



The Ludlow
English Song
Weekend

**Friday 11th – Sunday 13th
April 2025**



The Finzi Trust

The Trust has strategic planning in place, seeking to enable its promotional work for both Gerald Finzi and British music to continue beyond 2026, when copyright income expires.

Will you join us to help this 'shaking of hands with a good friend over the centuries'?

If you would like to pledge a legacy or make a donation (Gift Aid forms available) please write to: **The Gerald Finzi Trust**,
P O Box 137, Shaftesbury, SP7 0WX
admin@geraldfinzi.org
www.geraldfinzi.org

Charity No 313047



Join Finzi Friends

to support the work of
GERALD FINZI
and other British Composers

Please pick up a leaflet as you leave
or visit the Finzi Friends website:

www.finzifriends.org.uk

pmf

Pinner Music Festival



9 – 14 June 2025 at Pinner Parish Church

Mon 9 1.15 Seminar: Ian Skelly with PMF Artists (in Hall) £10
Emma Abbate, Heidi Fardell, Paul Jeanes, Julian Perkins

Tues 10 7.30 Pinner Parish Church Choir £12
Martin Singleton (Director), Paul Jeanes (Organ)
Haydn 'Little Organ Mass', Anthems: Handel, Parry, Bairstow

Weds 11 1.00 Emma Abbate & Julian Perkins (Piano Duo) £14
Let's Dance! – Grainger, Schumann, Warlock, Dvořák, Barber

Weds 11 7.30 London Chamber Ensemble (String Quartet) £16
Madeleine Mitchell, Gordon MacKay, Bridget Carey, Joseph Spooner
Haydn 'The Bird', Howells 'In Gloucestershire', Ravel

Thur 12 1.00 Sounds Historical (Early Music Group) £14
Heidi Fardell, Mary Tyers, Lynda Sayce, Alison Kinder
600 Years! Hildegard to Haydn

Fri 13 7.30 Raphael Wallfisch (Cello) £18
JS Bach Cello Suites 1 – Gmaj, 3 – Cmaj, 5 – Cmin, 6 – Dmaj

Sat 14 7.30 Festival Choir & Orchestra, with Soloists: £16
Alexandra Stevenson, Helena Cooke, Louis Watkins & Tim Dickinson
Conducted by Paul Jeanes
*Haydn Te Deum, Handel Chandos Anthem #9,
Mozart Coronation Mass*

Tickets (from 1st May) & Details via PMF Website:
www.pinnermusicfestival.co.uk

Castle Bookshop

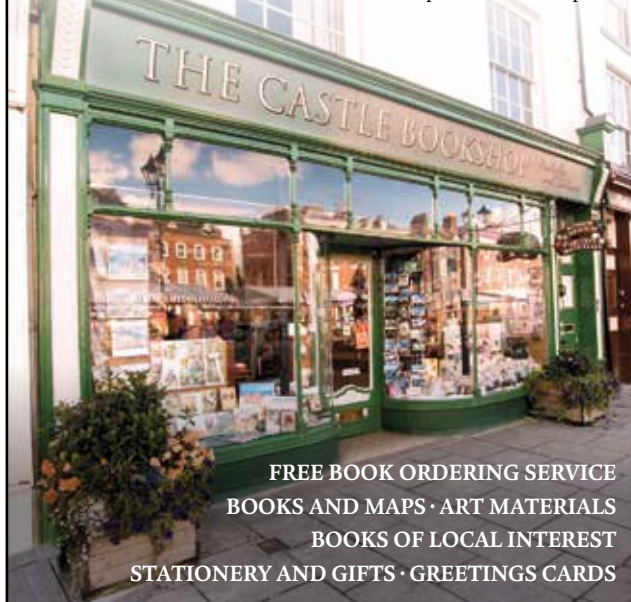
LUDLOW

5 Castle Street, Ludlow SY8 1AS

Tel: 01584 872562 · Fax: 01584 876366

Email: castlebookshop@btconnect.com

Proprietor: Stanton Stephens



FREE BOOK ORDERING SERVICE

BOOKS AND MAPS · ART MATERIALS

BOOKS OF LOCAL INTEREST

STATIONERY AND GIFTS · GREETINGS CARDS

Contents

Acknowledgements	4
Welcome, from the Artistic Director	5
Friday 11th April 2025	6
Heart's Haven	6
Auld Lang Syne	12
Saturday 12th April 2025	20
Talk: The Art of Translation	20
A Lovers' Tiff	20
Film: Janet Baker In Her Own Words (2019)	27
Talk: Dame Janet Baker in conversation with John Bridcut	27
Buzz!	28
Sunday 13th April 2025	34
Talk: Brett Dean in conversation with Katy Hamilton	34
Young Artists Masterclass with Dame Ann Murray	34
One that kept his word	36
New Talent to the Fore	44
Biographies	46

Ludlow Song

Registered Charity Number: **1180822**

Artistic Director: **Iain Burnside**

Chairman: **Professor Anthony Pinching**

Trustees: **Iain Burnside**
Martin Bussey
Ewart Carson
Paul Ives
Dr Clare Taylor
David Melville

Festival Manager: **Toria Banks**
 (inc. Press and Media)

Programme Notes: **Philip Lancaster**

Programme Design: **Andy Begley**

Cover Art: **Mike Ashton**

Ludlow Song was established in June 2016 for the promotion of English Song, specifically through the annual Ludlow English Song Weekend, and is now a Registered Charity. Our mission is to build a creative, sustainable and fruitful annual song festival based in Ludlow that seeks to maximise audience enjoyment and understanding of art song – informed by the perspective of English Song – by offering thoughtfully curated and accessible performances of high quality, supported by a wider programme of related events.

Acknowledgements

Ludlow Song would like to thank the following Trusts, Foundations and individual supporters whose generosity is key to the success of the Song Weekend.

Finzi Friends

Finzi Trust Young Musicians' Fund

Vaughan Williams Foundation

Royal Birmingham Conservatoire

Anthony and Katherine Pinching

Joy Francis

Anonymous

We would also like to thank:

St Laurence's Church

The team at Ludlow Assembly Rooms

Our 2025 Festival Assistant, Ella Machtynger

Martin Redfern, Arthur Keegan, Pam Parish and David Blake for volunteering their time and expertise

Katy & David Cowell, Grace & Richard Wilkins, and Carol & Roger Yates for hosting our Young Composers



VAUGHAN
WILLIAMS
FOUNDATION



ROYAL
BIRMINGHAM
CONSERVATOIRE

In memoriam Jill Panni



We remember with huge affection Jill Panni, who died last year. Jill was the staunchest of LESW supporters from its earliest days. With sharp but appreciative ears she relished discovering music new to her, while luxuriating in the familiar. Jill led various garden tours as part of earlier Weekends,

generously passing on her great horticultural insight. She also sustained the Artistic Director across the years, her constant encouragement combined with delicious meals, copious amounts of red wine and hilarious tours of eccentric Ludlow AirBnB's. Jill will be sorely missed.

Support Us

Ludlow Song receives no public funding. We raise most of the money we need to hold the Ludlow English Song Weekend from sales of festival passes and tickets. Every ticket you buy supports musicians and helps us to bring the best performers to Ludlow every spring.

Unfortunately, ticket sales alone aren't enough to cover all the festival's costs. If you're able to support us with a donation, large or small, you can help us bring English Song to life in Ludlow for many years to come. Every penny directly supports the music-making you value and enjoy.

The easiest and quickest way to donate is online at www.ludlowenglishsongweekend.com/support-us/. Alternatively, you can talk to a member of the team over the Weekend, or email Toria at info@ludlowenglishsongweekend.com any time.

We have recently benefited from a generous legacy from one of our supporters, which has made the future of the festival more secure. If you are able, a legacy to Ludlow Song in your will could make a huge difference to both the festival and our ability to support young artists and composers to take forward the continued development of English Song.

Welcome, from the Artistic Director



Reinventing the wheel is a challenge. Every year we try to come up with something fresh; to see in what direction those two little words English Song can lead us; to ensure that we don't fall into the trap of same old, same old.

It is with some pride, then, that we can announce that none of the singers performing this year have been here before. And a cosmopolitan bunch they are, too: Lotte Betts-Dean from Australia, Mhairi Lawson from the Scottish Borders, Andrew Hamilton and Liam Bonthron returning to the UK after honing their craft in Munich, at the Bavarian State Opera. Bethany Horak-Hallett and Dan D'Souza have put together a delicious programme entitled *A Lover's Tiff*. A couple in real life, they are expressly forbidden from breaking up before Saturday lunchtime. At the other end of the geographical spectrum, Jolyon Loy sets a new LESW record for the shortest distance travelled. Jolyon lives on the Market Square, and faces an exhausting 30 second walk to work.

Our final singer appearing here for the first time is - Dame Janet Baker, no less. Inspired by John Bridcut's marvellous film portrait, I took my courage in both hands, and nervously invited Dame Janet to join us. We are beyond thrilled that she agreed. In the spirit of London buses arriving at once, you will have less than 24 hours to wait for the next iconic mezzo Dame: Ann Murray, dazzling on her previous visit, leads our masterclass. A fanfare of trumpets is needed for one further coup: Brett Dean is coming - with both his viola and his daughter, treating us to a wonderfully imaginative programme. I had lunch recently with Diana MacVeagh, who declared, trenchant as ever: "Dean's our greatest living composer. No question." Brett will no doubt be an inspiration to our 3 young composers: Archie John, Hannah Lam and Alex Papp. We reconfigured our Young Composers Scheme this year and the work of these gifted young composers is woven through the weekend.

While all our singers are here for the first time, there are friends to welcome back: to my great relief, Ian Tindale will share piano duties; John Bridcut will lead the conversation with Dame Janet with his trademark insight; Katy Hamilton will conduct other conversations, instilling order and keeping ideas flowing. Alex Jennings played A.E. Housman here a decade ago, marvellously. Since then I've reworked this programme devoted to Ludlow's most famous adopted son, to embrace a wider range of Housman settings and include a crucial, recently discovered letter.

My final welcome back goes to Jeremy Sams. The sharp-eyed among you will have seen the names Schubert, Schumann and Mendelssohn in Andrew Hamilton's programme, and Hugo Wolf in Bethany's. We will be performing them in Jeremy's masterly, often witty, singing translations. Katy will be quizzing him on his process too; and, as one who has dipped his toe into those waters, let me assure you - crafting singable translations is much, much harder than you think. To this end, we will not be printing Jeremy's translations in the programme book. It's all about listening, in real time. Similarly in other programmes, where there is comic intent, we've not printed texts. Who wants to see a Cole Porter punchline before it happens?

As a consequence, I confidently expect to be mugged by at least half of you, our faithful audience. Nothing attracts such strong opinion as what goes into this programme book. It's one of the many things I love about you, our Weekend's audience: you care. So bring on the muggings, and have a great Weekend.

Iain Burnside

Heart's Haven

English Songs and Songs in English

7.30pm – Ludlow Assembly Rooms – 75 mins

Andrew Hamilton – baritone

Iain Burnside – piano

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)	Love-Sight Heart's Haven The Water Mill Silent Noon		Franz Schubert (1797–1828)	Gondelfahrer
			Robert Schumann (1810–56)	<i>Zwei Venetianische Lieder</i> i. Leis' rudern hier! ii. Wenn durch die Piazzetta
Archie John (b.2000)	This Lonely Hill	WORLD PREMIERE	Felix Mendelssohn (1809–47)	Venetiansches Gondellied
Michael Head (1900–76)	<i>Three Songs of Venice</i> i. The Gondlier ii. St. Mark's Square iii. Rain storm		Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)	from <i>Venezia</i> Che pecà! La barcheta
			Franz Schubert	Il modo di prender moglie
			Cole Porter (1891–1964)	Where is the life that late I led?

Italy, and in particular the water-borne city of Venice, has long been held bright in the romantic imagination, attracting a long procession of tourists, artists, writers and musicians. From the comfort of Shropshire, we are in this first recital transported to what John Ruskin described as the 'paradise of cities'; to Venice's canals and piazzas; its sights, sounds and songs; travelling by gondola, and watching and listening in on those around us.

Before we arrive in Venice though, we get a flavour of the Italian in three songs by Vaughan Williams, from his early song cycle *The House of Life* (1903). The set takes its name from the sonnet sequence that inspired it, Dante Gabriel Rossetti's *The House of Life* (1881). Ruskin regarded Rossetti as one of the most original and important creative forces in the second half of the nineteenth century. A painter, designer, writer and translator, Rossetti was fascinated by his Italian heritage, both in his painting—as a founder member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood—and his writing, notably publishing a collection of translations of *The Early Italian Poets* in 1861, including sonnets by his namesake, Dante Alighieri. Dante's poetic sequence of 1294, *Vita Nuova*, and the work of the Italian father of the sonnet, Petrarch, lie at the root of Rossetti's original sonnet sequence, which was inspired by Jane Morris, wife of William Morris and muse to both Morris and Rossetti.

Amidst these sonnets of love, we turn to a more domestic rural idyll, in one of Vaughan Williams's four songs to poems by his niece, the Georgian poet Fredogond Shove: a Schubertian setting composed in 1925 of 'The Water Mill'.

In a moment of solitude, we look out from 'This Lonely Hill', entranced by a view that opens deep vistas within the mind as much as in the world before us.

Archie John, one of our Young Composers, writes:

Having been recommended Giacomo Leopardi's work I was immediately drawn to his 1819 poem 'L'infinito' ('The Infinite'). The poem seemed to possess an almost otherworldly sense of psychedelic spirituality, feeling closer to 20th century existentialism or the writings of Alan Watts than to the early 19th century Italian Romantic who wrote it. In my setting I have strived to extend Leopardi's infinite landscape into three dimensions, accentuating the simultaneous beauty and brutality of the poem.

