

The Lenthall Concerts

Season 2015-16

Atesh Quartet

Peter Knapp (baritone)

Paul Chilvers (piano)

Wednesday, September 30th 2015

Burford School

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piano

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The Lenthall Concerts

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- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------|
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| Palladio | Karl Jenkins |
| Verklärte Nacht op 4 | Schoenberg |

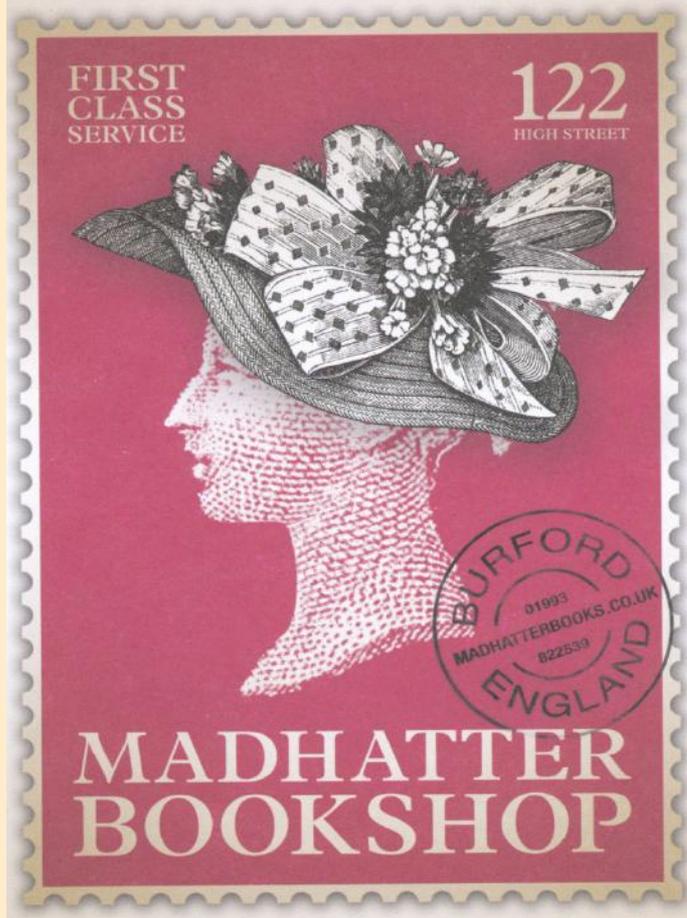
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Programme

String Quartet op 76 no 1 in G Hob.III:75

Joseph Haydn
1732-1809

Allegro con spirito
Adagio sostenuto
Minuet: presto
Finale: Allegro ma non troppo

When Haydn returned from London in 1795 it was to the service of the fourth member of the Esterhàzy family to employ him. Prince Nicholas II was an unsympathetic character but a generous patron of the arts. Haydn's main duty was to compose a yearly mass for the name-day of Nicholas's wife Maria, and this he did from 1796 to 1802 (except for 1798, when *The Creation* intervened). Otherwise he was free to take on commissions from others, amongst them Count Joseph Erdödy (1754-1824), for whom Haydn wrote his last set of six quartets, op.76.

The first movement is quintessential Haydn: a quiet, relaxed tune for the solo cello,

then the viola, then two parts, then four; the whole balancing the rules of counterpoint with joie de vivre. The *adagio* takes the great theme of the slow movement of Haydn's previous quartet, known as "The Rider" and transmutes it into something even more gorgeous: meditative and flowing. The tiny bursts of energy that interrupt the flow hardly change the mood. Labelling the third movement "minuet" was perhaps Haydn's sop to his audience's expectation (he was reportedly sick of writing



