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SONG

# LEEDS LIEDER

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outstanding art song”  
Sunday Times

**Kitty Whately *mezzo-soprano***

**Joseph Middleton *piano***

**Madelaine Newton *actor***

**Kevin Whately *actor***

**Laurence Kilsby *tenor***

**Ian Tindale *piano***

**Saturday 27 March 2021**

**6.00pm**

**Leeds Town Hall**

## PROGRAMME

<b>Schubert</b>	Auf dem See, D. 746
	Auf dem Wasser zu singen, D. 774
<b>Schönberg</b>	Waldsonne, op. 2, no. 4
<b>Wolf</b>	Mörike-Lieder: Im Frühling
	Mörike-Lieder: Der Gärtner
	Mörike-Lieder: Er ist's

### **This Other Eden**

#### *This England*

<b>Reading: Shakespeare</b>	This Sceptred Isle
<b>Ireland</b>	Earth's call
<b>Warlock</b>	My Own Country
<b>Poem: Walter de la Mare</b>	England

#### *Forests and gardens*

<b>Stanford</b>	La Belle Dame sans Merci
<b>Poem: Clare</b>	In hilly wood
<b>Rebecca Clarke</b>	The Salley Gardens
<b>Poem: Berry</b>	The peace of wild things
<b>Howells</b>	King David
<b>Poem: Thomas Hardy</b>	The Darkling Thrush
<b>Joan Trimble</b>	Green rain
<b>Poem: Jackie Kay</b>	The world of trees

### ***Fields and meadows***

**Vaughan Williams**

Silent Noon

**Poem: C. Rossetti**

The lambs of Grasmere

**Head**

A green cornfield

**Ireland**

Spring will not wait

**Poem: Thomas**

Adlestrop

**Gurney**

The fields are full

### ***Coasts and Seas***

**Poem: Housman**

Into my heart an air that kills

O stay at home my lad and plough

**Trad.**

Ma Bonny Lad

**Poem: Anon**

The Great Silkie

**Rebecca Clarke**

The Seal Man

### ***Britain's Bard- The words of William Shakespeare***

**Reading:**

As You Like It - Act II, Scene I

**Elizabeth Maconchy**

Ophelia's Song

**Reading:**

Hamlet - Act IV Scene VII

**Korngold:**

Desdemona's Song (The Willow Song)  
from Four Shakespeare Songs Op.31

**Dialogue:**

from Macbeth - Act I, Scene V

**Horowitz**

Lady Macbeth- A Scena

# Programme

Laurence Kilsby - *tenor*

Ian Tindale - *piano*

**Franz Schubert** (1797-1828)

## Auf dem See

Und frische Nahrung, neues Blut  
Saug' ich aus freier Welt;  
Wie ist Natur so hold und gut,  
Die mich am Busen hält!

Die Welle wiegen unsern Kahn  
Im Rudertakt hinauf,  
Und Berge, wolkg himmelan,  
Begegnet unserm Lauf.

Aug', mein Aug', was sinkst du nieder?  
Goldne Träume, kommt ihr wieder?  
Weg, du Traum! so gold du bist;  
Hier auch Lieb' und Leben ist.

Auf der Welle blinken  
Tausend schwebende Sterne,  
Weiche Nebel trinken  
Rings die türmende Ferne;

Morgenwind umflügelt  
Die beschattete Bucht,  
Und im See bespiegelt  
Sich die reifende Frucht.

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)*

## Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen  
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn;  
Ach, auf der Freude sanft schimmernden Wellen  
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;  
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen  
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines  
Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein;  
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines  
Säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen Schein;  
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines  
Atmet die Seel' im errötenden Schein.

Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel  
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit.  
Morgen entschwinde mit schimmerndem Flügel  
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,  
Bis ich auf höherem strahlendem Flügel  
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.

*Friedrich Leopold, Graf zu Stolberg-Stolberg (1750-1819)*

## On the lake

And I draw fresh nourishment and new blood  
From the wide world;  
Nature, which clasps me to its breast  
Is so pure and good.

The waves rock our boat  
To the the rhythm of our oars,  
And cloud-capped mountains  
Meet us in our course.

My eyes, why are you cast down?  
Golden dreams, will you come again?  
Away, you dream! As golden as you are,  
Love and life are here too!

Thousands of trembling stars  
Float on the waves,  
Soft mists devour  
The turbulent distances

Morning breezes waft over  
The shady bay,  
And in the lake is reflected  
The ripening fruit.

## To be sung on the water

In the midst of the reflecting waves  
The swaying boat glides like a swan;  
And on the glistening waves of happiness  
My soul glides along like the boat.  
Because the evening sunset dances from heaven  
Around the boat.

Above the tree tops in the western grove  
The crimson glow waves kindly to us;  
And beneath the tree tops in the eastern grove  
The reeds rustle in the crimson glow;  
In the deepening glow my soul  
Breathes in heaven's bliss and the peace of the grove.

Alas, time vanishes from me on dewy wings  
On the rocking waves.  
Tomorrow may time vanish again with shimmering wings  
As it did yesterday and today,  
Until I on higher gleaming wings  
Vanish myself from the flux of time.

## Arnold Schönberg (1874-1951)

### Waldsonne

In die braunen, rauschenden Nächte  
Flittert ein Licht herein,  
Grüngolden ein Schein.

Blumen blinken auf und Gräser  
Und die singenden, springenden Waldwässerlein,  
Und Erinnerungen.

Die längst verklungenen:  
Golden erwachen sie wieder,  
All deine fröhlichen Lieder.

Und ich sehe deine goldenen Haare glänzen,  
Und ich sehe deine goldenen Augen glänzen  
Aus den grünen, raunenden Nächten.

Und mir ist, ich läge neben dir auf dem Rasen  
Und hörte dich wieder auf der glitzereblanken Syrinx  
In die blauen Himmelslüfte blasen.

In die braunen, wühlenden Nächte  
Flittert ein Licht,  
Ein goldener Schein.

*Johannes Schlaf (1862 - 1941)*

### Forest sun

Into the brown, rustling nights  
A light flickers,  
A golden-green light.

Flowers and grasses gaze up,  
And the singing, leaping forest brooklets,  
And memories

All those long silent ones;  
Golden they awaken again,  
All your joyous songs.

