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# CHANSON PERPÉTUELLE

FRENCH CHAMBER SONGS

KATHERINE BRODERICK  
JAMES BAILLIEU *piano*

Heath Quartet  
Adam Walker *flute*  
Tim Lowe *cello*



## I TRACK LISTING

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| 1  | <b>SOIR PAÏEN</b>   PHILIPPE GAUBERT (1879–1941)<br><i>for soprano, flute and piano</i>              | 4'38 |
| 2  | <b>LA CAPTIVE H.60</b>   HECTOR BERLIOZ (1803–1869)<br><i>for soprano, cello and piano</i>           | 3'57 |
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| 4  | Aoua   | 4'06 |
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| 11 | <b>VIENS! – UNE FLÛTE INVISIBLE SOUPIRE</b>   ANDRÉ CAPLET (1878–1925)<br><i>for soprano, flute and piano</i>  | 3'02 |
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| 17 | <b>VIOLONS DANS LE SOIR</b>   CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS<br><i>for soprano, violin and piano</i>                      | 6'03 |
| 18 | <b>CHANSON PERPÉTUELLE Op.37</b>   ERNEST CHAUSSON (1855–1899)<br><i>for soprano, string quartet and piano</i> | 6'56 |

Total playing time: **81'10**

Produced by Matthew Dilley (November) and Matthew Bennett (January)  
Engineered by Will Brown  
Recorded on 25th–26th November 2013 and 6th–9th January 2014 in the Music Room,  
Champs Hill, West Sussex, UK

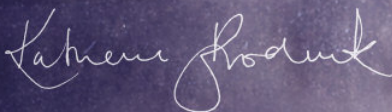
Executive Producer for Champs Hill Records: Alexander Van Ingen  
Label Manager for Champs Hill Records: Matt Buchanan



## FOREWORD

There is an indefinable communication between a singer and pianist in the medium of song. It is quite intimate and, I like to imagine, something akin to telepathy. It is a really exciting experience to add more players into the mix. I always relish the chance to sing with chamber musicians. It's the closest I'll come to knowing the interdependency of the dynamics between players in a string quartet.

I feel so fortunate to know such distinguished musicians. Our collaboration brought such joy and lots of smiles and laughter during the recording process. Thank you Adam and Tim. Thank you Oliver, Cerys, Gary and Chris, the Heath Quartet. Most of all, thank you James!



## PROGRAMME NOTE

Philippe Gaubert (1879–1941) was a celebrated French flautist, conductor and composer. Born in Cahors, he was principal conductor at the Paris Opéra and, in 1907, took part in the first performance of Ravel's *Introduction and Allegro*. Many of his works feature the flute, and the atmospheric *Soir païen*, for voice, flute and piano, dates from 1905.

*La Captive* comes from Victor Hugo's *Les Orientales*, an early collection of poems published in 1829 that conveys the poet's conception of the East, full of colour; 'They are full of superb things', wrote Berlioz to a friend in 1829. Perhaps the most celebrated settings from this pioneering *recueil* are Bizet's 'Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe' and Saint-Saëns's 'L'attente', but 'La Captive' by Berlioz runs them close. It has an interesting compositional history. It was first composed for piano and voice in Subiaco, outside Rome, in 1832, but in December of the same year Berlioz added a discreet part for solo cello, before orchestrating the song in 1834. In 1848 he set about revising the score, changing the key and adding an extra verse that had been omitted in the earlier versions.

Ravel's *Chansons madécasses* were commissioned by Mrs Elizabeth Coolidge, the American patron of the arts, in 1925. Ravel had already bought a set of the complete works of Évariste Parry, the eighteenth-century poet born on the Île de la Réunion in the Indian Ocean. The poet's talent for exotic description, which was later to inspire Leconte de Lisle, attracted Ravel, who immediately set about composing the *Chansons madécasses*. He chose three of the twelve prose poems (nos 12, 5 and 8) which Parry claimed were translations from original Madagascan verse that would give his readers an idea of Madagascan life and customs. Although the poet attempted to substantiate the claim, by stating in the Introduction that 'Ils n'ont point de vers; leur poésie n'est qu'une prose soignée: leur musique est simple, douce et toujours mélancolique', these prose-poems were in fact the product of his own poetic imagination. Parry, who neither set foot in



Madagascar nor knew the Madagascan language, wrote the *Chansons madécasses* in India during 1784–85.

Ravel set his three poems to an accompaniment of ‘if possible’ flute, cello and piano. Thirteen years had passed since his Mallarmé songs, whose lushness and harmonic excesses were now pared down to leaner textures. The three instruments surround the voice which becomes, in effect, the fourth instrument of the quartet. Ravel later admitted his debt to Schoenberg, and in a biographical sketch (dictated in 1928 to Roland-Manuel and printed in a special Ravel number of ‘La revue musicale’ of 1938), saw in the work ‘[...] a new dramatic element – the erotic voice, which was introduced by the very subject of Parny’s poems. The work is a sort of quartet with the voice in the role of principal instrument. Simplicity is the keynote.’ The composer’s own approach to the music can be heard in his 1932 recording with Madeleine Grey (EMI: SH 196); despite the exoticism of the verse, there is no sentimentality in his reading, no lingering on erotic detail. The tempi are fast, especially in the second song, where the elaboration of atrocities meted out by whites to the native Madagascans, is conveyed by a voice that grows increasingly hysterical, before it pants slowly to a close on ‘Ils ne sont plus, et nous vivons, et nous vivons libres’. The threatening cry of ‘aoua’ – a stroke of dramatic genius – was added by Ravel himself, as his own copy of Parny’s poems in the Bibliothèque Nationale reveals. Ravel considered his cycle to be among his most important vocal works, and was particularly proud of the way a maximum of expression was achieved by such economy of means.

Ravel’s *Histoires naturelles*, settings of animal poems by Jules Renard, were premiered at a concert presented by the Société Nationale on 12 January 1907, with Ravel himself accompanying Jane Bathori. Despite the tradition of animal music in French music – works by Janequin, Couperin, Rameau, Chabrier and Saint-Saëns spring to mind – the evening was a fiasco. The reason is clear: by

attempting to shape the vocal line to render as closely as possible the natural inflections and rhythms of Renard’s prose-poetry, Ravel ignored the custom of setting the mute ‘e’ as a bona fide syllable. This break with tradition caused certain sections of the audience to whistle and jeer from early in the performance, but the artists persevered to the end and actually encored the final song of the set, ‘La pintade’. Debussy confided to Louis Laloy that Ravel had ‘acted like a conjuror, a fakir, a snake-charmer, who can make flowers grow around a chair’, and Fauré confessed that he was shocked that ‘such things should be set to music.’ Present at that performance was the composer Charles Koechlin, who wrote in the December 1938 issue of the *La Revue musicale*:

In the venerable society founded by Saint-Saëns and Romain Bussine, it was the spirit of the Schola which prevailed. It unleashed itself vehemently that evening, in a stormy revolt against Ravellian conciseness. From the start, one part of the audience was hostile. It behaved in execrable taste, judging the work to be ‘devoid of music’; the silent bars of *Le grillon*, above all, called forth jeers. And when, at the opening bars of the mysterious and marvellous *Martin-pêcheur*, Jane Bathori sang the phrase ‘Ça n’a pas mordu, ce soir’ – with what low and coarse laughter was it received! The Ravellians, and even the more ‘neutral’ listeners, were exasperated by this unqualified attitude [...]

