

Lammermuir Festival

Autumn Special

Online from 9 September 2020, 1:00pm | Holy Trinity Church, Haddington

Joshua Ellicott tenor
Anna Tilbrook piano

Franz Schubert

Frühlingsglaube • An die Natur • Der Blumenbrief

Robert Schumann *Liederkreis*, Op. 39

Ralph Vaughan-Williams

*Linden Lea • Let Beauty Awake • The Roadside Fire
Youth and Love • Silent Noon*

Roger Quilter

Now sleeps the crimson petal • Go, lovely rose

BBC
RADIO



Supported by

The National Lottery[®]
through Creative Scotland



ALBA | CHRUTHACHAIL

The Lammermuir Festival is a registered charity in Scotland SC049521

It's relatively unusual these days for vocal programmes to combine Lieder and English song, with purists preferring to keep the two separate — even when some performers are equally at home with both repertoires. However, this is undoubtedly a missed opportunity. Many of the composers and poets who contributed to the wave of English song composition in the first decades of the twentieth century were directly influenced by the great German Lieder composers of the nineteenth century. Hearing them together, it becomes possible to appreciate how they shared many of the same aesthetic ideals. Indeed, both Vaughan Williams and Quilter spent time studying in Germany, which undoubtedly left traces in their subsequent approach to songwriting.

Franz Schubert

Frühlingsglaube • *An die Natur* • *Der Blumenbrief*

Franz Schubert made his first efforts at songwriting in his early childhood. From the age of 12, he studied with the Imperial Kapellmeister Antonio Salieri, who encouraged Schubert to emulate the models of Italian opera. However, the young composer found himself more inclined towards the music of Mozart and Beethoven and the German poetry of Goethe and Schiller. The three songs heard here were composed between 1816 and 1820 — a relatively short period, but in which Schubert (whose life was famously short) audibly refined his craft.

Frühlingsglaube (1820) is actually the latest of the trio. Within its two verses, Schubert blends a melancholic mix of emotions. Hearing the opening lines of the second verse ('The world grows fairer each day; / we cannot know what is still to come'), it is impossible to ignore Schubert's biography and the sad knowledge that, in just under a decade, he would be dead. ***An die Natur*** (1816) is an incredibly simple yet arresting hymn to nature, whose naïveté captures a child-like sensibility. The more Italianate ***Der Blumenbrief*** (1818) was written while Schubert was employed as the music teacher to two young Esterházy countesses in Zseliz, Hungary. Its main theme bears an audible resemblance to the opening figure of *Der Neugierige* from *Die schöne Müllerin* (1824), in which Schubert's miller also considers the flowers as a symbol of his love.

Robert Schumann *Liederkreis*, Op. 39

1. *In der Fremde*
2. *Intermezzo*
3. *Waldegespräch*
4. *Die Stille*
5. *Mondnacht*
6. *Schöne Fremde*
7. *Auf einer Burg*
8. *In der Fremde*
9. *Wehmut*
10. *Zwielicht*
11. *Im Walde*
12. *Frühlingsnacht*

During the year 1840 — the so-called *Liederjahr* — **Robert Schumann** devoted himself almost exclusively to song composition, producing some 138 songs within twelve months. There were several reasons, both artistic and pragmatic, for this focus. As well an opportunity to compose the kind of songs Schumann (who was also a prominent critic) regarded as edifying and artful, it was also an opportunity to publish some works from which he might expect an immediate financial return. At the time, Schumann had been facing increasing criticism from his prospective father-in-law Friedrich Wieck, for his failure to maintain control of his finances, and thus forbade Robert from marrying his daughter Clara. In any case, the couple defied Friedrich and were married on 12 September 1840.

The *Liederkreis*, Op. 39, date from this year. Writing to Clara, Schumann described the twelve songs as 'my most romantic music ever; with much of you in it...' The texts are all by Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff (1788–1857), one of the central figures of German Romanticism. Schumann drew together the texts from three different Eichendorff publications, selecting them for their exploration of common themes. With an emphasis on the nocturnal, they use the natural world as an allegory to convey a sense of internal emotional turmoil, musing particularly on loneliness and regret but ultimately culminating in an outpouring of euphoria in the final song, *Frühlingsnacht*. Throughout the cycle, Schumann elevates the piano to an equal partner in the musical texture, as a means of exploring the underlying subtexts associated with the imagery, as well as cleverly deploying thematic cross relations throughout the set, which give the impression of certain feelings lingering between songs.

