürmische Morgen

Wie hat der Sturm zerrissen  
Des Himmels graues Kleid!  
Die Wolkenfetzen flattern  
Umher im matten Streit.

Und rote Feuerflammen  
Zieh'n zwischen ihnen hin;  
Das nenn' ich einen Morgen  
So recht nach meinem Sinn!

Mein Herz sieht an dem Himmel  
Gemalt sein eig'nes Bild -  
Es ist nichts als der Winter,  
Der Winter, kalt und wild!

## Täuschung

Ein Licht tanzt freundlich vor mir her,  
Ich folg' ihm nach die Kreuz und Quer;  
Ich folg' ihm gern und seh's ihm an,  
Daß es verlockt den Wandersmann.

Ach! wer wie ich so elend ist,  
Gibt gern sich hin der bunten List,  
Die hinter Eis und Nacht und Graus  
Ihm weist ein helles, warmes Haus.  
Und eine liebe Seele drin. -  
Nur Täuschung ist für mich Gewinn!

## Der Wegweiser

Was vermeid' ich denn die Wege,  
Wo die ander'n Wand'rer gehn,  
Suche mir versteckte Stege  
Durch verschneite Felsenhö'n?

Habe ja doch nichts begangen,  
Daß ich Menschen sollte scheu'n, -  
Welch ein törichtes Verlangen  
Treibt mich in die Wüstenei'n?

Weiser stehen auf den Wegen,  
Weisen auf die Städte zu,  
Und ich wand're sonder Maßen  
Ohne Ruh' und suche Ruh'.

Einen Weiser seh' ich stehen  
Unverrückt vor meinem Blick;  
Eine Straße muß ich gehen,  
Die noch keiner ging zurück.

## The Stormy Morning

See how the storm has torn apart  
The grey cloak of heaven!  
Shreds of clouds flit about  
In weary strife.

And red streaks of lightning  
Flash between them:  
This is what I call a morning  
After my own heart!

My heart sees its own image  
Painted in the sky  
It is nothing but winter,  
Winter, cold and savage!

## Delusion

A friendly light dances before me,  
I follow it this way and that;  
I follow it eagerly and watch its course  
As it lures the wanderer from his path..

Ah! Anyone who is as wretched as I  
Yields himself gladly to such cunning,  
That portrays, beyond ice, night, and horror,  
A bright warm house.  
And inside, a loving soul. -  
My only profit is from delusion!

## The Signpost

Why do I avoid the paths  
Which the other wanderers take,  
To search out hidden paths  
Through snowy rocky heights?

After all, I have done no wrong  
That I should shun mankind.  
What foolish desire  
Drives me into the wilderness?

Signposts stand along the roads,  
Pointing to the towns;  
And I wander on and on,  
Restlessly in search of rest.

One signpost stands before me,  
Remains fixed before my gaze.  
One road I must take,  
From which no one has ever returned.

## Das Wirtshaus

Auf einen Totenacker hat mich mein Weg gebracht;  
Allhier will ich einkehren, hab' ich bei mir gedacht.  
Ihr grünen Totenkränze könnt wohl die Zeichen sein,  
Die müde Wand'rer laden ins kühle Wirtshaus ein.

Sind denn in diesem Hause die Kammern all' besetzt?  
Bin matt zum Niedersinken, bin tödlich schwer verletzt.  
O unbarmherz'ge Schenke, doch weisest du mich ab?  
Nun weiter denn, nur weiter, mein treuer Wanderstab!

## Mut

Fliegt der Schnee mir ins Gesicht,  
Schüttl' ich ihn herunter.  
Wenn mein Herz im Busen spricht,  
Sing' ich hell und munter.

Höre nicht, was es mir sagt,  
Habe keine Ohren;  
Fühle nicht, was es mir klagt,  
Klagen ist für Toren.

Lustig in die Welt hinein  
Gegen Wind und Wetter!  
Will kein Gott auf Erden sein,  
Sind wir selber Götter!

## Die Nebensonnen

Drei Sonnen sah ich am Himmel steh'n,  
Hab' lang und fest sie angesehen;  
Und sie auch standen da so stier,  
Als wollten sie nicht weg von mir.

