

Sophie Daneman ~ *soprano* Beth Higham-Edwards ~ *vibraphone*
Alisdair Hogarth ~ *piano* Anna Huntley ~ *mezzo-soprano*
George Jackson ~ *conductor* Sholto Kynoch ~ *piano*
Anna Menzies ~ *cello* Edward Nieland ~ *treble*
Sinéad O'Kelley ~ *mezzo-soprano* Natalie Raybould ~ *soprano*
Collin Shay ~ *countertenor* Philip Smith ~ *baritone* Nicky Spence ~ *tenor*
Mark Stone ~ *baritone* Verity Wingate ~ *soprano*

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Although the thought of singing and acting in front of an audience terrifies me, there is nothing I enjoy more than being alone at my piano and desk, the notes on an empty page yet to be fixed. Fortunately I am rarely overheard as I endlessly repeat words and phrases, trying to find the music in them: the exact pitches and rhythms needed to portray a particular emotion often take me an exasperatingly long time to find. One of the things that I love most about writing songs is that I feel I truly get to know and understand the poetry I am setting. The music, as I write it, allows me to feel as if I am inhabiting the character in the poem, and I often only discover what the poem really says to me when I reach the final bar.

This disc features a number of texts either written especially for me (Kei Miller, Tamsin Collison, Andrew Motion, Stuart Murray), or already in existence (Kate Wakeling, Ian McMillan, 4th century Aristotle). It's always such a joy to be able to talk through poems with poets. Many of the works here mark the start of what I hope will be long-term artistic collaborations.

I am eternally indebted to Mary and David Bowerman, and everyone at Champs Hill. It's not an exaggeration to say that Champs Hill's support of my work has changed my life, and many of my new commissions these days originate from someone hearing one of my albums. I thank, too, Arts Council England and the Hildon Foundation for their financial support.

Watching and hearing musicians of discernment bring my music into reality is such a privilege. It's what justifies all those hours trying to find the right notes to fill all those empty pages. A life-affirming experience.

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TRACK LISTING

CHERYL FRANCES-HOAD (*b.1980*)

MAGIC LANTERN TALES *Poems by Ian McMillan*

- | | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|-------|
| 1 | <i>i</i> Marching Through Time | 03'26 |
| 2 | <i>ii</i> Lily Maynard | 06'08 |
| 3 | <i>iii</i> The Ballad of Harry Holmes | 08'30 |
| 4 | <i>iv</i> Mabel Walsh | 04'22 |
| 5 | <i>v</i> Marching Through Time | 03'11 |
- Nicky Spence ~ tenor, Sholto Kynoch ~ piano*

- 6 **STAR FALLING** 01'42
Sholto Kynoch ~ piano

- 7 **BLURRY BAGATELLE** 03'45
Sholto Kynoch ~ piano

- 8 **A SONG INCOMPLETE** *Text by Aristotle* 01'15
Verity Wingate ~ soprano, Sinéad O'Kelley ~ mezzo-soprano, Collin Shay ~ countertenor

- 9 **LOVE BYTES** *Libretto by Tamsin Collison* 05'08
*Verity Wingate ~ soprano, Philip Smith ~ baritone, Beth Higham-Edwards ~ vibraphone
Anna Menzies ~ cello, George Jackson ~ conductor*

- 10 **LAMENT** *Poem by Andrew Motion* 03'12
Anna Huntley ~ mezzo-soprano, Alisdair Hogarth ~ piano

- 11 **INVOKE NOW THE ANGELS** *Poem by Kei Miller* 09'48
*Verity Wingate ~ soprano, Sinéad O'Kelley ~ mezzo-soprano, Collin Shay ~ countertenor
Alisdair Hogarth ~ piano*

THE THOUGHT MACHINE *Poems by Kate Wakeling*

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------------|-------|
| 12 | <i>i</i> Telescope | 03'54 |
| 13 | <i>ii</i> Night Journey | 02'52 |
| 14 | <i>iii</i> Skig the Warrior | 01'20 |
| 15 | <i>iv</i> Rita the Pirate | 01'23 |
| 16 | <i>v</i> New Moon | 03'16 |
| 17 | <i>vi</i> Machine * | 01'05 |
| 18 | <i>vii</i> Shadow Boy | 03'18 |
| 19 | <i>viii</i> Hamster Man | 00'44 |
| 20 | <i>ix</i> Thief | 00'55 |
| 21 | <i>x</i> Comet | 00'46 |

Sophie Daneman ~ soprano, Mark Stone ~ baritone, Sholto Kynoch ~ piano

* *Egg shakers played by Sophie Daneman and Mark Stone*

SCENES FROM AUTISTIC BEDTIMES *Libretto by Stuart Murray*

- | | | |
|----|-------------------|-------|
| 22 | <i>i</i> One | 03'30 |
| 23 | <i>ii</i> Six | 04'28 |
| 24 | <i>iii</i> Twelve | 02'23 |

Edward Nieland ~ treble, Natalie Raybould ~ soprano, Anna Menzies ~ cello

Beth Higham-Edwards ~ vibraphone, Alisdair Hogarth ~ piano, George Jackson ~ conductor

Total playing time: **80'24**

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‘Strongly recommended 21st-century music that should frighten no one but make them pause frequently for thought (not least through her beguilingly idiosyncratic titles)’

Guy Rickards, *Gramophone*, September 2017

Among today’s brightest luminaries, Cheryl Frances-Hoad, born in 1980, has been composing to commission since she was fifteen. Classical tradition – she trained as a cellist and pianist at the Yehudi Menuhin School before going up to Cambridge (Gonville and Caius), gaining a Double First, and then King’s College, London – along with contemporary influences including literature, painting and dance, have contributed to a creative presence provocatively her own. ‘Intricate in argument, sometimes impassioned, sometimes mercurial, always compelling in its authority’ (Robin Holloway, *The Spectator*), her output – widely premiered, broadcast and commercially recorded, reaching audiences from the BBC Proms and festivals to school workshops – addresses all genres from opera, ballet and concerto to song, chamber and solo music.

She’s a composer who cheerfully, skilfully and imaginatively bridges all styles. ‘Everything from the great classical works to jazz, pop and electronic music, anything from Bach to Ligeti, inspires me, and I feel very lucky not to have to worry about whether I’m in or out of fashion musically. I find it really exciting to collaborate with all manner of different artists, as well as people beyond the arts’. In its rhythmic twists, its ‘felt’ more than calculated durations, its brittle attacks, lush harmonies and sudden oases of dawn wilderness, its mischievous denial of the expected, much of her work suggests a self-portrait. ‘Thought and planning aside, composition for me is largely about distilling feeling to the nth degree ... a massively more confident, heart-on-sleeve version of the real me, everything magnified and sent over the edge.’

Winning coveted prizes and awards notwithstanding – 2002, a good year, included a Mendelssohn Scholarship, the Bliss Prize and (jointly) the Harriet Cohen Award – she’s a musician agreeably in touch with society, reality and modern-day economics, taking obstacles in her stride. (The ‘Failure CV’ on her website goes entirely with the person.) ‘I think you have to be determined to the point of utter bloody mindedness ... A thick skin for rejection is very useful, and somewhere (however deep down) you need total self-confidence in what you are writing’ (The Cross-Eyed Pianist, ‘Meet the Artist’, 24 January 2013).