While **Ralph Vaughan-Williams** is considered the quintessential 'English composer', his diverse works across a range of genres are evidence of a composer who in fact synthesised a wide range of musical influences. After his studies at Cambridge and the Royal College of Music, he studied with Max Bruch in Berlin and Ravel in Paris. Combining these experiences with his deep interest in British folk music, Vaughan Williams developed a unique voice in his song composition and a style that is understated yet completely arresting. **Linden Lea** was written in 1901 but did not become well known until the 1920s. With a melody that seems eerily familiar, it sets a text by the Dorset poet William Barnes that promotes nature as an escape from the harsh working conditions of the 'dark-roomed' industrial towns. Vaughan Williams began his cycle *Songs of Travel* that same year but would not complete it until 1904. The three songs heard in this performance reveal the underlying Romanticism that Vaughan Williams was steeped in, which is often overshadowed by the folksy charms of his more popular works. Though usually heard on its own, **Silent Noon** was written as part of another of Vaughan Williams's cycles — *The House of Life* (1903), based on a cycle of six sonnets by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. While the primary basis of the song is its melodic line, at the heart of the song Vaughan Williams matches Rossetti's sensual poetry with a rich, unashamedly Romantic harmonic soundworld.

The son of a Liberal MP, **Roger Quilter** left England shortly after finishing at Eton (which he apparently hated), to study at the Hochschule in Frankfurt-am-Main. On his return, he began to build a reputation as a song composer with an unusual gift for producing exquisite melodies, which he deftly harmonised with the lightest of touches. **Now sleeps the crimson petal** is probably his best-known song, capturing simply — but so beautifully — the tenderness of Tennyson's poetry. **Go, lovely rose** has real echoes of Schumann and Brahms, as its enchanting piano part celebrates the short, fleeting existence of the rose, not merely as a representation for the poet's love but also for life itself.

David Lee

Texts and Translations

Frühlingsglaube

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
Sie säuseln und weben Tag und Nacht,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,
Man weiss nicht, was noch werden mag,
Das Blühen will nicht enden.
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal:
Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual!
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

Johann Ludwig Uhland

An die Natur

Süsse, heilige Natur,
Lass mich geh'n auf deiner Spur,
Leite mich an deiner Hand,
Wie ein Kind am Gängelband!

Wenn ich dann ermüdet bin, Sink'
ich dir am Busen hin,
Atme süsse Himmelslust
Hangend an der Mutterbrust.

Ach! wie wohl ist mir bei dir!
Will dich lieben für und für;
Lass mich geh'n auf deiner Spur,
Süsse, heilige Natur!

Friedrich Leopold, Graf zu Stolberg-Stolberg

Der Blumenbrief

Euch Blümlein will ich senden
Zur schönen Jungfrau dort,
Fleht sie, mein Leid zu enden
Mit einem guten Wort.

Du Rose, kannst ihr sagen,
Wie ich in Lieb' erglüh',
Wie ich um sie muss klagen
Und weinen spät und früh.

Faith in Spring

Balmy breezes are awakened;
they stir and whisper day and night,
everywhere creative.
O fresh scents, O new sounds!
Now, poor heart, do not be afraid.
Now all must change.

The world grows fairer each day;
we cannot know what is still to come;
the flowering knows no end.
The deepest, most distant valley is in flower.
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now all must change.

Translated by Richard Wigmore

To Nature

Sweet, holy nature,
let me walk upon your pathway,
lead me by the hand,
like a child on the reins!

Then, when I am weary,
I shall sink down on your breast,
and breathe the sweet joys of heaven
suckling at your maternal breast.

Ah, how happy I am to be with
you! I shall love you for ever;
let me walk upon your pathway,
sweet, holy nature!

Translated by Richard Wigmore

The Message of Flowers

Flowers, I will send you
to that fair lady;
implore her to end my suffering
with one kind word.

You, rose, can tell her
how I burn with love,
and how I pine for her,
weeping night and day.

Du Myrte, flüstere leise
Ihr meine Hoffnung zu,
Sag': „Auf des Lebens Reise
Glänzt ihm kein Stern als du.“

Du Ringelblume, deute
Ihr der Verzweiflung Schmerz;
Sag' ihr: „Des Grabes Beute
Wird ohne dich sein Herz.“

Aloys Wilhelm Schreiber

You, myrtle, softly whisper
my hopes to her;
tell her: 'On life's journey
you are the only star that shines for him.'

You, marigold, reveal to her
the pain of despair;
tell her: 'Without you
his heart will fall prey to the grave.'

Translated by Richard Wigmore

Liederkreis, Op. 39

1. In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

2. Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig
Hab' ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund'.

Mein Herz still in sich singet
Ein altes, schönes Lied,
Das in die Luft sich schwinget
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

3. Waldegespräch

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ' dich heim!

„Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.“

1. In a foreign land

From my homeland, beyond the red lightning,
The clouds come drifting in,
But father and mother have long been dead,
Now no one knows me there.

How soon, ah! how soon till that quiet time
When I too shall rest
Beneath the sweet murmur of lonely woods,
Forgotten here as well.

2. Intermezzo

I bear your beautiful likeness
Deep within my heart,
It gazes at me every hour
So freshly and happily.

My heart sings softly to itself
An old and beautiful song
That soars into the sky
And swiftly wings its way to you.

3. A Forest Dialogue

It is already late, already cold,
Why ride lonely through the forest?
The forest is long, you are alone,
You lovely bride! I'll lead you home!

'Great is the deceit and cunning of men,
My heart is broken with grief,
The hunting horn echoes here and there,
O flee! You do not know who I am.'

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn' ich dich—Gott steh' mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Loreley.

„Du kennst mich wohl—von hohem Stein
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!

4. *Die Stille*

Es weiß und rät es doch Keiner;
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach, wüßt' es nur Einer; nur Einer;
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen soll!

So still ist's nicht draußen im Schnee,
So stumm und verschwiegen sind
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh',
Als meine Gedanken sind.

Ich wünsch', ich wär' ein Vöglein
Und zöge über das Meer;
Wohl über das Meer und weiter;
Bis daß ich im Himmel wär'!

5. *Mondnacht*

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküßt,
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nur träumen müßt'.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Wälder;
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

6. *Schöne Fremde*

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauen,
Als machten zu dieser Stund'
Um die halb versunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund'.

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr, wie in Träumen,
Zu mir; phantastische Nacht?

So richly adorned are steed and lady,
So wondrous fair her youthful form,
Now I know you—may God protect me!
You are the enchantress Lorelei.

'You know me well—from its towering rock
My castle looks silently into the Rhine.
It is already late, already cold,
You shall never leave this forest again!

4. *Silence*

No one knows and no one can guess
How happy I am, how happy!
If only one, just one person knew,
No one else ever should!

The snow outside is not so silent,
Nor are the stars on high
So still and taciturn
As my own thoughts.

I wish I were a little bird,
And could fly across the sea,
Across the sea and further;
Until I were in heaven!

5. *Moonlit Night*

It was as though Heaven
Had softly kissed the Earth,
So that she in a gleam of blossom
Had only to dream of him.

The breeze passed through the fields,
The corn swayed gently to and fro,
The forests murmured softly,
The night was so clear with stars.

And my soul spread
Her wings out wide,
Flew across the silent land,
As though flying home.

6. *A Beautiful Foreign Land*

The tree-tops rustle and shudder
As if at this very hour
The ancient gods
Were pacing these half-sunken walls.

Here beyond the myrtle trees
In secret twilit splendour,
What are you saying, fantastic night,
Obscurely, as in a dream?

Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie von künftigem großen Glück!

7. *Auf einer Burg*

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer
Oben ist der alte Ritter;
Drüben gehen Regenschauer,
Und der Wald rauscht durch das Gitter.

Eingewachsen Bart und Haare,
Und versteinert Brust und Krause,
Sitzt er viele hundert Jahre
Oben in der stillen Klausen.

Draußen ist es still und friedlich,
Alle sind in's Tal gezogen,
Waldesvögel einsam singen
In den leeren Fensterbögen.

Eine Hochzeit fährt da unten
Auf dem Rhein im Sonnenschein,
Musikanten spielen munter,
Und die schöne Braut, die weinet.

8. *In der Fremde*

Ich hör' die Bächlein rauschen
Im Walde her und hin,
Im Walde, in dem Rauschen

Ich weiß nicht, wo ich bin.
Die Nachtigallen schlagen
Hier in der Einsamkeit,
Als wollten sie was sagen

Von der alten, schönen Zeit.
Die Mondschimmer fliegen,
Als sah' ich unter mir
Das Schloß im Tale liegen,

Und ist doch so weit von hier!
Als müßte in dem Garten
Voll Rosen weiß und rot,
Meine Liebste auf mich warten,
Und ist doch so lange tot.

9. *Wehmut*

Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,

The glittering stars gaze down on me,
Fierily and full of love,
The distant horizon speaks with rapture
Of some great happiness to come!

7. *In a Castle*

Up there at his look-out
The old knight has fallen asleep;
Rain-storms pass overhead,
And the wood stirs through the portcullis.

Beard and hair matted together,
Ruff and breast turned to stone,
For centuries he's sat up there
In his silent cell.

Outside it's quiet and peaceful,
All have gone down to the valley,
Forest birds sing lonely songs
In the empty window-arches.

