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NIGHTS NOT SPENT ALONE

Complete works for mezzo-soprano
by Jonathan Dove



KITTY WHATELY *mezzo-soprano*
SIMON LEPPER *piano*

I am so delighted to have been given the opportunity to return to the beautiful Champs Hill, and work with this fantastic team again to produce my second album. Having been a huge fan of Jonathan Dove's work for a long time, I was thrilled when BBC Radio 3 commissioned him to write me a song cycle during my time on their New Generation Artists scheme. Jonathan and I had a lovely afternoon singing through lots of different repertoire, and discussing poetry; and the work that Jonathan came up with, *Nights Not Spent Alone*, was absolutely wonderful. Simon Lepper and I were delighted to premier it at the Cheltenham Festival in 2015.

We were even more delighted when the BBC offered to co-produce an entire album of Jonathan's songs with Champs Hill. A lot of these songs have never been recorded before, and aren't performed nearly as much as they should be. They are so full of charm, wit and very immediate poignancy. I really hope that this album will introduce these songs to many who don't already know them, and encourage more singers to perform them.

Huge thanks to our wonderful production team, Nigel Short and Dave Rowell for their tireless work, and patience with my nitpicking; to David and Mary Bowerman for inviting me back and for their warm hospitality and care (particularly as I was six months pregnant when we recorded the album); to the BBC for my time as a NGA, and for this wonderful opportunity; to Simon Lepper for playing with such sensitivity and enthusiasm and being such a thoughtful artistic partner in this project, and to Jonathan Dove for writing such beautiful songs.



JONATHAN DOVE (*b.1959*)1 **MY LOVE IS MINE** (*un-accompanied*) 04'09**FIVE AM'ROUS SIGHS**2 *i* Between Your Sheets 02'493 *ii* Finish 01'044 *iii* My Heart Still Hovering 01'205 *iv* All These Dismal Looks 01'476 *v* Venus 01'02**ALL THE FUTURE DAYS**7 *i* Time Being 01'428 *ii* Autobiography 02'469 *iii* Penelope 03'0910 *iv* Spider 01'3311 *v* Martha 05'1112 *vi* The Siren 05'52**CUT MY SHADOW**13 *i* Surprise 02'3214 *ii* The Guitar 02'5015 *iii* Song of the Dry Orange Tree 03'25**NIGHTS NOT SPENT ALONE**16 *i* Recuerdo 04'2417 *ii* What Lips My Lips Have Kissed 02'5418 *iii* I Too Beneath Your Moon 02'45**ALL YOU WHO SLEEP TONIGHT**19 *i* Condition 01'0520 *ii* Telephone 01'1221 *iii* Across 02'0922 *iv* Prandial Plaint 00'4323 *v* Interpretation 01'0824 *vi* Mistaken 01'4025 *vii* God's Love 00'4026 *viii* Dark Road 01'2827 *ix* Door 02'1428 *x* Night Watch 01'3629 *xi* Voices 01'1830 *xii* Soon 02'3931 *xiii* All You Who Sleep Tonight 01'53

Total playing time: 71'15

Produced by Nigel Short

Engineered, edited and mastered by Dave Rowell

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Booklet photographs of Kitty Whately by Natalie J Watts

Photograph of Jonathan Dove by Andrew Palmer

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While Jonathan Dove is best known for his 25 operas and his commitment to community and children's music, including some very large scale statements, his considerable output of songs show a very different side to his musical persona. Most of these songs were written to commemorate events, friends or people, and several had private first performances with the composer at the piano. Dove's experience as a dramatic composer is shown by his masterful shaping of sequences of poems. Each of the song-cycles recorded here is a well-balanced organism, and there is only one stand-alone song on this CD. It goes without saying that his setting of and response to the poems set is nonpareil.

All the Future Days was commissioned as a birthday present, and premiered at a private concert by Anne Mason (a singer who created roles in Dove's operas *Flight* and *When She Died*) and the composer at Hoxton Hall, London in June 2004. The poems, selected by the commissioner Gerard Hastings, are by Ursula Vaughan Williams, who was a prolific published poet before her liaison with the famous composer. She provided libretti and texts for choral pieces for numerous composers, and Dove joins a long list of composers who have set her poems, among them Gerald Finzi, Alun Hoddinott, Herbert Howells, Elisabeth Lutyens, Elizabeth Maconchy, Anthony Milner, Alan Ridout, Phyllis Tate and Malcolm Williamson.