And I see your golden hair glistening,  
And I see your golden eyes sparkling  
Out of the green murmuring nights.

And it seems as if I am lying next to you on the lawn,  
And hear you again on your gleaming pipes,  
Playing into the blue heavens.

Into the brown turbulent nights  
A light flickers.  
A golden gleam.

## Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

from: *Mörrike Lieder*

### Im Frühling

Hier lieg' ich auf dem Frühlingshügel:  
Die Wolke wird mein Flügel,  
Ein Vogel fliegt mir voraus.  
Ach, sag' mir, all-einzige Liebe,  
Wo du bleibst, daß ich bei dir bleibe,  
Doch du und die Lüfte, ihr habt kein Haus.

Der Sonnenblume gleich steht mein Gemüte offen,  
Sehnend,  
Sich dehnend,  
In Lieben und Hoffen.  
Frühling, was bist du gewillt?  
Wann werd' ich gestillt?

Die Wolke seh' ich wandeln und den Fluß,  
Es dringt der Sonne goldner Kuß  
Mir tief bis in's Geblüt hinein;  
Die Augen, wunderbar berauschet,  
Thun, als schliefen sie ein,  
Nur noch das Ohr dem Ton der Biene lauschet.  
Ich denke Dieß und denke Das,  
Ich sehne mich, und weiß nicht recht, nach was:  
Halb ist es Lust, halb ist es Klage;  
Mein Herz, o sage:  
Was webst du für Erinnerung  
In golden grüner Zweige Dämmerung?  
-- Alte unnennbare Tage!

### In Springtime

Here I lie on the hillside of Spring:  
The clouds become my wings,  
A bird flies ahead of me.  
Oh tell me, all-consuming love,  
Where you are, so that I can stay with you,  
But you and the breezes, you have no home.

My soul stands open like the sunflower,  
Longing,  
Bowing,  
In love and hope.  
Spring, what do you want of me?  
When will I be satisfied?

I see the clouds and the river changing,  
The sun's golden kiss penetrates  
Deep into my blood;  
My eyes, wonderfully bedazzled,  
Behave as if they would sleep,  
All I hear is the sound of the bees,  
I think about this and that,  
I feel a longing, but don't really know what for;  
It's half joy, half lament;  
Tell me, my heart,  
What memories are you storing  
In the golden-green dusk of the branches?  
Old, nameless days!

### **Der Gärtner**

Auf ihrem Leibrößlein  
So weiß wie der Schnee,  
Die schönste Prinzessin  
Reit't durch die Allee.

Der Weg, den das Rößlein  
Hintanzet so hold,  
Der Sand, den ich streute,  
Er blinket wie Gold!

Du rosenfarb's Hütlein  
Wohl auf und wohl ab,  
O wirf eine Feder,  
Verstohlen herab!

Und willst du dagegen  
Eine Blüte von mir,  
Nimm tausend für eine,  
Nimm alle dafür!

### **Er ist's**

Frühling läßt sein blaues Band  
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte.  
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte  
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.  
Veilchen träumen schon,  
Wollen balde kommen.  
Horch , ein Harfenton!  
Frühling, ja du bist's!  
Dich hab ich vernommen.

*Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)*

### **The Gardener**

On her favorite pony  
As white as snow,  
The fairest princess  
Rides down the avenue.

The path down which her little horse  
Prances so brightly,  
The sand that I scattered there  
Glitters like gold!

You rose-colored little hat,  
Bobbing up and down,  
O toss a feather  
Stealthily down!

And if in return you would like  
A flower from me,  
Take a thousand for one -  
Take all of them for it!

### **It is Spring!**

Once again Spring flutters its  
Blue ribbons through the air.  
Sweet, familiar fragrances  
Float portentously over the land.  
Violets are already dreaming,  
Ready to appear soon,  
Listen – the sound of a harp,  
Spring, yes, it's you!  
It's you I heard!

**Kitty Whately - mezzo-soprano**  
**Joseph Middleton - piano**  
**Madelaine Newton, Kevin Whately - actors**

*Dedicated to the memory of Jack Newton 1943 - 2021*

**William Shakespeare: (1564-1616) (Richard II)**

**John of Gaunt**

*This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war,  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.*

**John Ireland (1879-1962)**

**Earth's Call**

The fresh air moves like water round a boat.  
The white clouds wander. Let us wander too.  
The whining, wavering plover flap and float.  
That crow is flying after that cuckoo.  
Look! Look! ... they're gone. What are the great trees calling?  
Just come a little farther, by that edge  
Of green, to where the stormy ploughland, falling  
Wave upon wave, is lapping to the hedge.  
Oh, what a lovely bank! Give me your hand.  
Lie down and press your heart against the ground.  
Let us both listen 'til we understand  
Each through the other, every natural sound ...

I can't hear anything today, can you,  
But, far and near: 'Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!'

*Harold Monro (1879-1932)*

**Peter Warlock (1894-1930)**

**My Own Country**

I shall go without companions,  
And with nothing in my hand;  
I shall pass through many places  
That I cannot understand -  
Until I come to my own country,  
Which is a pleasant land!

When I get to my own country  
I shall lie down and sleep;  
I shall watch in the valleys  
The long flocks of sheep.  
And then I shall dream, for ever and all,  
A good dream and deep.

*Hilaire Belloc (1870-1953)*

The trees that grow in my own country  
Are the beech tree and the yew;  
Many stand together  
And some stand few.  
In the month of May in my own country  
All the woods are new.

**Walter de la Mare (1873-1956): England**

*No lovelier hills than thine have laid  
My tired thoughts to rest:  
No peace of lovelier valleys made  
Like peace within my breast.  
Thine are the woods whereto my soul,  
Out of the noontide beam,  
Flees for a refuge green and cool  
And tranquil as a dream.*

*Thy breaking seas like trumpets peal;  
Thy clouds - how oft have I  
Watched their bright towers of silence steal  
Into infinity!  
My heart within me faults to roam  
In thought even far from thee:  
Thine be the grave whereto I come,  
And thine my darkness be.*

**Charles Villiers Stanford (1852 - 1924)**

**La Belle Dame sans Merci**

Oh, what can ail thee, knight at arms,  
Alone and palely loitering;  
The sedge is withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

Oh, what can ail thee, knight at arms,  
So haggard and so woe-begone?  
The squirrel's granary is full,  
And the harvest's done.