The songs, in which the accompaniment plays the dominant and most pictorial role, are a delight. In *Le paon*, the vain peacock opens his tail to a contrary motion glissando on the black keys; the sound of the cricket in *Le grillon* is suggested by a rhythmic repetition of G sharp; *Le cygne* presents the swan gliding on Debussy-like ripples; in *Le martin-pêcheur*, we hear sliding sevenths alighting on a sustained chord in imitation of the dazzling kingfisher settling on the fishing rod; and the guinea-fowl of *La pintade* hammers out her strident cries to a succession of repeated notes.





Victor Hugo was a poet much prized by Saint-Saëns, who set the text of 'Viens! – Une flûte invisible' twice, first with the title 'Viens!' for two sopranos (1855), and then thirty years later as a solo song, *Une flûte invisible*, for flute, voice and piano, which we hear on this CD – a delicious pastorate with a delightfully catchy and simple vocal line. Hugo's famous poem celebrates his love for Juliette Drouet. During September 1834 and September and October 1835, she was installed in Metz, a hamlet in the Bièvre valley, while Hugo and his family lived at Les Roches. The lovers were separated by the landscape described in the poem. The setting of the same poem by André Caplet dates from 1900, the year before Caplet won the coveted Prix de Rome with his Cantata *Myrrha*, defeating Ravel in the process. Caplet called his song *Viens! – Une flûte invisible* and scored it for flute, voice and piano – a wonderful setting in which the flute arabesques owe a debt to Debussy's 'Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune'. The piano accompaniment is almost orchestral in feel.

Debussy's *Proses lyriques* were published in 1895, and represent a new departure in his mélodies. Following, perhaps, the example of Mussorgsky, Wagner and Cornelius, whose works he knew, and who wrote their own texts to many of their vocal works, he penned four poems in the Symbolist mode that explored sadness, boredom and nostalgia, and the harmful role of memory. Debussy showed the four poems to the poet Henri de Régnier, who recommended two of them [*De rêve* and *De grève*] for publication in his friend Viélé-Griffin's review *Entretiens politiques et littéraires*. Although they are over-written, and poetically a disappointment after the Baudelaire and Verlaine songs that immediately preceded them, they inspired some of Debussy's finest vocal music – almost as a preparation for *Pelléas et Mélisande*, the first version of which was finished the same year. The title of *De fleurs* (dedicated to Mme Chausson) conflates the imagery of Baudelaire's *Les fleurs*



*du mal* and Maeterlinck's *Serres chaudes*. The Baudelairean theme of ennui is associated here with the sultry atmosphere of a greenhouse, where the poet's soul is dissolving, suffocated by the evil flowers. The sun that breeds the heavy scents overpowers the poet's dreams and smothers his creativity. The inescapability of the poet's predicament is reinforced by the oppressive atmosphere of the greenhouse. The sun, usually revered as a source of light, here consumes the poet's soul. The tonal harmonies of the major and minor chords and the slow tempo of the beginning express the poem's prevalent mood of boredom. As the poet becomes more frustrated, the song becomes dramatic, requiring a robust soprano voice. But it dies away, as the minor and major triads reappear to suggest the soul's reluctant acceptance of ennui.

Camille Saint-Saëns composed some 150 songs to English, Italian, German, Spanish and, of course, French texts. His mélodies lack the depth of his pupil Fauré's, but there is a clarity and energy about them that have ensured their survival in the repertoire; and a few, such as 'Le pas d'armes de Roi Jean', 'L'attente', 'La cloche', 'Tournoiement' and 'Danse macabre' can stand comparison with the very best. *Violons dans le soir* dates from 1907. It is one of several songs with instrumental obbligato – here the violin which, despite an element of bravura, enters into dialogue with both the piano and voice, and illustrates the mood of Comtesse Anna de Noailles's poem.

Ernest Chausson published 35 mélodies for voice and piano, two for voice and orchestra, and *Chanson perpétuelle*, which was originally written for voice and orchestra, but is better known in the version for voice, piano and string quartet, which we hear on this CD. Composed in December 1898 just before his death, *Chanson perpétuelle* sets a poem by Charles Cross about the desperate plight of a woman whose lover has deserted her. The poem is set to continuous music, and

the woman's aching sadness is mirrored in the ebb and flow of the accompaniment: we hear the voice start in the minor, climb a fifth, then fall to the tonic again; and this pattern is repeated throughout the song, thus implying the perpetual recurrence of the title. Of the 16 tercets, Chausson set only 12, omitting four of Cros's stanzas for obvious reasons: the sixth for its lubricious innuendo, the tenth for its incongruity, and the final two for their similarity to 'Les papillons'. He presumably changed Cros's original title ('Nocturne') because he had already composed a 'Nocturne' as the first song of his Opus 8, to a poem by Bouchor. The voice is placed above the accompaniment and declaims rather than sings the text. Significantly for such numbed feeling, the vocal line is devoid of luxuriating melismas. It was his final song.

*Richard Stokes*

## SONG TEXTS

### 1 SOIR PAÏËN

Albert Samain (1858–1900)

C'est un beau soir couleur de rose et  
d'ambre clair.

Le temple d'Adonis, en haut du promontoire,  
Découpe sur fond d'or sa colonnade  
noire;

Et la première étoile a brillé sur la mer...

Pendant qu'un roseau pur module un  
lent accord,

Là-bas, Pan accoudé sur les monts se soulève  
Pour voir danser, pieds nus, les nymphes  
sur la grève;

Et des vaisseaux d'Asie embaument le  
vieux port...

Des femmes, épuisant tout bas l'heure  
incertaine,

Causent, l'urne appuyée au bord de  
la fontaine,

Et les boeufs accouplés délaissent le sillon.

La nuit vient, parfumée aux roses de Syrie...  
Et Diane au croissant clair, ce soir en rêverie,  
Au fond des grands bois noirs, qu'argente un  
long rayon,

Baise ineffablement les yeux d'Endymion.