Dove's settings of these dense conceptual poems, a twentieth century descendant of the Metaphysical poets, is commendably economic and transparent, so that the poems communicate with clarity. The composer writes:

"In a sense, they are all portraits and self-portraits of women: women waiting, women remembering. *Time Being* is a prelude, its "short lifetime" leading to a lifetime recollected in *Autobiography*. *Penelope* describes the origin of painting: before he leaves, Penelope draws the outline of her husband on the wall, anticipating a long wait for his return. *Spider* is an admiring and intimate portrait of the female of the species. *Martha* is the longest song in the cycle: she is only briefly mentioned in the gospels, but the poem lovingly fleshes out her strong character. Finally, *The Siren* is

prefaced by a quotation from the Book of Enoch: "And Uriel said to me: 'Here shall stand the angels that have lain with women...and the women they seduced shall become Sirens'. The siren remembers the fallen angel whose love made her what she is, and whose death she will sing and mourn forever."

Thus we hear, in *Time Being*, a soulful chiming figure in the piano contrasted with something more urgent, which sounds a piano alarm at the conclusion. In *Penelope*, a striking piano figure portrays the outline of her husband, rising to a heartfelt climax, and the *Spider*, despite the gruesome details of her victims, is presented as a *scherzando* song of great delicacy. *Martha*, mentioned in the Gospel of St John for witnessing the raising of her brother Lazarus, is depicted in an austere figure in octaves in the piano, with a simple, almost folk-like vocal line, an earthy portrayal of one lauded for her maturity, strength and common sense. *The Siren* is a virtuoso *tour-de-force* for both performers, with the final perpetual mourning inspiring a defiant vocalise at the conclusion.

A more urbane sensibility is on show in *Five Am'rous Sighs* (1997), commissioned by John Valdimir Price in memory of his mother, the singer Asalie Key Price. These 18th century poems by Mary Wortley Montague and Matthew Prior are satirical and witty, and they are couched in music of pith and simplicity. The whole cycle is bound together by a rising scalar idea, first apparent in the opening of the first song, and by a corresponding descending idea somewhat later in the same song; this simple device provides most of the musical material, reaching a calm apotheosis in the final song. Lady Montague (?1689-1762) was famed for her embassy letters from Ottoman Turkey (she was the wife of the British Ambassador there) and for introducing smallpox inoculation to Britain, though she was a prolific essayist and poet as well. Her contemporary, Matthew Prior (1664-1721) sat in parliament as a commissioner of trade, and was a noted diplomat, though later impeached by Robert Walpole and imprisoned.

All You Who Sleep Tonight (1996) selects poems from the eponymous collection by

the Indian poet Vikram Seth, who later collaborated with Dove on another cycle *Minterne*. Dove has selected eight quatrains that range in subject matter from insomnia to table manners, and five longer poems. The cycle was written for Nuala Willis, who was for a time somewhat of a muse for Dove, creating at least seven of his operatic roles. They met when he accompanied her at the London Palladium for a charity gala, performing *Naughty Songs from the Twenties*, and he would later accompany her in cabaret at London's 'Pizza on the Park'. As Dove put it:

"I wanted to write some songs that would hint at that side of this unique performer – songs she might sing somewhere between a night-club and the Wigmore Hall."

They premiered the work together at the Almeida Theatre, where Dove was at that time Music Advisor, and the cycle is dedicated to director Jonathan Kent. Though the songs have a quicksilver response to the various poems, the mood towards the end tends to the more profound and introspective, with number 12 – *Soon*, a weighty song of premature death – providing the emotional climax. The final song sets the signature poem from the collection as a rapt gesture of conciliation.

It was Kitty Whately, the singer on this album, who suggested the American poet Edna St Vincent Millay (1892-1950) for a new song cycle commissioned by BBC Radio 3 and the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist's Scheme in 2015, and premiered by Kitty Whately and Simon Lepper at the Cheltenham Festival. As the composer says:

"I had considered setting *What lips my lips have kissed*... some years ago, but the other two poems in *Nights Not Spent Alone* were new to me. Together they paint a vivid portrait of this popular poet, who inspired a generation with her frankness about her unconventional life and the skill and power of her writing. I particularly enjoy the tension between the formal control of the verse and the anarchic passions to which it testifies."