I see a lilly on thy brow,  
With anguish moist and fever dew;  
And on thy cheek a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads  
Full beautiful, a faery's child;  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long;  
For sideways would she lean, and sing  
A faery's song.

I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;  
She looked at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna dew;  
And sure in language strange she said,  
I love thee true.

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept and sighed full sore, And  
there I shut her wild eyes—  
with kissed four.

And there she lulled me asleep,  
And there I dreamed, ah woe betide, The latest  
dream I ever dreamed  
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all; They  
cried—"La belle Dame sans merci  
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloom  
With horrid warning gaping wide,  
And I awoke, and found me here  
On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

*John Keats (1795-1821)*

**John Clare (1794-1864): In hilly wood**

*How sweet to be thus nestling deep in boughs,  
Upon an ashen stoven pillowing me;  
Faintly are heard the ploughmen at their ploughs,  
But not an eye can find its way to see.  
The sunbeams scarce molest me with a smile,  
So thick the leafy armies gather round;  
And where they do, the breeze blows cool the while,  
Their leafy shadows dancing on the ground.*

*Full many a flower, too, wishing to be seen,  
Perks up its head the hiding grass between.-  
In mid-wood silence, thus, how sweet to be;  
Where all the noises, that on peace intrude,  
Come from the chattering cricket, bird, and bee,  
Whose songs have charms to sweeten solitude.*



**Rebecca Clarke** (1886-1979)

### **The Salley Gardens**

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;  
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;  
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

*W. B. Yeates* (1865-1939)

### **Wendell Berry** (b. 1934): *The peace of wild things*

*When despair for the world grows in me  
and I wake in the night at the least sound  
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,  
I go and lie down where the wood drake  
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.*

*I come into the peace of wild things  
who do not tax their lives with forethought  
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.  
And I feel above me the day-blind stars  
waiting with their light. For a time  
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.*

**Herbert Howells** (1892-1983)

### **King David**

King David was a sorrowful man:  
No cause for his sorrow had he;  
And he called for the music of a hundred harps,  
To ease his melancholy.

He rose; and in his garden  
Walked by the moon alone,  
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree,  
Jargoned on and on.

King David lifted his sad eyes  
Into the dark-boughed tree --  
"Tell me, thou little bird that singest,  
Who taught my grief to thee?"

They played till they all fell silent:  
Played and play sweet did they;  
But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King David  
They could not charm away.

But the bird in no-wise heeded;  
And the king in the cool of the moon  
Harkened to the nightingale's sorrowfulness,  
Till all his own was gone.

*Walter De la Mare* (1873 - 1956)

### **Thomas Hardy** (1840-1928): *The Darkling Thrush*

*I leant upon a coppice gate  
When Frost was spectre-grey,  
And Winter's dregs made desolate  
The weakening eye of day.  
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky  
Like strings of broken lyres,  
And all mankind that haunted nigh  
Had sought their household fires.*

*The land's sharp features seemed to be  
The Century's corpse outleant,  
His crypt the cloudy canopy,  
The wind his death-lament.  
The ancient pulse of germ and birth  
Was shrunken hard and dry,  
And every spirit upon earth  
Seemed fervourless as I.*

*At once a voice arose among  
The bleak twigs overhead  
In a full-hearted evensong  
Of joy illimited;  
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt and small,  
In blast-beruffled plume,  
Had chosen thus to fling his soul  
Upon the growing gloom.*

*So little cause for carolings  
Of such ecstatic sound  
Was written on terrestrial things  
Afar or nigh around,  
That I could think there trembled through  
His happy good-night air  
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew  
And I was unaware.*

**Joan Trimble** (1915-2000)

### **Green Rain**

Into the scented woods we'll go  
And see the blackthorn swim in snow.  
High above, in the budding leaves,  
A brooding dove awakes and grieves;  
The glades with mingled music stir,  
And wildly laughs the woodpecker.  
When blackthorn petals pearl the breeze,

There are the twisted hawthorn trees  
Thick-set with buds, as clear and pale  
As golden water or green hail--  
As if a storm of rain had stood  
Enchanted in the thorny wood,  
And, hearing fairy voices call,  
Hung poised, forgetting how to fall.

*Mary Webb (1881-1927)*

### **Jackie Kaye (b. 1961): The world of trees**

*Sycamore. Mountain Ash. Beech. Birch. Oak.*

*In the middle of the forest the trees stood.  
And the beech knew the birch was there,  
and the mountain ash breathed the same air  
as the sycamore, and everywhere*

*the wind blew, the trees understood each other:  
how the river made the old oak lean to the east,  
how the felled beech changed the currents of the wind,  
how the two common ash formed a canopy*

*and grew in a complementary way.  
Between them they shared a full head of hair.  
Some amber curls of the one could easily  
belong to the other: twin trees so similar.*

*Sycamore. Mountain Ash. Beech. Birch. Oak.*

*Some trees crouched in the forest, waiting  
for another tree to die so they could  
shoot up suddenly into that new place;  
stretch out comfortably for the blue sky.*

*Some trees grew mysterious mushroom fungi -  
shoelace, honey, intricate as a grandmother's lace.  
The wind fluttered the leaves; the leaves flapped their wings;  
birds flew from the trees. Sometimes they'd sing.*

*The tall trees, compassionate, understood everything:  
grief - they stood stock-still, branches drooped in despair;  
fear - they exposed their many roots, tugged their gold hair;  
anger - they shook in the storm, pointed their bony fingers*

*Sycamore. Mountain Ash. Beech. Birch. Oak.*

*The trees knew each others secrets  
in the deep green heart of the forest.  
Each tree loved another tree best.  
Each tree, happy to rest, leaned a little to the east,*

*or to the west, when the moon loomed high above:  
the big white eye of the woods.  
And they stood together as one in the dark,  
with the stars sparkling from their branches,*

*completely at ease, breathing in the cold night air,  
swishing a little in the breeze,  
dreaming of glossy spring leaves,  
in the fine, distinguished company of trees.*

*Sycamore. Mountain Ash. Beech. Birch. Oak.*

**Ralph Vaughan Williams** (1872-1958)

### **Silent Noon**

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,  
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:  
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms  
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.  
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge  
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn-hedge.  
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly  
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky:  
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.  
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,  
This close-companioned inarticulate hour  
When twofold silence was the song of love.

*Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)*

**Christina Rossetti (1830-1894): *The lambs of Grasmere***

*The upland flocks grew starved and thinned;  
Their shepherds scarce could feed the lambs  
Whose milkless mothers butted them,  
Or who were orphaned of their dams.  
The lambs athirst for mother's milk  
Filled all the place with piteous sounds: Their  
mothers' bones made white for miles The  
pastureless wet pasture grounds.*

*Day after day, night after night,  
From lamb to lamb the shepherds went, With  
teapots for the bleating mouths Instead of  
nature's nourishment.  
The little shivering gaping things  
Soon knew the step that brought them aid,  
And fondled the protecting hand,  
And rubbed it with a woolly head.*

*Then, as the days waxed on to weeks,  
It was a pretty sight to see  
These lambs with frisky heads and tails  
Skipping and leaping on the lea,  
Bleating in tender, trustful tones,  
Resting on rocky crag or mound.  
And following the beloved feet  
That once had sought for them and found.*

*These very shepherds of their flocks,  
These loving lambs so meek to please,  
Are worthy of recording words  
And honour in their due degrees:  
So I might live a hundred years,  
And roam from strand to foreign strand,  
Yet not forget this flooded spring  
And scarce-saved lambs of Westmoreland.*

**Michael Head (1900-1976)**

**A green cornfield**

The earth was green, the sky was blue:  
I saw and heard one sunny morn  
A skylark hang between the two,  
A singing speck above the corn;

The cornfield stretched a tender green  
To right and left beside my walks;  
I knew he had a nest unseen  
Somewhere among the million stalks.

And as I paused to hear his song  
While swift the sunny moments slid,  
Perhaps his mate sat listening long,  
And listened longer than I did.

*Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)*

**John Ireland (1879-1962) *Spring will not wait***

**Edward Thomas (1878-1917): *Adlestrop***

*Yes. I remember Adlestrop –  
The name, because one afternoon  
Of heat the express-train drew up there  
Unwontedly. It was late June.*

*The steam hissed. Someone cleared his  
throat. No one left and no one came  
On the bare platform. What I saw  
Was Adlestrop – only the name*

*And willows, willow-herb, and grass,  
And meadowsweet, and haycocks  
dry, No whit less still and lonely fair  
Than the high cloudlets in the sky.*

*And for that minute a blackbird sang  
Close by, and round him, mistier,  
Farther and farther, all the birds  
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.*

**The fields are full**

The fields are full of summer still  
And breathe again upon the air  
From brown dry side of hedge and hill  
More sweetness than the sense can bear.

So some old couple, who in youth  
With love were filled and over-full,  
And loved with strength and loved with truth,  
In heavy age are beautiful.

*Edward Shanks (1892-1953)*

**A.E. Housman (1859-1936): Into my heart an air that kills**

*Into my heart an air that kills  
From yon far country blows;  
What are those blue remembered hills,  
What spires, what farms are those?*

*That is the land of lost content,  
I see it shining plain,  
The happy highways where I went  
And cannot come again.*

**A.E. Housman: O stay at home my lad and plough**

*Oh stay at home, my lad, and plough  
The land and not the sea,  
And leave the soldiers at their drill,  
And all about the idle hill  
Shepherd your sheep with me.*

*Oh stay with company and mirth  
And daylight and the air;  
Too full already is the grave  
Of fellows that were good and brave  
And died because they were.*

**Ma Bonny Lad**

Have you seen ought of my bonny lad?  
Are you sure he's weel-o?  
He's gone o'er land wi' a stick in his hand,  
He's gone to moor the keel-o.

Yes I hae seen your bonny lad,  
'Twas on the sea I spied him.  
His grave is green but not wi' grass  
And you'll never lie beside him.

*Trad*

**Anon: The Great Silkie o' Sule Skerry**

*An earthly nouris sits and sings  
And aye she sings 'Ba lili wee'ane,  
And little ken I ma bairn's faither,  
Far less the land where he dwells in'.*

*And he hath taken a purse o' gold,  
And he hath placed it on her knee,  
Saying 'Gi te me ma little ying son,  
And tak ye up your nouris fee'.*

*For he came one night te her bedfoot  
And a grumly guest a'm sure wis he,  
Saying 'Here am I, thy bairn'e faither,  
Although I be not comely'.*

*'And it shall come te pass on a Summer's day,  
When the sun shines bright on every stane,  
I'll come and wean ma little ying son,  
And teach him how te swim the fame'.*

*I am a man upon the land,  
I am a Silkie on the sea,  
And when I'm far and far frae land  
My hame is in the Sule Skerry'.*

*'And you shall marry a gunner guid,  
And a right fine gunner a'm sure he'll be,  
And the very first shot that 'ere he shoots  
Will kill baeth ma ying son and me'.*

**Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)**

**The Seal Man**

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road, calling.  
There was a strong love came up in her at that,  
and she put down her sewing on the table, and "Mother", she says,  
"There's no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no door.  
There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at all  
will keep me this night from the man I love."  
And she went out into the moonlight to him,  
there by the bush where the flow'rs is pretty, beyond the river.  
And he says to her: "You are all of the beauty of the world,  
will you come where I go, over the waves of the sea?"  
And she says to him: "My treasure and my strength," she says,  
"I would follow you on the frozen hills, my feet bleeding."  
Then they went down into the sea together,  
and the moon made a track on the sea, and they walked down it;  
it was like a flame before them. There was no fear at all on her;  
only a great love like the love of the Old Ones,  
that was stronger than the touch of the fool.  
She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like flowers,  
and she went down into the sea with her man,  
who wasn't a man at all.  
She was drowned of course.  
It's like he never thought that she wouldn't bear the sea like himself.  
She was drowned, drowned.

*John Masefield (1878-1967)*

**As You Like It - Act II, Scene 1**

*DUKE SENIOR*

<i>Now my co-mates and brothers in exile, Hath not old custom made this life more sweet Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods More free from peril than the envious court? Here feel we not the penalty of Adam. The seasons' difference; as the icy fang And churlish chiding of the Winter's wind, Which when it bites and blows upon my body, Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say</i>	<i>'This is no flattery; these are counsellors, That feelingly persuade me what I am.' Sweet are the uses of adversity; Which like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head; And this, our life, exempt from public haunt Finds tongues in trees, brooks, in running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything. I would not change it.</i>
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**Elizabeth Maconchy (1907-1994)**

**Ophelia's Song**

How should I your true love know  
From another one?  
By his cockle hat and staff  
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone lady,  
He is dead and gone  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone. .