‘Cheryl Frances-Hoad’s music is melodic, passionate, equal parts humour and reverence ... I urge you to become acquainted with this composer’s work ... worth your time’

Stephanie Boyd, *American Record Guide*, March/April 2018

Magic Lantern Tales (November/December 2015) This cycle of five songs sets words by the South Yorkshire poet Ian McMillan from his collection *Magic Lantern Tales* (2014) written in response to interviews and documentary photographs by Ian Beesley. In 1994 Beesley was appointed Artist-in-Residence at the Moor Psychiatric Hospital in Lancaster where the majority of patients suffered from senile dementia or Alzheimer’s. Here he came across a drawer full of glasses and another full of photographs. Some patients had been in the hospital for decades and for those who had died with no living relatives, their last few possessions were placed carefully into these drawers. ‘Many of the photographs,’ remembers Beesley, ‘were related to the First World War, soldiers [...], family gatherings, weddings with the grooms in uniform. These glasses were the glasses they must have used to look at their fading photographs perhaps [in an] attempt to pull back some fading memory. Two simple wooden drawers containing a visual eulogy to forgotten lives. This experience

prompted me to photograph and interview as many men and women who had experienced the First World War before it was too late.

'My cycle,' Frances-Hoad says, 'tells the stories of three of the elderly people interviewed by Beesley: Lily Maynard (101), Harry Holmes (100) and Mabel Walsh (104).

'Lily found a young man cowering in the bushes on her way back from the fair during a thunderstorm. She rather liked him, so she coaxed him out and took him home. They started going out and were planning to get married when he was called up. He went to the Somme (July-November 1916) and never came back. Lily never married.

'Harry Holmes was a decorated war hero, serving at Ypres, when he returned to Bradford to be a painter and decorator. He became good friends with Harry Ramsden (of fish 'n' chip shop fame). The pair loved to while away the hours down the pub, but when Harry R found a teetotal wife, the pub trips had to stop ... until Harry H hatched a cunning plan, for Harry R to buy a dog so that they could walk it (to the pub) every day! This continued for many years, unbeknown to Harry R's wife. When Harry R died, his wife had to start walking the dog. It promptly led her to the pub where Harry H was propping up the bar ...' All Harry ever wanted was 'a stroll, and a pint, and a kiss.

'Mabel Walsh used to go out with J B Priestley before he was famous, but "he was an argumentative bugger" so she had to "jack him in". She found a fiancée who was more her type, but, loading a truck in 1918, he was killed instantly by a tiny piece of shrapnel. She never married.'

The three poems are framed on either side by 'Marching Through Time', offset by a pedalled tolling 'bell' in shades of green – the 'colour' of the note/key E for the composer: 'They marched through the streets of these Northern towns, and their winding sheets and their hospital gowns are not all we remember of these marching

men'. In the course of each number there are telling homage-allusions to songs or individuals associated with the First World War period. I, V – 'The Lads in their Hundreds' (A *Shropshire Lad*, A E Housman/George Butterworth, 1911: Butterworth lost his life, shot through the head, at the Battle of the Somme, August 1916). II – *Keep the Home Fires Burning* (Lena Guilbert Ford/Ivor Novello, 1914: 'They were summoned from the hillside,/They were called in from the glen,/And the country found them ready/At the stirring call for men'). III – *Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit-Bag, and Smile, Smile, Smile* (George and Felix Powell, 1915: 'Smile, boys, that's the style. What's the use of worrying?'). IV – *Elegy* (Thomas Moore/Cecil Coles, 1907: 'When weary wretches sink to sleep/How heavenly soft their slumbers lie!/How sweet is death to those who weep,/To those who weep and long to die!' Coles was killed by a German sniper on the Western Front, April 1918, aged twenty-nine.

Magic Lantern Tales was premiered by Nicky Spence and Iain Burnside at The Venue, Leeds College of Music, as part of the Leeds Lieder Festival, 2 April 2016.

Star Falling (24 July 2004); **Blurry Bagatelle** (2017) '*Star Falling*, a contemplative miniature for piano,' writes the composer, 'was penned and sent as a gift in an attempt to stop a partner from leaving me. It did not have its desired effect (which in retrospect was tremendous luck!). A simple, calm reflection on some of the lines in Else Lasker-Schüler's 1910 poem *Versöhnung* (*Reconciliation*), it was written purely intuitively in a matter of hours.' The sonority and spacing of the 'white' C major close lingers long and achingly. 'We want to wake the night,/Pray in the tongues/That are shaped like harps./[...] And our lips want to kiss,/Why do you hesitate?/Does my heart not verge on yours –/Your blood colors my cheeks red./We want to reconcile with night,/When we embrace we do not die./A big star will fall into my lap.' Lasker-Schüler (1869-1945), 'the Lady Gaga of the Weimar Republic' (Rick Fulker), was notorious in the cafés of Berlin for appearing in costume as a Persian girl or Egyptian boy. *Versöhnung* was published in 1912 in *Der Sturm*,

illustrated by Lasker-Schüler's fellow expressionist, Franz Marc (1880-1916). 'Why did you illustrate [this]?' she asked him, 'are you also painfully lost as I am, that I have no roads anymore, only ravines?'

Blurry Bagatelle was a commission in association with the Royal Philharmonic Society, marking the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Presteigne Festival founded by Adrian Williams in 1983. The fifth of a series of six 'Bagatelles after Beethoven', contributed by six composers – Martin Butler, Jack Sheen, Gabriel Jackson, Michael Zev Gordon, Cheryl, David Knotts – the inspiration of the collection was Beethoven's final set of Bagatelles, published in 1825. Paul Conway writes: '*Blurry Bagatelle* was influenced by Beethoven's Op.126 No.5 (*Quasi allegretto*). Phrases and gestures from the model [though not its G major key] found their way into the new piece, whose title alludes to chords sustained by pedal and fingers. The central episode [*dolce e piangevole*] sets the letters of the name "George Vass" [current artistic director of the Festival] as a nod to his sixtieth birthday year'. Stylistically, the music alludes somewhat to the pages of the *Homages* piano cycle (2009-15). The first performance was given by Tim Horton at St Andrew's Church, Presteigne, 25 August 2017.

A Song Incomplete (17-18 August 2013) This aphorism after Aristotle – 13 bars plus a *lunga pausa* – was written for the wedding of Cheryl and the American trumpeter and percussionist, Brant Tilds, 31 August 2013. The three singers on the occasion were Natalie Raybould (soprano), Jennifer Johnson (mezzo-soprano) and Anita Mackenzie Mills (soprano). 'At the touch of a lover everyone becomes a poet'.

Love Bytes (July 2012), commissioned by the Tête à Tête Festival, sets a text by the librettist Tamsin Collison. 'A virtual romance. Two cyber lovers ask themselves exactly who is on the other end of the line – can you trust your heart in the digital age?' 'Wide-eyed yet restrained excitement' no more, to the fading strains of a vibraphone (she) and cello (he), 'They close their laptops/I-pads/blackberries, pick up their coffee cups and walk off in opposite directions'.

For Jennifer Johnston and Alisdair Hogarth, **Lament** (September 2009), to a poem by the former Poet Laureate, Sir Andrew Motion, 'was written for the Cultural Olympiad "Artists Taking the Lead" project – which we didn't get'. 'Then we shall walk out together as before/Hand in hand through the streets and the parks/Where birds sing when the rain passes away'.