The first song, *Recuerdo* ('to remember' in Spanish) is one of St Vincent Millay's most famous poems, charting a couple travelling back and forth on a ferry, sleepless night

at large, maybe conveying the first breathless excitement of a new love affair, with imagery that ranges from the everyday to the exalted. Dove's setting has a darker edge than one might expect from the poem, with a tense regular pulse mixed with a looser-limbed thematic idea, possibly giving a slight hungover feel to the words 'We were very tired/We were very merry'. *What lips my lips have kissed* couches a lament of amorous regret in the form of a sonnet, looking back on an active love life, from the vantage point of age and solitude. Dove's very simple and eloquent setting, in a regular quintuple metre, captures all the powerlessness and regret of the poem. *I too beneath your moon*, another sonnet, is an overtly liberated paean to sexual liberation, couched in shadowy imagery, and Dove mirrors this with sultry, uneasy harmonies and an urgent thrusting rhythm, leading to an unapologetic climax.

The unaccompanied *My Love is Mine* (1997) was written as a wedding present for a ceremony in a Quaker meeting-house, where of course, no instruments were to hand. It is a setting from *The Song of Songs*, which is a rare celebration of sexual love in the scriptures, a joyous and touching monody with an occasional melisma. It was premiered by Nuala Willis.

Dove's ability to tailor his work to the predilections of individual singers is showcased in *Cut My Shadow* (2011), three settings of Federico García Lorca's poems, translated into English by Gwynne Edwards, written for Buddug Verona James, a notably intense and charismatic performer. *Surprise*, a lament for an assassinated man, starts with violent disjunct gestures and proceeds with a sense of accruing tension. *The Guitar* evokes that instrument with an obsessive one bar riff that is harmonized very cunningly. Though the song is predominately sad and withdrawn, it too ends in violence. It is interesting to compare the setting *The Song of the Dry Orange Tree* to that of one of the 20th century's most prominent song composers, Francis Poulenc. Whereas the French composer's is a resigned tragic lament, cushioned with nostalgic harmonies, Dove's setting is acerbic, with fractured dance rhythms, anger and dissonance.

Finish this tedious dangling Trade
By which so many Fools are made,
For Fools they are, who you can please
With such affected arts as these.
At Operas to stand
And slyly press the given hand,
Thus you may wait my whole years in vain
But sure you would, were you in pain,
Finish.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague

4 *iii*

My heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you.
Now we have lived three months asunder
How I lived with you is the wonder.

Matthew Prior

5 *iv*

All these dismal looks and fretting
Cannot Damon's life restore,
Long ago the Worms have eat him,
You can never see him more.

Once again consult your Toilet,
In the Glass your face review,
So much weeping soon will spoil it
And no Spring your Charms renew.

I like you was born a Woman –
Well I know what vapours mean,
The Disease alas! is common,
Single we have all the Spleen.

All the Morals that they tell us
Never cured Sorrow yet,
Chuse among the pretty Fellows
One of humour, Youth, and Wit.

Prithee hear him every Morning
At least an hour or two,
Once again at Nights returning,
– I believe the Dose will do.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague

6 *v*

Venus, take my votive glass;
Since I am not what I was,
What from this day I shall be
Venus, let me never see.

Matthew Prior

ALL THE FUTURE DAYS

TEXT: POEMS BY URSULA VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

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7 **TIME BEING**

Time is, time was, time will be as we play
with variants, mark time, keep time, waste time,
loose time in pastime, hightime, night time, time of day:
these measures flicker through our common speech
as if the word they name, itself, could teach
our haunted actions that there's no escape
from the short lifetime time has power to shape.

8 AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I called them eagles, so they were all eagles
floating above a gulf of olive trees,
Parnassus skies and springs and prophecies
with falling stars and dancers in the night.

I thought of islands, so there were three islands,
each one in morning seas superb and calm
a sycamore, a carob and a palm
against the firefly clustered Pleiades.

I knew it truth, so it became all truth,
my measure stood because I knew no other:
my only truth is that we stand together
even surrounded or when separate.

I name it solitude, so it is solitude
because no other truth can touch the years
that lie like islands till the sun appears
to shape their shores or show their boundaries.

I called it love, a name that has no proof,
so it was love, created and arising,
a bird of fire, feather from flame devising
in light that burns on all the world I know.

9 PENELOPE

Certain parting does not wait its hour
for separation; too soon the shadow lies
upon the heart and chokes the voice, its power
drives on the minutes, it implies
to-morrow while to-day's still here.