Ach, meine Sonnen seid ihr nicht!  
Schaut Andern doch ins Angesicht!  
Ja, neulich hatt' ich auch wohl drei;  
Nun sind hinab die besten zwei.

Ging nur die dritt' erst hinterdrein!  
Im Dunkeln wird mir wohler sein.

## The Inn

My journey has brought me to a graveyard.  
Here, I thought, I will spend the night.  
You green funeral-wreaths might well be the signs  
That invite the weary traveller into the cool inn.

But are all the rooms taken in this house?  
I am weary, ready to sink, fatally wounded.  
O pitiless inn, do you turn me away?  
Then onwards, ever onwards, my trusty staff

## Courage

If snow flies in my face,  
I shake it off.  
If my heart cries out in my breast,  
I sing brightly and cheerfully.

I do not hear what it says,  
I have no ears,  
I do not feel what it laments,  
Lamenting is for fools.

Merrily stride into the world  
Against all wind and weather!  
If there is no God on earth,  
We are gods ourselves!

## The Phantom Suns

I saw three suns in the sky,  
I stared at them long and hard;  
And they, too, stood stiffly there,  
As if unwilling to leave me.

Ah, but you are not my suns!  
You stare into other faces too!  
Until recently I, too, had three;  
Now the best two are down.

If only the third one would go too!  
I would fare better in the darkness.

## Der Leiermann

Drüben hinterm Dorfe  
Steht ein Leiermann  
Und mit starren Fingern  
Dreht er, was er kann.

Barfuß auf dem Eise  
Wankt er hin und her  
Und sein kleiner Teller  
Bleibt ihm immer leer.

Keiner mag ihn hören,  
Keiner sieht ihn an,  
Und die Hunde knurren  
Um den alten Mann.

Und er läßt es gehen  
Alles, wie es will,  
Dreht und seine Leier  
Steht ihm nimmer still.

Wunderlicher Alter,  
Soll ich mit dir geh'n?  
Willst zu meinen Liedern  
Deine Leier dreh'n?

## The Organ-grinder

There, beyond the village,  
Stands an organ-grinder,  
And with numb fingers  
He plays the best he can.

Barefoot on the ice,  
He staggers to and fro,  
And his little plate  
Remains ever empty.

No one wants to listen to him,  
No one looks at him,  
And the dogs snarl  
At the old man.

And he lets it all happen,  
Everything as it will,  
He turns the handle, and his hurdy-gurdy  
Is never still.

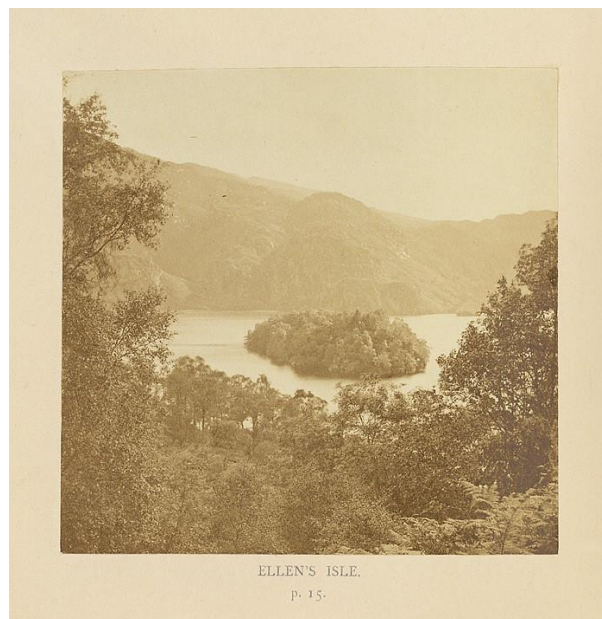
Strange old man,  
Shall I go with you?  
Will you play your hurdy-gurdy  
To my songs?

## Programme Notes

### Franz Schubert 1797-1828

Ellens Gesang I - Raste Krieger! Krieg ist aus  
Ellens Gesang II - Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd!  
Ellens Gesang III - Ave Maria

The three songs sung by the character Ellen Douglas, the Lady of the Lake in the poem by Walter Scott, are part of a group of seven Lieder for various voices composed by Schubert in 1825 and published the following year as *Liederzyklus vom Fräulein vom See*. Apart from Ellen's songs, there are two songs for baritone (originally sung by Johan Vogl – see *Winterreise* below), and two for male and female vocal ensembles respectively. This unusual combination of voices means that performances of the complete cycle are rare. Schubert used a somewhat free German translation by Adam Storck, but with one exception all the songs were published in both German and English.