### PAGAN EVENING

*A beautiful evening – pink and  
clear-ambered –*

*The black colonnade of the temple of Adonis,  
Perched on its promontory, is outlined against  
a gold backdrop;*

*And the first star has lit up the sea ...*

*While a pure reed sounds a soft  
chord*

*Yonder, Pan rises, leaning on the mountains,  
To watch the nymphs dance barefoot on  
the shore;*

*And the ships from Asia scent the old  
port ...*

*Women, using up in the valley the uncertain  
hour,*

*Talk, their urns leaning against the  
fountain's rim,*

*And the yoked oxen abandon the furrow.*

*Night comes, perfumed with Syrian roses ...  
And Diana's clear crescent, dreaming this evening,  
Deep in the vast black forests, silvered by a  
long moonbeam,*

*Kisses ineffably Endymion's eyes.*

## 2 LA CAPTIVE

Victor Hugo

Si je n'étais captive,  
J'aimerais ce pays,  
Et cette mer plaintive,  
Et ces champs de maïs,  
Et ces astres sans nombre,  
Si le long du mur sombre  
N'éteignait dans l'ombre  
Le sabre des spahis.

Je ne suis point tartare  
Pour qu'un eunuque noir  
M'accorde ma guitare,  
Me tienne mon miroir.  
Bien loin de ces Sodomes,  
Au pays dont nous sommes,  
Avec les jeunes hommes  
On peut parler le soir.

Pourtant j'aime une rive  
Où jamais des hivers  
Le souffle froid n'arrive  
Par les vitraux ouverts.  
L'été, la pluie est chaude,  
L'insecte vert qui rôde  
Luit, vivante émeraude,  
Sous les brins d'herbe verts.

J'aime en un lit de mousses  
Dire un air espagnol,  
Quand mes compagnes douces,  
Du pied rasant le sol,  
Légion vagabonde  
Où le sourire abonde,  
Font tourner leur ronde  
Sous un rond parasol.

## THE CAPTIVE GIRL

*If I were not a captive,  
I should love this country,  
And this plaintive sea,  
And these fields of maize,  
And these stars without number,  
If in the wall's dark shadow  
There did not glint  
The spahis' scimitar.*

*I was not born a Tartar  
For a black eunuch  
To tune my guitar  
And hold for me my mirror.  
Far away from this land of Sodom,  
In our native country,  
We can talk when evening falls  
With the young men.*

*And yet I love a land  
Where winter's chill breath  
Never crosses  
wide-open windows.  
In summer the rain is warm,  
And the hovering insects  
Gleam bright emerald  
Beneath the green blades of grass.*

*I love on a bed of moss  
To recite a Spanish air,  
While my sweet companions,  
Feet grazing the ground,  
Nomadic throng  
With generous smiles,  
Dance and whirl  
Beneath an open parasol.*

Mais surtout, quand la brise  
Me touche en voltigeant,  
La nuit j'aime être assise,  
Être assise en songeant,  
L'œil sur la mer profonde,  
Tandis que pâle et blonde,  
La lune ouvre dans l'onde  
Son éventail d'argent.

*But most of all when a breeze  
Lightly brushes my cheek,  
I love to sit at night,  
Sit and dream,  
Gazing on the deep sea,  
While the pale moon  
Opens across the water  
Its silver fan.*

## CHANSONS MADÉCASSES

Évariste Parry

## 3 NAHANDOVE

Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove! L'oiseau nocturne a commencé ses cris, la pleine lune brille sur ma tête, et la rosée naissante humecte mes cheveux. Voici l'heure; qui peut t'arrêter, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Le lit de feuilles est préparé; je l'ai parsemé de fleurs et d'herbes odoriférantes; il est digne de tes charmes, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Elle vient. J'ai reconnu la respiration précipitée que donne une marche rapide; j'entends le froissement de la pagne qui l'enveloppe; c'est elle, c'est Nahandove, la belle Nahandove!

Reprends haleine, ma jeune amie; repose-toi sur mes genoux. Que ton regard est enchanteur! Que le mouvement de ton sein est vif et délicieux sous la main qui le presse! Tu souris, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Tes baisers pénètrent jusqu'à l'âme; tes caresses brûlent tous mes sens; arrête, ou je vais mourir. Meurt-on de volupté, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Le plaisir passe comme un éclair. Ta douce haleine s'affaiblit, tes yeux humides se referment, ta tête se penche mollement, et tes transports s'éteignent dans la langueur. Jamais tu ne fus si belle, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Tu pars, et je vais languir dans les regrets et les désirs. Je languirai jusqu'au soir. Tu reviendras ce soir, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!



## MADAGASCAN SONGS

### NAHANDOVE, O LOVELY NAHANDOVE

*Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove! The nocturnal bird has begun its cries, the full moon shines overhead, and the new-born dew moistens my hair. Now is the hour; who can be delaying you, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!*

*The bed of leaves is prepared; I have strewn it with flowers and sweet-smelling herbs; it is worthy of your charms, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!*

*She comes. I recognized her breathing, quickened by her rapid walk; I hear the rustle of the loin-cloth wrapped around her; it is she, it is Nahandove, lovely Nahandove!*

*Take breath, my little love; rest on my lap. How bewitching your gaze is! How quick and delightful is the motion of your breast beneath a caressing hand! You smile, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!*

*Your kisses reach right into my soul; your caresses set all my senses ablaze: stop, or I shall die. Can one die of delight, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove?*

*Pleasure passes like lightning. Your sweet breath falters, your moist eyes close, your head falls gently forwards, and your ecstasy dies, giving way to languor. Never were you so lovely, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!*

*You leave, and I shall languish in sorrow and desire. I shall languish until evening. You will return tonight, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!*

#### 4 AOUA!

Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs, habitans du rivage. Du tems de nos pères, des blancs descendirent dans cette île. On leur dit: Voilà des terres, que vos femmes les cultivent; soyez justes, soyez bons, et devenez nos frères.

Les blancs promirent, et cependant ils faisoient des retranchemens. Un fort menaçant s'éleva; le tonnerre fut renfermé dans des bouches d'airain; leurs prêtres voulurent nous donner un Dieu Que nous ne connoissons pas; ils parlèrent enfin d'obéissance et d'esclavage. Plûtôt la mort! Le carnage fut long et terrible; mais malgré la foudre qu'ils vomissoient et qui écrasoit des armées entières, ils furent tous exterminés. Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs.

Nous avons vu de nouveaux tyrans, plus forts et plus nombreux, planter leur pavillons sur le rivage. Le ciel a combattu pour nous. Il a fait tomber sur eux les pluies, les tempêtes et les vents empoisonnés. Ils ne sont plus, et nous vivons, et nous vivons libres. Aoua Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs, habitans du rivage.

#### AOUA!

*Aoua! Aoua! Beware of white men, dwellers of the shore. In our fathers' time, white men landed on this island; they were told: here are lands, let your women work them; be just, be kind and become our brothers.*

*The white men made promises, and yet they made entrenchments too. A menacing fort was built; thunder was stored in muzzles of cannon; their priests pressed on us a God we did not know; they spoke finally of obedience and slavery. Sooner death! The carnage was long and terrible; but despite the thunder they spewed and which crushed whole armies, they were all wiped out. Aoua! Aoua! Beware of white men.*

*We have seen new tyrants, stronger and more numerous, setting their tents on the shore: heaven has fought on our behalf; has hurled rains upon them, storms and poisoned winds. They are no more, and we live, and live in freedom. Aoua! Beware of white men, dwellers of the shore.*

#### 5 IL EST DOUX

Il est doux de se coucher, durant la chaleur, sous un arbre touffu, et d'attendre que le vent du soir amène la fraîcheur.