The Castle of Esterhazy

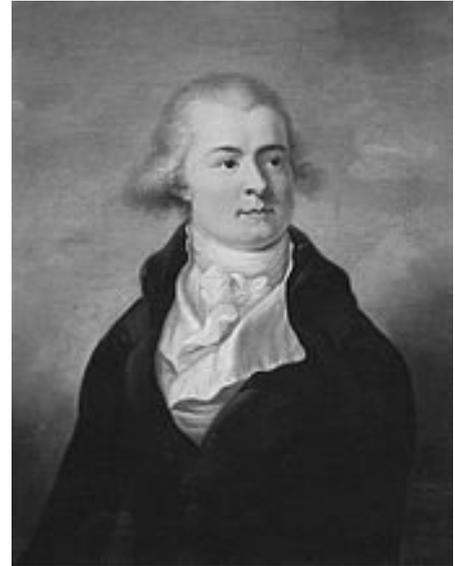
minuets by this time), for this is a scherzo in all but name, including a trio section that belongs to the family of Haydn's folk Ländler, with the first violin dancing away above the *pizzicati* of the other instruments.. The finale again harks back to the "Rider" quartet with its hectic triplet rhythm. There is a short, playful coda before the final, hell-for-leather few bars.

String Quartet op.18 no .3 in D

Ludwig van Beethoven
1770-1827

Allegro
Andante con moto
Allegro
Presto

"It is easy to get on with the nobility", Beethoven once said, "if you have something to impress them with". There is no doubt that he had: pre-eminently his chamber music, which is festooned with dedications to his aristocratic patrons. One of these, Count Apponyi, approached the composer in 1795 to write a set of six string quartets—which would have nicely matched the six he had commissioned from Haydn two years previously, if Beethoven had actually written them. But Beethoven was still unsure that the time had come for him to embrace the genre, and it was to be another three years before he was able to dedicate the set of six quartets, op.18, to another nobleman, Prince Lobkowitz. First performed at the Prince's Vienna home (on Friday mornings) they were published in 1801. In an ironical twist, the Prince commissioned Haydn, Beethoven's sometime tutor and undoubted major influence, to compose a similar set at about the same time, but Haydn, complaining that his powers had gone, completed only two. The torch, it seemed, was being handed on.



Joseph Franz von Lobkowitz

The quartets were almost certainly not written in the order in which they are numbered. The six may indeed have been worked on in parallel, but No.3 is generally acknowledged to be the first that Beethoven finished.

From the start it is obvious that we are in very different country from the sunny shores of tonight's Haydn quartet. This is sterner stuff, and we are some way into the first movement before something like a joke (Beethoven is full of them) is heard, when the composer sets us up for a development section but instead gives us a repeat of the first hundred or so bars. The next time round expectations are realised, and the mood lightens.

The slow movement (not very slow: it is *con moto*) is in rondo form, with the tune subjected to some fairly drastic changes each time it returns. It finally leaves by the side door, as it were, to be followed by the short, scampering *allegro*. By the time we get to the finale all the gravity of the first movement has disappeared, and Beethoven is bowling along very merrily. No climaxes: just a cheery wave over his shoulder as the work ends.

Interval

Liederkreis op.24

Robert Schumann

1810-1856

Words: Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

*Morgens steh' ich auf und trage
Es treibt mich hin
Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
Lied' Liebchen
Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden
Warte, warte wilder Schiffman
Berg und Burgen schaun herunter
Anfangs wollte ich fast verzagen
Mit Myrten und Rosenop18*

The vicissitudes of Schumann's romance with Clara Wieck have been well recorded—it was featured in at least three feature films—and needs no re-telling here. Suffice it to say that when the lawsuit against Clara's father was decided in the lovers' favour there was a great outpouring of romantic songs from Robert, which took up most of the year 1840. Among them were some of the most notable song cycles of all time. Most of them have romantic titles, but two (opp 24 and 39) have only the prosaic Liederkreis (that is, "Song Cycle") to identify them. Op.24 has words by the German poet Heinrich Heine, whose early lyric poetry was followed by political satire and irony to the extent that he was obliged to spend the last 25 years of his life as an expatriate in Paris. There are no intimations of this in these passionate verses, beautifully set by the no doubt equally passionate Schumann. (see overleaf for words)

Programme notes by Christopher Yapp

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I.