Conceived as a response to Britten's Canticles I and II, 'the cutting edge of the vocal lines increased by their density and the bold gestures of the piano writing' (George Hall, *The Guardian*), **Invoke Now the Angels** (2013), a joint-commission to mark the centenary of Britten's birth, was premiered by The Prince Consort at the Wigmore Hall, 22 November 2013. For the text Cheryl commissioned a poem from the Jamaican poet and essayist Kei Miller. Tensionally, the work phases strikingly between drama, dream and decay.

Commissioned by the Oxford Lieder Festival, **The Thought Machine** (August 2016) sets ten poems from Kate Wakeling's first collection of children's poetry, *Moon Juice* (2016) – an anthology 'full of curious characters and strange situations ... musical, sometimes magical, and full of wonder at the weirdness of the world'. On the one hand, the words and currents, the fantasy, of a child. On the other, the sophistication and tides, the fantasticality, of an adult. Cheryl has journeyed the Schumann road before (*One Life Stand*, 2011), and her way with subtexts, associations, parody and distillation – the notion of obeisance – has always been Schumannesque. At times Robert's *Album for the Young* or *Scenes from Childhood* seem but a step away from *The Thought Machine*. The creator as 'moonstruck maker of charades'. The trickiness of the vocal and piano writing is considerable. Especially, one notes, the attention to pedalling, prolonged depression of the damper (as well as *sostenuto* in 'New Moon') leading to a dancing resonance of overtones and misty images floating in and out of focus. Unexpected twists bring a smile, for one the 'optional egg shaker, or any other percussion instrument that

rattles' allocated to soprano and baritone in the sixth song, 'Machine'. For another the theatrical cues: 'Baritone could act as if asleep in a car' ('Night Journey'); 'Soprano could have been staring horribly at the baritone ... making the baritone freeze' ('Rita the Pirate'). 'Shadow Boy' touches magic; 'Comet', closing the cycle, thrills.

The Thought Machine was given its first performance by Sophie Daneman, Mark Stone and Sholto Kynoch (dedicatees respectively of the second, third and sixth numbers), at the Holywell Music Room, 27 October 2016.

Scenes from Autistic Bedtimes (2012-13) 'Any encounter with disability is for most people an encounter with difference.' Linked by a unifying leitmotif ('It is showertime; it is bedtime'), these three scenes from a projected chamber opera were workshopped in Leeds, with Natalie Raybould among others, during Cheryl's tenure as DARE Cultural Fellow in Opera Related Arts in association with Opera North and the University of Leeds (2010-12). 'I look back on my DARE Fellowship as one of the turning points of my composing career. Being able to concentrate on writing for two years, and having access to such a wealth of operatic and academic knowledge and experience was incredibly valuable, artistically and personally.'

The libretto was the idea of Stuart Murray, Professor of Contemporary Literatures and Film at the University of Leeds, Director of the multidisciplinary Leeds Centre for Medical Humanities, and author of *Representing Autism* (2008), the pioneering book on the condition – one 'surrounded by misunderstanding and often defined by contestation and argument'. 'I do think,' he's said,* 'that historically the representation of autism has largely been a history of misrepresentation. The classic example is that there are still many many people who believe that if you

are autistic you necessarily have special skills, that you're good at maths or memory or calculation or music – a cultural narrative going back to Dustin Hoffman's [autistic savant] character in Barry Levinson's film *Rain Man* from the 1980s.

'Our scenario is about a parent taking a child up to bed. Repeatedly. A lot to do with autism is about repetition. I really like the idea of repeating a whole sequence of events with slight differences. Originally I intended just the internal voice of a child who cannot communicate verbally. But once I'd written the first experience of bedtime from that point of view, I almost immediately, without stopping, went on to the reaction of the parent. So each evening, each bedtime, we have these two voices – competing on the same topic from different angles, asking questions, responding to the moment. Having filmed (and shared) the spinning, twirling, very idiosyncratic movements of the younger of my two autistic sons, Lucas, I was also keen to convey a real sense of his physical presence. The thing I love about opera is that it's all so fantastically artificial, in so many ways so brilliantly preposterous. Those great moments when you realize that it's through the seemingly very artificial that you actually get to a wonderful kind of truth telling.'

For the condition to be shown as it is – manifestation not metaphor – lies at the core of *Autistic Bedtimes*.

* 'Autism and Opera - Two Weeks of *Autistic Bedtimes*', DARE interview, 21 June 2013

SONG TEXTS

MAGIC LANTERN TALES

Poems by Ian McMillan (published 2014 by the Darkroom Press)

1 & 5 **Marching Through Time** (movements 1 & 5)

They marched through the streets
Of these Northern towns
And their winding-sheets
And their hospital gowns
Are not all we remember of these
marching men
Because their stories get told again
and again.

From these Northern towns
They marched through the streets
And the terrible sounds
Of advances, retreats
Are not all we remember of these
innocent boys:
Stories rebuild just what wartime destroys.

And a photograph is a kind of map;
A map of where we've been, where we heard
That story lifting up the tentflap
Of history, that story that hinged on a word
From a 100 year old woman, a 95 year
old man
That turns and returns to where
stories began.

They marched through the light
In these Northern places
To a bomb-blasted night
And the fear on their faces
We should remember as the years slowly pass;
Stories as brittle as glass
Stories as brittle as glass...

2 **Lily Maynard**

Come on Lily,
Let's go walking.
Let's talk as we're walking
And pretend you're young again,
Lily.

Show us where you found him
In the hedge bottom; he was cowering,
Lily, wasn't he? Cowering, Lily.
But you coaxed him from the greenery,
Loved him, taught him how not to cower,
Lily, didn't you? He was smiling.

Come on, Lily,
Let's go walking,
Let's talk as we're walking
And pretend you're young again,
Lily.

Show us where you walked together,
By the meadows. He held your hand
Lily, didn't he? Holding, Lily.

And the sun that spring was amazing
Heating up the air something magical,
Lily, didn't it? He was singing.

Come on Lily,
Let's go walking,
Let's talk as we're walking
And pretend you're young again,
Lily.

Show us the letter they sent him,
Dragged him over to France,
Lily, didn't they? Dragging, Lily?
And you pictured him in a deep trench
Cowering and crying like a baby,
Lily, didn't you? He was weeping.

Come on Lily,
Let's go walking.
We'll talk as we're walking
And pretend you're young again,
Lily.

Show us his last letter, unfold it
Carefully along the creases,
Lily, won't you? Carefully, Lily.
He writes of the wide sky and the stars
And the sunrise like fire,
Lily, doesn't he? He is shining.

Come on, Lily,
Let's go walking.
We'll talk as we're walking
And pretend you're young again,
Lily.

Show us the past now, hold it
Tightly along its faultlines,
Lily, can't you? Tightly, Lily.
Your life has been waiting for him,
And the clock stayed silent,
Lily, didn't it? Time is broken.

Come on, Lily,
Let's go walking,
We'll talk as we're walking
And pretend you're young again,
Lily.

3 **The Ballad of Harry Holmes**

I'll tell you a tale of Harry Holmes
Who fought in the First World War
Who stared through a barbed wire window
At his mates dropping through Death's Door
*And said 'All I want when I get through this
Is a stroll, and a pint, and a kiss.'*

One night when the bombs were falling
He carried his mates through Hell
The sky lit up like bonfire night
His head rang like a bell

*And said 'All I want when I get through this
Is a stroll, and a pint, and a kiss.'*

I guess Harry was a hero;
Well, they all were and so was he
But in the stinking night he spoke to the dark
And whispered 'don't take me..'