Femmes, approchez. Tandis que je me repose ici sous un arbre touffu, occupez mon oreille par vos accens prolongés. Répétez la chanson de la jeune fille, lorsque ses doigts tressent la natte, ou lorsqu'assise auprès du riz, elle chasse les oiseaux avides.

Le chant plaît à mon âme. La danse est pour moi presque aussi douce qu'un baiser. Que vos pas soient lents; qu'ils imitent les attitudes du plaisir et l'abandon de la volupté.

Le vent du soir se lève; la lune commence à briller au travers des arbres de la montagne. Allez, et préparez le repas.





**IT IS SWEET**

*It is sweet to lie in the heat beneath a leafy tree, and wait for the coolness of the evening wind.*

*Women, draw near! While I rest here beneath a leafy tree, fill my ear with your long-drawn tones. Sing the song of the young girl who, when her fingers braid her plaits, or when she sits beside the rice, chases off the greedy birds.*

*Song pleases my soul; dance is for me almost as sweet as a kiss. Let your steps be slow; let them mime the gestures of pleasure and the abandon of passion.*

*The evening breeze begins to stir; the moon begins to gleam through trees on the mountainside. Go, prepare the feast.*

**HISTOIRES NATURELLES / NATURAL HISTORIES**

Jules Renard

**6 LE PAON**

Il va sûrement se marier aujourd'hui.

Ce devait être pour hier. En habit de gala, il était prêt. Il n'attendait que sa fiancée. Elle n'est pas venue. Elle ne peut tarder.

Glorieux, il se promène avec une allure de prince indien et porte sur lui les riches présents d'usage. L'amour avive l'éclat de ses couleurs et son aigrette tremble comme une lyre.

La fiancée n'arrive pas.

Il monte au haut du toit et regarde du côté du soleil. Il jette son cri diabolique:

Léon! Léon!

C'est ainsi qu'il appelle sa fiancée. Il ne voit rien venir et personne ne répond. Les volailles habituées ne lèvent même point la tête. Elles sont lasses de l'admirer. Il redescend dans la cour, si sûr d'être beau qu'il est incapable de rancune.

Son mariage sera pour demain.

Et, ne sachant que faire du reste de la journée, il se dirige vers le perron. Il gravit les marches, comme des marches de temple, d'un pas officiel.

Il relève sa robe à queue toute lourde des yeux qui n'ont pu se détacher d'elle.

Il répète encore une fois la cérémonie.

**THE PEACOCK**

*He will surely get married today.*

*It was to have been yesterday. In full regalia he was ready. It was only his bride he was waiting for. She has not come. She cannot be long.*

*Proudly he processes with the air of an Indian prince, bearing about his person the customary lavish gifts. Love burnishes the brilliance of his colours, and his crest quivers like a lyre.*

*His bride does not appear.*

*He ascends to the top of the roof and looks towards the sun. He utters his devilish cry:*

*Léon! Léon!*

*It is thus that he summons his bride. He can see nothing drawing near, and no one replies.*

*The fowls are used to all this and do not even raise their heads. They are tired of admiring him. He descends once more to the yard, so sure of his beauty that he is incapable of bitterness.*

*His marriage will take place tomorrow.*

*And, not knowing what to do for the rest of the day, he heads for the flight of steps. He ascends them, as though they were the steps of a temple, with a formal tread. He lifts his train, heavy with the eyes that have been unable to free themselves from it.*

*Once more he repeats the ceremony.*

**7 LE GRILLON**

C'est l'heure où, las d'errer, l'insecte nègre revient de promenade et répare avec soin le désordre de son domaine.

D'abord il ratisse ses étroites allées de sable.

Il fait du bran de scie qu'il écarte au seuil de sa retraite.

Il lime la racine de cette grande herbe propre à le harceler.

Il se repose.

Puis, il remonte sa minuscule montre.

A-t-il fini? Est-elle cassée? Il se repose encore un peu.

Il rentre chez lui et ferme sa porte.

Longtemps il tourne sa clef dans la serrure délicate.

Et il écoute:

Point d'alarme dehors.

Mais il ne se trouve pas en sûreté.

Et comme par une chaînette dont la poulie grince, il descend jusqu'au fond de la terre.





On n'entend plus rien.

Dans la campagne muette, les peupliers se dressent comme des doigts en l'air et désignent la lune.

#### THE CRICKET

*It is the hour when, weary of wandering, the black insect returns from his outing and carefully restores order to his estate.*

*First he rakes his narrow sandy paths.*

*He makes sawdust which he scatters outside the door of his retreat.*

*He files the root of this tall blade likely to annoy him.*

*He rests.*

*Then he winds up his tiny watch.*

*Has he finished? Is it broken? He rests again for a while.*

*He goes inside and shuts the door.*

*For an age he turns his key in the delicate lock.*

*And he listens:*

*Nothing untoward outside.*

*But he does not feel safe.*

*And as if by a tiny chain on a creaking pulley,*

*he lowers himself into the bowels of the earth.*

*Nothing more is heard.*

*In the silent countryside the poplars rise like fingers in the air, pointing to the moon.*

#### 8 LE CYGNE

Il glisse sur le bassin, comme un traîneau blanc, de nuage en nuage. Car il n'a faim que des nuages floconneux qu'il voit naître, bouger, et se perdre dans l'eau. C'est l'un d'eux qu'il désire.

Il le vise du bec, et il plonge tout à coup son col vêtu de neige.

Puis, tel un bras de femme sort d'une marche, il le retire.

Il n'a rien

Il regarde: les nuages effarouchés ont disparu.

Il ne reste qu'un instant désabusé, car les nuages tardent peu à revenir, et, là-bas, où meurent les ondulations de l'eau, en voici un qui se reforme.

Doucement, sur son léger coussin de plumes, le cygne rame et s'approche...

Il s'épuise à pêcher de vains reflets, et peut-être qu'il mourra, victime de cette illusion, avant d'attraper un seul morceau de nuage.

Mais qu'est-ce que je dis?

Chaque fois qu'il plonge, il fouille du bec la vase nourissante et ramène un ver. Il engraisse comme une oie.