Having warmed ourselves with some Italian-inspired poetry, we arrive at last in that 'city more beautiful than any other', with Michael Head's *Three Songs of Venice*. The three songs were composed in the autumn 1974, shortly before Head's retirement from nearly fifty years' service as professor of piano at the Royal Academy of Music. Setting poems by his sister, Nancy Bush—a collaborator who also provided words for many works by her husband, composer Alan Bush—Michael Head evokes in piano and voice the glimmers of light on water, the calls of the gondolier as he turns into a narrow channel, flurries of pigeons, the comings and goings of people, bells, and the aftermath of a storm. The set did not receive its first performance until 1977, a year after Head's death, when it was sung by its dedicatee, Janet Baker, at a concert in aid of the Venice in Peril fund: a British charity dedicated to the preservation of Venice's monuments and architecture.

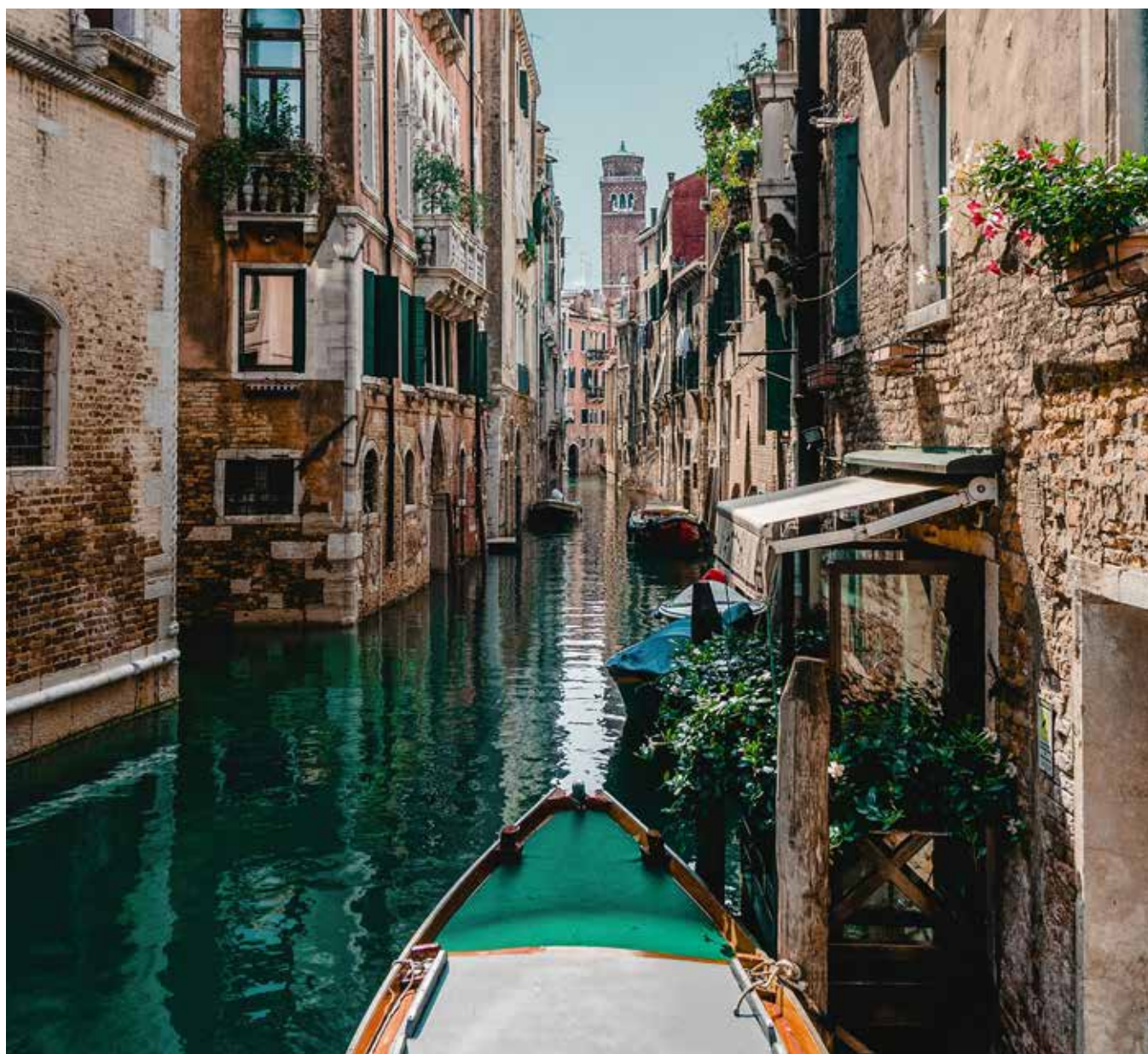
Heart's Haven

But it is not only the British, of course, who have fallen for the romance of Venice. The city and its iconic gondolas have been immortalised by others. In Schubert's 'Gondelfahrer', a boat is adrift on the moonlit lagoon while all but the lone boatman sleep. In a pair of songs from Robert Schumann's 1840 song cycle *Myrthen*, and in a setting of one of the same texts by Felix Mendelssohn composed in 1842—perhaps written in recollection of his visit to Venice in October 1809 as part of his Grand Tour—we are with one waiting to carry their loved one away.

On visiting Venice with his mother in 1901, French composer Reynaldo Hahn was so entranced by the place and the songs he heard there that he composed a set of chansons in Venetian

dialect, *Venezia*, in which he adopted the style of the popular songs of the city. The playful 'Che Pecà' laments a past love (maybe!), while 'La Barchetta' again evokes a boat on the water and the stroke of the oar, as a couple (and their gondolier) spend an evening on the lagoon.

A rare Italian lieder by Schubert, 'Il modo di prender moglie' (1827) asks 'How to choose a wife' (—for love, surely?); and to close, Cole Porter, in his 1948 musical *Kiss me Kate*, recalls several Italian lovers of yore in his reflection on now married bliss: 'Where is the life that once I led?'



Heart's Haven

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Lovesight

Words: D.G. Rossetti (1828–1882)
(*The House of Life*, Sonnet IV)

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made known?
Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone,)
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?
O love, my love! If I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

Heart's Haven

Words: D.G. Rossetti (*The House of Life*, Sonnet XII)

Sometimes she is a child within mine arms,
Cowering beneath dark wings that love must chase,—
With still tears showering and averted face,
Inexplicably filled with faint alarms:
And oft from mine own spirit's hurtling harms
I crave the refuge of her deep embrace,—
Against all ills the fortified strong place
And sweet reserve of sovereign counter-charms.
And Love, our light at night and shade at noon,
Lulls us to rest with songs, and turns away
All shafts of shelterless tumultuous day.
Like the moon's growth, his face gleams through his tune;
And as soft waters warble to the moon,
Our answering spirits chime one roundelay.

The Water Mill

Words: Fredegond Shove (1889–1949)

There is a mill, an ancient one,
Brown with rain, and dry with sun,
The miller's house is joined with it
And in July the swallows flit
To and from, in and out,
Round the windows, all about.

The mill wheel whirrs and the waters roar
Out of the dark arch by the door,
The willows toss their silver heads,
And the phloxes in the garden beds
Turn red, turn grey, with the time of day,
And smell sweet in the rain, then die away.

The miller's cat is a tabby, she
Is as lean as a healthy cat can be,
She plays in the loft, where the sunbeams stroke
The sacks' fat backs, and beetles choke in the floury dust.
The wheel goes round,
And the miller's wife sleeps fast and sound.

There is a clock inside the house,
Very tall and very bright,
It strikes the hour when shadows drowse
Or showers make the windows white;
Loud and sweet, in rain and sun,
The clock strikes, and the work is done.

The miller's wife and his eldest girl
Clean and cook while the mill wheels whirl.
The children take their meat to school,
And at dusk they play by the twilit pool,
Barefoot, barehead, till the day is dead,
And their mother calls them in to bed.

The supper stands on the clean-scrubbed board,
And the miller drinks like a thirsty lord;
The young men come for his daughter's sake,
But she never knows which one to take:
She drives her needle and pins her stuff,
While the moon shines gold, and the lamp shines buff.

Heart's Haven

Silent Noon

Words: D.G. Rossetti (*The House of Life*, Sonnet XIX)

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 two-fold silence was the song of love.

Archie John

This Lonely Hill

Words: Giacomo Leopardi (1798–1837)

Trans. Frederick Townsend (1887)

This lonely hill to me was ever dear,
This hedge, which shuts from view so large a part
Of the remote horizon. As I sit
And gaze, absorbed, I in my thought conceive
The boundless spaces that beyond it range,
The silence supernatural, and rest
Profound; and for a moment I am calm.
And as I listen to the wind, that through
These trees is murmuring, its plaintive voice
I with that infinite compare;
And things eternal I recall, and all
The seasons dead, and this, that round me lives,
And utters its complaint. Thus wandering
My thought in this immensity is drowned;
And sweet to me is shipwreck on this sea.

Heart's Haven

Michael Head

Three Songs of Venice

Words: Nancy Bush (1907–91)

i. The Gondolier

Dark, he moves from shade to sun;
His single oar, rhythmic and slow,
Divides the quiet waterway,
Dips down but scarcely stirs its flow.

High on the prow a man of bronze,
He rides against the summer light;
Bridges and walls of golden stone
Behind him move and glide from sight.

Idle we lie. Silent and still
The boat drifts down the narrow way
And high above, houses and towers
Stand close, to shut us from the day.

Then, where the channel turns,
He pauses, lifts his oar
And calls 'Ohé, Ohé, Ohé',
And all around
The walls throw back the sound—

Then, as the long prow lifts and swings,
The curious echo rings,
Here for a space, then gone,
The herald of our silent coming on.

ii. St. Mark's Square

A shower of pigeons arch over the rooftops,
Their flight into light, into morning begun,
And thousands of wings are dipping and wheeling
To shadow the water, to darken the sun.

And into the square the people are pressing
To stare at the domes, to gape at the tower,
To laugh and to listen, as sounding above them
The clappers of bronze are striking the hour.

A commonplace crowd, some wander unheeding;
Yet some will look back and remember at last
The marvel of stone that rises around them,
The grace of the city, the dream of the past.

iii. Rain storm

Last night, a storm of rain.
This morning the city is grey,
The endless blue of the sky clouded away
With a look of autumn.

Under wet awnings tables stand
Empty, and sudden wind
Scurries the first of fallen leaves.
Venice, beautiful city of sun—
So will she look when winter comes,
When all her alleys and squares are cold
And her great churches dark,
When we, creatures of summer, are gone
And all our pleasures done,
And those who stay look out and fear
The fall of the year,
The water's constant ebb and flow,
Silent and slow,
Fretting the stone, lapping the marble floor,
Until the winter flood turns back no more,
To lose in the drowning tide
A city more beautiful than any other.

Heart's Haven

The following songs are sung in translations by Jeremy Sams.

Franz Schubert

Gondelfahrer

Words: Johann Mayrhofer (1787–1836)

Robert Schumann

Zwei Venetianische Lieder

Words: Ferdinand Freilgrath (1810–76)

i. Leis' rudern hier!

ii. Wenn durch die Piazzetta

Felix Mendelssohn

Venetianisches Gondellied

Words: Ferdinand Freilgrath, after Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

Reynaldo Hahn

from Venezia

Che pecà!

Words: Francesco dall'Ongaro (1808–73)

La Barcheta

Words: Pietro Buratti (1772–1832)

Franz Schubert

Il modo di prender moglie

Words: poet unknown; attrib. Pietro Metastasio (1698–1782)

Cole Porter

Where is the life that late I led?

Auld Lang Syne

Songs from the Courts of King James VI and I

9.30pm – Ludlow Assembly Rooms – 45 mins

Mhairi Lawson – soprano

Paula Chateaufneuf – theorbo

Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)	Eri già tutta mia	Anon. (16th–17thC)	Remember me, my Deir Then wilt thou goe
Nicholas Lanier (1588–1666)	Mark how the blushful morn	from <i>Orpheus Caledonius</i>	Corn Riggs Auld Lang Syne
Barbara Strozzi (1619–77)	Amor dormiglione	Henry Purcell (1659–95)	'Twas within a furlong of Edinborough town Fairest Isle
Nicholas Lanier	No more shall Meads be deck'd		Evening Hymn

Although King James VI of Scotland spent many years endeavouring to secure acknowledgement of his claim to the English throne, it was only in the few weeks before Queen Elizabeth I's death on 24 March 1603 that she finally declared openly her will that a king succeed her, 'and who but my kinsman the king of Scots'. The forty-four year reign of Elizabeth was a golden age for music, poetry and drama in England: an artistic heritage that became the baseline for creative pursuit in this country up to the present day. King James I, as he became, benefitted from that inheritance, and maintained a strong patronage of the arts.

One of the musicians appointed to his court was Nicholas Lanier, who was descended from a long line of royal court musicians, in Venice, France and, latterly, England. It was natural that he should follow a similar career. Initially an orchestral musician, he rose to become Master of Music to Prince Charles. Following the accession of Prince Charles to the throne in 1625 as Charles I, Lanier was appointed as the first Master of the King's Musick. A few years following that appointment, poet Thomas Carew was appointed to the court as a 'server in ordinary', and the two collaborated on several songs, including 'No more shall Meads be deck'd with flowers', from a 1634 masque by Carew in which the poem is titled 'A Protestation', and 'Boldness in Love': 'Mark how the blushful morn'.

Nicholas Lanier was a talented painter as well as musician, and played a wider artistic role in the court. He was responsible for Anthony van Dyck being brought over from the Netherlands as court painter, and he was sent by the King to Italy for three years from 1625, in order to acquire a number of paintings for the Royal Collection.

In Italy, Lanier would have taken a keen interest in musical activities, encountering, and perhaps even performing in, the work of some of the foremost musicians of the time. Most notably, in Venice, Lanier would have encountered

Claudio Monteverdi, *maestro di cappella* at St. Mark's basilica and in the pay of the court at Mantua. Venice was an especially fertile ground at this time, spawning some of the key developments in the emerging musical Baroque. Its influence was carried across Europe by musicians such as Lanier, who introduced some of the innovations of that time into his own music; most notably amongst them, sung recitative, which would become a mainstay of Baroque opera and oratorio. Monteverdi's 'Eri già tutta mia' is one of a collection of *Scherzi Musicali Cioè Aria e Madrigali in stile recitativo con una ciaccona* published in 1632.