*He said 'All I want when this war is done
Is to sit by the sea in the Yorkshire sun'*

Someone shouted 'Harry, it's over!
A bird sang in the silent sky.
The men in the mud shook hands and thanked
Summat that they didn't die

*And said 'All we want now the war is done
Is to sit by the sea in the Yorkshire sun'*

Harry came home to Bradford
And he gazed out from the train
Glad to be back in God's County
Well, the bits he could see through the rain

*And he said 'all I want now I'm back here
Is a stroll and a kiss and a pint of beer'*

He came back to England to win the Peace
Picked up his painting brush
Dragged his ladders through the
Yorkshire streets
'Tek yer time' Harry smiled, 'no rush..'

*He said 'All I want now I'm back here
Is a stroll and a kiss and a pint of beer.'*

Harry was a decorated soldier
Awarded the Military Cross
Now he decorated people's houses
He was the worker and the boss

*He said with a shrug and a cheeky grin
'a medal's just a gaudy lump of tin'*

He fell in with Harry Ramsden
Of chip shop fame, and so
Harry said 'Hello Harry,
Where's that pub I used to know?'

*Harry said with a shrug and a cheeky grin
'A pub's just a palace they keep beer in'*

Harry and Harry: peas in a pod,
One talked paint and one talked chips
But all the words ground to a halt
When the first pint passed their lips

*They sang 'I say, this is the life,
Pass me a beer and find me a wife'*

Harry Ramsden married quite late on
Long after the flush of youth
But his wife didn't like him drinking
So he swallowed the bitter truth

*And sang, 'I say, that was the life
I'll pass on the beer now I've a wife..'*

Harry H missed Harry R
So he hit on a daring plot
Said: Buy a dog to walk each night.
Can she stop yet? She can not!

*And the dog took 'em both to the old
Crown Inn
Where they glugged strong ale and the
odd neat gin*

They drank and talked for many a day
With the dog sat by their side
Harry R spoke of perfect batter
Harry H spoke of gloss with pride

*And the dog took 'em both to the old
Crown Inn
Where they glugged strong ale and the
odd neat gin*

Then Harry R he passed away
To the chip shop in the sky
Harry H went to his funeral
And said Old lad, goodbye

*I lived through Ypres and life's been good
But I shut my eyes and I'm slumped
in't mud.'*

Then Ramsden's widow took the dog
For an evening walk, and it
Dragged her straight to the Crown Inn
tap room
Where her husband used to sit

*'I lived through Ypres and life's been good
But I shut my eyes and I'm slumped
in't mud.'*

I've told you the tale of Harry Holmes
From the War to end all Wars
To a quiet life with a paintbrush
And a medal in a chest of drawers

*He said 'You could say my life was small
But I faced a lot of things and I beat
them all'*

Harry was a hundred when he died
A century: caught and bowled.
Harry's was a story like so many others
Now Harry's tale's been told.

*He said 'You could say my life was small
But I faced lots of things and I beat
them all..'*

4 **Mabel Walsh**

Mabel Walsh sits by the door,
Comfortable in her century's skin.

Strong voice in the Yorkshire air,
Memories bringing back again

The gentle man, his smiling face;
Loading a truck then dropped down dead.

Forgotten in loud History's noise
As life goes by and takes no heed,

But how the moment lingers still
In all the movements of her face
How shrapnel, smaller than a thought
Had made his heart stop there and then.
Now Mabel sits there in the light
And dreams about what might have been:
Their times together through the years
Their children growing strong and tall.
A picnic in a moorland breeze.
He was standing there. And then he fell.
The war locked up so many rooms
And left them just as they once were.
The ticking clock, the hourly chimes
Struck silent by that bastard war.

8 **A SONG INCOMPLETE**

Text by Aristotle

Every heart sings a song, incomplete, until
another heart whispers back. Those who
wish to sing always find a song. At the
touch of a lover, everyone becomes a poet.

9 **LOVE BYTES: A VIRTUAL ROMANCE**

Libretto by Tamsin Collison

Both: I've met a guy/girl online and s/he's
The perfect match for me.

She: Our hobbies are compatible,
He: Our politics agree.
Both: S/he's told me that s/he loves me and
I've given him/her my heart.
She: But all alone in bed at night,
He: That's when the questions start...
He: Is she tall? Is she short?
She: Is he fat? Is he thin?
He: Does she pick at her teeth?
She: Is he weak in the chin?
Both: Is s/he dumb? Is s/he dull?
Is s/he mad? Is s/he mean?
How can I love someone
I've never seen?

Both: We click so well together
That I haven't dared to ask
What kind of person truly lies
Behind the cyber-mask?

He: I don't care if she's a star,
She: Or just an ordinary Joe,

Both: But if s/he's certifiable
Perhaps I ought to know?

He: Is she shy?
She: Is he bald?

He: Does she sweat?
She: Does he stink?
He: Does she play with her food?
She: Does he smoke? Does he drink?
He: Is she wild?
She: Is he weird?
He: Is she young?
She: Is he old?
Both: Am I in love with a lie
I've been sold?
He: Although I think about her
Every hour of every day,
I'm content to live without her,
And that's how it's going to stay.

She: In cyberspace he's everything
I'd wish for in a lover,

Both: But if we met up face to face,
What flaws might I discover?

He: Is she hard in the heart?
Is she thick in the head?

She: Does he cry like a girl?
Is he useless in bed?

He: Does she swear? Does she snore?

She: Is he constantly pissed?
Both: Do I love a person
Who doesn't exist?
She: I'd like to see him, but I know
I might be shattered by
The disappointing truth
About my perfect cyber-guy.
He: I don't want our love to suffer
I don't want our dreams to fall
Both: And so, I guess,
Perhaps it's best
We never meet at all.

10 **LAMENT**

*Words to 'Lament' by Andrew Motion
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Stones cried out
but he never heard them.
Hills cupped him
in their cracked hands
but he slipped through
into the gold fire.

Now that he has been
flown back to me
I must wash the dust
from his feet and face
until I know him
as he was in the beginning.

Then we shall walk out
together as before
hand in hand
through the streets and the parks
where birds sing
when the rain passes away.

Or else the night will lose its wide-eyed
owls but not their hootings,
so death will still call
but from empty flightless spaces.

Or else old black men will lose their drums
and play, instead, their fragile bones
hollow tunes that dirge the meek boys
that died too soon.