They sat by the firelight and his shadow fell
for the last time, she thought, black patterning gold
sharp on the firelit wall. So, to compel
the evening to outlast the morning's cold
dawn by the quayside and the unshed tears,

she took a charred twig from the hearth and drew
the outline of his shadow on the wall.
'These were his features, this the hand I knew.'
She heard her voice saying these words through all
the future days of solitude and fear.

10 SPIDER

Out of herself the spider draws a thread
and runs from leaf to leaf to spread
traditional and intricate
the pattern of her web: makes her estate
upon the air.
She watches with a black unsleeping stare
her net spread in the currents and the tides of day
for winged prey.
Then, having fed,
she wraps the shrivelled bodies of the dead
bumble bee and bottle fly
in twists of web as delicate
as the unopened calyx of a flower.

11 MARTHA

If I am dumb, my hands speak to the earth;
the rain, the soil, the sun bring flowers forth
but I have set the vines and pruned roses,
at my command hedge beyond hedge encloses
the needed herbs and all the seasons' plenty.

Instinct, not thought, fosters my care that glows
on furniture and floors, the light that flows
out into night comes from lamps I keep.
I cherish order from waking until sleep;
no life can thrive without this simple bounty.

If I am loveless, a body moving to age,
yoked in service, I have a living wage
giving continuance of fire and bread:
no hearth remembers, and the hungry, fed,
do not recall the sowing, the green corn.

My hands receive the newborn and the dead
I am their welcome. I make the marriage bed,
I lay the coins on the earth-closed eyes.
I am life's minister, my toil is to be wise;
my heart is proud, my humble hands are worn.

12 THE SIREN

And if I sing
along those coral beaches till the caves
hold echoes murmuring
in every rise and fall of summer waves
clear as iris, curved as swallow's wing,
perfection to perfection answering,
it is of grief, a shadow of lost joy.
My silver tears fall from a ceaseless spring.

An angel, torn from heaven, defeated in the sky,
still lit by glory and still winged with flame,
in reckless beauty for the world to tame,
fell where my island basks on outspread sea,
by bastions of a city crowned with towers,
and terraced vineyards, tapestries of flowers,
down to blue valleys where my orchards lie.

Here mortal love was shelter for a day;
peace in my arms was healing for lost pride;
soon his light faded and his wings fell wide –
O wounded splendour journeying to death.
And even the memory of paradise
sank into silence withered from deep eyes,
as like the shadowed moon he waned away.

But memory wears the blazon of his wing,
gathering me to limbs of fire and dew,
a birth of joy and grief wherein I knew
celestial language, voice of wind and star.
By light transfigured and by shadow slain
these are the songs of heav'n I sing again,
mourning his beauty.
Mourning his beauty of my love I sing.

Singing I weep,
yet bright enchantment falls upon the sea
where the waves reap
their harvest of wrecked ships eternally,
for listening steersmen lose the course they keep,
forget the rocks and drown cold fathoms deep.
For none can share my joy or touch my grief.
I sing for ever and for ever weep.

CUT MY SHADOW

WORDS BY FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY GWYNNE EDWARDS

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13 SURPRISE

He lay dead in the street
With a knife in his heart.
And no one knew him.
How the street-lamp trembled!
Madre!
How the street-lamp trembled!
It was early morning.
No one could look at his eyes,
Open to the harsh air.
He lay dead in the street
With a knife in his heart
And no one knew him.

14 THE GUITAR

The guitar begins
Its weeping.
The goblets of dawn
Are breaking.
The guitar begins
Its weeping.
No one can silence it.
Impossible
To silence it.
It weeps monotonous,
As weeps the water,
As weeps the wind
Above the snowfall.
No one can silence it.

It weeps for distant things.
For the sand of the warm South
Which begs for white camellias;
For arrows without target,
For evening without dawn,
And the first dead bird
On the branch.
Oh, guitar!
A heart fatally wounded
By five swords.

15 SONG OF THE DRY ORANGE TREE

Woodcutter,
Cut my shadow.
Free me from the anguish
Of seeing myself fruitless.

Oh, why was I born among mirrors?
The day moves around me,
And the night reflects me
In each of its stars.

I want to live but not to see myself.
And I shall dream
That my leaves and birds
Are turned into ants and hawks.

Woodcutter,
Cut my shadow.
Free me from the anguish
Of seeing myself fruitless.