#### THE SWAN

*He glides on the pond like a white sledge, from cloud to cloud. For he is hungry only for the fleecy clouds that he sees forming, moving, dissolving in the water. It is one of these that he wants. He takes aim with his beak and suddenly immerses his snow-clad neck.*

*Then, like a woman's arm emerging from a sleeve, he draws it back up. He has caught nothing.*

*He looks about: the startled clouds have vanished.*

*Only for a second is he disappointed, for the clouds are not slow to return, and, over there, where the ripples fade, there is one reappearing.*

*Gently, on his soft cushion of down, the swan paddles and approaches...*

*He exhausts himself fishing for empty reflections, and perhaps he will die, a victim of that illusion, before catching a single shred of cloud.*

*But what am I saying?*

*Each time he dives, he burrows with his beak in the nourishing mud and brings up a worm.*

*He's getting as fat as a goose.*

#### 9 LE MARTIN-PÊCHEUR

Ça n'a pas mordu, ce soir, mais je rapporte une rare émotion.

Comme je tenais ma perche de ligne tendue, un martin-pêcheur est venu s'y poser.

Nous n'avons pas d'oiseau plus éclatant.

Il semblait une grosse fleur bleue au bout d'une longue tige. La perche pliait sous le poids. Je ne respirais plus, tout fier d'être pris pour un arbre par un martin-pêcheur.

Et je suis sûr qu'il ne s'est pas envolé de peur, mais qu'il a cru qu'il ne faisait que passer d'une branche à une autre.





### THE KINGFISHER

*Not a bite, this evening, but I had a rare experience.  
As I was holding out my fishing rod, a kingfisher came and perched on it.  
There is no bird more brilliant.  
He was like a great blue flower at the tip of a long stem. The rod bent beneath the weight. I  
held my breath, so proud to be taken for a tree by a kingfisher.  
And I'm sure he did not fly off from fear,  
but thought he was simply flitting from one branch to another.*

### 10 LA PINTADE

*C'est la bossue de ma cour. Elle ne rêve que plaies à cause de sa bosse.  
Les poules ne lui disent rien: brusquement, elle se précipite et les harcèle.  
Puis elle baisse sa tête, penche le corps, et, de toute la vitesse de ses pattes maigres, elle court  
frapper, de son bec dur, juste au centre de la roue d'une dinde.  
Cette poseuse l'agaçait.  
Ainsi, la tête bleuie, ses barbillons à vif, cocardière, elle rage du matin au soir. Elle se bat sans  
motif, peut-être parce qu'elle s'imagine toujours qu'on se moque de sa taille, de son crâne  
chauve et de sa queue basse.  
Et elle ne cesse de jeter un cri discordant qui perce l'air comme une pointe.  
Parfois elle quitte la cour et disparaît. Elle laisse aux volailles pacifiques un moment de répit.  
Mais elle revient plus turbulente et plus criarde. Et, frénétique, elle se vautre par terre.  
Qu'à-t-elle donc?  
La sournoise fait une farce.  
Elle est allée pondre son œuf à la campagne.  
Je peux le chercher si ça m'amuse.  
Elle se roule dans la poussière, comme une bossue.*



### THE GUINEA-FOWL

*She is the hunchback of my barnyard. She dreams only of wounds, because of her hump.  
The hens say nothing to her: suddenly, she swoops and harries them.  
Then she lowers her head, leans forward, and, with all the speed of her skinny legs, runs and  
strikes with her hard beak at the very centre of a turkey's tail.  
This poseur was provoking her.  
Thus, with her bluish head and raw wattles, pugnaciously she rages from morn to night. She  
fights for no reason, perhaps because she always thinks they are making fun of her figure, of  
her bald head and drooping tail.  
And she never stops screaming her discordant cry, which pierces the air like a needle.  
Sometimes she leaves the yard and vanishes. She gives the peace-loving poultry a moment's  
respite. But she returns more rowdy and shrill. And in a frenzy she wallows in the earth.  
Whatever's wrong with her?  
The cunning creature is playing a trick.  
She went to lay her egg in the open country.  
I can look for it if I like.  
And she rolls in the dust, like a hunchback.*

### 11/16 VIENS! – UNE FLÛTE INVISIBLE

Victor Hugo  
Viens! – une flûte invisible  
Soupire dans les vergers.  
La chanson la plus paisible  
Est la chanson des bergers.

Le vent ride, sous l'yeuse,  
Le sombre miroir des eaux.  
La chanson la plus joyeuse  
Est la chanson des oiseaux.

Que nul soin ne te tourmente.  
Aimons-nous! Aimons toujours!  
La chanson la plus charmante  
Est la chanson des amours.

### COME! – AN UNSEEN FLUTE

*Come! – An unseen flute  
Sighs in the orchards.  
The most peaceful song  
Is the song that shepherds sing.*

*The wind beneath the ilex  
Ruffles the waters' dark mirror.  
The most joyous song  
Is the song that birds sing.*

*Let no worry torment you.  
Let us love! Let us always love!  
The most sweet song  
Is the song that lovers sing.*

**PROSES LYRIQUES**

Claude Debussy

12 **DE RÊVE**

La nuit a des douceurs de femmes!  
Et les vieux arbres, sous la lune  
d'or, songent  
A celle qui vient de passer  
la tête emperlée,  
Maintenant navrée!  
À jamais navrée!  
Ils n'ont pas su lui faire signe ...

Toutes! Elles ont passé:  
Les Frères,  
Les Folles,  
Semant leur rire au gazon grêle,  
Aux brises frôleuses  
La caresse charmeuse  
Des hanches fleurissantes.  
Hélas! De tout ceci, plus rien qu'un  
blanc frisson.

Les vieux arbres sous la lune d'or  
pleurent  
Leurs belles feuilles d'or!  
Nul ne leur dédiera plus la fierté des  
casques d'or  
Maintenant ternis!  
À jamais ternis!  
Les chevaliers sont morts sur le chemin du Gréal!

La nuit a des douceurs de femmes!  
Des mains semblent frôler les âmes,  
Mains si folles, si frères,  
Au temps où les épées chantaient pour Elles! ...  
D'étranges soupirs s'élèvent sous les arbres.  
Mon âme! c'est du rêve ancien qui t'étreint!

**LYRICS IN PROSE****OF DREAMS**

*The night has a woman's softness!  
And the old trees beneath the golden  
moon dream  
Of her who has just gone by,  
her head bespangled,  
Now broken-hearted!  
Forever broken-hearted!  
They were not able to beckon to her ...*

*All! All have gone by:  
The Frail,  
The Foolish,  
Scattering their laughter on the thin grass,  
Casting to the glancing breezes  
The bewitching caress  
Of their bourgeoning hips.  
Alas! of all this nothing is left but a  
pale tremor.*

*The old trees beneath the golden moon  
tearfully shed  
Their lovely golden leaves!  
No one will now devote to them the pride  
of golden helmets  
Now tarnished,  
Forever tarnished!  
The Knights have died in their quest for the Grail!*

*The night has a woman's softness!  
Hands seem to brush the souls,  
Hands so foolish, so frail,  
In the days when swords sang for them! ...  
Strange sighs rise from beneath the trees.  
My soul, you are gripped by some former dream!*

13 **DE GRÈVE**

Sur la mer les crépuscules tombent,  
Soie blanche effilée!  
Les vagues comme de petites folles,  
Jasent, petites filles sortant de l'école,  
Parmi les froufrous de leur robe,  
Soie verte irisée!