*Morgens steh' ich auf und frage:
Kommt feins Liebchen heut?
Abends sink' ich hin und klage:
Aus blieb sie auch heut.
In der Nacht mit meinem Kummer
Lieg' ich schlaflos, wach;
Träumend, wie im halben Schlummer,
Träumend wandle ich bei Tag.*

*Each morning I get up and ask:
will my sweetheart come today?
At evening I sink down and lament:
today, too, she stayed away.
At night, with my grief,
I lie sleepless, awake;
in the daytime I wander
Dreaming, as if half-asleep.*

II.

*Es treibt mich hin, es treibt mich her!
Noch wenige Stunden, dann soll ich sie schauen,
Sie selber, die schönste der schönen Jungfrauen; -
Du armes Herz, was pochst du so schwer!
Die Stunden sind aber ein faules Volk!
Schleppen sich behaglich träge,
Schleichen gähnend ihre Wege; -
Tumme dich, du faules Volk!
Tobende Eile mich treibend erfaßt!
Aber wohl niemals liebten die Horen; -
Heimlich im grausamen Bunde verschworen,
Spotten sie tückisch der Liebenden Hast.*

*I am driven to and fro!
A few more hours and I shall see her,
her, the fairest of the maidens.
Poor heart, how hard you beat!
But the hours are a lazy lot!
They shuffle lethargically, as they please,
and, yawning, crawl on their way.
Look sharp, you lazy lot!
Raging impatience grips me, urging me on.
But the hours can never have loved.
Secretly sworn to a cruel alliance
they spitefully mock lovers' haste.*

III.

*Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
Mit meinem Gram allein;
Da kam das alte Träumen
Und schlich mir ins Herz hinein.
Wer hat euch dies Wörtlein gelehret,
Ihr Vöglein in luftiger Höh'?
Schweigt still! wenn mein Herz es höret,
Dann tut es noch einmal so weh.
"Es kam ein Jungfräulein gegangen,
Die sang es immerfort,
Da haben wir Vöglein gefangen
Das hübsche, goldne Wort."
Das sollt ihr mir nicht mehr erzählen,
Ihr Vöglein wunderschlau;
Ihr wollt meinem Kummer mir stehlen,
Ich aber niemandem trau'.*

*I wandered beneath the trees
alone with my grief.
Then dreams of old came
and stole into my heart.
Who taught you that word,
birds in the airy heights?
Hush! When my heart hears it
once more it aches.
"A maiden came walking,
who sang it all the time.
Then we birds took up
that lovely, golden word."
You should not tell me this,
birds of wondrous cunning.
You should steal my grief from me,
but I trust no one with it.*

IV.

*Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen aufs Herze mein; -
Ach, hörst du, wie's pochet im Kämmerlein?
Da hauset ein Zimmermann schlimm und arg,
Der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.
Es hämmert und klopft bei Tag und bei Nacht;
Es hat mich schon längst um den Schlaf gebracht.
Ach! sputet euch, Meister Zimmermann,
Damit ich balde schlafen kann.*

*Dearest sweetheart, lay your hand on my heart.
can you hear how it pounds in its room?
A carpenter lodges there, vile and wicked,
building me a coffin.
The hammering and banging, day and night,
has long robbed me of sleep.
Hurry, master carpenter,
that I soon may sleep*

V.

*Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,
 Schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh',
 Schöne Stadt, wir müssen scheiden, -
 Lebe wohl! ruf' ich dir zu.
 Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Schwelle,
 Wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;
 Lebe wohl! du heil'ge Stelle,
 Wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.
 Hätt' ich dich doch nie geseh'n,
 Schöne Herzenskönigin!
 Nimmer wär' es dann geschehen,
 Daß ich jetzt so elend bin.
 Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,
 Liebe hab' ich nie erfleht;
 Nur ein stilles Leben führen
 Wollt' ich, wo dein Odem weht.
 Doch du drängst mich selbst von hinnen,
 Bittre Worte spricht dein Mund;
 Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen,
 Und mein Herz ist krank und wund.
 Und die Glieder matt und träge
 Schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,
 Bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege
 Ferne in ein kühles Grab.*

VI.