NIGHTS NOT SPENT ALONE

POEMS BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

© 1923, 1939, 1951 © 1967 by Edna St. Vincent Millay and Norma Millay Ellis.

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16 RECUERDO

We were very tired, we were very merry –
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.
It was bare and bright, and smelled like a stable –
But we looked into a fire, we leaned across a table,
We lay on a hill-top underneath the moon;
And the whistles kept blowing, and the dawn came soon.

We were very tired, we were very merry –
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry;
And you ate an apple, and I ate a pear,
From a dozen of each we had bought somewhere;
And the sky went wan, and the wind came cold,
And the sun rose dripping, a bucketful of gold.

We were very tired, we were very merry,
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.
We hailed, "Good morrow, mother!" to a shawl-covered head,
And bought a morning paper, which neither of us read;
And she wept, "God bless you!" for the apples and the pears,
And we gave her all our money but our subway fares.

17 WHAT LIPS MY LIPS HAVE KISSED, AND WHERE, AND WHY (SONNET XLIII)

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
Under my head till morning; but the rain
Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh
Upon the glass and listen for reply,
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain
For unremembered lads that not again
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.
Thus in winter stands the lonely tree,
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:
I cannot say what loves have come and gone,
I only know that summer sang in me
A little while, that in me sings no more.

18 I TOO BENEATH YOUR MOON, ALMIGHTY SEX

I too beneath your moon, almighty Sex,
Go forth at nightfall crying like a cat,
Leaving the lofty tower I laboured at
For birds to foul and boys and girls to vex
With tittering chalk; and you, and the long necks
Of neighbours sitting where their mothers sat
Are well aware of shadowy this and that
In me, that's neither noble nor complex.
Such as I am, however, I have brought
To what it is, this tower; it is my own;
Though it was reared To Beauty, it was wrought
From what I had to build with: honest bone
Is there, and anguish; pride; and burning thought;
And lust is there, and nights not spent alone.

ALL YOU WHO SLEEP TONIGHT

POEMS BY VIKRAM SETH

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19 *i* **CONDITION**

I have to speak – I must – I should – I ought ...
I'd tell you how I love you if I thought
The world would end tomorrow afternoon.
But short of that ... well, it might be too soon.

20 *ii* **TELEPHONE**

I see you smile across the phone
And feel the moisture of your hair
And smell the musk of your cologne ...
Hello? Is anybody there?

21 *iii* **ACROSS**

Across these miles I wish you well.
May nothing haunt your heart but sleep.
May you not sense what I don't tell.
May you not dream, or doubt, or weep.

May what my pen this peaceless day
Writes on this page not reach your view
Till its deferred print lets you say
It speaks to someone else than you.

22 *iv* **PRANDIAL PLAIN**

My love, I love your breasts. I love your nose.
I love your accent and I love your toes.
I am your slave. One word, and I obey.
But please don't slurp your coffee in that way.

23 *v* **INTERPRETATION**

Somewhere within your loving look I sense,
Without the least intention to deceive,
Without suspicion, without evidence,
Somewhere within your heart the heart to leave.

24 *vi* **MISTAKEN**

I smiled at you because I thought that you
Were someone else; you smiled back; and there grew
Between two strangers in a library
Something that seemed like love; but you loved me
(If that's the word) because you thought that I
Was other than I was. And by and by
We found we'd been mistaken all the while
From that first glance, that first mistaken smile.

25 *vii* **GOD'S LOVE**

God loves us all, I'm pleased to say –
Or those who love him anyway –
Or those who love him and are good.
Or so they say. Or so he should.

26 *viii* **DARK ROAD**

The road is dark, and home is far.
Sleep now, in the poor state you are.
Tonight be dreamless, and tomorrow
Wake free from fear, half-free of sorrow.

27 *ix* **DOOR**

He dreams beyond exhaustion of a door
At which he knocked and entered years before,
But now no street or city comes to mind
Nor why he knocked, nor what he came to find.

28 *x* **NIGHT WATCH**

Awake for hours and staring at the ceiling
Through the unsettled stillness of the night
He grows possessed of the obsessive feeling
That dawn has come and gone and brought no light.

29 *xi* **VOICES**

Voices in my head,
Chanting, 'Kisses. Bread.
Prove yourself. Fight. Shove.
Learn. Earn. Look for love,'

Drown a lesser voice.
Silent now of choice:
'Breathe in peace, and be
Still, for once, like me.'