As well as inspiring visiting musicians, Venice was nurturing its own. At the time of Lanier's time in Venice, the young Barbara Strozzi—daughter of poet Guilio Strozzi, an illegitimate son of a member of the powerful Florentine Strozzi family—was just discovering her own aptitude for music. In her teens, in the 1630s, she emerged as a remarkable virtuoso singer, who not only accompanied herself, but also wrote her own songs. 'Amor dormiglione' appeared in the second of eight published books of Strozzi's songs and arias, in 1651.

The reign of Charles I was turbulent, overshadowed by a civil war that culminated in the literal decapitation of the monarchy in 1649 and the rise to power of Oliver Cromwell, who was appointed 'Lord Protector'. Under his puritanical regime, all artistic pursuits and human wonders and pleasures were outlawed, resulting in musicians, artists and performers being either driven underground or forced to flee to Europe in order to continue practicing their arts. Following the death of Cromwell in 1658, and the accession of his son, the old tensions between Parliamentary and Royalist factions were reignited; but this time the Royalists prevailed, and in 1660 James VI/I's grandson was brought home from Europe and restored as king of England and Scotland: King Charles II.

Auld Lang Syne

In the days prior to King James VI of Scotland's accession to the English throne, some of the musicians of the time doubtless moved between the English and Scottish courts, carrying with them the songs and music of each place, which would have been transmitted aurally. Some of that music has survived for posterity thanks to two individuals who transcribed some of those songs in circulation: John Forbes of Aberdeen, who published 'Remember me, my Deir' in his collection of *Cantus, Songs and Fancies*, in 1682; and John Skene of Midlothian, who copied 117 tunes and songs into manuscript in around 1625–35, including 'Then wilt thou goe'. A century later, there was a renewed interest in the preservation of a Scottish cultural identity, coinciding with the beginning of a wider renaissance in intellectual and scientific pursuits in Scotland: a new age of enlightenment. In 1724, poet Allan Ramsay gathered together a *Tea-Time Miscellany* of 'choice songs' in Scots and English: some of them pre-existing; some by or added to by Ramsay; and some by near-anonymous others. This collection appeared without music, with occasional indications of tunes to which the verses might be sung. In 1733, William Thomson formalised some of these and other songs in a songbook titled *Orpheus Caledonius*. Both 'Corn Riggs' and 'Auld Lang Syne' are original songs by Ramsay—probably based on earlier songs, for the phrase 'Auld Lang Syne' (i.e., 'Old long since') was also used by Robert Ayton a century earlier in another poem. Fragments of both Ramsay songs were later adopted by Robert Burns, one of the figureheads of cultural Scottish identity, who took

the songs in very different directions. It is Burns's versions that have persisted to this day. Of the fragment of 'Auld Lang Syne' that brought about his own, Burns wrote, 'Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment.'

Henry Purcell was born in London just as the Cromwells' reign was ending, in 1659. His uncle, a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, sang at the coronation of the restored king, and it is probably through this connection that young Henry was able to enter the royal court as one of the first cohorts of choristers to the Chapel Royal in a generation. Purcell began composing whilst a chorister, writing the first of his songs and verse anthems, and by the 1680s he had established himself as one of the foremost composers of the time. He provided an anthem for the coronation of James II in 1685, and, moving into the theatre, wrote songs and incidental music for plays, before moving into the genre in which he established himself as Britain's primary exponent of the musical Baroque: opera. 'Twas within a furlong of Edinborough Town' was written for a 1695 production of a play by Thomas D'Urfey, *The Mock Marriage*, in which it is described as 'A Scotch Tune'. 'Fairest Isle' is from his 1691 semi-opera, *King Arthur, or The British Worthy*, written in collaboration with Britain's first poet laureate, appointed by Charles II, John Dryden. The song celebrates Britannia, which Venus decides to be more idyllic than her own divine realm. We end the evening with an 'Evening Hymn' from Purcell's 1688 set of sacred songs, *Harmonia Sacra*.



Auld Lang Syne

Claudio Monteverdi

Eri già tutta mia

Words: Anon.

Eri già tutta mia,
Mia quel' alma e quel core,
Chi da me ti desvia:
Novo laccio d'amore?
O bellezz' o valore,
O mirabil constanza,
Dove sei tu?
Eri già tutta mia;
Hor non sei più.
Ah, che mia non sei più.

Sol per me gl'occhi belli
Rivolgevi ridenti,
Per me d'oro i capelli
Si spiegavan a i venti.
O fugaci contenti,
O fermezza d'un core,
Dove sei tu?
Eri già tutta mia...

Il gioir nel mio viso:
Ah che più non rimiri.
Il mio canto, il mio riso
È converso in martiri.
O dispersi sospiri,
O sparita pietate,
Dove sei tu?
Eri già tutta mia...

You were once all mine,
Mine, your heart and soul.
Who led you away from me:
The snare of a new love?
O beauty, O valour,
O wonderful constancy,
Where are you?
You were once all mine,
But now no longer,
Ah! you are no longer mine.

Only for me your beautiful eyes
Turned laughing,
For me alone your golden hair
Was loosed to the winds.
O fleeting happiness,
O steadfast heart,
Where are you?
You were once all mine...

The joy in my face:
Ah, you look no longer on me.
My song, my laughter
Has turned martyr.
O scattered sighs,
O vanished pity,
where are you?
You were once all mine...

Auld Lang Syne

Nicholas Lanier

Mark how the blushful morn

Words: Thomas Carew (c.1595–c.1639) ('Boldness in Love')

Mark how the blushful morn in vain
Courts the amorous marigold
With sighing blasts and weeping rain;
Yet she refuses to unfold:
But when the planet of the day
Approacheth with his powerful ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.

So mayst thou thrive in love, fond boy;
If silent tears and sighs discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover:
But when with moving accents thou
Shalt constant faith and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charms
With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

Barbara Strozzi

Amor dormiglione

Words: Anon.

Amor, non dormir più!
Su, su, svegliati homai,
che mentre dormi tu
dormon le gioie mie, vegliono i guai.
Non esser, non esser, Amor, dappoco!
Strali, strali, foco,
strali, strali, su, su,
foco, foco, su, su!

O pigro o tardo
tu non hai senso,
Amor melenso, Amor codardo!
Ahi quale io resto
che nel mio ardore
tu dorma Amore: mancava questo!

Sleepyhead Cupid

Cupid, no more sleeping!
Up, up, wake up right now,
for while you sleep
my joys sleep, troubles are wakeful.
Don't be useless!
Arrows, arrows, fire,
arrows, arrows, up, up,
fire, fire, up, up!

Oh you idle laggard,
you have no feeling,
giddy Cupid, cowardly Cupid!
Alas, what can I do
if in spite of all my ardor
you slumber: that's all I needed!

Auld Lang Syne

Nicholas Lanier

No more shall Meads be deck'd with flowers

(‘Loves Constancy’ / ‘The Protestation’)

Words: Thomas Carew (c.1595–c.1639)

No more shall Meads be deck'd with flowers,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers;
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing;
Nor April violets paint the Grove;
When once I leave my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn;
The humble vale no flood shall know
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow;
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave;
Before my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' Doves want wings to fly;
The Sun refuse to shew his light,
And day shall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no Star appear;
Whene'er I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor Lovers more shall love for worth;
Nor joy above in Heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor souls in Hell;
Grim death no more shall horrid prove;
Whene'er I leave bright Celia's Love.

Remember me, my Deir

Words: Anon.

Remember me, my Deir,
I humbly you require.
For my request that loves you best.
With faithful heart intire,
My heart shal rest within your breast,
Remember me, my Deir.

Remember me in pain.
With unkindness now slain:
That through delay of cruel way.
That in you doth remain,
Remit, I say, alace! away:
Remember me in pain.

Remember me, deir Heart,
That of pains hath my part:
Your words unkind, sinks in my mind
And doth increase my smart:
Yet shall ye find me true and kind,
Remember me, deir Heart.

Remember me in thral,
Ready when I do call:
With true intent, I do consent,
Heart, mind, body, and all:
Never to repent, but to consent:
Remember me in thral.

Auld Lang Syne

Then wilt thou goe

Words: Anon.

Then wilt thou goe and leave me heir,
O do not so, my deirest deir;
The sune's departing clouds the sky,
But thy depairting maks me die.

Thow can'st not goe, my deirest heart,
Bot I must quyt my choisest pairt;
For with two hearts thow must be gone,
And I sall stay at home with none.

Meanwhill, my pairt sall be to murne,
Telling the houres whill thow retorne;
My eyes sall be but eyes to weip,
And nether eyes to sie nor sleipe.

Prevent the hazard of this ill,
Goe not at all, stay with me still;
I'lle bath my lips with kisses then,
And look for mor ease back againe.

Since thou will needs goe, weill away!
Leave, leave one hart with me to stay;
Take mine, lett thine in pane remaine,
That quicklie thou may come againe.

Fairweill, deir heart, since it must be,
That thow wilt not remain with me;
My greatest greife it still sall be,
I love a love that loves not me.

Corn Riggs

Words: Allan Ramsay (1686–1758)

My Patie is a Lover gay,
His Mind is never muddy,
His Breath is sweeter than new Hay
His Face is fair and ruddy.
His Shape is handsome middle Size;
He's stately in his wawking:
The shining of his Een surprise;
'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

Last Night I met him on a Baw,
Where yellow Corn was growing,
There mony a kindly Word he spake,
That set my Heart a glowing.
He kiss'd, and vowed he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O Corn Riggs are bonny.

Let Maidens of a silly Mind,
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastely should be granting:
Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
And syne my Cockernony,
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where Corn Riggs are bonny.

Auld Lang Syne

Auld Lang Syne

Words: Allan Ramsay

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
tho' they return with scars;
These are the Noble Hero's Lot,
obtain'd in Glorious wars:
Welcome my 'Varo', to my Breast,
thy arms about me twine,
and make me once again as blest,
as I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each Bough,
A thousand Cupids play,
Whilst thro' the Groves I walk with you,
Each Object makes me gay:
Since your Return the Sun and Moon,
With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
As they did lang syne.

Despite the Court and Din of State;
Let that to their share fall,
Who can esteem such Slav'ry great,
While bounded like a Ball:
But sunk in Love, upon my Arms
let your brave Head recline,
We'll please ourselves with mutual Charms,
As we did lang syne.

Henry Purcell

'Twas within a furlong of Edinborough Town

Words: Thomas D'Urfey (1653–1723)

'Twas within a furlong of Edinborough Town,
In the Rosie time of year when the Grass was down;
Bonny Jocky Blithe and Gay, said to Jenny making Hay,
let's sit a little (Dear) and prattle, 'tis a soultry Day:
He long had Courted the Black-brown Maid,
But Jocky was a Wagg and would ne'er consent to Wedd,
which made her Pish and Phoo, and cry out it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

He told her Mariage was grown a me'er Joke,
And that no one Wedded now but the scoundrel folk,
Yet my dear thou should'st prevail, but I know not what I aile,
I shall dream of Clogs and silly Doggs with bottles at their taile;
But I'll give thee Gloves and a Bongrace to wear,
And a pretty Filly-foal to ride out and take the Air,
If thou ne'er wil't Pish and Phoo, and cry it ne'er shall doe,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

That you'll give me Trinkets, cry'd she, I believe,
But ah! what in return must your poor Jenny give,
When my Maiden Treasure's gone, I must gang to London-Town,
And Roar and Rant, and Patch and Paint, and Kiss for half a Crown;
Each Drunken Bully oblige for pay,
And earn an hated Living in an odious fulsom way,
No, no, no it ne'er shall doe, for a Wife I'll be to you,
Or I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

Auld Lang Syne

Fairest Isle

Words: John Dryden (1631–1700)

Fairest isle of isles excelling, seat of pleasures and of loves,
Venus here will choose her dwelling and forsake her Cyprian groves.
Cupid, from his fav'rite nation, care and envy will remove;
Jealousy, that poisons passion and despair that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining, sighs that blow the fire of love,
Soft repulses, kind disdainings, shall be all the pains you prove.
Every swain shall pay his duty, grateful every nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in beauty, those shall be renown'd for love.

Evening Hymn

Words: Bishop William Fuller (1608–75)

Now that the sun hath veiled his light,
And bid the world goodnight,
To the soft bed my body I dispose,
But where shall my soul repose?

Dear God, even in thy arms.
And can there be any so sweet security?
Then to thy rest, O my soul, and singing,
Praise the mercy that prolongs thy days. *Hallelujah.*

Talk: The Art of Translation

10.00am – Ludlow Assembly Rooms – 60 mins

With **Jeremy Sams**, **Jessica Duchen** and **Ian Tindale**

Chaired by **Katy Hamilton**

In an exclusive event for festival passholders, Katy Hamilton chairs a discussion on the perils and rewards of translating song texts for performance. With pianist Ian Tindale, writer

Jessica Duchen and lyricist and translator Jeremy Sams, whose translations of works by Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Hahn and Wolf can be heard during the Weekend.

Saturday 12th April 2025

A Lovers' Tiff

The wonderful, complicated mess of human connection

11.30am – Ludlow Assembly Rooms – 75 mins

Bethany Horak-Hallett – mezzo

Dan D'Souza – baritone

Ian Tindale – piano

Falling in Love

Benjamin Britten (1913–76)	Tell me the Truth about Love
Hubert Parry (1848–1918)	Love is a Bable
Amy Beach (1867–1944)	For me the Jasmine Buds Unfold
Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)	Wie lange schon
Roger Quilter (1877–1953)	It was a Lover and his Lass
Henry Purcell (1659–95)	My dearest my fairest

Love, thou art the best of human joys

Hugo Wolf	Nun lass uns Frieden schließen, liebstes Leben
Henry Purcell	Love thou art best
William Bolcom	Blue Amor
Roger Quilter	Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal Love's Philosophy
Kurt Weill (1900–50)	Speak Low

All's fair in love and war

Hugo Wolf	Selig ihr Blinden
William Bolcom (b.1938)	At the Last Lousy Moments of Love Over the Piano
Archie John (b. 2000)	<i>On Dreams</i> i. The Night is so Profound ii. and I am greener than grass
Michael Head (1900–76)	When I think upon the maidens
Franz Schubert (1797–1828)	Licht und Liebe
Henry Purcell	Lost is my quiet for ever

A Lovers' Tiff

Music is a most extraordinary thing. It has the capability to touch parts of the human spirit that words cannot. It transcends the borders of language and place, and allows human expression beyond mere words. Music reaches parts of heart that you didn't know could be reached, plumbing the deepest depths of our emotions, and heightening the experience of even the most extreme of them. It is no wonder, therefore, that we turn to music in order to help express the near-inexpressible thoughts of our lives. Uppermost in our being and our emotions, is the overwhelming capacity for love, and music has assuredly played a role in the expression of love since our beginning.