*Warte, warte, wilder Schiffsmann,
 Gleich folg' ich zum Hafen dir;
 Von zwei Jungfraun nehm' ich Abschied,
 Von Europa und von Ihr.
 Blutquell, rinn' aus meinen Augen,
 Blutquell, brich aus meinem Leib,
 Daß ich mit dem heißen Blute
 Meine Schmerzen niederschreib'.
 Ei, mein Lieb, warum just heute
 Schauderst du, mein Blut zu sehn?
 Sahst mich bleich und herzeblutend
 Lange Jahre vor dir steh'n!
 Kennst du noch das alte Liedchen
 Von der Schlang' im Paradies,
 Die durch schlimme Apfelfgabe
 Unsern Ahn ins Elend stieß.
 Alles Unheil brachten Äpfel!
 Eva bracht' damit den Tod,
 Eris brachte Trojas Flammen,
 Du brachst'st beides, Flamm' und Tod.*

*Fair cradle of my sorrows,
 fair tombstone of my peace,
 fair town, we must part.
 Farewell, I cry to you.
 Farewell, sacred threshold
 where my dearest love walks.
 Farewell, sacred spot
 where I first saw her.
 Would that I had never seen you,
 fair queen of my heart.
 Then it would never have happened
 that I am now so wretched.
 I never wished to touch your heart,
 I have never begged for love.
 All I wished was to lead a tranquil life
 where you breathed.
 But you yourself are driving me away.
 Your lips speak bitter words.
 Madness gnaws at my senses,
 and my heart is sick and wounded.
 And with weary, listless limbs
 I will trudge away on my stick,
 till I lay down my tired head
 in a cool, distant grave.*

*Wait, wait, rough sailor,
 I'll follow you now to the port.
 I am taking my leave of two maidens,
 of Europe and of Her.
 Stream of blood, flow from my eyes,
 stream of blood, gush from my body
 That with the hot blood
 I may write down my sorrows.
 My love, why just today
 do you recoil at the sight of my blood?
 For long years you have seen me before you,
 pale and with bleeding heart.
 Do you remember the old tale
 Of the serpent in Paradise,
 which through the wicked gift of an apple
 cast our forebears into misery?
 Apples have brought all our misfortunes.
 With them Eve brought death,
 and Eris the flames of Troy.
 You have brought both-flames and death.*

VII.

*Berg' und Burgen schaun herunter
In den spiegelhellen Rhein,
Und mein Schiffchen segelt munter,
Rings umglänzt von Sonnenschein.
Ruhig seh' ich zu dem Spiele
Goldner Wellen, kraus bewegt;
Still erwachen die Gefühle,
Die ich tief im Busen hegt'.
Freundlich grüssend und verheißend
Lockt hinab des Stromes Pracht;
Doch ich kenn' ihn, oben gleißend,
Birgt sein Innres Tod und Nacht.
Oben Lust, im Busen Tücken,
Strom, du bist der Liebsten Bild!
Die kann auch so freundlich nicken,
Lächelt auch so fromm und mild.*

VIII.

*Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen,
Und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es nie;
Und ich hab' es doch getragen -
Aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie?*

IX.

*Mit Myrten und Rosen, lieblich und hold,
Mit duft'gen Zypressen und Flittergold,
Möcht' ich zieren dieß Buch wie 'nen Totenschrein,
Und sargen meine Lieder hinein.
O könnt' ich die Liebe sargen hinzu!
Auf dem Grabe der Liebe wächst Blümlein der Ruh',
Da blüht es hervor, da pflückt man es ab, -
Doch mir blüht's nur, wenn ich selber im Grab.
Hier sind nun die Lieder, die einst so wild,
Wie ein Lavastrom, der dem Ätna entquillt,
Hervorgestürzt aus dem tiefsten Gemüt,
Und rings viel blitzende Funken versprüht!
Nun liegen sie stumm und totengleich,
Nun starren sie kalt und nebelbleich,
Doch aufs neu die alte Glut sie belebt,
Wenn der Liebe Geist einst über sie schwebt.
Und es wird mir im Herzen viel Ahnung laut:
Der Liebe Geist einst über sie taut;
Einst kommt dies Buch in deine Hand,
Du süßes Lieb im fernen Land.
Dann löst sich des Liedes Zauberbann,
Die blaßen Buchstaben schaun dich an,
Sie schauen dir flehend ins schöne Aug',
Und flüstern mit Wehmut und Liebeshauch.*