30 *xiii* **SOON**

I shall die soon, I know.
This thing is in my blood.
It will not let me go.
It saps my cells for food.

It soaks my nights in sweat
And breaks my days in pain.
No hand or drug can treat
These limbs for love or gain.

Love was the strange first cause
That bred grief in its seed,
And gain knew its own laws –
To fix its place and breed.

He whom I love, thank God,
Won't speak of hope or cure.
It would not do me good.
He sees that I am sure.

He knows what I have read
And will not bring me lies.
He sees that I am dead.
I read it in his eyes.

How am I to go on –
How will I bear this taste,
My throat cased in white spawn –
These hands that shake and waste?

Stay by my steel ward bed
And hold me where I lie.
Love me when I am dead
And do not let me die.

31 *xiii* **ALL YOU WHO SLEEP TONIGHT**

All you who sleep tonight
Far from the ones you love,
No hand to left or right,
And emptiness above –

Know that you aren't alone.
The whole world shares your tears,
Some for two nights or one,
And some for all their years.

Jonathan Dove is the most performed living opera composer in the UK. His twenty-five works in this genre come in all shapes and sizes and form the backbone to his considerable oeuvre. Much of his other music is palpably narrative and dramatic in conception, and covers a great range of subject matter, from contemporary to legendary, fairy-tale to sexual politics, catering to all audiences from children to adult. His two full-scale operas, *Flight* (Glyndebourne 1998) and *The Adventures of Pinocchio* (Opera North 2007) have been produced in America, Europe and Australia; but writing for the community and children is an important priority. As Artistic Director of the Spitalfields Festival from 2001-2006, he highlighted in the programming the diverse immigrant populations residing in East London; and a children's opera, *The Hackney Chronicles*, was designed for local schools to perform. His community cantata, *On Spital Fields*, won the RPS Education award in 2006; and he won the Ivor Novello Award in 2008 for his services to classical music. In 2015 his community opera *The Monster in the Maze*, a co-commission by the Berlin Philharmonic, the LSO and the Aix-en-Provence festival was premiered by Sir Simon Rattle in all three countries, and has since received further productions in France and Taiwan and a British Composer Award.

Hailing from a family of architects, Dove was playing the organ in his local church at the age of twelve, and read Music at Cambridge, studying composition with Robin Holloway. Graduating from the music staff at Glyndebourne, he first gained prominence reducing a series of operas, including *The Magic Flute*, *The Ring of the Nibelung*, and *The Cunning Little Vixen* for Birmingham Opera, then became music advisor at the Almeida Theatre in North London, and wrote a plethora of theatre scores for them, the National Theatre and the Royal Shakespeare Company.

Other associations include Musica nel Chiostro, Batignano (*L'augellino belverde* 1994, *Racconti di speranza e desiderio* 2001-2006); and two television operas for Channel 4: *When She Died (Death of a Princess)*, which achieved record ratings when aired in 2002 because of its controversial subject matter, and *The Man on the Moon* (2006). *The Enchanted Pig* (2006), a Christmas opera for the Young Vic, received an initial

run of 81 performances – unheard of for an opera – let alone a contemporary one. He is also a prolific and popular choral composer. There are a series of works based on his beloved Mozart – *Figures in a Garden* (1991), *An Airmail Letter from Mozart* (1993), *The Magic Flute Dances* (1999), and there is a nod to Beethoven in his 2015 work for violin and piano, Ludwig Games. Material by JS Bach is tellingly diffracted in the *Köthener Messe*, written for the Akademie für Alte Musik, Berlin, which is one of a series of works for period instruments, such as *The Middleham Jewel* (2003), written for an ensemble that includes harpsichord and theorbo and the opera *L'altra Euridice* (2001).

Notable orchestral works include a trombone concerto, *Stargazer* (2001), premiered in 2006 by Ian Bousfield and the London Symphony Orchestra under Michael Tilson-Thomas; *Work in Progress* (2005), a large-scale piece for piano and orchestra, accompanying a film of the construction site from which the Sage Arts Centre, Gateshead, emerged and was premiered at the opening of the building; *Hojoki - An Account of My Hut* (2006) for counter-tenor and orchestra and two later pieces which show a more political predilection – *A Portrait of Aung San Suu Kyi* (2012) and *Gaia Theory* (2014). Other recent works include *Catching Fire*, a 60th birthday tribute to pianist Melvyn Tan, and cantatas *For An Unknown Soldier*, to commemorate the centenary of World War 1, and *A Brief History of Creation* (2016).