Invoke now salvation –
feathers, wings, halos
Invoke now, those
Who have stood in the ways
Of mules and men

Invoke now extraordinary angels
Tonight the fathers' hands are rising
Their belt buckles shining
But where now the angels
To stay the fathers' hands
And the fathers' hands are falling
And the broken boys are crying
But where now the angels
To stay the fathers' hands

Invoke now salvation
And all the muscle of heaven
Invoke now the salamander's fire
Invoke now wings, feathers, halos
Invoke now those

Who have stood in the ways
Of mules and men
Invoke now Zophiel, Wormwood, Uriel
Invoke now extraordinary angels

So when the fathers' hands are rising
The sharpened axes gleaming
Invoke now the angels
that can stay the fathers' hands
because the blades are falling
And the tethered boys are praying
Invoke now the angels
That can stay the fathers' hands

THE THOUGHT MACHINE

Poems by Kate Wakeling (published by The Emma Press)

12 Telescope

O
telescOpe
telescOpe
shOw me
hOw
the mOon
glOws
shOw me
whO
the wOrld
knOws
shOw me

the prOgress
Of
thOse
skybOund
bOodies
frOm the
PlOugh to
cOld
Old
PlutO
shOw me
telescOpe
shOw me
the wOnders
that revOlve
beyOnd
yOur
cOol
pOlished
O

13 Night Journey

When it's like this,
when mum is driving
and everyone is quiet,
heads toppling with sleep,
and the motorway is a dizzy black
slicked with lights,
when it's like this,

11 INVOKE NOW THE ANGELS

Poem by Kei Miller

Tonight the meek boys
Who climb up stony hills
will lay completely still
under guillotines
so wrathful, as if to offer up
their tiny lives
To the large faith of their fathers

Invoke now salvation –
feathers, wings, halos
Invoke now, those
Who have stood in the ways
Of mules and men
Invoke now extraordinary angels

Or else the moons will lose their wicks
and sink as if in search of other flames
And dogs will lose their walkers
and lift their heads as if to bay
at the thin silence above them.

the car is not a mile machine.

It is a thought machine.

New thoughts fizz from nowhere.

New thoughts tick and gleam,
find strange shapes,
strange colours,
build things,
grow wings.

New thoughts sizzle out into the dark.

Old thoughts find new homes,
new roads
or
pop like bubbles.

Worries go slow mo,
fade to grey
and vanish.

Because the car is not a mile machine.

It is a thought machine.

14 **Skig the Warrior**

Skig the warrior was more of a worrier.

He didn't want to spear deer
or pillage villages
or hoot and toot when the crew looted
somewhere new.

He'd rather play Scrabble than join the rack
and rabble.

Yep, Skig was in no hurry to be a warrior.
It only made him worry (and sorrier).

15 **Rita the Pirate**

Let me warn you of Rita, the pirate supreme:
she'll grab all your gold with an ear-splitting
scream.

What she lacks in back teeth she makes up
in back bone;
with her horrible stare, she turns grown
men to stone.

She steers her great boat with her crooked
quick wits
and a cackling crew of rogues, cheats and
misfits.

She'll go head-to-head with a hammerhead
shark
for it's clear that her bite's just as bad as
her bark.

Yes, Rita's old soul is as cold as they come,
there's little feared more than the sound of
her drum.

And they say Rita won't touch a toe on
dry land
but I'd keep your door locked (and the
breadknife to hand).

16 **New Moon**

Moon is
silver sliver.

Moon is
clipped cup
from which to sip
a first drop
of freshly-pressed
moon juice.

Moon is
somersaulting C
in the best moon font.

Moon is fickle flickerer.

Moon is
new lunar lantern
to track a star or two.

But mostly,
moon is
shy to meet
once more
that
old old
sky.

17 **Machine**

My machine, my machine, meet my fine
new machine:
note its clever design, see its marvellous
sheen.

Now, I hear it's the first with this all-
improved screen
that can function as friend, fridge, page,
pet and latrine.

Oh how neatly it fits in your bag, hand
or brain;
it can film all your daydreams and switch
off the rain;
it puts time in reverse if you're missing a
train-
and when troubled just switch all its
settings to SANE.

For this thing was designed by a top
engineer
to delete chance and boredom and wonder
and fear,
so if feeling fed up with the hour, day
or year,
simply turn to the menu and click
<disappear>

18 **Shadow Boy**

Shadow boy's as shy as they come.
Dark as charcoal,
thin as air,
he tiptoes at the heels of his friends,
or lingers
patiently
under trees,
behind the wall,
at the base of a lamppost,
hoping to catch
a friendly foot.

Shadow boy's as shy as they come.
He tries his best
to brave the dark,
daring to grow taller
and taller
as the sun sets.
But come the night,
shy shadow boy can only fade
then wait
until the bright dawn breaks.

19 **Hamster Man**

He's one-half hamster, one-half man,
he rides around in a caravan.

He's six-foot tall with furry ears
(and 107 in hamster years).

He answers the phone with three sharp
squeaks.
He stores ham sandwiches in his cheeks.
His wits are as sharp as his two front teeth
but he turns to mush when scratched
beneath
his chin. Oh Hamster Man's the real deal,
running all night on his giant wheel.
He's one of a kind, there ain't no clan
of rodent men, just Hamster Man.

20 **Thief**

He'll steal your keys,
he'll steal your cheese,
he'll steal your dreams from out your
earhole.
He'll steal your spoons,
he'll steal your tunes,
he'll steal the ball and score an own goal.
He'll steal your van,
he'll steal your plan,
he'll steal the goldfish and the fish bowl.

Why he'll steal the lot from East to West,
he'll steal from North to South,
right before he steals the song I'm singing
here clean out my

21 **Comet**

I'm a spinning, winning, tripping, zipping,
super-sonic ice queen:
see my moon zoom, clock my rocket, watch
me splutter tricky space-steam.

I'm the dust bomb, I'm the freeze sneeze,
I'm the top galactic jockey
made (they think) of gas and ice and
mystery bits of something rocky.

Oh I sting a sherbet orbit, running rings
round star or planet;
should I shoot too near the sun, my tail
hots up: ouch – OUCH – please fan it!

And I'm told I hold the answer to the
galaxy's top question:
that my middle's made of history (no
surprise I've indigestion)

but for now I sprint and skid and whisk and
bolt and belt and bomb it;

I'm that hell-for leather, lunging, plunging,
helter-skelter COMET.

SCENES FROM AUTISTIC BEDTIME

Libretto by Stuart Murray

22 **One**

It is shower time; it is bedtime.
Step, step, step, step, step, step, step,

step, step, step, step, step. There are
twelve, and I am tired. One by one by one
by one by one by one by one by one by
one by one by one by one. At the top I
turn and enter the room, all revealed as the
light goes on. I crouch, perch, as the
clothes come off, top then bottom then
top. I feel in one piece. The water comes
on and I match its sound with mine, my
skin aligned with its flow. I let it start and
stop on me, head to feet, hiding me and
finding me. Tonight I am here all at once.
The water stops and I am out and the
towel comes all the way round me, soft and
fine. Across the landing and into the
bedroom. Patted dry with hands and songs,
I watch the ceiling bend and flow in its
patterns. For some seconds I am gone, not
here but there, but still all at once. Then
pyjamas and bed, quiet in the dark, my
breathing and the thickness of the light
keeping me together.

*Was worried he'd fuss tonight. He didn't
come home happy, but all was fine. He was
properly tired. There's time to clean up
downstairs, to relax even, twenty minutes
of reading before bed. Will he sleep? Can
only wait and see.*

23 **Six**

It is shower time; it is bedtime.

Step, step, step, step, step, step, step, step, step, step, step. There are twelve, and I am tired. One by one by one by one by one by one by one by one by one by one by one. At the top I turn and enter the room, light goes on. Crouch, perch as the clothes come off, top then bottom then top. Am in one piece. The water comes on and we match sounds, skin meeting flow. Let it start and stop on me, head to feet, hiding me and finding me. Tonight, again, I am here all at once. Sing! I too sing! The water stops and I am out and the towel comes all the way round me, soft and fine. Across the landing and into the bedroom. Patted dry with hands and songs, I watch the ceiling bend and flow in its patterns. For some seconds I am gone, not here but there, but still all at once. Then pyjamas and bed, and play: the tickles and the noise and bodies falling together. I can't stop laughing. It is quiet in the dark, my breathing and the thickness of the light keeping me together.