*Mountains and castles gaze down
into the clear, mirroring Rhine.
And my little boat sails blithely along,
surrounded by glistening sunlight.
Calmly I watch the play
of the golden, rippling waves.
Softly those feelings awaken
which I cherished deep in my heart.
Sweetly greeting, promising,
the river's splendour lures me down;
But I know it-sparkling on the surface,
it hides night and death in its depths.
Joy above, malice in its heart:
river, you are the image of my love.
She can nod just as sweetly,
smile just as gently and innocently.*

*At first I almost despaired,
thinking I could never bear it.
Yet borne it I have,
but do not ask me how.*

*With myrtles and roses, charming and dear,
with fragrant cypresses and gold tinsel
I would decorate this book like a coffin.
And bury my songs within it.
Oh, could I but bury my love there too!
On love's grave grows the flower of peace;
there it blossoms, there it is picked.
For me it will bloom only when I am in my grave.
Here, then, are songs which once, wild
as a stream of lava gushing from Etna,
burst from the depths of my soul,
showering many flashing sparks around.
Now they lie mute, as if dead,
rigid, cold, pale as mist;
but the old fire will revive them afresh
if ever love's spirit should hover over them.
Many an intimation stirs within my heart:
the spirit of love will one day dawn above them,
and one day this book will come into your hands,
my sweet love, in a far-off land.
The magic spell on my songs shall be broken;
the pale letters shall gaze at you,
gaze beseechingly into your lovely eyes,
and whisper with the melancholy breath of love.*

Songs of Travel

Ralph Vaughan Williams

1872-1958

Words: Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)

The Vagabond

Let Beauty Awake

The Roadside Fire

Youth and Love

In Dreams

The Infinite Shining Heavens

Whither Must I Wander

Bright is the Ring of Words

I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope

The Songs of Travel represent the only example of an attempt by an English composer to capture the cyclic feeling of one of the great German song cycles or 'wayfarer cycles', such as Schubert's *Die Schöne Müllerin* or *Winterreise*. The story-structure of these songs is of a journey, during the course of which the hero, having set out, goes through powerful emotional experiences and ends up resolved in some way. Vaughan Williams has done this highly successfully in the Songs of Travel, using poems by Robert Louis Stevenson and using his gift for creating vivid visual impressions in music.

The hero boldly makes way out into the wider world, leaving behind his home and childhood sweetheart, prepared to suffer discomfort and loneliness in order to assert his individuality and take on the challenges of life. He soon begins to reflect however, thinking of the love he has left behind and of what he had promised her and wondering if such warmth will ever be found again. He reflects on nature around him and upon the stars in the heavens above and imagines returning to his home one day to find it no longer exists, the kindly faces and good company no longer there. The Cycle then is an expression of growing up, with a poet's sense of viewing life from a distance and gaining wisdom from detachment.

This is the first performance of a transcription Caitlin Harrison and I have made for voice, string quartet and piano. (There is a full orchestration of the songs by the Composer, completed by Roy Douglas.)

Programme note by Peter Knapp

Atesh Quartet

Jake Phillips - Violin 1
Elaine Ambridge - Violin

Rhiannon James - Viola
Maya Kashif - Cello

2



The formation of the Atesh Quartet in 2014 was brought about by the musicians' mutual love and experience of chamber music and their studies at the Royal Northern College of Music.

In their short career together Atesh have performed for a number of organisations and societies and are regular performers for the Lake District Summer Music Festival as well as Leeds International Concert Series, Ruthin Festival, Proms on the Roof Series and RNCM Chamber Music Festival. They have received coaching from Frans Helmerson, Michael Bochmann, James Boyd and Petr Prause.