www.jonathandove.com



Kitty Whately trained at Chetham's School of Music, the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, and the Royal College of Music International Opera School. She won both the Kathleen Ferrier Award and the 59th Royal Overseas League Award in 2011, and was part of the prestigious Verbier Festival Academy where she appeared as Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro* and in Beethoven's *Choral Fantasy*. Kitty was a BBC New Generation Artist from 2013-15, during which time she recorded her debut solo album *This Other Eden* (Champs Hill Records), made recordings with BBC orchestras, commissioned a new song cycle by Jonathan Dove (included on this album) and made several appearances at the BBC Proms.

Opera highlights include the world premiere of Vasco Mendonca's *The House Taken Over* directed by Katie Mitchell, with performances in Antwerp, Strasbourg, Luxembourg, Bruges and Lisbon; Rosina in *Il barbiere di Siviglia* and Stewardess in Jonathan Dove's *Flight* (Opera Holland Park); Hermia in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Bergen National Opera); Kate in *Owen Wingrave* (Opera National de Lorraine); Dorabella in *Così fan tutte* (English Touring Opera) and Ippolita / Pallade in Cavalli's *Elena* in Montpellier and Versailles for the Aix-en-Provence Festival.

Kitty is in high demand as a concert artist and has given performances with most of the UK's major orchestras, including Duruflé's Requiem and Mozart's Requiem (Royal Philharmonic Orchestra), Bach's B Minor Mass (Royal Northern Sinfonia and Scottish Chamber Orchestra), Beethoven's Mass in C Major (Philharmonia Orchestra), Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Ulster Orchestra), Haydn's Nelson Mass (Britten Sinfonia on tour in Spain and the Netherlands) and Bach's Magnificat (Britten Sinfonia and Choir of King's College Cambridge). Further performances include Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* at St John's Smith Square and Handel's *Messiah* at the Royal Albert Hall. Kitty has given recitals at Wigmore Hall, Leighton House, and the Edinburgh, Oxford Lieder, Leeds Lieder and Buxton festivals, working regularly

with renowned accompanists Roger Vignoles, Graham Johnson, Malcolm Martineau, Gary Matthewman, James Baillieu, Simon Lepper and Joseph Middleton. She premiered Jonathan Dove's song cycle *Nights Not Spent Alone* at the 2015 Cheltenham Festival.

Kitty made her BBC Proms debut in Sir Peter Maxwell Davies' Suite from Act II of *Caroline Mathilde* in 2014. She also appeared in a Chamber Music Prom singing the music of Stephen Sondheim, and as Nancy in a concert performance of Britten's *Albert Herring*. Her frequent performances with the BBC orchestras include De Falla's *The Three Corners Hat* (BBC National Orchestra of Wales). Her recordings include her solo album *This Other Eden*, Ravel's *Sheherazade* with the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra, Canteloube's *Songs of the Auvergne* with the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, and songs by Rogers & Hammerstein, Jerome Kern and Cole Porter with BBC the Concert Orchestra.

www.kittywhately.com





I SIMON LEPPER

Simon read music at King's College, Cambridge. He is a professor of piano accompaniment and a vocal repertoire coach at the Royal College of Music, London where he also co-ordinates the piano accompaniment course. He is an official accompanist BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition.

Performance highlights have included an invitation from the Wigmore Hall, London to present a three concert project on the songs of Joseph Marx; a recital tour with Stéphane Degout which included the Ravinia and Edinburgh festivals; his debut at Carnegie Hall, New York with mezzo Karen Cargill and at the Frick Collection with Christopher Purves; performances of the Schubert song cycles with Mark Padmore including at the Schubertiade, Hohenhems and recitals with Angelika Kirchsclager at La Monnaie, Brussels and at the Wigmore Hall where appearances have included recitals with Christopher Maltman, Elizabeth Watts, Stephan Loges, Sophie Bevan, Sally Matthews and Lawrence Zazzo.

Vocal recordings include Warlock Songs with Andrew Kennedy, two volumes of Debussy Songs and a Strauss disc with Gillian Keith and a disc of Mahler songs with Karen Cargill, as well as a song recital disc with Dame Felicity Palmer, Schubert Songs with Ilker Arcayürek and the complete songs of Jonathan Dove with Kitty Whately.

www.simonlepper.com