White his shroud at the mountain snow,  
Larded with sweet flowers,  
Which bewept to the grave did go  
With true love showers.

*Hamlet Act IV, Scene V*

## **Hamlet Act IV, Scene VII**

GERTRUDE

*There is a willow grows aslant a brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream:  
There with fantastic garlands did she come  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies and long purples  
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name.  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call  
them: There on the pendent boughs her coronet  
weeds Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver  
broke,*

*When down the weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread  
wide, And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up,  
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,  
As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indued  
Unto that element: but long it could not be  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.*

**Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)**

### **Desdemona's song**

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow;  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow;  
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;  
Sing willow, willow, willow;  
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones.  
Sing willow, willow, willow.

Sing all a green willow my garland must be,  
Sing all a green willow;  
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,  
Sing willow, willow, willow;  
I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?  
Sing willow, willow, willow;  
If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men!  
Sing willow, willow, willow.

## **Macbeth Act 1, scene V**

LADY MACBETH

*'They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfect'st report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor", by which title before, these weyard sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming of time with "Hail, king that shalt be!" This I have thought good to deliver thee – my dearest partner of greatness – that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart and farewell.'*

Joseph Horovitz (b.1926)

***Lady Macbeth – A Scena***

*Act 1, scene 5*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win ...

Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal ...

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

*Act 2, scene 2*

He is about it:  
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die ...

I laid their daggers ready;  
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done't ...

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood ...

Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;  
For it must seem their guilt ...

*Act 5, scene 1*

Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why,  
then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What  
need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? ...

No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting ...  
Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of  
Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!  
... Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.--I tell you yet again,  
Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave ...  
To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate:  
come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.— To bed, to  
bed, to bed!

## PROGRAMME NOTES

**Schubert**      Auf dem See, D. 746

This Goethe setting opens with the lake gently rocking the boat. After a break (not present in an earlier version of the song), the poet reflects for a moment, then addresses the landscape again, but here with a change of metre suggesting renewed enthusiasm.

**Schubert**      Auf dem Wasser zu singen, D. 774

Another view from a boat, with the piano depicting the shimmering waves, and with a suggestion of a barcarolle. This song moves from the minor to the major mode in each stanza.

**Wolf**            Mörike-Lieder: Im Frühling

Hugo Wolf wrote some orchestral and chamber music but is principally known as a composer of Lieder (he was also a provocative and entertaining critic). He composed around three hundred songs, often during intense periods of creativity. 'Im Frühling' shows Wolf's Wagnerian idiom well, in another nature depiction.

**Wolf**            Mörike-Lieder: Der Gärtner

The trotting horse of the princess appears first in this song; the role of the gardener only becomes clear later.

**Wolf**            Mörike-Lieder: Er ist's

Here the piano introduces itself as a harp (you may have heard Schumann's version in yesterday's recital), but once again the relevance does not immediately become clear.



## This Other Eden



Late 16th-century English embroidery showing the Garden of Eden  
(Metropolitan Museum, New York)

## This England

**Reading: Shakespeare**

**This Sceptred Isle**

**John Ireland**

**Earth's call**

John Ireland was born near Manchester, and studied composition at the Royal College of Music under Stanford, returning there to teach – his students included Benjamin Britten and E. J. Moeran. He composed around ninety songs, setting poems by Christina and Dante Rossetti, Aldous Huxley, Thomas Hardy, and others. Some allude to the English folksong tradition, but others are more personal, using a musical language influenced by French impressionism. 'Earth's Call' (subtitled 'A Sylvan Rhapsody') is an ecstatic evocation of the discovery of nature by two travellers. This is widely estimated the best of Ireland's songs, conveying a sense of light and air.

**Peter Warlock**

**My Own Country**

This setting of a poem by Anglo-French writer Hilaire Belloc captures its simplicity in a flowing melody with a chordal accompaniment that, while harmonically deceptive, follows the voice with almost the same rhythm – until the singer sings about dreaming.

**Poem: Walter de la Mare**

**England**

## Forests and gardens

**Stanford**

**Poem: Clare**

**Rebecca Clarke**

**La Belle Dame Sans Merci**

**In hilly wood**

**The Salley Gardens**



***Rebecca Clarke in 1919***

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979) was a notable British-American composer and a virtuoso viola player – her viola sonata is one of her finest works. She wrote much choral music and many songs, to texts by Goethe, Yeats, Masefield, Yeats, Blake, and others. Yeats described this poem as ‘an attempt to reconstruct an old song from three lines imperfectly remembered by an old peasant woman in the village of Ballisodare, Sligo, who often sings them to herself.’ There are several settings, by Clarke, Gurney, Ireland, and Britten. Clarke’s 1919 setting of ‘The Salley gardens’, with a folk-like melody of her own, was published in two versions, one with piano and the other with a violin accompaniment.

**Poem: Berry**

**Herbert Howells**

**The peace of wild things**

**King David**

Herbert Howells (1892-1983) had published forty songs by 1934, but after the death of his young son in 1935 he mainly wrote sacred music. ‘King David’ was composed in 1923 along with a group of songs to poems by Walter de la Mare who became his friend. When de la Mare died in 1956, Howells re-drafted some earlier songs (not including ‘King David’, for which he did not own the rights), and after a length series of revisions the cycle was eventually published posthumously with ‘King David’ as the final song. The composer said that he was ‘prouder to have written King David than almost anything mine’; the poet, that the song was ‘so perfect that he did not want anyone else to set it’.

**Poem: Thomas Hardy**

**The Darkling Thrush**

**Joan Trimble**

**Green rain**



***Joan [L] and Valerie Trimble [R]***

The Irish composer and pianist Joan Trimble (1915 –2000) was a piano student of Annie Lord at the Royal Irish Academy of Music, and studied music at Trinity College Dublin and the Royal College of Music, London, where she studied composition with Herbert Howells and Vaughan Williams. She performed in a piano duo with her sister Valerie, playing contemporary music including her own compositions. Her opera *Blind Raftery* was the first television opera written by a female composer. Trimble taught at the RCM until 1977. She attracted renewed attention in the 1990s when a new work was commissioned and recordings of her music appeared. 'Green Rain' (1938) sets words by Mary Webb (1881-1927), and it won a prize at the 1938 Feis Ceoil in Dublin. Trimble's style was predominantly conservative, but she was often praised for her ability to write for the voice.