Les nuages, graves voyageurs,  
Se concertent sur le prochain orage,  
Et, c'est un fond vraiment trop grave  
À cette anglaise aquarelle.  
Les vagues, les petites vagues,  
Ne savent plus où se mettre,  
Car voici la méchante averse,  
Froufrous de jupes envolées,  
Soie verte affolée!

Mais la lune, compatissante à tous,  
Vient apaiser ce gris conflit,  
Et caresse lentement ses petites amies,  
Qui s'offrent, comme lèvres aimantes  
A ce tiède et blanc baiser.  
Puis, plus rien!  
Plus que les cloches attardées  
Des flottantes églises!  
Angélus des vagues,  
Soie blanche apaisée!

14 **DE FLEURS**

Dans l'ennui si désolément vert  
De la serre de douleur,  
Les Fleurs enlacent mon cœur  
De leur tiges méchantes.  
Ah! quand reviendront autour de ma tête  
Les chères mains si tendrement désenlaceuses?

**OF THE SHORE**

*Dusk falls over the sea,  
Like white, unravelled silk!  
The waves like wild little things  
Chatter, little girls coming out of school,  
Amid their rustling frocks  
Of iridescent green silk!*

*The clouds, grave travellers,  
Consult over the coming storm,  
A background truly too solemn  
For this English watercolour.  
The waves, the little waves,  
No longer know which way to turn,  
For here comes the malicious downpour,  
The rustling of flying skirts,  
The panic of green silk!*

*But the moon, with pity for all,  
Comes to calm this grey conflict,  
And slowly caresses his lady friends,  
Who offer themselves like loving lips  
To this warm, white kiss.  
Then, nothing more!  
Only the belated bells  
Of floating churches!  
Angelus of the waves,  
Smoothed white silk!*

**OF FLOWERS**

*In the tedium so desolately green  
Of sorrow's hothouse,  
The Flowers entwine my heart  
With their wicked stems.  
Ah! when shall they return about my head,  
Those dear hands, so tenderly disentwining?*





Les grands Iris violets  
Violèrent méchamment tes yeux,  
En semblant les refléter,  
Eux, qui furent l'eau du songe  
Où plongèrent mes rêves si doucement  
Enclos en leur couleur;  
Et les lys, blancs jets d'eau de pistils embaumés,  
Ont perdu leur grâce blanche  
Et ne sont plus que pauvres malades sans soleil!

Soleil! ami des fleurs mauvaises,  
Tueur de rêves! Tueur d'illusions,  
Ce pain béni des âmes misérables!  
Venez! Venez! Les mains salvatrices!  
Brisez les vitres de mensonge,  
Brisez les vitres de maléfice,  
Mon âme meurt de trop de soleil!

Mirages! Plus ne re fleurira la joie de mes yeux,  
Et mes mains sont lasses de prier,  
Mes yeux sont las de pleurer!  
Éternellement ce bruit fou  
Des pétales noirs de l'ennui,  
Tombant goutte à goutte sur ma tête  
Dans le vert de la serre de douleur!

#### 15 DE SOIR

Dimanche sur les villes,  
Dimanche dans les cœurs!  
Dimanche chez les petites filles  
Chantant d'une voix informée  
Des rondes obstinées  
Où de bonnes Tours  
N'en ont plus que pour quelques jours!

*The tall violet irises  
Wickedly violated your eyes,  
While seeming to reflect them,  
They, who were the dream-water  
Into which my dreams plunged, so softly  
Enclosed in their colour;  
And the lilies, white pistil-scented fountains,  
Have lost their white grace  
And are but poor, sickly, sunless things!*

*Sun! friend of evil flowers,  
Destroyer of dreams, destroyer of illusions,  
This blessed wafer of wretched souls!  
Come! Come! Redeeming hands!  
Shatter the panes of mendacity,  
Shatter the panes of maleficence,  
My soul is dying of too much sun!*

*Mirages! The joy of my eyes will never re-flower,  
And my hands are weary of praying,  
My eyes are weary of weeping!  
Eternally this insane sound  
Of tedium's black petals  
Falling drop by drop on my head  
In the green of sorrow's hothouse!*

#### OF EVENING

*Sunday over the cities,  
Sunday in people's hearts!  
Sunday for the little girls  
Singing with knowing voices  
Persistent rounds  
In which good Towers  
Have only a few days left!*

Dimanche, les gares sont folles!  
Tout le monde appareille  
Pour des banlieus d'aventure  
En se disant adieu  
Avec des gestes éperdus!

Dimanche les trains vont vite,  
Dévorés par d'insatiables tunnels;  
Et les bons signaux des routes  
Échangent d'un œil unique  
Des impressions toutes mécaniques.

Dimanche, dans le bleu de mes rêves  
Où mes pensées tristes  
De feux d'artifices manqués  
Ne veulent plus quitter  
Le deuil de vieux Dimanches trépassés.

Et la nuit à pas de velours  
Vient endormir le beau ciel fatigué,  
Et c'est Dimanche dans les avenues d'étoiles;  
La Vierge or sur argent  
Laisse tomber les fleurs de sommeil!

Vite, les petits anges,  
Dépassez les hirondelles  
Afin de vous coucher  
Forts d'absolution!  
Prenez pitié des villes,  
Prenez pitié des cœurs,  
Vous, la Vierge or sur argent!

#### 16 UNE FLÛTE INVISIBLE

See track 11

*On Sunday, the stations are frantic!  
Everyone sets out  
For suburb adventures,  
Saying farewell  
With frantic gestures!*

*On Sunday, trains go fast,  
Devoured by insatiable tunnels;  
And the good signals  
Exchange with their single eye  
Wholly mechanical impressions.*

*Sunday, in the blue of my dreams,  
When my thoughts,  
Saddened by fizzled fireworks,  
Will no longer cease  
Mourning for old Sundays dead and gone.*

*And night with velvet tread  
Comes to lull the lovely tired sky to sleep,  
And it is Sunday on the avenues of stars;  
The gold-on-silver Virgin  
Lets fall the flowers of sleep!*

*Quick! you tiny angels,  
Outstrip the swallows,  
That you may go to rest  
Fortified by absolution!  
Take pity on the cities,  
Take pity on the hearts,  
You gold-on-silver Virgin!*





## 17 VIOLONS DANS LE SOIR

Comtesse Anna de Noailles

Quand le soir est venu, que tout est calme enfin  
 Dans la chaude nature,  
 Voici que naît sous l'arbre et sous le ciel divin  
 La plus vive torture.

Sur les graviers d'argent, dans les bois apaisés,  
 Des violons s'exaltent.  
 Ce sont des jets de cris, de sanglots, de baisers,  
 Sans contrainte et sans halte.