**Thomas Ogle's photograph of Ellen's Isle for an 1863 edition of the poem**

*The Lady of the Lake* was one of Scott's most successful publications, frequently reprinted in large quantities and studied in schools until the 20th century. It was the basis of Rossini's opera *La donna del lago*, although that opera concentrates on the love story rather than the politics.

It dramatized incidents from 16<sup>th</sup>-century Scottish history surrounding James V, the father of Mary, Queen of Scots, including a war between Lowland and Highland Scots, and a clan feud.



A Druidic bard named Brian lends the story an atmosphere of Ossianic myth, and Scott provides extensive footnotes explaining his historical references. The poem is in six cantos, each of which describes the action of a single day. The eponymous lake is Loch Katrine, and the poem played a major role in stimulating Victorian tourism to the Trossachs region and to the Scottish Highlands.

In *'Raste, Krieger! Krieg ist aus'*, Ellen beguiles James V (imaginatively disguised as James Fitz-James) who suspects he has found the hiding-place of his enemy, Ellen's father James Douglas.

His horse has collapsed under him, and as he looks out over Loch Katrine he sees a lady rowing a boat by the shore. She brings him to her island where she sings to the accompaniment of a harp. But this song is a highly sophisticated composition. The opening music in D flat returns twice like a rondo, with contrasting episodes based on A major and C sharp minor respectively – although the second episode frequently sideslips, as if Ellen wants to calm him with a series of enharmonic modulations. *'Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd!'* follows immediately in the poem, and is intended as a lullaby, although its martial rhythms also might suggest James's disturbed inner thoughts, the 'fever of his troubled breast' that gives him disturbing dreams. The third of Ellen's songs, *'Ave Maria'*, is one of Schubert's most popular works. Here, Ellen is hiding with her father in the Goblin's Cave while Roderick Dhu (chief of Clan Alpine), leaves to lead a rebellion against James V in which Roderick dies. He hears the harp in the distance – Schubert's piano part clearly evokes this – and Ellen's voice praying to the Virgin Mary, and then he goes off to battle. Because of its opening words, it was eventually arranged with the full text of the Ave Maria hymn, leading to the misconception that this was the original form of the song. Some may recall its use as the saccharine finale to Walt Disney's film *Fantasia*. Had Disney read Scott's poem, he might have treated it differently.

©George Kennaway 2020

## **Franz Schubert 1797-1828**

### **Winterreise**

*Winterreise*, generally recognised as one of the finest examples of the song cycle genre, was composed in 1827 at a time of great productivity but also of personal melancholy. Among the nearly thirty works written by Schubert at this time there are the two piano trios, two sets of piano *Impromptus*, and many songs. But Schubert had contracted syphilis in 1822 which was to lead to physical and mental deterioration. He died in November 1828, having been working on the publication proofs of the second part of the cycle only a few days before. He had set poems by Wilhelm Müller before, for *Die schöne Müllerin* in 1823, and returned to Müller for *Winterreise*. He began composition with Müller's initial publication of twelve poems, and at that point thought the cycle complete, writing 'finis' at the end of the manuscript. But then he found Müller's expanded version, with another twelve songs inserted at various points in the original twelve, and started composing the other songs in October, so that the full cycle of twenty-four poems was completed by the end of the year. Schubert's order is therefore different from that of the complete published sequence of poems, and sometimes performers change the order of songs to match that of the poems. In Schubert's order, *Die Nebensonnen* and *Der Leiermann* make a particularly haunting conclusion.

Schubert and the singer Johann Michael Vogl frequently performed songs from *Die schöne Müllerin* and many other songs in concerts throughout Austria in the middle of the decade. Vogl was a cultivated person accomplished in the classics and the English language, and he was a well-known opera singer who had retired from the stage in 1823 (he sang Pizarro in the 1814 première of Beethoven's *Fidelio*). Schubert admired Vogl, saying 'The manner in which Vogl sings and the way I accompany, as though we were one at such a moment, is something quite new and unheard-of for these people.' Vogl would elaborate Schubert's melodic lines, was somewhat affected in performance, and had a habit of toying with his spectacles while singing. Vogl thought Schubert's songs were 'truly divine inspirations, the utterance of a musical clairvoyance.' In 1830 a version of *Die schöne Müllerin* was published including Vogl's embellishments and alterations, which was for many years seen as the standard text of that work.