Love can mean many things and express itself in many different ways, in devotion, friendship, charity, empathy, and much more; but the most Romantic of its meanings is romantic love. This in itself can mean many things, from steady to passionate. But the Romantic ideal of love rarely, if ever, marries with experience. Indeed, it can be hard to pin down, never mind find. At the beginning of the recital, Benjamin Britten and W.H. Auden go in search of it in their 1938 cabaret song, which asks whether someone might 'Tell me the truth about love'. Hubert Parry certainly doesn't have the answer in 'Love is a Bable' (1903).

While we might not be able to articulate exactly what love is, we start to feel its effects in Amy Beach's 'For me the Jasmine Buds Unfold' (1891), in which the world is starting to seem just a little more golden. Hugo Wolf, in the first of three songs from his *Italienische Liederbuch* (1890–91), has been lucky enough to win the love of a musician. Roger Quilter extols the spring of love, before Henry Purcell, writing in 1695, lauds love's sweet raptures. Surely, love must remain in such rapture ever, and never change!

But love can be a perilously rocky road, marred with hurt as much as it is blessed by joy. Hugo Wolf, in love's torment, blesses those who are afflicted with blindness, deafness, or even death, and therefore are unable to see, hear, or experience the object of his torment. Returning to the cabaret, we hear the two songs by American composer William Bolcom that tell of 'the last lousy moments of love', and a casual flirtation over a piano.

Our Ludlow Young Composer, Archie John, writes this of the second of his works featured this weekend:

The first ideas for *On Dreams* developed through my interest in the films of David Lynch and Peter Greenaway. The use of image and dream sequence in cinema seemed to have a strange parallel in poetry and song, in particular the work of Sappho and her imitators.

I was struck by a sense of spiritual sensuality in the texts, grounded in human emotion yet belonging to the Earth, expanding beyond the confines of the body. I wanted to convey this paradox of embodied and disembodied emotion creating songs which reflect the uncanny nature of dreams.

We return to the last lousy moments of love in Michael Head's early song 'When I think upon the maidens' (1918), which shows how some lovers are fickle, indecisive and inconstant, leaving a trail of broken hearts behind them, and themselves bereft of love.

In Franz Schubert's 'Night song', 'Licht und Liebe', two voices sing of the contrasting emotions that love engenders: the sweet light of love, and the melancholy gloom of loneliness without it. Indeed, the intensity of such emotions can swing from one side of the spectrum to the other, in some cases turning to hate, as in the one left bereft when their lover turns against them in Purcell's 'Lost is my quiet forever'. In 'Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen, liebstes Leben', Hugo Wolf begs for a truce to be called in such a feud, pointing out that two united hearts can achieve so much more than one alone.

In spite of the fact that love can open us up to the possibility of despair when it does go awry, love, Purcell declares, is the 'best of human joys'. While the high emotion of a relationship can be invigorating in good or bad times, the real intimacy of love is in the quiet day-to-day companionship; to 'sit real still with you', as it says in Bolcom's 'Blue'. We return to a more playful mood in the final cabaret song of the recital: 'Amor', in which a whole town is having its head turned by the singer, landing them in court for disturbing the peace.

As we near the end, we hear two of Roger Quilter's finest songs, composed in 1904–5: the tenderly passionate 'Now sleeps the crimson petal', and the fervid, eager 'Love's Philosophy'.

We close with Kurt Weill's 1943 song from the musical *One Touch of Venus*, 'Speak Low'. Perhaps in speaking their precious love quietly they might keep it out of harm's way for a while, for love is 'a spark' that can be 'lost in the dark too soon'.

A Lovers' Tiff

Falling in Love

Benjamin Britten

Tell me the Truth about Love

Words: W. H. Auden (1907–73)

Hubert Parry

Love is a Bable

Words: Anon. 16thC

Love is a bable,
No man is able
To say 'tis this or 'tis that;
So full of passions
Of sundry fashions
'Tis like I cannot tell what.

Love's fair in the cradle,
Foul in the fable,
'Tis either too cold or too hot;
An arrant liar,
Fed by desire,
It is, and yet it is not.

Love is a fellow,
Clad oft in yellow,
The canker-worm of the mind
A privy mischief,
And such a sly thief
No man knows which way to find.

Love is a wonder
That's here and yonder,
As common to one as to more;
A monstrous cheater,
Every man's debtor;
Hang him and so let him go.

Amy Beach

For me the Jasmine Buds Unfold

Words: Florence Earle Coates (1850–1927)

For me the jasmine buds unfold
And silver daisies star the lea,
The crocus hoards the sunset gold,
And the wild rose breathes for me.
I feel the sap through the bough returning,
I share the skylark's transport fine,
I know the fountain's wayward yearning,
I love, and the world is mine!

I love, and thoughts that sometime grieved,
Still well remembered, grieve not me;
From all that darkened and deceived
Upsoars my spirit free.
For soft the hours repeat one story,
Sings the sea one strain divine;
My clouds arise all flushed with glory—
I love, and the world is mine!

Hugo Wolf

Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen

*Words: Paul Heyse (1830–1914), after an Italian folksong,
translated by Jeremy Sams.*

A Lovers' Tiff

Roger Quilter

It was a Lover and his Lass

Words: William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Those pretty country folks would lie,
In springtime...

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In springtime...

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In springtime...

Henry Purcell

My dearest, my fairest

Words: Richard Norton (1666–1732)

My dearest, my fairest,
I languish for you.
Thy kindness has won me,
Thy charm has undone me,
I ne'er, no, ne'er shall be free.
I faint with the pleasure
I fain would repeat.
Ah why are love's raptures
so short and so sweet?
Thus pressing and kissing,
fresh joys we'll pursue,
And ever be happy, and ever be true.
But alas! should you change
Ah, tell me not so!
No, never, my dearest
No, never, my fairest,
No, no, my dearest/fairest, no, no!

All's fair in love and war

Hugo Wolf

Selig ihr Blinden

Words: Paul Heyse, translated by Jeremy Sams.

William Bolcom

At the Last Lousy Moments of Love Over the Piano

Words: Arnold Weinstein (1927–2005)

A Lovers' Tiff

Archie John

On Dreams

The Night is so Profound

Words: Pierre Louys (1870–1925)

Trans. Horace Manchester Brown (1857–1929)

The darkness is so profound, it seems to penetrate my eyes – Thou shalt not see the way. Thou shalt lose thyself in the forest.

The roar of the waterfalls fills my ears – Thou shalt not hear the voice of thy lover, though he were but twenty steps from thee.

The odor of the flowers is so strong that I faint and am about to fall – Thou wouldst not know it even if he crossed thy path.

Ah! He is indeed far from me, there on the other side of the mountain, but I see him and hear him and feel as though he touched me.

and I am greener than grass

Words: Sappho (c. 610–c. 570 BCE)

Trans: Julia Dubnoff (living, b. unknown)

That man to me seems equal to the gods,
the man who sits opposite you
and close by listens
to your sweet voice
and your enticing laughter—
that indeed has stirred up the heart in my breast.
For whenever I look at you even briefly
I can no longer say a single thing,
but my tongue is frozen in silence;
instantly a delicate flame runs beneath my skin;
with my eyes I see nothing;
my ears make a whirring noise.
A cold sweat covers me,
trembling seizes my body,
and I am greener than grass.
Lacking but little of death do I seem.

A Lovers' Tiff

Michael Head

When I think upon the maidens

Words: Philip Ashbrooke (1875–1941)

When I think upon the maidens
Whom I swore to love for aye,
Cynthia, Doris and her cousin,
There are still another dozen
Debts my heart can never pay.

Do they scorn me now I wonder,
Did they take it as a game?
Flora, Olive and the others,
How I hated all their brothers!
Fickle Cupid you're to blame!

Years have passed and yet I'm single,
Torn and undecided still,
Clara, Mabel, what a vision!
I can't come to a decision,
And I hope I never will!

Franz Schubert

Licht und Liebe

Words: Matthäus von Collin (1779–1824),
translated by Jeremy Sams.

Henry Purcell

Lost is my quiet for ever

Words: Anon.

Lost is my quiet for ever,
Lost is life's happiest part;
Lost all my tender endeavour
To touch an insensible heart.

But tho' my despair is past curing,
And much undeserv'd is my fate;
I'll show by a patient enduring,
My love is unmov'd as her hate.

Love, thou art the best of human joys

Hugo Wolf

Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen, liebstes Leben

Words: Paul Heyse, translated by Jeremy Sams.

Henry Purcell

Love thou art best of Human joys

Words: Anne Kingsmill Finch, Countess of Winchilsea
(1661–1720)

Love, thou art best of Human Joys,
Our chiefest Happiness below,
All other Pleasures are but Toys;
Musick, without thee, is but Noise,
And Beauty but an empty Show.

Heav'n, who knew best what Man could move,
And raise his Thoughts above the Brute,
Said, Let him be, and let him love,
That must alone his Soul improve,
Howe'er Philosophers dispute.

William Bolcom

Blue | Amor

Words: Arnold Weinstein

A Lovers' Tiff

Roger Quilter

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal

Words: Alfred Tennyson (1809–92)

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

Love's Philosophy

Words: Percy Shelley (1792–1822)

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine?—

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not me?

Kurt Weill

Speak Low

Words: Ogden Nash (1902–71)

Speak low when you speak love:
Our summer day withers away too soon.
Speak low when you speak love:
Our moment is swift, like ships adrift, we're swept apart too soon.

Speak low, darling, speak low.
Love is a spark, lost in the dark too soon.
I feel wherever I go
That tomorrow is near, tomorrow is here and always too soon.

Time is so old and love so brief.
Love is pure gold and time a thief.

We're late, darling, we're late.
The curtain descends, everything ends too soon.
I wait, darling, I wait.
Will you speak low to me, speak love to me, and soon.

Saturday 12th April 2025

Film: Janet Baker In Her Own Words (2019)

2.00pm – Ludlow Assembly Rooms – 1hr 40 mins

Dir. John Bridcut

John Bridcut's acclaimed portrait of Britain's greatest classical singer of the 20th Century featuring excerpts of some of her most celebrated performances.

More than thirty years after her retirement, Britain's greatest classical singer of the 20th century, Dame Janet Baker, talks more openly and emotionally than ever before about her voice, her career and her life today.



Saturday 12th April 2025

Talk: Dame Janet Baker in conversation with John Bridcut

4.00pm – Ludlow Assembly Rooms – 60 mins



A very special occasion as Dame Janet Baker joins us, on stage in conversation with John Bridcut to discuss her life, voice and career.



Buzz!

7.30pm – St Laurence’s Church – 75 mins

Lotte Betts-Dean – mezzo

Brett Dean – viola

Iain Burnside – piano

Frank Bridge
(1879–1941) *Three Songs for voice, viola and piano*
Far, far from each other
Where is it that our soul doth go
Music when soft voices die

Madeleine Dring
(1923–77) A Bay in Anglesey
Through the Centuries
Separation
It was a lover and his lass

Arthur Bliss
(1891–1975) *Two Nursery Rhymes*
The Dandelion
The Ragwort

Ralph Vaughan Williams Prelude, from *Three Vocalises*
(1872–1958)

Sally Beamish (b.1956) *Buzz!*

Nicola LeFanu (b.1947) *Songs for Jane: Far Away*

Michael Berkeley (b.1948) Sonnet for Orpheus

Brett Dean (b.1961) I Starred Last Night, I Shone

Benjamin Britten (1913–76) Lachrymae

Edmund Rubbra *Two Sonnets of William Alabaster*
(1901–86) Upon the Crucifix
On the Reed of Our Lord’s Passion

From Beethoven to Hindemith, there is a fine and interesting heritage of viola players turning to composition. Perhaps there is something about the placing of viola players within an ensemble, both physically and musically, that engenders the desire to compose. Being usually seated in the centre of an orchestra or quartet, and more often than not playing the technically crucial but less starry role of an inner voice, between the upper melody and the underpinning bass, violists can be regarded as musical handmaids. But in this position, they perhaps take in more than many the workings of the music, instilling in them the understanding and aspiration to write: perhaps even to compose better, more interesting inner parts than they can sometimes be lumbered with. (Try singing the alto line in any hymn to see how dull an inner part can be!)

Frank Bridge began his professional musical life in 1903 as a jobbing violinist, but quickly turned to the viola. He soon made his reputation as a violist in string quartets, playing with several string quartets across the decade, notably as long-term member of the English String Quartet. Alongside performing and teaching, he was composing as much as possible, including, in late 1906 to early 1907, three songs for medium voice, viola and piano; passionate settings of poems by Matthew Arnold, Heinrich Heine and Percy Shelley.

Madeleine Dring moved skilfully and artfully between the worlds of art song and cabaret in her vocal works, writing for both concert and the popular stage. Her diverse influences can marry seamlessly, notably in her *Five John Betjeman Songs* (1976), from which we enjoy a languid, late summer’s afternoon in ‘A Bay in Anglesey’. From her final work, *Four Night Songs*, we hear ‘Through the Centuries’ and

‘Separation’. Whilst working on the last of these in March 1977, she died suddenly, at bar 26. Her husband, Roger Lord (long-time principal oboe with the LSO) completed the song in 1979, in which some of the words already set by Dring are lent an additional poignancy by its history: ‘you too are sleeping, out of my reach, held only in my thoughts’; and around where Lord had to take over: ‘I love you most but I cannot get near you’. The set of Dring songs concludes with the jaunty ‘It was a lover and his lass’, from her set of seven Shakespeare songs.