The members of the quartet have also previously had a wealth of chamber music experience with various other chamber groups. This includes inspirational tuition with Hatto Beyerle, Gabor Takacs-Nagy, Levon Chilingirian, Petr Prause and Johannes Meissl amongst others. The members have travelled across the world in the process, performing in amazing venues such as Rachmaninov Hall in Moscow and in the Cantiere Internazionale d'Arte in Montepulciano. They have also enjoyed performing in some of the UK's most prestigious venues such as Wigmore Hall, St John's Smith Square, Dukes Hall, Albert Hall, Cadogan Hall and St Martin in the Fields and have been heard multiple times on BBC Radio, including Radio 3 and BBC Introducing, in various different ensembles. During their studies the members individually achieved first place in the Chamber Ensemble of the Year, Nosseck, Hirsch and Rosamund prizes at the RNCM as well as leading the RNCM orchestras in numerous performances.

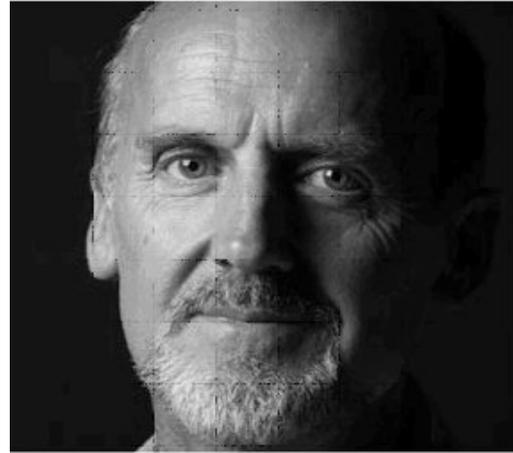
In their solo careers the members of the Atesh Quartet have enjoyed the privilege of performing a number of concertos as well as solo recitals at the Cardiff Millennium Centre and Steinway Hall.

Individually the quartet freelance as orchestral musicians with the BBC Philharmonic, Hallé Orchestra and Manchester Camerata.

Peter Knapp *baritone*

Originally from St Albans, Peter studied English at St John's College, Cambridge and singing privately in London and in Italy, where he worked with the great Italian baritone Tito Gobbi.

He made his solo operatic debut as Count Almaviva in *Le Nozze di Figaro* for the Glyndebourne Tour and sang the title roles in Monteverdi's *Orfeo* (filmed by BBC Television), Eugene Onegin and Don Giovanni, as well as Germont in *La Traviata* and Pizarro in *Fidelio* for Kent Opera.



He also sang Don Giovanni and Count Almaviva at the English National Opera, as well as the title role in Szymanowski's *King Roger* under Charles Mackerras. He created the role of Maxim in Wilfred Joseph's *Rebecca* for Opera North and has sung with Scottish Opera (Redburn in *Billy Budd*, Zeta in *Merry Widow*), Welsh Opera (title role in *Macbeth*) and Opera Northern Ireland (Ford in *Falstaff*). Amongst the roles he has sung abroad are the title role in *Rigoletto*, Sharpless in *Madame Butterfly*, Marcello in *La Bohème*, Di Luna in *Il Trovatore*, and the title role in *Nabucco*.

He has also enjoyed a successful concert and recital career, which has included an ABC tour of Australia and concerts with leading orchestras including the Berlin Philharmonic, and has given numerous recitals of French, German and English song, many broadcast on BBC Radio 3.

Mid-career he began directing and conducting his own performing versions of the popular opera repertoire, forming his own company, which toured extensively in Britain and France and gave seasons in London at Sadlers Wells and at the South Bank and Barbican Concert Halls. His production of Offenbach's *La Périchole* was filmed by BBC Television.

He currently teaches in London at Trinity Laban Conservatoire of Music and Dance and at Drama Centre (University of the Arts) and has recently formed The London International Sinfonia, made up of musicians from all over the world who have studied in London.

Paul Chilvers *piano*

After obtaining a BMus at Birmingham University, Paul Chilvers studied Piano Accompaniment at Trinity College of Music with David Newbold and Antony Linsay. A varied career has seen him as resident pianist at the Players Theatre and Radio 5's Popcall, rehearsal pianist for the Royal Choral Society under Meredith Davies, and as pianist and MD for many fringe and West End shows, including Van Dyke and Company's *A Kurt Weill Cabaret* and the original production of *Shrubshall and Free's Yee-Haw!*



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