I am very, very tired, and I wonder what others would make of this – night after night of this. He won't let me go – grabs me and makes me lie on the bed. Together in the dark. When it's like this, when he's like this, I feel like I want it as much as he does...

24 **Twelve**

It is shower time; it is bedtime.

Step, step, step, step, step, step, step, step, step, step, step. There are twelve and I am confused. New sound high in the house. It distracts me. Can't find the top of the stairs, don't know which way to turn because the sound is everywhere. It is loud beyond seeing or knowing. I press myself to the floor to make it go – it won't go away so I have to.

What was that? Absolutely everything normal till the top of the stairs and then he just dropped. No crying, no noise, nothing that looked like last night's pain, but when I look in his eyes they won't focus on me. No chance of getting him in the shower, no chance of undressing him. He's impossible to carry and it is all I can do to get him into his door. Stroke his hair as he lay on the bed, curling in on himself. This is as much as we could do today.

Sophie Daneman soprano

Sophie Daneman studied at the Guildhall School of Music and has established an international reputation in a wide range of music. Her passion and affinity for the baroque repertoire has led to her collaborating with many of the world's leading specialists in this field and in particular William Christie and Les Arts Florissants. An accomplished recitalist, Sophie Daneman has appeared at many of the world's major recital venues, including the Wigmore Hall, the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam, the Musikverein Vienna, and Carnegie Hall. In recent years, alongside her singing work, Sophie has also developed a career as a stage director.

Her many opera engagements have included the title role in Rodelinda (Onafhankelijk Toneel); Arianna in *Arianna in Creta* and Cleopatra in *Giulio Cesare* (both for Göttingen Handel Festival); an acclaimed *Mélisande* in *Pelleas et Melisande* (Opéra Comique); Euridice in *Lanima del Filosofo* (Lausanne Opera); Belinda in *Dido and Aeneas* and Euridice in *Orfeo* (Bavarian State Opera); Phedre in *Hippolyte et Aricie* (Nederlandse Reisopera); Eileen in Bernstein's *Wonderful Town* and Susanna in *Le nozze di Figaro* for Grange Park Opera.

Her very extensive discography includes the title roles in Handel's Rodelinda with Nicholas Kraemer (Virgin Classics); Theodora and Acis & Galatea (Gramophone award, Best Baroque Vocal recording) with William Christie for Erato; 3 volumes of Mendelssohn songs for Hyperion with pianist Eugene Asti, a solo disc of Schumann for EMI with Julius Drake and *Masque of Moments* (Linn Records) with Elizabeth Kenny and Theatre of the Ayre.

Her directing credits include Rameau, *Maitre à Danser* (Théâtre de Caen, Bolshoi Theatre, Seoul Arts Centre, BAM New York); semi-staging four of the William



Photograph by Sandra Lousida

Christie and Les Arts Florissants “Jardin des Voix” academy projects which toured in Europe, the U.S., the Far East and Australia; a semi-staging of *Acis & Galatea* at the Yong Siew Toh Conservatory and Monteverdi’s *L’Orfeo with Apollo’s Fire* and conductor Jeanette Sorrell at the Cleveland Institute of Music.

www.hazardchase.co.uk/artists/sophie-daneman



Beth Higham-Edwards *vibraphone*

Beth Higham-Edwards is a percussionist who specialises in contemporary music, chamber music and theatre. She has performed in shows at the National Theatre – including being an original cast member of Michael Longhurst’s *Amadeus*, and Shakespeare’s *Globe* – and semi-staged productions with the Wigmore Hall and Spitalfields Music. She particularly enjoys performing in roles that require movement, acting or elements of cross arts.

She enjoys working with an eclectic range of musicians; ranging from sessions with Mercury Prize-winning Alt J (Infectious Music), Spitfire Audio and composer Charlotte Harding (Nonclassical) to live performances with Alter Bridge, *Bring me the Horizon* and the folk singer, Fionn Regan. She is a founding member of the all-female percussion group Beaten Track Ensemble, with whom she performed to critical acclaim in the Tate Modern’s Alexander Calder exhibition *Performing Sculpture* in the Turbine Hall. As part of this ensemble she has appeared on BBC Radio 3 *In Tune* and *Music Matters*, and performed for world-renowned sculptor Jeff Lowe.

www.bethhighamedwards.com

Photograph by Elisa Spigaroli

Alisdair Hogarth *piano*

With a prominent background as both soloist and song-accompanist, Alisdair Hogarth is a versatile pianist combining a robust technique with a fresh, contemporary approach. He made his concerto debut in 1996 as soloist with the London Philharmonic Orchestra at the Queen Elizabeth Hall and has since performed with a variety of orchestras, including tours of Hungary and the Czech Republic.

Hogarth has appeared on BBC Radio 3 and Classic FM; performances have included recitals at Wigmore Hall, concerts at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, Purcell Room, Cadogan Hall, Bridgewater Hall and Philharmonic Hall, as well as recitals for international festivals.

Committed to song-accompaniment, Hogarth is the director and pianist of The Prince Consort. They made their Wigmore Hall debut in 2009, for which they were joined by Graham Johnson. Their first recording for Linn, Ned Rorem – *On an echoing road* – was *Gramophone* Editor’s Choice, in addition to being named Outstanding in *International Record Review*. The Prince Consort are Associate Artists of the Guildhall School of Music & Drama’s Vocal Department.

Hogarth studied privately with Philip Fowke and at the Royal College of Music with John Blakely where he won the major prizes for piano accompaniment. He acknowledges the kind and generous support of Simon Yates, and Philip and Christine Carne. Hogarth is a Steinway Artist.

Alisdair Hogarth appears by kind permission of Linn Records.



Photograph by Richard Ecclestone

Anna Huntley *mezzo-soprano*

A recipient of the Wigmore Hall/Independent Opera Vocal Fellowship, Anna Huntley was selected for YCAT in 2012 and mentored by Angelika Kirchschrager as part of the Royal Philharmonic Society/YCAT Philip Langridge Mentoring Scheme. As a student, she was a prizewinner of the Das Lied Competition, Berlin and the London Handel Singing Competition and has been featured as a Rising Star in *BBC Music Magazine*. Anna was awarded an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music in 2018.



An outstanding recitalist, she appears regularly through the UK and Europe at Wigmore Hall, Wiener Musikverein, Warsaw Philharmonic Hall, Opéra Lille and at the Klavier-Festival Ruhr, Oxford, Bath and St Magnus festivals, working with many of the world's leading accompanists including Graham Johnson, Julius Drake, Iain Burnside, Simon Lepper and James Baillieu. Highlights of recent seasons include her Wiener Konzerthaus debut with Daniel Harding, Beethoven's *Symphony No.9* with Alexander Vedernikov and the BBC Symphony Orchestra,

Haydn's *Harmoniemesse* with Sir András Schiff, Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* with the City of London Sinfonia, Walter Arlen's *The Song of Songs* with the Wiener Symphoniker, recording it for Japanese TV station NHK and Austria's ORF, as well as a variety of operatic roles for the Israeli Opera, English National Opera, Welsh National Opera and English Touring Opera.

www.annahuntley.com

George Jackson *conductor*

Winner of the 2015 Aspen Conducting Prize, London-born conductor George Jackson came to international attention after stepping in at short notice for Daniel Harding at the Philharmonie de Paris, conducting a programme featuring Ives' Fourth Symphony with Orchestre de Paris. Highlights in 2018 include his company debut as Associate Conductor of Opera Holland Park (*Così Fan Tutte*), a new production for Kammeroper Frankfurt (*Pagliacci*), and concerts with the Opéra Orchestre National Montpellier.