Arthur Bliss described the viola as ‘the most romantic of instruments’; ‘a veritable Byron in the orchestra’, with ‘a rather restless and tragic personality’. In being called into action in lieu of the clarinet for which they were originally written, arranged by the great violist Lionel Tertis, Bliss’s *Two Nursery Rhymes* (1920) deny the viola any of this romanticism: the two songs are deftly playful and gestural, embellishing delightfully the poems by Bliss’s Cambridge friend, Frances Cornford. The same substitution is here made in the first of Ralph Vaughan Williams’s *Three Vocalises*, originally for wordless soprano and clarinet. The *Vocalises* were one of the composer’s final works, composed in 1958, shortly before his death in the summer of that year. The haunting Prelude is at times reminiscent of Vaughan Williams’s 1925 suite for viola, wordless choir, and small orchestra, *Flos Campi*.

Perhaps attracted by Bliss’s wildflowers, two roving insects hove into view: a bee, in composer-violist Sally Beamish’s virtuosic, and sometimes literal, *Buzz*, composed in 1993 and dedicated to her then 4-year-old son who at that time loved bees; and a dragonfly in reflective mood in one of Nicola LeFanu’s *Three Songs for Jane*, based on Japanese texts and written for her cousin’s 70th birthday in 2006.

Buzz!

Despite the pared down economy of such duets as these, written for just two melodic voices, the musical possibilities are surprisingly powerful and evocative, as well as wonderfully intimate. After the playfulness of the Beamish and Bliss, Michael Berkeley's 'Sonnet for Orpheus'—the second of *Three Rilke Sonnets* (2010)—is a more intensely affecting work. Berkeley describes Rilke's sonnet as containing 'the idea of an almost girl who in a sense doesn't exist', 'half ethereal, invad[ing] the memory'. To add to that elusiveness—and also because 'even the finest translation cannot do the lines justice'—Berkeley set the poem in its original German, heightening the ethereality of the song.

In Brett Dean's 'I starred last night, I shone', written last year respectively by/for the present performers, we receive a full-on display of fireworks from both viola and mezzo; a truly starry show.

In the first performance in 1908 of the three songs by Frank Bridge that began this recital, the violist was one Audrey Ffolkes. Ten years later, having married

and become Audrey Alston, she was teaching the viola to the young Benjamin Britten. It was she that introduced Britten to Bridge, with a view to the youngster taking lessons in composition from Bridge. Although there are works for viola amongst Britten's juvenilia, the only mature composition for the instrument was written in 1950 for the violist William Primrose. Titled *Lachrymae: Reflections on a Song of John Dowland*, the work is a reversed set of theme and variations. Elements of the theme gradually emerge, until its final revelation, in the Dowland lute song 'If my complaints could passions move'.

We close with two mystical sonnets by the metaphysical poet William Alabaster, set to music in 1955 by Edmund Rubbra in an intensely beautiful diptych meditating on the Cross and Passion, through which the poet gives himself humbly and absolutely unto Christ and to God.



Buzz!

Frank Bridge

Three Songs for voice, viola and piano

Far, far from each other

Words: Matthew Arnold (1822–88) [*'Parting'*, ll.71–86]

Far, far from each other
Our spirits have flown.
And what heart knows another?
Ah! who knows his own?

Blow, ye winds! lift me with you
I come to the wild.
Fold closely, O Nature!
Thine arms round thy child.

Ah, calm me! restore me
And dry up my tears
On thy high mountain platforms,
Where Morn first appears.

Where is it that our soul doth go?

Words: Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

Trans. K.F. Kroeker (1845–1904)

One thing I'd know,
When we have perished,
Where is it that our soul doth go?
Where is the fire that is extinguished?
Where is the wind?
Where is the wind but now did blow?
Where is it that our soul doth go
When we have perished?

Music when soft voices die

Words: Percy Shelley (1792–1822)

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Madeleine Dring

A Bay in Anglesey

Words: John Betjeman (1906–84)

The sleepy sound of a tea-time tide
Slaps at the rocks the sun has dried,

Too lazy, almost, to sink and lift
Round low peninsulas pink with thrift.

The water, enlarging shells and sand,
Grows greener emerald out from land

And brown over shadowy shelves below
The waving forests of seaweed show.

Here at my feet in the short cliff grasses
Are shells, dried bladderwrack, broken glass,

Pale blue squills and yellow rock roses,
The next low ridge that we climb discloses

One more field for the sheep to graze
While, scarcely seen on this hottest of days,

Far to the eastward, over there,
Snowdon rises in pearl-grey air.

Multiple lark-song, whispering bents,
The thymy, turfy and salty scents

And filling in, brimming in, sparkling and free
The sweet susurrations of incoming sea.

Through the Centuries

Words: Michael Armstrong (1923–2000)

Through the centuries I have held your hand
Whispered your name as the wind in the trees
Nothing remembered and nothing forgotten,
Each time it was different, each time the same.

Our meetings renewed a secret joy.
Our farewells destroyed what we understood.
Today was a greeting, tomorrow a parting.
Our sun was a brilliance that died in our evening.

What did we learn and what did we know?
What became usual and what became strange?
Our coming together made thoughts that were growing.
Our drifting apart an end to their thinking.

Through the centuries...

Buzz!

Separation

Words: *Michael Armstrong*

Out in the dark night,
the birds are asleep,
and you too are sleeping,
out of my reach,
held only in my thoughts.

Of all the things in the world
I love you most
but I cannot get near you
and you remain unknown.

My love is waiting here for you
to pick up and wear
like a warm garment.

At least enclose yourself
within its folds, if only
to keep out the cold.

It was a lover and his lass

Words: *William Shakespeare (1564–1616)*

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Those pretty country folks would lie,
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Arthur Bliss

Two Nursery Rhymes

Words: *Frances Cornford (1886–1960)*

The Dandelion

The dandelion is brave and gay,
And loves to sit beside the way;
A braver thing was never seen,
To praise the grass for growing green;
You never saw a gayer thing,
To sit and smile and praise the spring.

The children with their simple hearts,
The lazy men that come in carts,
The little dogs that lollop by,
They all have seen its shining eye,
And every one of them would say
They never saw a thing so gay.

The Ragwort

The thistles on the sandy flats
Are courtiers with crimson hats,
The ragworts, growing up so straight,
Are emperors who stand in state
And march and march about, so proud and bold
In crowns of fairy-story gold.
The people passing home at night
Rejoice to see the shining light;
They quite forget the sands and sea
Which are as grey as grey can be,
Nor even heard the gulls who cry
Like peevish children in the sky.

Buzz!

Sally Beamish

Buzz

Words: Emily Dickinson (1830–86)

His Feet are shod with Gauze—
His Helmet, is of Gold,
His Breast, a single Onyx
With Chrysophras, inlaid.

His Labor is a Chant—
His Idleness—a Tune—
Oh, for a Bee's experience
Of Clovers, and of Noon!

Nicola Lefanu

Far away

Words: after Kabayashi Issa (1763–1828)

Far away mountain peaks
Reflected in its eyes
The dragonfly

Michael Berkeley

Sonnet for Orpheus

Words: Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926)

Und fast ein Mädchen wars und ging hervor
aus diesem einigen Glück von Sang und Leier
und glänzte klar durch ihre Frühlingsschleier
und machte sich ein Bett in meinem Ohr.

Und schlief in mir. Und alles war ihr Schlaf.
Die Bäume, die ich je bewundert, diese
fühlbare Ferne, die gefühlte Wiese
und jedes Staunen, das mich selbst betraf.

Sie schlief die Welt. Singender Gott, wie hast
du sie vollendet, daß sie nicht begehrte,
erst wach zu sein? Sieh, sie erstand und schlief.

Wo ist ihr Tod? O, wirst du dies Motiv
erfinden noch, eh sich dein Lied verzehrte?—
Wo sinkt sie hin aus mir?... Ein Mädchen fast...

And a girl, almost, departed that
marriage of song and lyre,
shining radiant through her spring veils
and making a bed in my ear.

And fell asleep in me. And everything was her sleep.
The trees I have ever admired,
landscapes vast and touchable meadow,
every wonder that affected me.

She slept the world. Singing God, how did
you complete her, that she did not desire
to be awake? Look, she arose and slept.

Where is her death? Oh, will you be this theme
Still inventing before your song is consumed?—
Where does she slip away?... A girl almost ...

Buzz!

Brett Dean

I starred last night, I shone

Words: Les Murray (1938–2019)

I starred that night, I shone:
I was footwork and firework in one,
a rocket that wriggled up and shot
darkness with a parasol of brilliants
and a peewee descant on a flung bit;
I was blusters of glitter-bombs expanding
to mantle and aurora from a crown,
I was fouéttés, falls of blazing paint,
para-flares spot-welding cloudy heaven,
loose gold off fierce toeholds of white,
a finale red-tongued as a haka leap:
that too was a butt of all right!

As usual after any triumph, I was
of course, inconsolable.

Edmund Rubbra

Two Sonnets of William Alabaster

Words: William Alabaster (1567–1640)

i. Upon the Crucifix

Now I have found thee I will evermore
Embrace this standard where thou sits above,
Feede greedie eyes, and from hence never rove;
Suck hungrie Soule of this eternall store;
Issue my hart from thie two-leaved dore,
And lett my lippes from kissinge not remove.
O thatt I weare transformed into love,
And as a plant might springe upon this flower,
Like wand'ring Ivy or sweete honiesuckle:
How would I with my twine about it buckle,
And kisse his feete with my ambitious boughes,
And clyme along uppon his sacred brest,
And make a garland for his wounded browes:
Lord soe I am, if heare my thoughts may reast.

ii. On the Reed of Our Lord's Passion

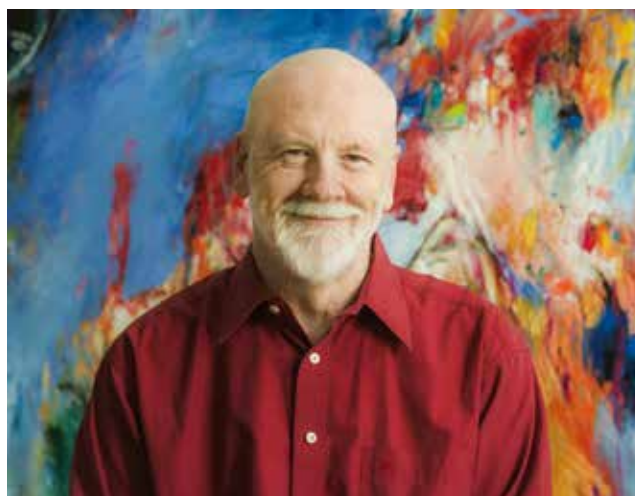
Long tyme hath Christ (long tyme I must confesse)
Held me a hollowe Reede within his hande,
That merited in Hell to make a brande
Had not his grace supplied mine emptines.
Oft time with langour and new-fangleness
Had I bene borne awaye like sifted sande,
When Sinn and Sathan gott the upper hande,
But that his stedfast mercie did mee blesse.
Still let mee growe upon that livinge lande,
Within that wounde which iron did impresse,
And made a springe of bloud flowe from thie hand:
Then will I gather sapp, and rise, and stand
That all that see this wonder maye expresse
Upon this grounde how well growes barrennes.

Sunday 13th April 2025

Talk: Brett Dean in conversation with Katy Hamilton

10.00am – Ludlow Assembly Rooms – 60 mins

In an exclusive event for festival passholders, Katy Hamilton talks to Australian composer and violist Brett Dean, after his performance in *Buzz!* on Saturday evening. An insight into the work of a celebrated composer of vocal, chamber and orchestral music.



Sunday 13th April 2025

Young Artists Masterclass with Dame Ann Murray

11.30am – Ludlow Assembly Rooms – 90 mins

Shana Moron-Caravel – mezzo

Patrick Dow – baritone

Niall Townley – piano



The great Irish mezzo Dame Ann Murray leads an inspirational masterclass, guiding two young singers through the challenges of English Song repertoire. An exclusive event for festival passholders.

Shana Moron-Caravel

Arthur Bliss (1891–1975) Lenten Flowers
Storm

Ivor Gurney (1890–1937) In Flanders

Rebecca Clarke (1886–1979) The Seal Man

Patrick Dow

Arthur Bliss Gone, gone again is summer
Being young and green

Gerald Finzi (1901–1956) Fear no more the heat o' the sun
O mistress mine



The Association of English Singers & Speakers

Join the AESS and help us through workshops, concerts, festivals and competitions to
*'encourage the communication of English words, in singing and speech,
with clarity, understanding and imagination'*

AESS Competitions

The Catherine Lambert Junior Recital Prize ages 13-18

The Dorothy Richardson English Song Prize ages 18-23

The Concert Artistes' Association Speech Prize for Actors ages 18-23

The Dame Patricia Routledge National English Song Competition ages 23-32

The Sarah Leonard Song Writing Competition ages under 35

Publications: A Century of English Song, an Anthology for Singers, Volumes 1-10

For full details, visit **www.aofess.org.uk**

Email: **info@aofess.org.uk**

One that kept his word

A.E. Housman in Songs and Letters

2.30pm – Ludlow Assembly Rooms – 75 mins

Alex Jennings – reader

Bethany Horak-Hallett – mezzo

Liam Bonthrone – tenor

Jolyon Loy – baritone

Iain Burnside – piano

Arthur Somervell (1863–1937)	Loveliest of trees	George Butterworth (1885–1916)	On the idle hill of summer
E.J. Moeran (1894–1950)	Far in a western brookland	John Ireland (1879–1963)	The encounter
Martin Bussey (b.1958)	O when I was in love with you	Lennox Berkeley (1903–89)	He would not stay for me
E.J. Moeran	Say, lad, have you things to do?	Arthur Somervell	White in the moon
Benjamin Burrows (1891–1966)	Bredon Hill	Hannah Lam (b.2005)	In Absence
Arnold Bax (1883–1953)	When I was one-and-twenty	Alexander Papp (b.2000)	My dear Withers...
Rebecca Clarke (1886–1979)	Eight O’Clock	John Ireland	We’ll to the woods no more
Benjamin Burrows	The Soldiers	Morfydd Owen (1891–1918)	When I came last to Ludlow
Arthur Somervell	The street sounds	George Butterworth	Is my team ploughing?
E.J. Moeran	Farewell to barn and stack and tree	George Butterworth	With rue my heart is laden
		Arthur Somervell	Into my heart an air that kills

In the realm of English poetry and English song, the name of Alfred Edward Housman has become near-synonymous with the county of Shropshire. Such was his association with this county, in fact, that, following his death in 1936, A. E. Housman’s ashes were buried beside the wall of the parish church here in Ludlow. But for all this, he hardly set foot in the county.