Il semble que l'archet se cabre, qu'il se tord  
 Sur les luisantes cordes,  
 Tant ce sont des appels de plaisir et de mort  
 Et de miséricorde.

Et le brûlant archet enroulé de langueur  
 Gémit, souffre, caresse,  
 Poignard voluptueux qui pénètre le cœur  
 D'une épuisante ivresse.

Archets, soyez maudits pour vos brûlants accords,  
 Pour votre âme explosive,  
 Fers rouges qui dans l'ombre arrachez à nos corps  
 Des lambeaux de chair vive!

## 18 CHANSON PERPÉTUELLE

Charles Cros

Bois frissonnants, ciel étoilé,  
 Mon bien-aimé s'en est allée,  
 Emportant mon cœur désolé!

Vents, que vos plaintives rumeurs,  
 Que vos chants, rossignols charmeurs,  
 Aillent lui dire que je meurs!

## VIOLINS IN THE EVENING

*When evening has fallen and all's at last quiet  
 In warm nature,  
 There stirs beneath tree and heavenly sky  
 The most painful agony.*

*On silver gravel, in hushed woods,  
 Frenetic violins are heard:  
 A stream of cries, of sobs and kisses,  
 Unrestrained and unremitting.*

*The violin bow seems to rear and writhe  
 Across the shining strings –  
 For these are true cries of pleasure, death  
 And mercy.*

*And the burning bow in its affliction  
 Groans, suffers and caresses –  
 A voluptuous dagger that pierces the heart  
 With exhausting ecstasy.*

*May you bows be cursed for your scalding chords,  
 For your explosive soul:  
 Molten swords that at night rip from our bodies  
 Shreds of living flesh!*

## PERPETUAL SONG

*Quivering woods, starlit sky,  
 My beloved has gone away,  
 Carrying off my desolate heart!*

*Winds, let your plaintive sounds,  
 Bewitching nightingales, let your songs  
 Tell him I am dying!*

Le premier soir qu'il vint ici  
 Mon âme fut à sa merci.  
 De fierté je n'eus plus souci.

Mes regards étaient pleins d'aveux.  
 Il me prit dans ses bras nerveux  
 Et me baisa près des cheveux.

J'en eus un grand frémissement;  
 Et puis, je ne sais plus comment  
 Il est devenu mon amant.

Je lui disais 'Tu m'aimeras  
 Aussi longtemps que tu pourras!  
 Je ne dormais bien qu'en ses bras.

Mais lui, sentant son cœur éteint,  
 S'en est allée l'autre matin,  
 Sans moi dans un pays lointain.

Puisque je n'ai plus mon ami,  
 Je mourrai dans l'étang, parmi  
 Les fleurs, sous le flot endormi.

Sur le bord arrivée, au vent  
 Je dirai son nom, en rêvant  
 Que là je l'attendis souvent.

Et comme en un linceul doré,  
 Dans mes cheveux défaits, au gré  
 Du vent je m'abandonnerai.

Les bonheurs passés verseront  
 Leur douce lueur sur mon front;  
 Et les joncs verts m'enlaceront.

Et mon sein croira, frémissant,  
 Sous l'enlacement caressant,  
 Subir l'étreinte de l'absent.

*The first evening he came here,  
 My soul was at his mercy.  
 I cared no more for pride.*

*My eyes were full of love,  
 He took me in his strong arms  
 And kissed me on my brow.*

*I was seized by a great trembling;  
 And then, I no longer know how,  
 He became my lover.*

*I said to him: 'Love me  
 As long as you can!'  
 Only in his arms could I sleep soundly.*

*But he, feeling his heart grown cold,  
 Went away one morning  
 Without me, to a distant land.*

*Since I no longer have my lover,  
 I shall die in the pond among  
 The flowers beneath the still water.*

*Halting on the edge, to the winds  
 I'll speak his name, dreaming  
 That there I often awaited him.*

*And as if in a golden shroud,  
 With my flowing hair about me, to the will  
 Of the water I'll abandon myself.*

*Past joys will shed  
 Their gentle light on my brow,  
 And the green rushes will entwine me.*

*And my breast shall believe, trembling  
 Beneath its enfolding arms,  
 It feels the absent one's embrace.*





## BIOGRAPHIES

### KATHERINE BRODERICK

Katherine Broderick has a flourishing career in opera, concert and recital. She studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, where she won the Gold Medal, and at the National Opera Studio. She was the winner of the 2007 Kathleen Ferrier Award.

In recital Katherine collaborates with pianists including Malcolm Martineau, Graham Johnson, Julius Drake, Simon Lepper, Eugene Asti, Joseph Middleton and James Baillieu at venues including Wigmore Hall and St. John's, Smith Square as well as for BBC Radio 3, Oxford Lieder Festival and she appears frequently with The Myrthen Ensemble.

Opera roles include Brunnhilde (*Siegfried*), Ortlinde, Helmwige and Woglinde (*Die Walküre*), Donna Anna (*Don Giovanni*), Tatyana (*Eugene Onegin*), Giorgetta (*Il Tabarro*), Gräfin (*Capriccio*), Marschallin (*Der Rosenkavalier*), Countess (*Marriage of Figaro*), Lady Billows (*Albert Herring*), Miss Jessel (*The Turn of the Screw*), Mrs Coyle (*Owen Wingrave*) Lady Dunmow (*A Dinner Engagement*), roles in concert include Alceste and Ariadne, with companies including English National Opera, Welsh National Opera, Opera North and Opéra National de Lorraine, Leipzig Opera and The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

Katherine sings in concert with LSO, Philharmonia, Hallé, BBC orchestras, Ulster and Bournemouth Symphony orchestras and abroad including the Salzburg Mozarteum, Singapore and Queensland Symphony orchestras and Hong Kong Philharmonic, in repertoire including Mahler symphonies 2, 4 and 8, Mendelssohn *Elijah* and *Lobgesang*, Britten *Spring Symphony* and *War Requiem*, Berlioz *Les nuits d'été*, Strauss *Vier letzte Lieder*, Verdi *Requiem*.

Recordings include Mendelssohn Lieder (Hyperion), Britten Songs (Onyx Classics), *Turn of the Screw* (LSO Live), *Walküre* and *Götterdämmerung* (Hallé), Schumann Lieder (Hyperion) and *Songs for the Turn of a Century: Strauss, Berg and Schoenberg Lieder* (Champs Hill).