In 2017 he made his Hamburg State Opera debut, conducting the world premiere of *Immer weiter* by Irene Galindo Quero and Jesse Boekman. George has conducted, among others, the London Symphony Orchestra, the ORF Vienna Radio Symphony Orchestra, the Nordwestdeutsche Philharmonie, the Haydn Orchestra di Bolzano e Trento, the RTÉ Concert and Symphony orchestras, the Vienna Chamber Orchestra, the Transylvania State Philharmonic Orchestra, Ensemble Intercontemporain, and Les Arts Florissants.

In 2010, George founded the Vienna-based Speculum Musicae Opera Company, conducting new productions of Pergolesi *La serva padrona* and Charpentier *David et Jonathas*. He has also conducted performances with the Pro Arte Orchestra Vienna of *Die Zauberflöte*, *Der Freischütz*, *La Traviata*, *Fidelio*, *Turandot*, *Der Fliegende Holländer* and *La Bohème*.

www.georgejackson.net





Sholto Kynoch *piano*

Sholto Kynoch is a sought-after pianist who specialises in song and chamber music. He is the founder and Artistic Director of the Oxford Lieder Festival, which won a prestigious Royal Philharmonic Society Award in 2015, cited for its breadth, depth and audacity of programming. Recitals have taken him to Wigmore Hall, Heidelberger Frühling in Germany, the Zeist International Lied Festival in Holland, the LIFE Victoria festival and Palau de la Música in Barcelona, the Opéra de Lille, Kings Place in London, Piano Salon Christophori in Berlin and many other leading venues nationally and internationally.

He has performed with singers including Benjamin Appl, Sophie Daneman, Robert Holl, James Gilchrist, Dietrich Henschel, Katarina Karnéus, Wolfgang Holzmair, Jonathan Lemalu, Stephan Loges, Christoph Prégardien, Joan Rodgers, Kate Royal and Birgid Steinberger, amongst many others. Sholto is also the pianist of the Phoenix Piano Trio, with violinist Jonathan Stone and cellist Christian Elliott, praised for a musical narrative of tremendous, involving depth. He has recorded the first complete edition of the songs of Hugo Wolf, live at the Oxford Lieder Festival. Other recordings include discs of Schubert and Schumann lieder, the complete songs of John Ireland and Havergal Brian with baritone Mark Stone, a recital disc with Anna Stéphany, and several CDs with the Phoenix Trio.

www.sholtokynoch.com

Anna Menzies *cello*

Anna Menzies performs internationally as a chamber musician, recitalist, soloist and continuo player. She was born in Newcastle and studied at the Guildhall School and the RNCM.

Photograph by Rphaelle Photography

A founding member of the Gildas Quartet, Anna has performed at the Wigmore Hall and live on BBC Radio 3. As concerto soloist she has appeared with orchestras including the Sheffield Philharmonic, Tyneside Chamber and the London Musical Arts Ensemble, in addition to recital appearances across the UK including at St-Martin-in-the-Fields and the Purcell Room.



Photograph by Ian Dingle

Anna was a Park Lane Group Young Artist and has been supported by the Richard Carne Trust, Britten-Pears Foundation, and the Arts Council UK. With the Gildas Quartet she is a City Music Foundation Artist.

Active across all genres, Anna enjoys regularly working with living composers and has, among others, collaborated with Sir Harrison Birtwistle and with Sofia Gubaidulina for the UK premiere of her chamber work *Verwandlung* recorded by Sky Arts. Experienced working in theatre and with dancers, Anna performed to critical acclaim with the New English Ballet Theatre for Sadlers Wells.

Anna holds teaching positions at Chetham's School of Music and the Royal Welsh College of Music and Drama.

www.annamenzies.co.uk

Edward Nieland *treble*

Edward Nieland is educated at St George's School, Windsor Castle, where he is a member of the school's Chamber Choir. He is also a pianist, and has performed as a treble soloist in St George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, and in Eton College Chapel. As part of the Chamber Choir he has performed at the Cadogan Hall in London. Alongside his passion for music he is a keen sportsman playing rugby for Windsor, and cricket for Bray CC.

He is delighted to have been chosen as soloist for *Scenes from Autistic Bedtimes*.



Photograph by James Wilkinson

Sinéad O'Kelly *mezzo-soprano*

Sinéad O'Kelly is a mezzo-soprano from Belfast and a young artist at the National Opera Studio in London. She trained at the Royal College of Music in London, where she graduated in 2014 (First Class Honours Degree) and again in 2016 (Masters with Distinction). She studies privately with Ben Johnson.



For the 2016/17 season, Sinéad was a young artist with NI Opera and a BBCNI Young Musicians Platform Award Holder, making many appearances with the Ulster Orchestra. Sinéad is NI Opera's Voice of 2013 having won the main prize and the audience prize at the 2013 Festival of Voice, Glenarm. She made her Royal Albert Hall solo debut singing Persephone in the world premiere of John Barber's oratorio *Seven Seeds*. Sinéad is also a keen advocate of Song repertoire and was recently featured in the London Song Festival and the Oxford Lieder Festival. She is the 2013 winner of the Courtney Kenny English Song Award, attained 2nd place in the RCM's 2014 Joan Chisell Schumann Competition and won the Schubert Song Prize at the 2015 International Mozart Competition.

Sinéad's performances have included *Sesto (Giulio Cesare)* for NOS@Opera North with Chris Alden and David Bates, *Jordan (The Great Gatsby)* and Joanne (Company) in Keith Warner's *Americana* for NOS, and Will Todd's *Mass in Blue* with David Hill and the Will Todd Trio.

www.sineadokelly.com

Natalie Raybould *soprano*

British soprano Natalie Raybould studied at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford University, and the Royal Academy of Music, London, and was awarded an Associateship of the



Photograph by Sam Walton

RAM in 2011 for her contribution to contemporary music. Natalie has worked with Snape Maltings, Opera North, Royal Opera House London, Welsh National Opera, Little Angel Theatre, The Royal Shakespeare Company, The National Theatre, The Old Vic and many others in developing new operas, concert works, music theatre and plays.

Credits include the American and European tours of *Yesterday Tomorrow* (Annie Dorsen), *Harawi* (Messiaen) for London Philharmonia, *FAMA* (Beat Furrer) conducted by the composer, *Pierrot Lunaire* (Schoenberg) for Countess of Wessex's String Orchestra & guests, *Star Me Kitten* (Alexander Schubert) in Berlin and London for the French ensemble soundinitiative, and a disc of Benjamin Britten for RIAS Kammerchor.

www.natalieraybould.co.uk

Collin Shay *countertenor*

Collin Shay is a French-American countertenor living in London. In 2018 he made his Royal Opera debut, starring in the world premiere of Naama Zisser's opera *Mamzer / Bastard*. With the ensemble Musica Poetica he has performed and recorded the works of Franz Tunder for Veterum Musica, and with the ensemble Sacred Bones won the Brian Nisbet Early Music Prize at the Guildhall School of Music. He has performed at Wigmore Hall, the Barbican, Hackney Empire and numerous venues around London. Shay has a bachelors degree from McGill University and trained at the Guildhall School of Music.

www.collinshay.com



Photograph by Bertie Watson

Philip Smith *baritone*

One-time zoologist and National Otter Surveyor of England, Philip hung up his waders to study singing, first at the Birmingham Conservatoire and then with Barbara Robotham at the Royal Northern College of Music, graduating with distinction in 2008. He is a Samling Artist, a Britten-Pears Young Artist Programme alumnus and Crear Scholar. He continues to study with Robert Dean.