For Housman, born and raised just over the border in Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, Shropshire was a place out of reach; an almost mythical hinterland, just beyond the horizon of the landscape of his childhood and of his memory. It was this Shropshire, a romance of names and imagined places, that he inhabited when writing the collection of poems that gave Housman his poetic fame: *A Shropshire Lad*, first published in 1896. The poems were written between 1886 and 1895 in London, where he worked initially as a patent examiner before being appointed professor of Latin at University College London. They were perhaps prompted by his unrequited affection for a man whom Housman met whilst studying in Oxford, and with whom he shared lodgings

in both Oxford and London until 1885: Moses Jackson. It was perhaps a rejection by Jackson of an open declaration by Housman of his affections at this time that led to their parting, and to the beginning of Housman’s poetry. As we shall hear in his letters, ‘the business of poetry’ is ‘to harmonise the sadness of the universe’, poetry being ‘somehow more sustaining and healing than prose.’

A Shropshire Lad’s reception was modest at first, but a decade or so later it was selling some 13,500 copies a year. It found a particular currency and popularity in the wake of the outbreak of the First World War, with his poetry telling of wasted youth and love; untimely loss, often cast with tolling bells and under the shadow of war; and the shortness of time in which to enjoy life and love. All is set against the idyllic backdrop of the Shropshire landscape, in which the promise of spring in nature is often an ironic counterpoint to the unfulfilled promise of youth, and in which distant hills are metaphors for memories that cannot again be made real. The directness of the poetry made them ready lyrics, and since the first song settings were made by Arthur Somervell

One that kept his word

in 1904, hundreds of songs have been written to Housman's words. In spite of Constant Lambert's imploring of his fellow composers to stop writing *Shropshire Lad* songs in his 1934 book *Music Ho!*, they continue to come over a century later. While Housman disliked intensely the exaggerated manner of song, as compared with the subtle nuance of speech, and was angered by the treatment of his poetry by some composers, he never refused permission for his words to be set to music.

After *A Shropshire Lad*, Housman was happy to leave poetry behind and focus on his academic work. This led to his appointment in 1911 to a professorship at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he would remain for the rest of his life. He was a fierce scholar, often perceived as a rather dry colleague and teacher, who could be scathing of colleagues whom he thought to be producing less than meticulous scholarship. In time however, Housman did return to poetry, publishing a collection of *Last Poems* in 1922. A further collection was gathered posthumously by his brother, Laurence.

A short biographical summary such as this, with brief anecdote, cannot sum up a life, nor can the work, scholarly or poetic. These things can show too little the character

of an individual: their everyday person, and the nature of the connections they made with others. It can be difficult to find this even in a full biography, in spite of the efforts of even the finest biographer. The closest we can come to an individual's everyday character after they have gone is perhaps through their letters: their sometimes formal, although more often than not informal, personal interactions, written in the moment without regard to print or posterity. In these we can find something of their personality and their demeanour, thereby getting closer to the individual behind the work. So it is with Housman, and in this sequence of poems and letters we find something of his humanity; his friendships, and his concern for them, as well as for himself; his loves; a wry humour that can border on sincerity; his wisdom; and an insight into life and love that can be quite moving.

Amongst the composers featured here, two are of our cohort of Young Composers: Alexander Papp and Hannah Lam. Each has set not a poem by Housman, but a letter: Alexander Papp a letter to a doctor who was often sickly himself, Percy Withers, a regular correspondent with several poets and artists; and Hannah Lam a letter to Housman's brother, Basil.



One that kept his word

All texts are by A. E. Housman (1859–1936)
ASL: *A Shropshire Lad* (1896); LP: *Last Poems* (1922)
AP: *Additional Poems* (1939)

Arthur Somervell

Loveliest of trees [ASL, II]

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

E. J. Moeran

Far in a western brookland [ASL, LII]

Far in a western brookland
That bred me long ago
The poplars stand and tremble
By pools I used to know.

There, in the windless night-time,
The wanderer, marvelling why,
Halts on the bridge to hearken
How soft the poplars sigh.

He hears: long since forgotten
In fields where I was known,
Here I lie down in London
And turn to rest alone.

There, by the starlit fences,
The wanderer halts and hears
My soul that lingers sighing
About the glimmering weirs.

Martin Bussey

O when I was in love with you [ASL, XVIII]

Oh, when I was in love with you,
Then I was clean and brave,
And miles around the wonder grew
How well did I behave.

And now the fancy passes by,
And nothing will remain,
And miles around they'll say that I
Am quite myself again.

E. J. Moeran

Say, lad, have you things to do? [ASL, XXIV]

Say, lad, have you things to do?
Quick then, while your day's at prime.
Quick, and if 'tis work for two,
Here am I, man: now's your time.

Send me now, and I shall go;
Call me, I shall hear you call;
Use me ere they lay me low
Where a man's no use at all;

Ere the wholesome flesh decay,
And the willing nerve be numb,
And the lips lack breath to say,
'No, my lad, I cannot come.'

One that kept his word

Benjamin Burrows

Bredon Hill [ASL, XXI]

In summertime on Bredon
The bells they sound so clear;
Round both the shires they ring them
In steeples far and near,
A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning
My love and I would lie
And see the coloured counties,
And hear the larks so high
About us in the sky.

The bells would ring to call her
In valleys miles away:
'Come all to church, good people;
Good people, come and pray.'
But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer
Among the springing thyme,
'Oh, peal upon our wedding,
And we will hear the chime,
And come to church in time.'

But when the snows at Christmas
On Bredon top were strown,
My love rose up so early
And stole out unbeknown
And went to church alone.

They tolled the one bell only,
Groom there was none to see,
The mourners followed after,
And so to church went she,
And would not wait for me.

The bells they sound on Bredon,
And still the steeples hum.
'Come all to church, good people' —
Oh, noisy bells, be dumb;
I hear you, I will come.

Arnold Bax

When I was one-and-twenty [ASL, XIII]

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
'Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free.'
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
'The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue.'
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Rebecca Clarke

Eight O'Clock [LP, XV]

He stood and heard the steeple
Sprinkle the quarters on the morning town.
One, two, three, four, to market place and people
It tossed them down.

Strapped, noosed, nighing his hour,
He stood and counted them and curds his luck;
And then the clock collected
Its strength, and struck.

One that kept his word

Benjamin Burrows

The Soldiers [LP, VII]

In valleys green and still
Where lovers wander maying,
They hear from over hill
A music playing.

Behind the drum and fife,
Past hawthornwood and hollow,
Through earth and out of life,
The soldiers follow.

The soldier's is the trade:
In any wind or weather
He steals the heart of maid
And man together.

The lover and his lass
Beneath the hawthorn lying
Have heard the soldiers pass,
And both are sighing.

And down the distance they,
With dying note and swelling,
Walk the resounding way
To the still dwelling.

Arthur Somervell

The street sounds to the soldiers' tread [ASL, XXII]

The street sounds to the soldiers' tread
And out we troop to see:
A single redcoat turns his head,
He turns and looks at me.

My man, from sky to sky's so far,
We never crossed before;
Such leagues apart the world's ends are,
We're like to meet no more;

What thoughts at heart have you and I
We cannot stop to tell;
But dead or living, drunk or dry,
Soldier, I wish you well.

E.J. Moeran

Farewell to barn and stack and tree [ASL, VIII]

'Farewell to barn and stack and tree,
Farewell to Severn shore.
Terence, look your last at me,
For I come home no more.'

'The sun burns on the half-mown hill,
By now the blood is dried;
And Maurice amongst the hay lies still
And my knife is in his side.'

'My mother thinks us long away;
'Tis time the field were mown.
She had two sons at rising day,
To-night she'll be alone.'

'And here's a bloody hand to shake
And oh, man, here's good-bye;
We'll sweat no more on scythe and rake,
My bloody hands and I.'

'I wish you strength to bring you pride,
And a love to keep you clean,
And I wish you luck, come Lammastide,
At racing on the green.'

'Long for me the rick will wait,
And long will wait the fold,
And long will stand the empty plate,
And dinner will be cold.'

George Butterworth

On the idle hill of summer [ASL, XXXV]

On the idle hill of summer,
Sleepy with the flow of streams,
Far I hear the steady drummer
Drumming like a noise in dreams.

Far and near and low and louder
On the roads of earth go by,
Dear to friends and food for powder,
Soldiers marching, all to die.

East and west on fields forgotten
Bleach the bones of comrades slain,
Lovely lads and dead and rotten;
None that go return again.

Far the calling bugles hollo,
High the screaming fife replies,
Gay the files of scarlet follow:
Woman bore me, I will rise.

One that kept his word

John Ireland

The Encounter

[See Somervell, 'The street sounds to the soldiers' tread' on previous page.]

Lennox Berkeley

He would not stay for me [AP, VII]

He would not stay for me; and who can wonder?
He would not stay for me to stand and gaze.
I shook his hand and tore my heart asunder
And went with half my life about my ways.

Arthur Somervell

White in the moon [ASL, XXXVI]

White in the moon the long road lies,
The moon stands blank above;
White in the moon the long road lies
That leads me from my love.

Still hangs the hedge without a gust,
Still, still the shadows stay:
My feet upon the moonlit dust
Pursue the ceaseless way.

The world is round, so travellers tell,
And straight though reach the track,
Trudge on, trudge on, 'twill all be well,
The way will guide one back.

But ere the circle homeward hies
Far, far must it remove:
White in the moon the long road lies
That leads me from my love.

Hannah Lam

In Absence

29 December 1927

To Basil Housman

My dear Basil,

I have had a terrible shock from a telegram today from a London fishmonger. All the native oysters have been torn from their beds by tempest, and I shall have to eat the New Year in on Dutch. For me it therefore opens gloomily, but I hope that you will not find it saddened by any such calamity.

Alexander Papp

My dear Withers...

7 July 1926

To Percy Withers

My dear Withers,

I am very aggrieved to find that you are laid up, and I suffer on both sides of my nature, the altruistic and the egotistic. I hope it is not serious and will not last long. My gondolier, who had summoned me to his death-bed, was quite revived by the summer weather: pray follow his example.

John Ireland

We'll to the woods no more [LP, [frontis.]]

We'll to the woods no more,
The laurels all are cut,
The bowers are bare of bay
That once the Muses wore;
The year draws in the day
And soon will evening shut:
The laurels all are cut,
We'll to the woods no more.
Oh we'll no more, no more
To the leafy woods away,
To the high wild woods of laurel
And the bowers of bay no more.

One that kept his word

Morfydd Owen

When I came last to Ludlow [ASL, LVIII]

When I came last to Ludlow
Amidst the moonlight pale,
Two friends kept step beside me,
Two honest lads and hale.

Now Dick lies long in the churchyard,
And Ned lies long in jail,
And I come home to Ludlow
Amidst the moonlight pale.

George Butterworth

Is my team ploughing? [ASL, XXVII]

'Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?'

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

'Is football playing
Along the river shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?'

Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

'Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?'

Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

'Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?'

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

With rue my heart is laden [ASL, LIV]

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

Arthur Somervell

Into my heart an air that kills [ASL, XL]

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.



Ludlow Piano Festival 21 – 25 May 2025

We are back with the third Ludlow Piano Festival!

And our programme for 2025 is as full of variety as ever!

We begin with our legendary 'Celebrity Concert', we have themed concerts which turn the spotlight on American, Polish and female composers, a rarely-heard piano duet arrangement of Holst's Planets Suite, we have 'Desert Island Piano' with Sheila Hancock, Debbie Wiseman plays her own music from 'Wolf Hall'; we have more

'Jazz in the Afternoon', an evening of 'Popular Classics', solo recitals from emerging young talent and from two of this country's most cherished pianists: Joanna MacGregor and Peter Donohoe.

Over five days in May, we hope to bring beautiful music, people from near and far and unforgettable experiences from morning 'til evening to lovely Ludlow. Put the dates in your diary, book your tickets and spread the word!

There really is something for everyone! Events will sell out quickly so please sign up to our news updates at:

www.ludlowpianofestival.com



The Ludlow
English Song
Weekend

Tuesday 6th May 2025

**Celebrating
Diana**

A concert in celebration of Diana McVeagh

Ludlow Song warmly invites you to join us in London this May, for a concert to celebrate Diana McVeagh, the doyenne of British musical biographers, still going strong in her 90s.

This concert has been put together by her friends, to feature works by composers associated with Diana, and music close to her heart.

The programme will include works by Bach, Biber, Elgar, Finzi, Duparc and Weill.

With Iain Burnside, Piers Lane, Roderick Williams, Lucy Russell, Michael Foyle and Susan Bickley.

Space is limited – early booking recommended.

The Razumovsky Academy, London NW10.

For more information and tickets visit
www.razumovsky.co.uk

New Talent to the Fore

Martin Bussey reports on the Ludlow Song Young Composers Workshop, September 2024.

For many years the Ludlow English Song Weekend included an element designed to encourage young composers to explore the musical setting of English text(s). Originally a competition, this evolved to become a successful, non-competitive platform, whereby aspiring composers developed a setting, or group of settings in a workshop led by a distinguished composer. Leaders of the workshop have included Tarik O'Regan, Helen Grime, Eleanor Alberga and Huw Watkins, amongst others. Participating young composers have included Michael Betteridge, Carmel Smickersgill, Hugh Morris, Derri Joseph Lewis, Will Harmer, Christopher Churcher and more. The success of this long standing element of the weekend has owed much to the interest of our audience in new music.