Two of Schubert's friends, who regularly attended his musical soirées ('Schubertiaden') described Schubert's mood at the time, and his remarkable performance of *Winterreise*, singing and playing the complete work. The poet Johann Mayrhofer said that for Schubert, 'life had lost its rosiness and winter was upon him.' Joseph von Spaun asked Schubert why he was gloomy, and got this reply: 'Come to Schober's today and I will play you a cycle of terrifying songs; they have affected me more than has ever been the case with any other songs.' He then, with a voice full of feeling, sang the entire *Winterreise* for us. We were altogether dumbfounded by the sombre mood of these songs, and Schober said that one song only, 'Der Lindenbaum', had pleased him. Thereupon Schubert leaped up and replied: 'These songs please me more than all the rest, and in time they will please you as well.' Spaun also said that *Winterreise* was 'his real swansong. From then on, he was a sick man, although his outward condition gave no immediate cause for alarm'.

The songs of *Winterreise* form a narrative sequence, though not so clearly as in *Die schöne Müllerin*. Vocally, the melodic lines are relatively narrow in range, as in for example 'Der Wegweiser', 'Die Krähe', or 'Nebensonnen', avoiding the tunefulness of

*Die schöne Müllerin* in favour of something more austere. We hear the post-horn, the hurdy-gurdy, the trembling leaves of the lime tree, the sounds of the natural world, the narrator's plodding footsteps at the outset, the ice and tears of 'Gefrorne Tränen' and 'Erstarrung', and the rough winds of 'Die Wetterfahne'. The crow is even shown floating above the singer in the upper reaches of the piano part. But *Winterreise* is most striking for its sheer economy, leading to some of the sparsest, leanest, music. The central figure becomes, in the end, lost, unable to act, marginal. Even the natural world seems indifferent to him. This resonates with contemporaneous German art and literature, such as Goethe's blind harper or the isolated figures in the landscapes of Caspar David Friedrich. Nonetheless, it goes further than modish early romantic notions of the tormented individual. *Winterreise* was one of Samuel Beckett's favourite works. He wrote to his cousin in 1975 about 'shivering through the grim journey again'. It is a journey with no destination which begins with a 'good-night' and ends in empty daylight, undertaken by a traveller of whom we really know very little and whose very identity seems to dissolve. The journey combines motion and immobility, a human musical journey that ends with a musical machine. No wonder the author of *Waiting for Godot* liked it.

## Artists' Biographies

### IAN BOSTRIDGE

Ian Bostridge's international recital career has taken him to the Salzburg, Edinburgh, Munich, Vienna, Aldeburgh and Schwarzenberg Schubertiade Festivals and to the main stages of Carnegie Hall and the Teatro alla Scala, Milan. He has held artistic residencies at the Vienna Konzerthaus and Schwarzenberg Schubertiade (2003/04), a Carte-Blanche series with Thomas Quasthoff at the Amsterdam Concertgebouw (2004/05), a Perspectives series at Carnegie Hall (2005/06), the Barbican, London (2008), the Luxembourg Philharmonie (2010/11), the Wigmore Hall (2011/12) and Hamburg Laeiszhalle (2012/13).

His recordings have won all the major international record prizes and been nominated for 15 Grammys. They include Schubert *Die schöne Müllerin* with Graham Johnson (Gramophone Award 1996); Tom Rakewell (*The Rake's Progress*) with Sir John Eliot Gardiner (Grammy Award, 1999); and Belmonte with William Christie. Under his exclusive contract with Warner Classics, recordings included Schubert Lieder and Schumann Lieder (Gramophone Award 1998), English song and Henze Lieder with Julius Drake, Britten *Our Hunting Fathers* with Daniel Harding, Mozart *Idomeneo* with Sir Charles Mackerras, Janacek *The Diary of One who Disappeared* with Thomas Adès, Schubert with Leif Ove Andsnes, Mitsuko Uchida and Antonio Pappano, Noel Coward with Jeffrey Tate, Britten Orchestral cycles with the Berliner Philharmoniker and Sir Simon Rattle, Wolf with Antonio Pappano, Bach cantatas with Fabio Biondi, Handel arias with Harry Bicket, Britten *Canticles* and both Britten *The Turn of the Screw* (Gramophone Award, 2003) and *Billy Budd* (Grammy Award, 2010), Adès' *The Tempest* (Gramophone Award 2010) and Monteverdi *Orfeo*. Recent recordings include Britten songs with Antonio Pappano for Warner Classics, Schubert songs with Julius Drake for Wigmore Hall Live and Shakespeare Songs with Antonio Pappano for Warner Classics (Grammy Award, 2017).