## JAMES BAILLIEU

Described by *The Daily Telegraph* as ‘in a class of his own’, James Baillieu is a prize-winner of the Wigmore Hall and Das Lied International Song competitions, and the Kathleen Ferrier and Richard Tauber competitions. He was selected for representation by Young Classical Artists Trust (YCAT) in 2010 and in 2012 received a Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship and a Geoffrey Parsons Memorial Trust Award.



photo: Kaupo Kikkas

James has given solo and chamber recitals throughout Europe and further afield. He collaborates with a wide range of singers and instrumentalists from Lawrence Power, Jack Liebeck, Adam Walker, the Elias and Heath quartets to Sir Thomas Allen, Kiri te Kanawa, Annette Dasch, Pumeza Matshikiza, Allan Clayton, Eri Nakamura, Catherine Wyn Rogers, Jacques Imbrailo, Sarah-Jane Brandon, Ben Johnson, Kathryn Rudge, Ian Bostridge, John Mark Ainsley, Ailish Tynan, Benjamin Appl and Mark Padmore. Festivals and venues have included Wigmore Hall, Berlin Konzerthaus, Musikverein, Bridgewater Hall, National Concert Hall Dublin, Festspillene i Bergen, Spitalfields, Aldeburgh,

Cheltenham, Bath, City of London, Aix-en-Provence, St Magnus, Derry and Norfolk & Norwich festivals. As a soloist he has appeared in the Nottingham and Leeds International Series as well as at the Royal Festival Hall with the English Chamber Orchestra.

James has curated a series of concerts in Perth including the Dvorak and Brahms Piano Quintets with the Heath Quartet as well as a series at the Brighton Festival. Recent highlights include a solo recital in Edinburgh, recitals at the Barber Institute, Birmingham, the Oxford Lieder Festival’s Schubert Project, Kettle’s Yard, Cambridge, the Auditorium du Louvre, Paris, a recital tour of Spain and at the Verbier Festival with Mark Padmore. James has recently undertaken his own 11-concert series at Wigmore Hall ‘Introducing James Baillieu’ with Adam Walker, Jonathan McGovern, Ailish Tynan, Robert Murray, Henk Neven, Iestyn Davies, Allan Clayton and Mark Padmore amongst others.

Born in South Africa, James studied at the University of Cape Town and the Royal Academy of Music. He was appointed a Hodgson Junior Fellow in 2007, a Professor of Piano Accompaniment in 2011, and awarded an ARAM in 2012.

## HEATH QUARTET

**Oliver Heath** *violin*

**Cerys Jones** *violin*

**Gary Pomeroy** *viola*

**Chris Murray** *cello*

Since being selected by YCAT and winning 1st Prize at the Tromp Competition in 2008 the Heath Quartet has forged a strong international presence. In 2011 they were awarded a prestigious Borletti-Buitoni Special Ensemble Scholarship and undertook complete Beethoven cycles at the Facyl Festival in Salamanca and in Edinburgh. They went on to win the 2012 Ensemble Prize at the Festspiele Mecklenburg-Vorpommern.





photo: Kaupo Kikkas

Highlights over the last year have included recitals at Wigmore Hall as part of the Emerging Talent scheme, including the premiere of a new work by Luke Bedford and collaborations with Stephen Hough and Ian Bostridge. The Quartet made their debut at the Kissingen Winterzauber, Schwetzingen and Mecklenburg-Vorpommern festivals, the deSingel Arts Centre in Antwerp, Palais des Beaux Arts in Brussels, Berlin Konzerthaus and Stadtstheatre in Grein, and appeared at the Salisbury, Spitalfields and Peasmarsh festivals. They also toured throughout the Netherlands and Argentina, returned to Banff and worked with the Florestan Piano Trio, Tokyo Quartet, Colin Currie, Michael Collins, Joanna MacGregor, Bram van Seembeck and composers Brett Dean and Steven Mackey.

Future engagements include complete Tippett and Bartók cycles, and a recital with the soprano Anna Caterina Antonacci at Wigmore Hall, debut recitals at the Louvre

and Musée d'Orsay in Paris, return visits to the Concertgebouw and their USA debut.

The Heath Quartet was formed in 2002 at the Royal Northern College of Music, under the guidance of the late Dr. Christopher Rowland and Alasdair Tait. The Quartet are Professors of Chamber Music at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama.

#### ADAM WALKER

At the forefront of a new generation of wind soloists, Adam Walker was appointed principal flute of the London Symphony Orchestra in 2009 at the age of 21 and received the Outstanding Young Artist Award at MIDEM Classique in Cannes. In 2010 he won a Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship Award and was shortlisted for the Royal Philharmonic Society Outstanding Young Artist Award.

As a soloist Adam performs with the major UK orchestras including BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra at the Southbank Centre's 'The Rest is Noise' Festival and with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Hallé, Bournemouth Symphony, Northern Sinfonia, City of Birmingham Symphony and is a regular visitor to the BBC National Orchestra of Wales. Further afield he has performed



photo: Kaupo Kikkas

with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, Seattle Symphony, Seoul Philharmonic, Vienna Chamber Orchestra, Solistes Européens, Luxembourg and the RTÉ National Symphony Orchestra. Recital highlights include LSO St. Luke's, City of London Festival, Newbury Spring Festival, Varese (Italy), Mecklenburg-Vorpommern Festspiele and the Utrecht Chamber Music Festival. He appears regularly at Wigmore Hall where he has recently worked with Brett Dean, pianists Angela Hewitt and James Baillieu, guitarist Morgan Szymanski and singers Bernarda Fink and Karina Gauvin.

Recent highlights include his New Zealand debut with the Auckland Philharmonia and Eckehard Stier (Corigliano Pied Piper Fantasy) as well as two performances of the Nielsen Flute Concerto with the Malaysian Philharmonic Orchestra and Carlos. Recital highlights include two appearances at the Wigmore Hall; an evening recital in collaboration with Ailish Tynan, James Baillieu and Alasdair Tait and a late night recital with harpsichordist Mahan Esfahani.

Born in 1987, Adam Walker studied at Chetham's School of Music with Gitte Sorensen and the Royal Academy of Music with Michael Cox, graduating with distinction in 2009 and winning the HRH Princess Alice Prize for exemplary studentship. In 2004 he was a Concerto Finalist in the BBC Young Musicians Competition and in 2007 was selected for representation by Young Classical Artists Trust (YCAT).



TIM LOWE

Tim enjoys a busy and varied career and is quickly emerging as one of the new generation of outstanding young British cellists. He is established as a recitalist and chamber musician appearing regularly in festivals throughout the UK and Europe. He has played as a soloist in all the main concert venues in the UK and in London many times at Wigmore Hall, Purcell Room, Cadogan Hall, St John's, Smith Square. Tim is Guest Principal Cello of the English Chamber Orchestra and tours around the UK and internationally with the ECO and the ECO Ensemble. He has also been Guest Principal at other major orchestras including the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra and the Irish Chamber Orchestra.

This season Tim has performed the Elgar, Walton, Schumann and Dvorak concertos and Tchaikovsky's *Rococo Variations*. He has built a reputation as an outstanding teacher and was by some distance the youngest Professor of Cello in London when he was appointed at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in 2012.

Tim's playing has inspired a number of composers to write new pieces for him and has given many world and UK premieres for solo cello as well as some chamber works. Tim is Artistic Director of York Chamber Music Festival (patron Steven Issertis), an exciting new venture that began in February 2014.