**Poem: Jackie Kay**

**The world of trees**

**Fields and meadows**

**Vaughan Williams**

**Silent Noon**

This song comes from Vaughan Williams's collection *The House of Life* (1903). Paradoxically, it is a song about a silent moment in nature – Rossetti describes how the lovers are surrounded by flowers, insects, all natural life, when 'two-fold silence was the song of love'. A simple musical setting is characterized by gentle syncopation and restrained word-painting.

**Poem: C. Rossetti**

**The lambs of Grasmere**

**Michael Head**

**A green cornfield**

Michael Head (1900-1976) studied at the Royal Academy of Music where he won the Sir Michael Costa scholarship for composition. He often gave one-man recitals performing his own music. Head is known almost exclusively for his songs, which are well crafted, melodic, and harmonically conservative; like Trimble, he set 'Green Rain'. Dedicated to Michael Head's sister, 'A Green Cornfield' (1923) sets a poem by Christina Rossetti from her collection *The Goblin Market* (1875).

## **Ireland**

### **Spring will not wait**

'Spring will not wait' comes from a group of pieces entitled *We'll to the Woods No More* (1927), which consists of two songs and this piano piece. Rob Barnett has written that 'It is in Ireland's typically elusive, wanderingly ambivalent tonal palette', and this sense of wandering tonality is partly the result of Ireland sometimes using a whole-tone scale. Ireland prefaces the score with a quotation from A.E. Housman's poem of the same name: 'Spring will not wait the loit'rer's time who keeps so long away'. Ireland said that this piece was to be seen as a continuation of the two previous songs, and it includes several musical references to them.

**Poem: Thomas**

**Adlestrop**

**Ivor Gurney**

**The fields are full**

Ivor Gurney was both a composer and a poet. Stanford thought him his most promising student (among Bliss, Vaughan Williams, and Ireland). He suffered from depression before WW1 and was increasingly mentally ill after the war. 'The fields are full' sets a poem by Edward Shanks. He was known as a WW1 war poet, after which he was an academic, journalist, literary critic, and biographer. He also wrote some science fiction. 'The fields are full' is one of many fine songs written by Gurney in the post-war years following his initial recovery from shellshock.

## **Coasts and Seas**

**Poems: Housman**

**Into my heart an air that kills**

**O stay at home my lad and plough**

**Trad.**

**Ma Bonny Lad**

**Poem: Anon**

**The Great Silkie**

**Rebecca Clarke**

**The Seal Man**

This Masefield setting from 1922 is one of Clarke's most frequently performed songs. The text is not a poem, but taken from a longer short story Masefield included in a collection entitled *A Mainsail Haul* (1905), which carried an illustration by Jack Yeats, the poet's brother. This freely composed song approaches operatic expression especially in the virtuosic piano part with its wide-ranging textures and sonorities; the vocal range is also wide, sometimes more like recitative, but also dramatically lyrical.

## **Britain's Bard- The words of William Shakespeare**

**Reading:** **As You Like It - Act II, Scene I**

**Elizabeth Maconchy** **Ophelia's Song**

Elizabeth Maconchy (1907-1994) was born in England to Irish parents and always considered herself Irish. She was Chair of the Composers Guild of Great Britain and President of the Society for the Promotion of New Music, and her string quartets are a major contribution to the genre. This song was written in 1926, and shows an influence from Vaughan Williams, with whom she studied at the Royal College of Music; her later work is more aligned with Bartók and Janáček.

**Reading:** **Hamlet - Act IV Scene VII**

**Korngold:** **from Four Shakespeare Songs Op.31**

**Desdemona's Song (The Willow Song)**

The child prodigy Korngold impressed Mahler and Richard Strauss ; Schnabel played his second piano sonata all over Europe; at nineteen, he wrote incidental music for *Much Ado About Nothing* which had a Viennese run of eighty performances. His first work for Hollywood was an arrangement of Mendelssohn's incidental music for Max Reinhardt's film of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1934-5), which enabled to settle there before the outbreak of war. The Shakespeare songs date from the later 1930s. Korngold sets this text in a pastoral style evoking the period of the play – he thought of England, which he never visited, as somehow still suffused with the spirit of Shakespeare.

**Dialogue:** **from Macbeth - Act I, Scene V**

**Horowitz** **Lady Macbeth- A Scena**

Joseph Horowitz (born 1926) studied with Nadia Boulanger in Paris and has spent much of his career writing and conducting music for the stage, television and cinema. His works include ballets, operas, and works for brass band among many others. The scena *Lady Macbeth* was commissioned for a special Shakespeare evening at the Bergen festival in Norway in 1974. Horowitz wrote: 'I constructed the scena by selecting three scenes in which Lady Macbeth's speeches would portray the development of the character from early aspirations to grandeur, to later power and finally to guilt and madness. The scenes are taken from Acts 1, 2 and 5, forming a miniature operatic role. The dramatic implication is that the scena begins after Lady Macbeth has read her husband's report of his military victory at the start of the play.

## KITTY WHATELY

Kitty Whately trained at Chetham's School of Music, the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, and the Royal College of Music International Opera School. She won both the Kathleen Ferrier Award and the 59th Royal Overseas League Award in the same year, and was part of the prestigious Verbier Festival Academy where she appeared as Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro* and in Beethoven's *Choral Fantasy*. Kitty was a BBC New Generation Artist from 2013-15, during which time she recorded her debut solo album *This Other Eden*, made recordings with the BBC orchestras, commissioned a new song cycle from Jonathan Dove, and made several appearances at the Proms.