In recital Philip has worked with internationally acclaimed pianists including Malcolm Martineau, Roger Vignoles, Joseph Middleton and Alisdair Hogarth. He has performed in Dubai, Poland, Malta, Spain and France as well as across the UK in leading concert venues such as the Wigmore Hall and the Sage Gateshead. He has broadcast live on BBC Radio 3 and performed with world-class orchestras including the Hallé, Royal Liverpool Philharmonics Ensemble 10/10, Manchester Camerata and the Northern Sinfonia with conductors including Sir Mark Elder,

Clark Rundell, David Hill and Nicholas Kraemer. His recordings include *Tit for Tat* (Britten) with Malcolm Martineau and *Epithalamion* and *The Bridal Day* (Vaughan Williams) with the Britten Sinfonia and Joyful Company of Singers conducted by Alan Tongue.

Operatic highlights include Endymion/Charon in *Orpheus* (Rossi) for the Royal Opera House at The Globe, Sid in *Albert Herring* for Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, Papageno in *Die Zauberflöte* at the Teatro Petruzzelli di Bari and Gratiano in *The Merchant of Venice* (André Tchaikowsky) for the Polish National Opera.

www.ssartists.co.uk/artist/philip-smith



Photograph by Helen Tabor

Nicky Spence *tenor*

Hailed by the *Daily Telegraph* as a voice of real distinction, Nicky Spence is fast emerging as one of our brightest young tenors. An artist of great integrity, Nicky Spence's unique skills as a singing actor and the rare honesty in his musicianship are steadfastly earning him a place at the top of the profession.

Nicky's performances include the important debut of *From the House of the Dead* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden and at Teatro Real for Pirzel in *Die Soldaten*. Other highlights include *Les Illuminations* with the New World Symphony in Miami under Mark Wigglesworth, a recital tour of Janáček's *The Diary of One Who Disappeared* and further recital appearances at the Wigmore Hall, Oxford Lieder Festival and Chiltern Festival, Leonard Bernstein's *Songfest* with the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra, projects with Geneva Camerata, the Myrthen Ensemble and the London Mozart Players, Bach's *St Matthew Passion* with the Bach Choir, and the much anticipated release of the last volume in his Strauss Song Series with Roger Vignoles (Hyperion).

On the opera stage, Nicky created the role of Brian in the world premiere of Nico Muhly's opera *Two Boys* at ENO, a role he reprised for his Metropolitan Opera debut in 2013. Becoming a great exponent of Janáček's music, Nicky has notably appeared in *Jenůfa* (La Monnaie, Brussels, ENO); *Katya Kabanova* (Seattle Opera, Opera Holland Park, London) and *The Makropoulos Case* (Oper Frankfurt).

www.nickyspence.com



Photograph by David Bebber



Mark Stone *baritone*

Mark Stone studied at King's College, Cambridge and at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama.

Operatic highlights include the title role in *Don Giovanni* in Berlin, Hamburg, Tokyo and New Zealand; *Il Conte (Le nozze di Figaro)* in Cologne; *Il Conte, Eisenstein and Belcore* at the Welsh National Opera; *Mountjoy* in Britten's *Gloriana* at Covent Garden; title roles in *Rigoletto* for Nevill Holt Opera; and *Wozzeck* in Geneva.

In the United States he has sung Ford, Germont, Papageno, and the title role in *Gianni Schicchi* for Philadelphia Opera, and Guglielmo in Santa Fe, returning in 17/18 for concerts with the Philadelphia Orchestra and Protector (*Written on Skin*) at Philadelphia Opera.

Concert highlights include Adès's *Totentanz* with the New York Philharmonic, Boston Symphony and Danish National Symphony orchestras; Britten's *War Requiem* at La Scala Milan & Xian Zhang, and at the Amsterdam Concertgebouw with Jaap van Zweden; Mahler Symphony No.8 with the Philharmonia & Lorin Maazel; Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* at the BBC Proms with Antonio Pappano; the title role in *Sweeney Todd* with the Bayerischer Rundfunk, Munich; *A Sea Symphony* with the Dusseldorfer Symphoniker & Roger Norrington, and *The Dream of Gerontius* with Vienna Symphony & James Judd.

A keen recitalist, he has sung at Carnegie's Weill Hall in New York and at London's Wigmore Hall.

www.markstone.info

Photograph by Hayley Madden

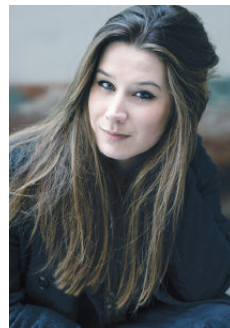
Verity Wingate *lyric soprano*

The recipient of numerous awards and scholarships, lyric soprano Verity Wingate graduated with distinction in her Masters in Performance from the Guildhall School of Music & Drama in 2017, where she studied with Janice Chapman. She was the recipient of the Paul Hamburger Prize for Schubert song and a scholar for both the Samling and Mendelssohn foundations.

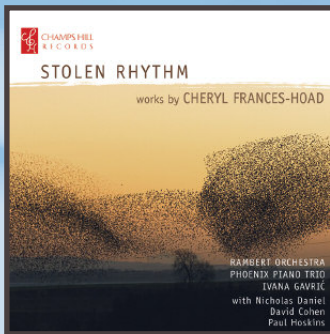
Her engagements have included solo recitals at the Barbican, LSO St Luke's, and the Gewandhaus in Leipzig alongside the celebrated tenor Peter Schreier. She is a member of The Prince Consort, with whom she has appeared at Wigmore Hall, Bath and Harrogate festivals. She appeared live on Classic FM from Wigmore Hall with a recital of love songs for Valentine's Day. As a concert and oratorio soloist, her engagements have included the world premiere of *The King's Revels* by Judith Bingham, Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* and B minor Mass, Handel's *Jephtha*, Mozart's C minor Mass and Requiem, the Brahms *Requiem* and Mahler's 4th Symphony and Janacek's *The Diary of One Who Disappeared*, including at the Aldeburgh Festival, St. Johns Smith Square, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Bath Abbey and Wells Cathedral.

Other engagements have included understudying the role of Pamina as an Alvarez Artist at Garsington Opera 2018; and a recital at Hertfordshire Festival of Music with the pianist and composer Stephen Hough.

www.samling.org.uk/artists/verity-wingate/



ALSO AVAILABLE...



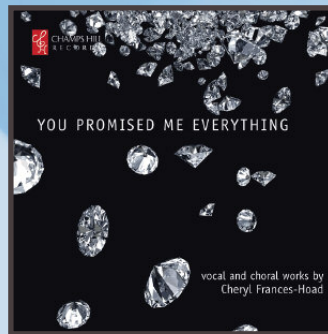
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CHRC0057

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Gramophone

CHRC0090



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American Record Guide