He has worked with the Berliner Philharmoniker, Wiener Philharmoniker, Chicago, Boston, London and BBC Symphony orchestras, the London, New York, Los Angeles Philharmonic orchestras and the Rotterdams Philharmonisch Orkest and Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, Amsterdam under Sir Simon Rattle, Sir Colin Davis, Sir Andrew Davis, Seiji Ozawa, Antonio Pappano, Riccardo Muti, Mstislav Rostropovich, Daniel Barenboim, Daniel Harding and Donald Runnicles. He sang the world premiere of Henze *Opfergang* with the Accademia Santa Cecilia in Rome under Antonio Pappano.

His operatic appearances have included Lysander (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) for Opera Australia and at the Edinburgh Festival, Tamino (*Die Zauberflöte*) and Jupiter (*Semele*) for English National Opera and Peter Quint (*The Turn of the Screw*), Don Ottavio (*Don Giovanni*) and Caliban (Adès *The Tempest*) for the Royal Opera. For the Bayerische Staatsoper he has sung Nerone (*L'Incoronazione di Poppea*), Tom Rakewell and Male Chorus (*The Rape of Lucretia*), and Don Ottavio for the Wiener Staatsoper. He has sung Aschenbach (*Death in Venice*) for English National Opera and in Brussels and Luxembourg.

Performances during the 2013 Britten anniversary celebrations included *War Requiem* with the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Vladimir Jurowski; *Les Illuminations* with the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra under Andris Nelsons; and *Madwoman (Curlew River)* in the Netia Jones staging for the London Barbican, which was also seen in New York and on the west coast of America. In the autumn of 2014 he embarked on a European recital tour of Schubert's *Winterreise* with Thomas Adès to coincide with the publication by Faber and Faber in the UK and Knopf in the USA of his book *Schubert's Winter Journey: Anatomy of an Obsession*. In 2016 Ian was awarded the The Pol Roger Duff Cooper Prize for non-fiction writing for the book which will be translated into a total of twelve languages.

Recent engagements include his operatic debut at La Scala, Milan as Peter Quint, an American recital tour of *Winterreise* with Thomas Adès, performances of Hans Zender's orchestrated version of Schubert's *Winterreise* in Taipei, Perth, for Musikkollegium Winterthur and at New York's Lincoln Center. Highlights of the 2017/18 season include Berlioz *Les nuits d'été* with the Seattle Symphony and Ludovic Morlot, recital tours to both the East and West coasts of America, the title role in Handel *Jeptha* at the Opéra national de Paris, a residency with the Seoul Philharmonic Orchestra and Britten *War Requiem* with the Staatskapelle Berlin and Antonio Pappano.

He was a fellow in history at Corpus Christi College, Oxford (1992-5) and in 2001 was elected an honorary fellow of the college. In 2003 he was made an Honorary Doctor of Music by the University of St Andrews and in 2010 he was made an honorary fellow of St John's College Oxford. He was made a CBE in the 2004 New Year's Honours. In 2014 he was Humanitas Professor of Classical Music at the University of Oxford.

## **JOSEPH MIDDLETON**

Highly acclaimed pianist Joseph Middleton specialises in the art of song accompaniment and chamber music. He is Director of Leeds Lieder, Musician in Residence at Pembroke College Cambridge and a Professor at his alma mater, the Royal Academy of Music. Joseph works with many of the world's finest singers in major venues worldwide and has an award-winning and fast-growing discography.