Recent opera highlights include Isabella *Wuthering Heights* (Opera National de Lorraine, Nancy), Paquette *Candide* (Bergen National Opera, following a concert performance of the role at The Grange Festival), Mother/Other Mother in the world premiere of Mark-Anthony Turnage's latest opera *Coraline* (Barbican, produced by the Royal Opera House), Dorabella *Così fan tutte* (Opera Holland Park), Nancy *Albert Herring* (The Grange Festival) and as Hermia *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Aix-en-Provence Festival and in Beijing). Kitty also performed in the world premiere of Vasco Mendonça's *The House Taken Over* directed by Katie Mitchell, with performances in Antwerp, Strasbourg, Luxembourg, Bruges and Lisbon. Other operatic roles include Rosina *Il barbiere di Siviglia* and Stewardess in Jonathan Dove's *Flight* (Opera Holland Park); Hermia *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Bergen National Opera); Kate *Owen Wingrave* (Opéra National de Lorraine); Dorabella *Così fan tutte* (English Touring Opera) and Ippolita / Pallade in Cavalli's *Elena* in Montpellier and Versailles for the Aix-en-Provence Festival.

Kitty is in high demand as a recitalist and concert artist. She made her debut with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, singing Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, as well as a recital alongside Malcolm Martineau at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland. Recent concert performances include Mahler *Das Lied von der Erde* at the Mizmorim Festival in Basel, *The Dream of Gerontius* with Crouch End Festival Chorus at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, and recitals of English song at Wigmore Hall and the Salisbury International Festival. She has given performances with most of the UK's major orchestras, including Duruflé's *Requiem* and Mozart's *Requiem* (in Oslo with the Dunedin Consort and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra), Bach's *B Minor Mass* (Royal Northern Sinfonia and Scottish Chamber Orchestra), Beethoven's *Mass in C Major* (Philharmonia Orchestra), Haydn's *Nelson Mass* (Britten Sinfonia on tour in Spain and the Netherlands), Bach's *Magnificat* (Britten Sinfonia and Choir of King's College Cambridge), Elgar *The Dream of Gerontius* at St John's Smith Square and Queen Elizabeth Hall, and Handel's *Messiah* at the Royal Albert Hall. Kitty has given recitals at the Edinburgh International, Salisbury International, Oxford Lieder, Leeds Lieder and Buxton festivals, working regularly with renowned accompanists including James Baillieu, Julius Drake, Graham Johnson, Simon Lepper, Malcolm Martineau, Gary Matthewman, Joseph Middleton, Anna Tilbrook and Roger Vignoles.

Kitty made her BBC Proms debut in Sir Peter Maxwell Davies' Suite from Act II of *Caroline Mathilde*, and also appeared in a Chamber Music Prom singing the music of Stephen Sondheim. Her frequent performances with the BBC orchestras include De Falla's *The Three Cornered Hat* (BBC National Orchestra of Wales) and Nancy in a concert performance of Britten's *Albert Herring* (BBC Symphony Orchestra), as well as recordings of Ravel's *Sheherazade* (BBC Philharmonic Orchestra), Canteloube's *Songs of the Auvergne* (BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra), and songs by Rodgers & Hammerstein, Jerome Kern and Cole Porter (BBC Concert Orchestra).

In 2017 Kitty released her second album, *Nights not spent alone*, to critical acclaim. Recorded in a co-production between Champs Hill Records and the BBC, and accompanied by distinguished pianist Simon Lepper, the disc presents complete works for mezzo-soprano by Jonathan Dove. It includes a song cycle of the same name dedicated to Kitty, which she premiered at the Cheltenham Music Festival in 2015.

## JOSEPH MIDDLETON

Pianist Joseph Middleton specializes in the art of song accompaniment and chamber music and has been highly acclaimed in this field. Described in Opera Magazine as 'the rightful heir to legendary accompanist Gerald Moore', by BBC Music Magazine as 'one of the brightest stars in the world of song and Lieder', he has also been labeled 'the cream of the new generation' by The Times. He is Director of Leeds Lieder, Musician in Residence at Pembroke College, Cambridge and a Fellow of his alma mater, the Royal Academy of Music, where he is a Professor. He was the first accompanist to win the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist Award.

Joseph is a frequent guest at major music centres including London's Wigmore Hall (where he has been a featured artist), Royal Opera House and Royal Festival Hall, New York's Alice Tully Hall and Park Avenue Armory, Het Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Konzerthaus Vienna, Zürich Tonhalle, Kölner Philharmonie, Strasbourg, Frankfurt, Lille and Gothenburg Opera Houses, Philharmonie Luxembourg, Musée d'Orsay Paris, Oji Hall Tokyo and Festivals in Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, Barcelona, Schloss Elmau, Edinburgh, Munich, Ravinia, San Francisco, Schubertiade Hohenems and Schwarzenberg, deSingel, Seoul, Stuttgart, Toronto and Vancouver. He made his BBC Proms debut in 2016 alongside Iestyn Davies and Carolyn Sampson & returned in 2018 alongside Dame Sarah Connolly where they premiered recently discovered songs by Benjamin Britten.

Joseph enjoys recitals with internationally established singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Louise Alder, Mary Bevan, Ian Bostridge, Allan Clayton, Dame Sarah Connolly, Lucy Crowe, Iestyn Davies, Fatma Said, Samuel Hasselhorn, Wolfgang Holzmair, Christiane Karg, Katarina Karnéus, Angelika Kirchschrager, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, John Mark Ainsley, Ann Murray DBE, James Newby, Mark Padmore, Miah Persson, Sophie Rennert, Ashley Riches, Amanda Roocroft, Kate Royal, Matthew Rose, Carolyn Sampson, Nicky Spence and Roderick Williams.

He has a special relationship with BBC Radio 3, frequently curating his own series and working with the BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artists. His critically acclaimed and fast-growing discography has seen him awarded a Diapason D'or and Edison Award as well as receiving nominations for Gramophone, BBC Music Magazines and International Classical Music Awards. He enjoys a particularly fruitful collaboration with Carolyn Sampson on the BIS label. Further recording projects include: an English Song recital with Dame Sarah Connolly for Chandos; Strauss Lieder, 'A Russian Connection' and 'Chere Nuit' with Louise Alder, also for Chandos; 'Voyages' and 'A Divine Muse' with Mary Bevan for Signum Records; 'Stille Liebe' with Samuel Hasselhorn for Harmonia Mundi; 'I wonder as I wander' with James Newby for BIS; 'A Musical Zoo' with Ashley Riches for Chandos; 'Nocturnal Variations' with Ruby Hughes, 'Elgar in Sussex' with Dame Felicity Lott, 'Tell me the Truth about Love' with Amanda Roocroft, 'This other Eden' with Kitty Whately, the Lieder of Ludwig Thuille with Sophie Bevan and Jennifer Johnston and the complete Purcell/Britten realizations with Ruby Hughes, Allan Clayton and Matthew Rose, all for Champs Hill Records. His interest in the furthering of the song repertoire has led Gramophone Magazine to describe him as 'the absolute king of programming'.