Ludlow Song reviewed the Young Composers platform in early 2024, deciding to present it as a stand-alone event, in September rather than April. This moved the period when composers were writing their songs to the summer, after educational terms had ended. It also enabled a whole afternoon to be dedicated to the workshop without competing demands for space in the Weekend's packed programme. Freed from such shackles, the inaugural Young Composers' Workshop took flight on Saturday, September 14th 2024 in the fantastic surroundings of Birmingham Conservatoire's Jazz Club.

Aspiring Young Composers (YCs) were invited to submit examples of their work for consideration and these submissions were reviewed by me (with all identifying characteristics/names erased). It is a joy to report that the field of applicants was much greater in number than previously and the standard of entries was extremely high. The range of types of work submitted was also wide, encompassing songs for voice and piano; songs for voice and instrumental ensemble; operas; works for church or similar performances; and those which fitted in no discernible category! A notable feature, which shows positive developments at musical and university institutions (and their ongoing crucial importance) was the number of scores which were accompanied by recordings of live performances. These composers were not writing for an imagined group of performers but had honed their works through live performance – and audience reaction. As a result, the composers chosen to participate in the workshop work at high levels of achievement.

The five composers selected were Charlotte Glyn-Woods; Vivek Haria; Archie John; Hannah Lam; and Alex Papp. Sadly Vivek was unwell and unable to be present in person, but we much enjoyed hearing his work and he was able to participate via video.

The workshop leader was Professor Julian Philips, whose works have been a regular feature of LESW programmes over the years. His role as Head of Composition at Guildhall School of Music and Drama meant he was ideally placed



Professor Julian Philips in action

to work with the YCs, many of whom are already engaged in postgraduate study. The workshop was followed by a recital given by Harriet Burns, soprano; George Robarts, baritone; and Thomas Eeckhout, piano. The workshopped songs were performed alongside other contemporary writing, including songs by George Crumb, James Macmillan, Sally Beamish and Libby Larsen. This was skilfully planned repertoire which chimed with the varied moods of the workshop compositions. In particular, this repertoire featured two strands evident in the new works written by the five YCs: drama and extended calm/lyrical writing.

Between them, the new works presented use of extended vocal techniques alongside more conventional uses of the voice and of the piano. Notably, the new works really inhabited the texts, sometimes in a highly arresting way, drawing the listener in. The YCs had chosen a variety of writers ranging from Sappho (in translation, of course) to Dylan Thomas, and this was mirrored in the established works chosen to accompany the new ones, including W.B. Yeats and Cheryl Strayed.

Charlotte Glyn-Woods' *Kosmos* sets the poem of the same name by Walt Whitman. The work reflects the rhetorical nature of Whitman's writing. In the text, most phrases begin with a statement, these collectively building with cumulative effect. A diversity of means to project the text are used in Charlotte's setting, including defined pitches and/or rhythms but also free recitation against repeated ideas in the piano. In this way the music creates a cumulative effect alongside the text. The flexibility and freedom in the music is supported by realistic, practical instructions for both singer and pianist. The result was a performance of continual flux, drawing the ear to Whitman's powerful imagery through idiomatic writing.

New Talent to the Fore

Vivek Haria composed a setting of Edgar Allan Poe, *A Dream within A Dream*. Here the poetry is more intimate, sustaining but developing thoughts through successive lines to culminate in a statement which is then repeated as a question in the second stanza. The sustained nature of the poetry is communicated through sustained melody sung against, or supported by, flowing piano textures of regular rhythmic patterns. The vocal range is wide, allowing for expression of the diverse and developing emotions of the poem. With changing ranges in the voice comes a variety of colours which add to the expression of the poetic ideas. These vocal forms of expression are underpinned by shifting harmonies in the piano which seem to provide nuanced commentary on the text.

Hannah Lam's *Shall Earth No More Inspire Thee?* sets a poem of Emily Brontë. As so often, Brontë's poem uses images from Nature, in this case seemingly seeking Nature's aid to inspire her thinking. The range of natural forces is truly reflected in a wide-ranging vocal line in the setting. The work explores different areas of the voice, often using shifts of range alongside contrasting dynamics. Initially, there is considerable flexibility in the rhythms and tempo of the vocal part. As the piece develops the vocal line becomes more precisely notated in terms of rhythm, building in intensity. Throughout, the piano provides a shifting rhythmic and harmonic context for the vocal line, often directed to be improvisatory in its use of given ideas. The intensity characteristic of the centre of the work subsides at the end, however, as the poet seeks the return of inspiration against bare piano textures.

Alex Papp takes a very direct approach to text in his setting of Dylan Thomas' *Light Breaks Where No Sun Shines*. Very precise notation guides the singer's realisation of the text itself, using vowels in specific ways, such as in the formulation of diphthongs. There is use of percussive vocal effects and specific notation of voiced consonants. This results in a demanding but innovative vocal line which breaks individual words into constituent parts, each voiced in some way. This is replicated in pianistic terms in the use of unspecified pitches in the piano left to resonate through use of pedal. The result is a challenging sound world which reflects the restless, unconventional imagery of the poem.

'Light breaks where no sun shines;
Where no sea runs, the waters of the heart
Push in their tides;'

Nothing in the poem can be taken for granted and the same was true of this musical setting. To add to the technical demands of both the piano and vocal lines, much of the rhythmic setting is highly complex. The dynamic levels of the piece build to great dynamic intensity then fall back with a seeming exhaustion, well fitted to the apparently negative conclusion to the poem: 'Above the waste allotments the dawn halts'.



Thomas Eeckhout (piano) and Harriet Burns (soprano)

Archie John presented two songs, one a translation of Pierre Louys, 'The night is so profound', and the other of Sappho, 'And I am greener than grass'. They have linked intent, focused, in the composer's words, on 'spiritual sensuality'. Significantly, the two songs sounded as if they were a pair, as intended, not just a random coupling of two songs. The approach to vocal writing contributes much to this – though in no sense restricted, the writing for soprano in both songs is spare. Sometimes the vocal line moves slowly, repeating pitches then moving incrementally. Then comes a rise or fall of a greater interval which was the more remarkable for being unexpected, before the voice resumed its measured approach. This creates an intense listening experience and great focus on the text itself. Yet the songs also handle climax with great assuredness. A different kind of intensity ensues at these points. The piano writing is similarly deftly handled, sometimes using small clusters, sometimes a single line, at other points presenting clusters of notes across a wide range in both hands.

The success of the day owed a huge amount to the magnificent performances of Harriet Burns, George Robarts and Thomas Eeckhout, Thomas moving seemingly imperturbably across a huge range of styles and pianistic demands.

You can hear Archie John's songs written for the workshop, jointly titled *On Dreams*, in *A Lovers' Tiff* on Saturday morning.

A new commission from Archie, 'This Lonely Hill', will have its world premiere on Friday evening in *Heart's Haven*. New works by Alex Papp and Hannah Lam – each setting the text of a letter by A.E. Housman – feature in *One that kept his word*, on Sunday afternoon.

This year's workshop was generously supported by the Finzi Trust and the Vaughan Williams Foundation. If you would like to support the future of this work, you can make a donation online at www.ludlowenglishsongweekend.com/support-us.

Biographies

Iain Burnside



Interweaving roles as pianist and Sony Award-winning broadcaster with equal aplomb, Iain Burnside ("pretty much ideal" BBC Music Magazine) is also a master programmer with an instinct for the telling juxtaposition. He has performed in recitals with

many of the world's leading singers. Earlier in his career he had the privilege of working with Dame Margaret Price, Victoria de los Angeles, Galina Gorchakova and Susan Chilcott. More recent collaborators include Rosa Feola, Ailish Tynan, Lawrence Brownlee and Roderick Williams. For Wigmore Hall he has curated a number of recital series, featuring both English and Russian repertoire.

Iain has been Artistic Director of the LESW since its inception in 2002.

Lotte Betts-Dean



Lotte Betts-Dean is an Australian mezzo soprano based in the UK with a wide ranging repertoire and a passion for curation, programming and collaborative project development. Praised for her "irrepressible sense of drama and unmissable, urgent

musicality" (The Guardian) and "arrestingly opulent voice" (Gramophone), Lotte is equally at home in chamber music, art song, contemporary repertoire of all kinds, early music, opera and narration. Lotte is an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music, an Ambassador for Donne UK — an organization supporting women in music — and recently won Young Artist of the Year at the 2024 Royal Philharmonic Society Awards. Lotte is a regular at major festivals and venues across the UK, Australia and Europe, including Wigmore Hall, Kings Place, Aldeburgh Festival, Oxford Song, West Cork Chamber Music and Australian Festival of Chamber Music, and operatic credits in baroque, 20th century and contemporary opera include Grand Théâtre de Genève, Bayerische Staatsoper, Nevill Holt Festival and State Opera of South Australia. Her fast-growing discography includes albums recently released on Delphian Records (Stuart MacRae, Arthur Keegan) Another Timbre (Catherine Lamb) NAXOS (Phillippos Tsalahouris) Divine Art Métier (Michael Finnissy) and BIS (Brett Dean) with further albums due for release on Platoon (Schubert) and Delphian (Britten). Lotte is represented worldwide by Askonas Holt.

Liam Bonthron



Scottish tenor Liam Bonthron joined the Opera Studio of the Bayerische Staatsoper, in the 22/23 season where roles included Rustighello (*Lucrezia Borgia*), Brighella (*Ariadne auf Naxos*), Ein Junger Seemann (*Tristan und Isolde*), Eurimaco/Pisandro

(*Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria*), Un Lampionaio (*Manon Lescaut*), Edler I (*Lohengrin*), Pasek (*Cunning Little Vixen*), Player 2 (*Hamlet*) and Bedienter (*Lear*).

In 23/24 his roles in Munich included: Pedrillo (*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*); Brighella (*Ariadne auf Naxos*) which went on tour to the Hong Kong Arts Festival; Gran Sacerdote (*Idomeneo*); and Remendado (*Carmen*). He also sang the role of Der Waldgeist in Rimski-Korsakow's *Schneeflöckchen* at the Tiroler Festspiele Erl and made his debut with Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks under Sir Simon Rattle singing Gran Sacerdote (*Idomeneo*). In the 24/25 season Liam will take on major roles for The Royal Danish Opera and Glyndebourne Festival as well as returning to the Bayerische Staatsoper.

John Bridcut



John Bridcut has made some sixty documentaries over the past thirty years or so, many of them on classical music. His most recent music film is *Michael Tippett, The Shadow and The Light*, which followed composer-portraits of Elgar, Vaughan Williams, Parry,

Delius and Britten (twice). His film *Janet Baker in Her Own Words* has been widely acclaimed. As well as Dame Janet, the artists he has profiled include Bernard Haitink, Sir Colin Davis, Rudolf Nureyev, Jonas Kaufmann, Herbert von Karajan and Mstislav Rostropovich. John believes nobody else has filmed Schubert's *Winterreise* at the top of a mountain pass in Switzerland with 80cm of snow, which he did with Benjamin Appl and James Baillieu. He has also written two books: *Britten's Children* and *Essential Britten*. John's love of English song goes back to his university days, when he organised two Festivals of English Song in Oxford.

Biographies

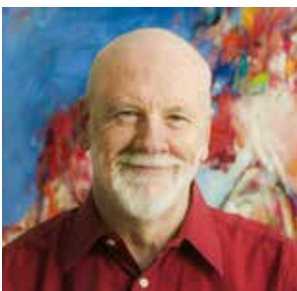
Paula Chateauneuf



Paula Chateauneuf's playing has been described as "one of the most exciting things on the pre-classical concert circuit". A Fulbright Scholar to London, she established herself there as one of early music's leading players and became the linchpin of numerous

groups including the Gabrieli Consort, New London Consort, and Sinfonye. She has performed with many UK ensembles including the Academy of Ancient Music, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, English Concert, and His Majestys Sagbutts and Cornetts, and abroad with the Handel and Haydn Society, De Nederlandse Bachvereniging, and Le Concert des Nations. Paula's mastery in the art of basso continuo has made her one of the most sought-after accompanists in her field, resulting in fruitful collaborations with numerous leading singers and international opera houses. She has recorded for Decca, EMI, Deutsche Grammophon, Linn, and Hyperion. She teaches at the Royal Northern College of Music and was a Creative Arts Fellow at the University of Birmingham. 2009 saw the establishment of her highly-acclaimed 17th-century-style improvising ensemble, The Division Lobby.

Brett Dean



Australian-born Brett Dean was a member of the Berlin Philharmonic for fourteen years, during which time he began composing. His music is championed by leading conductors and orchestras worldwide, including Sir Simon Rattle, Daniel Harding, Andris Nelsons and Marin

Alsop. Dean has gained international recognition through works such as his clarinet concerto *Ariel's Music* (1995), which won a UNESCO Composers award, and *Carlo* (1997). In 2009 Dean won the Grawemeyer Award for violin concerto *The Lost Art of Letter Writing*, and in 2017 his opera *Hamlet* was premiered at Glyndebourne Festival Opera, winning a South Bank Sky Arts Award and International Opera Award. Dean also appears with orchestras, ensembles and festivals worldwide as a conductor and violist.

In the 2024/25 season, Dean conducts the Australian National Academy of Music Symphony Orchestra and performs at the Australian Festival of Chamber Music and the Purbeck International Chamber Music Festival. Elsewhere, he conducts the Swedish Chamber Orchestra, Lapland Chamber Orchestra and the Riot Ensemble.

Dan D'Souza



In 2024 Irish-British baritone Dan D'Souza sang Belcore (*The Elixir of Love*, ENO) and Angelotti, covering Scarpia (*Tosca*, The Grange Festival). Other roles include Flemish Deputy (*Don Carlo*, Royal Opera), Silvio (*Pagliacci*, Iford Arts), Trinculo (*La Tempesta*,

Wexford Festival Opera) and Riff (*West Side Story*, Edinburgh International Festival). Notable concert performances include High Priest (*Semele*, Paris Philharmonie), *Monteverdi Vespers* (Cadogan Hall), Handel's *Messiah* (Nevill Holt Opera) and Christus in *St Matthew Passion* (National Concert Hall, Dublin).