He is a regular guest at New York's Alice Tully Hall, the Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Vienna Konzerthaus, Zürich Tonhalle, Köln Philharmonie, Luxembourg Philharmonie, Musée d'Orsay in Paris and London's Wigmore Hall. Recent seasons have also taken him to the Aldeburgh, Aix-en-Provence, Edinburgh, Ravinia, and Stuttgart Festivals. Joseph collaborates with internationally established singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Ian Bostridge, Sarah Connolly, Lucy Crowe, Iestyn Davies, Wolfgang Holzmair, Christiane Karg, Katarina Karnéus, Simon Keenlyside, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, John Mark Ainsley, Kate Royal, Carolyn Sampson and Roderick Williams.

His critically acclaimed discography includes discs with Carolyn Sampson (Radio France's Disc of the Month & nominated for a Gramophone Award), Ruby Hughes (BBC Music Magazine's Recording of the Month), Dame Felicity Lott, Amanda Roocroft, Clara Mouriz, Matthew Rose and Allan Clayton. Joseph made his BBC Proms debut in 2016 with Iestyn Davies and Carolyn Sampson.

## HARRIET BURNS

Winner of 2nd prize at the Wigmore Hall/Independent Opera International Song Competition, British soprano Harriet Burns is a recent graduate of the Guildhall Opera School, graduating with a Distinction on the Artist Diploma programme under the tutelage of Yvonne Kenny in 2020. She is a Samling Artist, Oxford Lieder Young Artist, and a Britten-Pears Young Artist. Other competition successes include winner of the compulsory Song Prize ("Oh che tranquillo mar") and Recital Prize at the 2019 International Vocal Competition in 's-Hertogenbosch with Ian Tindale, 1st prize at the 2019 Maureen Lehane Vocal Awards, winner of the 2018 Oxford Lieder Young Artists Platform with Michael Pandya, the 2017 Paul Hamburger prize for Lieder and the 2017 Franz-Schubert-Institut Competition.

In 2018 Harriet made her Wigmore Hall debut with Graham Johnson in a recital of Schubert Lieder alongside Harrison Hintzsche and Ferdinand Keller. She has since performed in numerous recitals at the Oxford Lieder Festival, International Lied Festival Zeist, the Ryedale Festival, de Singel and the Chiltern Arts Festival with artists including James Baillieu, Christopher Glynn, Samuel Hasselhorn, Caitlin Hulcup, Graham Johnson, Brian O'Kane, Michael Pandya, the Phoenix Piano Trio, Ian Tindale, and Adam Walker. Through the Guildhall School she has been a Prince Consort *Side by Side Artist* performing at the Wigmore Hall, and performed in Iain Burnside's production *Swansong* in Milton Court Studio Theatre. Harriet's debut album *Volume VIII of Graham Johnson's Brahms Lieder (The Complete Songs)* with Hyperion was released in 2019.

Recent operatic roles have included Sister Grace (*The Angel Esmeralda*, Liam Paterson), Nerina (*La Fedeltà premiata*, Haydn), and Aminta (*Aminta e Fillide*, Handel) with Guildhall Opera School, Gold-Tressed Maiden (*The Hogboon*, Maxwell Davies) with the LSO directed by Sir Simon Rattle at the Barbican. Harriet was due to be a 2019 Alvarez Young Artist at Garsington Opera covering the role of *Sifare* (Mitridate re di Ponto), and joining the chorus for Verdi's *Un giorno di regno* and Dvorak's *Rusalka*, but this was cancelled due to Covid-19.

New music highlights include Sister Grace in Liam Paterson's *The Angel Esmeralda* commissioned by Scottish Opera for the Guildhall Opera School, Varèse's *Offrandes* as part of the BBC's Total Immersion series with Geoffrey Paterson and the Guildhall New Music ensemble, works by Weir and Golijov in the This is Rattle series at the Barbican (Milton Court Concert Hall), Weir's *Nuits D'Afrique* with the Phoenix Piano Trio and Adam Walker at the Ryedale Festival and at the Oxford Lieder Festival with James Ballieu, Brian O'Kane and Adam Walker, and the première of Edward Nesbit's *The Burial of the Stars* alongside Cellophony at the Barbican (Milton Court Concert Hall).

Harriet enjoys teaching and is the vocal coach to the choristers of St Mary Merton, and works at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama as a sight-singing tutor to the undergraduate vocal department students.