## MADELAINE NEWTON

Madelaine Newton began her acting career in 1972 as a Founder Member of the acclaimed Live Theatre Company in Newcastle upon Tyne, devising and performing numerous productions in the North East. Subsequently she moved into television and played various roles in the hugely successful series *When the Boat Come In*, *The Spoils of War*, *Auf Wiedersehen Pet* and *Firm Friends*.

Other theatre work includes national tours of *And a Nightingale Sang* and *The Memory Water*; the award-winning *Accounts*; *Wishbones* and *Turns*. She also toured Newfoundland and Nova Scotia playing the lead roles in *The Sound of Murder* and *The Secretary Bird*.

Madelaine studied poetry in Oxford with Professor Stephen Regan and contributed to study modules on The Sonnet for the Open University Foundation Course. She has given recitals at The Wigmore Hall; for Oxford Lieder; and in several UK Cathedrals.

## KEVIN WHATELY

Kevin Whately's theatre credits include The Narrator in *Candide* (Bergen National Opera), Herbie in *Gypsy* (Chichester), Uncle Peck in *How I Learned to Drive* (Donmar), Ray Lucas in *Snake in the Grass* (Old Vic), Juror 8 in *Twelve Angry Men* (Bristol Old Vic and Comedy Theatre), Daines in *Our Own Kind* (Bush), John Proctor in *The Crucible* and Blackmore in *The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd* (Haymarket, Leicester), Tony Lumpkin in *She Stoops to Conquer* (Oxford Playhouse), Prince Hal in *Henry IV* (Newcastle), Phil in *Bad Language* (Hampstead Theatre), Elvis in *Operation Elvis* (Tricycle), Andy in *Accounts* (Edinburgh and Riverside Studios) and seasons at Perth, Stoke, Worcester and Newcastle.

Kevin varied and full television career includes *Lewis* (9 series), *Inspector George Gently*, *Joe Maddison's War*, *Who Do You Think You Are?*, *The Children*, *Who Gets the Dog*, *Footprints in the Snow*, *Dad*, *Auf Wiedersehen Pet* (4 Series), *Belonging*, *Tamworth Two*, *Promoted to Glory*, *Plain Jane*, *Inspector Morse* (7 Series & 4 single films), *What Katy Did*, *Pure Wickedness*, *The Broker's Man* (2 Series), *Gobble*, *Trip Trap*, *Peak Practice* (3 Series), *Skallagrigg*, *B&B*, *Night Voice*, *A Murder is Announced*, *Shackleton*, *The Dig* and *Fair Stood the Wind for France*.

His film appearances include *Silent Cry*, *Purely Belter*, *Return of the Soldier* and *The English Patient*

## LAURENCE KILSBY

A former BBC Radio 2 Young Chorister of the Year (2009), Laurence is a British Tenor, Lies Askonas Fellow and ABRSM vocal scholar at the Royal College of Music, supported by the Victoria Robey Scholarship and the Drake Calleja Trust.

He holds the Kathleen Ferrier Society Bursary (2018) and competes in the 2021 Das Lied: International Song Competition.

Recent solo concert highlights include; *Venus & Adonis* with Christian Curnyn and the Early Opera Company (Wigmore Hall), *St. John Passion* with the Gabrieli Consort (Cathédrale de Lausanne), *Elijah* with Masaaki Suzuki and the OAE (Théâtre des Champs-Élysées), Peter Sellars' staging of the *St John Passion* with Sir Simon Rattle and the OAE (Elbphilharmonie, Hamburg), Lieder Recital (Akademie der Künste, Berlin), *Esther* with the London Handel Festival (Wigmore Hall).

Recent operatic work; Apollo/Pastore/Spirito in *L'Orfeo* (Nederlandse Reisopera), cover Lysander/A *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Nevill Holt Opera), Phoebus/*The Fairy Queen* (Waterperry Opera Festival), Lucano/L'incoronazione di *Poppea* (Longborough Festival Opera). Future engagements include cover Grimoaldo/*Rodelinda* (RCMIOS), company debut with the Festival d'Aix-en-Provence as Lucano/Soldato Primo/*Poppea* (2022).

He also joins the Verbier Festival as a Young Artist this summer.

## IAN TINDALE

British pianist Ian Tindale has performed across London, the UK and Europe. Recent engagements have included song recitals at the Oxford Lieder Festival, Buxton Festival, and Petworth Festival, and he has performed with artists such as Ailish Tynan, Gemma Summerfield, Julien van Mellaerts, Robert Murray and Jess Dandy.

Following studies at Selwyn College, Cambridge and the Royal College of Music, London, Ian was awarded the Pianist's Prize in the Wigmore Hall/Kohn Foundation Song Competition in 2017, and he has been the recipient of accompaniment prizes at the Kathleen Ferrier Awards, Royal Overseas League Music Competition and the Gerald Moore Award. Ian is a Britten Pears Young Artist and a Samling Artist. Concert highlights have included the Samling Showcase at the Wigmore Hall in both 2016 and 2017, a recital in the Leeds Lieder Festival with tenor Nick Pritchard including the world premiere of Daniel Kidane's *Songs of Illumination*, and collaborations with regular duo partner and soprano Harriet Burns, the Albion Quartet and flautist Adam Walker in a series of concerts celebrating the music of Dvořák at the Ryedale Festival. In the 2018-19 season Ian performed with baritone and ECHO Rising Star Josep-Ramon Olivé in recitals across Europe including Amsterdam's Concertgebouw and Palau de la Música in Barcelona, as well as a recital at Wigmore Hall with Soraya Mafi and a recital at the Lewes Festival of Song with James Newby. Most recently, Ian appeared with Harriet Burns in the final recital of the 2020 Oxford Lieder Festival, and he has been performing and recording for English Touring Opera as part of their 'Lyric Solitude' programme of Britten, Tippett and Shostakovich.