As a recitalist, in 2025 Dan makes his debut at Bechstein Hall with Bethany Horak-Hallett. In 2023, he was a laureate for the Académie Orsay-Royaumont, performing in Paris with Dylan Perez, and sang *Winterreise* with the Ragazze Quartet (St Magnus International Festival). A keen performer of new music, Dan has created the roles of Crane in *Powder Down* (Shadwell Opera); Mohammed in *Nobody/Somebody* (Northern Ireland Opera); Beast in *Beauty and the Seven Beasts* (Opera Story); Himself in *Liminal* (Kings Head Theatre); and Cow in *Bel and the Dragon* (Tête à Tête). Dan was educated at Tiffin Boys School, the University of Cambridge, Royal College of Music, and Royal Academy Opera.

Jessica Duchen



Jessica Duchen is a music journalist, author and librettist. She contributes to The Sunday Times, the I news and BBC Music Magazine, among other publications. Her latest book is *Myra Hess: National Treasure*, a biography of the legendary pianist

(published in spring 2025 by Kahn & Averill). Other books include biographies of Korngold and Fauré and seven novels on musical topics. Her narrated concerts and plays with music have been performed at many concert series and festivals in the UK, France and Australia. As a librettist she works regularly with composer Roxanna Panufnik, their output including two community operas for Garsington: *Silver Birch*, shortlisted for an International Opera Award in 2018, and *Dalia* (2022) which won a Music and Drama Education Award. Jessica lives in London with her violinist husband and cat.

Biographies

Andrew Hamilton



Baritone Andrew Hamilton is currently a member of the ensemble at the Bayerische Staatsoper (2022–2025), he is also former member of the Opera Studio at the Bayerische Staatsoper. Beginning in the 2025/26 Season, Andrew will be a member of the Ensemble

at the Staatsoper Hamburg. In the 2024/25 Season, Andrew will make his role debut as Valentin in a new production of *Faust* at the Teatro Massimo, Palermo; while at the Bayerische Staatsoper his appearances will include his role debut as Dandini (*La Cenerentola*) and Schaunard (*La Bohème*) and he will make his debut at the Tiroler Festspiele Erl in concert performances of *Rigoletto* and *La Traviata*. On the recital stage he will give his first solo recital at the Wigmore Hall with pianist Michael Pandya, while on the concert platform he will appear with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra in Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast* and with the Münchner Rundfunkorchester in *Carmina Burana* conducted by Patrick Hahn.

Katy Hamilton



Katy Hamilton is one of the UK's most sought-after speakers on music, providing talks for a host of organisations including Wigmore Hall, Southbank Centre, BBC Proms and Leeds Lieder. In addition, she writes programme notes

for the Salzburg Festival, Pierre Boulez Saal Berlin and the Philharmonia Orchestra, and is a frequent contributor to BBC Radio 3 and BBC Music Magazine.

Katy is an editor of *Brahms in the Home and the Concert Hall* (2014) and *Brahms in Context* (2019) and has written book chapters and score prefaces for academic and non-specialist audiences. More recently, she has interviewed and provided programme notes for leading contemporary composers including Mark-Anthony Turnage, Sir James MacMillan and Judith Weir. She teaches at City Lit in central London and is an expert lecturer for Martin Randall Travel.

She is a regular panel leader at the Ludlow English Song Weekend, leading discussions as part of the festival programme since 2017.

Bethany Horak-Hallett



British mezzo soprano Bethany Horak-Hallett is an Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment Rising Star alumni, and a recent Samling Artist. This season she joins the Northampton Bach Choir, Tiffin Oratorio Choir, Sheffield Oratorio Choir, and Huddersfield Choral

Society as guest soloist on the concert platform, and makes her solo recital debut at Bechstein Hall alongside Dylan Perez and Dan D'Souza; she makes her Royal Swedish Opera debut as Cherubino in their new production of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, directed by Linus Fellbom, and will create the role of Yolanda in newly commissioned opera *The Railway Children* by Mark-Anthony Turnage for Glyndebourne Festival Opera; and she will also partner with Delphian Records to record her debut album alongside duo partner Natalie Burch.

Alex Jennings



Alex Jennings is an English actor of stage and screen who has worked extensively with the Royal Shakespeare Company and National Theatre.

For his work on the London stage, Jennings received three Olivier Awards, winning

for *Too Clever by Half* (1988), *Peer Gynt* (1996), and *My Fair Lady* (2003). He is the only performer to have won Olivier awards in the drama, musical, and comedy categories. He is known for his film work, particularly his performance as Alan Bennett in Nicholas Hytner's film *The Lady in the Van* (2015) opposite Dame Maggie Smith. His other film appearances include *The Wings of the Dove* (1997), as Prince Charles in *The Queen* (2006), *Babel* (2006), *Belle* (2013), *Blitz* (2024), *The Phoenician Scheme* (2025), directed by Wes Anderson, and *The Ballad of a Small Player* (2025), directed by Edward Berger.

Jennings has won acclaim for his performances in television including for his portrayal of Edward VIII, the Duke of Windsor, in the Netflix series *The Crown* acting opposite Claire Foy. Recent television appearances include Stephen Frears's *A Very English Scandal* (2018), *Unforgotten* (2018, BAFTA Award nomination as Best Supporting Actor), Steve McQueen's *Small Axe: Mangrove* (2020), *Mr Bates vs the Post Office* (2024), *A Very Royal Scandal* (2024), and *Wolf Hall: The Mirror and the Light* (2024).

Alex was appointed CBE in 2024.

Biographies

Archie John



Archie John is an award-winning composer and conductor from the UK. He creates music suffused with light and fragility which builds its own glistening sonic landscape. As a composer, he is drawn to themes of intimacy, exuberance, and the visual

arts, often inspired by different spiritual traditions from around the world. His music has been performed in the UK, US and Europe, in venues such as Wigmore Hall, The Barbican, The Courtauld, and Conway Hall. He has written for/been performed by a variety of soloists and ensembles including The Riot Ensemble, The London Sinfonietta, Harriet Mackenzie, Flow Unit 3, Jessica Gillingwater, Fretwork, the Atea Wind Quintet, Lumas Winds, Ensemble CHROMA, and Harriet Burns. He is currently an LSO SoundHub Associate, has taken part in the Glyndebourne Opera Unplugged scheme and is the founder of the COLOSSUS COLLECTIVE. His music has been released on October House Records, recorded for BBC Radio 3, and he studied as a Leverhulme Arts Scholar at The Royal Academy of Music where he is currently the Manson Fellow of Composition.

Hannah Lam



Hannah Lam is a composer and instrumentalist described as having a 'real and distinct compositional voice' by Bob Chilcott.

Having studied composition and piano at the Junior Royal Academy of Music,

Hannah is currently undertaking a joint degree in music and mathematics. She has been awarded the ORA Young Composers 2023 winner and has been selected for the 2024 New Music Residency Scheme which will result in a premier at the iconic Royal Albert Hall. Her compositions have premiered at prestigious events such as the Cambridge Summer Festival and the Three Choirs Festival.

Mhairi Lawson



Mhairi Lawson has worked worldwide with companies such as English National Opera, New York City Opera and The Early Opera Company in works by composers from Monteverdi to Puccini. She has sung as soloist with the Halle Orchestra, the Scottish

Chamber Orchestra, The Northern Sinfonia, the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra and period instrument ensembles Les Arts Florissants, the Academy of Ancient Music, The English Concert and the Dunedin Consort.

Her discography ranges from Haydn's *Creation* (Oxford Philharmonic), Scottish Songs and Canzonettas (with Olga Tverskaya), Schubert's Lieder (with Eugene Asti) and works by Vivaldi (*La Serenissima*) to traditional classical Scottish music (*Concerto Caledonia*). Mhairi sings on the award-winning recordings of Purcell's *King Arthur* and *The Fairy Queen*, with the Gabrieli Consort and Players.

Jolyon Loy



Jolyon Loy's recent engagements have included some notable debuts. For The Royal Opera he appeared as Tarquinius (*The Rape of Lucretia*), a co-production with Britten Pears Arts, directed by Oliver Mears and conducted by

Corinna Niemeyer, with performances at Snape Maltings Concert Hall and Linbury Theatre; for English National Opera he appeared as Aye in Phelim McDermott's Olivier award-winning production of Philip Glass's *Akhnaten*; and at Buxton International Festival as Zoroastro (*Orlando*) with Liberata Collective & Ensemble Hesperii. He also took part in *Internationale Opernwerkstatt – Festival der jungen Stimmen* and will return to The Royal Opera in the 2024 / 2025 season.

Awarded an Extraordinary Prize at the 60th Tenor Viñas Competition, Jolyon Loy read French and Italian at Magdalen College, Oxford, furthering his studies at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland, Royal Academy of Music, and, as a Glyndebourne New Generation Artist, at London's National Opera Studio, graduating in 2021. He is a Britten Pears Artist, Winner of the Bayreuth Scholarship at the 2019 Wagner Society Singing Competition and an alumnus of the Verbier Festival's Atelier Lyrique.

Biographies

Ann Murray, DBE



Ann Murray was born in Dublin. She has close links with both the English National Opera, for whom she has sung the title roles in Handel Xerxes and Ariodante and Donizetti Maria Stuarda, and with the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, where her roles have

included Cherubino, Dorabella, Donna Elvira, Rosina, Octavian, new productions of L'Enfant et les Sortilèges, Ariadne auf Naxos, Idomeneo, Mitridate, Re di Ponto, Così fan Tutte, Mosé in Egitto, Alcina and Giulio Cesare.

Her international operatic engagements have taken her to Hamburg, Dresden, Cologne, Berlin, Munich, Paris, Zurich, Brussels, Amsterdam, Milan, Vienna, Salzburg, the Chicago Lyric Opera, Los Angeles Opera and the Metropolitan Opera, New York. In concert, she has appeared with the world's great orchestras and her recital appearances have taken her to Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Geneva, Dresden, Zurich, Frankfurt, Madrid, London, Dublin, the Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich and Salzburg Festivals and both the Konzerthaus and Musikverein in Vienna. Her discography reflects not only her broad concert and recital repertoire but also many of her great operatic roles.

Alexander Papp



Alexander Papp is a 23 year old composer who holds a WH and George Myddleton Award scholarship to study composition at the Royal Academy of Music with Philip Cashian and Rubens Askenar. His studies at the Academy are kindly supported by the Ralph Vaughan Williams

Foundation and the Countess of Munster Musical Trust.

In the UK, his works have been performed in prestigious venues such as the Liverpool Philharmonic Hall, St John's Smith Square and the Purcell Room, Southbank Centre and he has worked with artists such as Flow Unit 3, the Carice Singers, Ensemble 10/10 and the London Chamber Orchestra. His piano trio *SNATCH* was recently broadcast on the BBC Radio 3 New Music Show. Alex's works have also been performed internationally, in Solsona, Catalonia with cellist Gerard Flotats Boix and in Piacenza, Italy at the Conservatorio Nicolini. He has also collaborated with the Brandenburgisches Staatsorchester Frankfurt Oder and conductor Howard Griffiths, where his orchestral music has been used and recorded for educational projects.

Jeremy Sams



Jeremy Sams' credits include:

As Director: *Oklahoma*, *The Rehearsal* (Chichester, also translator); *Peter Grimes* (Grange Park Opera); *Die Fledermaus* and *The Enchanted Island* (The Metropolitan Opera); *The Wizard of Oz* (West End,

Toronto, US tour); *The Sound of Music* (West End and Toronto); *13* (Broadway); *Noises Off* (RNT and Broadway);

Translations: Over 300 songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Wolf; *Fantasio*, *La Perichole* (Garsington Opera); *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* (Royal Opera House); *Die Fledermaus* (Metropolitan Opera); *Merry Widow* (Covent Garden, Metropolitan Opera); *Becket*, *Figaro's Wedding*, *La Bohème*, *The Magic Flute*, Wagner's *Ring Cycle* (ENO); *The Rehearsal* (Chichester); *The Miser and Mary Stuart* (RNT); *Les Parents Terribles* (*Indiscretions* in NYC), *Amour* (Broadway); *The Threepenny Opera* (Donmar, RNT).

As Composer: He has written, arranged and directed music for over 50 shows for theatre, TV/Film and radio including *Enduring Love* (Ivor Novello Award) and *Persuasion* (BAFTA Award).

Ian Tindale



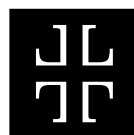
'A wonderfully responsive and assured pianist', Ian Tindale is increasingly in demand as a specialist in song repertoire and chamber music, with recital partners including Ailish Tynan, Roderick Williams, and Robin Tritschler. In 2025, Ian returns to Salle Bourgie

in Montréal with Harriet Burns and Julien Van Mellaerts for an all-Schubert recital, and he will join regular duo partner Nick Pritchard at the Aldeburgh Festival. Highlights in 2024 included performances at the Wigmore Hall in his role as Official Pianist at the Wigmore Hall-Bollinger International Song Competition, and two recitals at the Ludlow English Song Weekend. His release of a disc of Schubert Lieder with Harriet Burns was hailed as 'a very fine disc indeed' (Gramophone), and 2025 will see the release of their second album on Delphian Records.

Ian is the founding Artistic Director of Shipston Song; in 2024 the festival welcomed Ruby Hughes and James Atkinson for recitals and masterclasses in the Cotswolds.



**Friday 10th –
Sunday 12th
April 2026**



The Ludlow English Song Weekend

Ludlow's festival of song will return in 2026, with more top quality concerts and events.

Next spring, we will be celebrating Gerald Finzi, with an extra special, jam-packed Weekend, to mark 70 years since the composer's death. Over one extraordinary Saturday, we'll hear all of Finzi's settings of Thomas Hardy in four unique programmes, each offering a different context and perspective. Performers will include many of our best-loved singers, alongside the UK's most exciting emerging talent. Plus surprises, special guests, and much more.

To hear more and be notified when tickets are released, be sure to join our mailing list at www.ludlowenglishsongweekend.com

BODENHAMS

Established 1860.

MENSWEAR
LADIESWEAR
LINGERIE
GIFTS
GARDEN
& HOME DECOR



1-2 Broad Street, Ludlow

www.bodenhams.co.uk