Down there on the sunlit Rhine
A wedding-party's sailing by,
Musicians strike up merrily,
And the lovely bride—weeps.

8. *In a Foreign Land*

I hear the brooklets murmuring
Through the forest, here and there,
In the forest, in the murmuring

I do not know where I am.
Nightingales are singing
Here in the solitude,
As though they wished to tell

Of lovely days now past.
The moonlight flickers,
As though I saw below me
The castle in the valley,

Yet it lies so far from here!
As though in the garden,
Full of roses, white and red,
My love were waiting for me,
Yet she died so long ago.

9. *Sadness*

True, I can sometimes sing
As though I were content;
But secretly tears well up,

Da wird das Herz mir frei.
Es lassen Nachtigallen,
Spielt draußen Frühlingsluft,
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen

Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.
Da lauschen alle Herzen,
Und alles ist erfreut,
Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen,
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

10. *Zwielicht*

Dämmerung will die Flügel spreiten,
Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume,
Wolken ziehn wie schwere Träume—

Was will dieses Graun bedeuten?
Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern,
Laß es nicht alleine grasen,
Jäger ziehn im Wald und blasen,

Stimmen hin und wieder wandern.
Hast du einen Freund hienieden,
Trau ihm nicht zu dieser Stunde,
Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und Munde,

Sinnt er Krieg im tück'schen Frieden.
Was heut gehet müde unter,
Hebt sich morgen neugeboren.
Manches geht in Nacht verloren—
Hüte dich, sei wach und munter!

11. *Im Walde*

Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,
Da blitzten viel Reiter; das Waldhorn klang,

Das war ein lustiges Jagen!
Und eh' ich's gedacht, war alles verhallt,
Die Nacht bedeckt die Runde;
Nur von den Bergen noch rauschet der Wald
Und mich schauert's im Herzensgrunde.

And my heart is set free.
Nightingales, when spring breezes
Play outside, sing
Their song of longing

From their dungeon cell.
Then all hearts listen
And everyone rejoices,
Yet no one feels the pain,
The deep sorrow in the song.

10. *Twilight*

Dusk is about to spread its wings,
The trees now shudder and stir,
Clouds drift by like oppressive dreams—

What can this dusk and dread imply?
If you have a fawn you favour,
Do not let her graze alone,
Hunters sound their horns through the forest,

Voices wander to and fro.
If here on earth you have a friend,
Do not trust him at this hour,
Though his eyes and lips be smiling,

In treacherous peace he's scheming war:
That which wearily sets today,
Will rise tomorrow, newly born.
Much can go lost in the night—
Be wary, watchful, on your guard!

11. *In the Forest*

A wedding procession wound over the mountain,
I heard the warbling of birds,
Riders flashed by, hunting horns peeled,

That was a merry chase!
And before I knew, all had faded,
Darkness covers the land,
Only the forest sighs from the mountain,
And deep in my heart I quiver with fear.

12. *Frühlingsnacht*

Überm Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervogel zieh'n,
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,

Unten fängt's schon an zu blühh.
Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen

Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.
Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
Sie ist Deine, sie ist Dein!

Joseph von Eichendorff

12. *Spring Night*

Over the garden, through the air
I heard birds of passage fly,
A sign that spring is in the air,

Flowers already bloom below.
I could shout for joy, could weep,
For it seems to me it cannot be!
All the old wonders come flooding back,
Gleaming in the moonlight.

And the moon and stars say it,
And the dreaming forest whispers it,
And the nightingales sing it:
'She is yours, is yours!'

Translated by Richard Stokes

Joshua Ellicott's sweet-toned, flexible yet powerful lyric tenor voice and versatile musicianship are apparent in the wide range of repertoire in which he excels, from song to opera to concert, and the list of conductors and ensembles with whom he works.

Described by the *Wiener Zeitung* as 'the magnificent tenor' for his performance with Nikolaus Harnoncourt in Purcell's *Fairy Queen* he has also been described by the *New York Times* as a 'stand out in an excellent cast' for his portrayal of Andres in *Wozzeck* with the Philharmonia and Esa-Pekka Salonen at the Lincoln Centre New York.

Joshua was born in Manchester and is a graduate of the University of York where he read music. From there he progressed to the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London where he studied singing, aided by a full scholarship. A landmark in his developing career came in 2006 when he was the overall winner of the International Vocal Concours in 's Hertogenbosch, The Netherlands, as well as taking four of the remaining nine prizes for song, musical interpretation and opera.

Joshua's international career now sees him travel to the premier concert halls of the world with some of the finest artists of this generation. In the field of early music he has worked with Nikolaus Harnoncourt (Concentus Musicus Wien), Sir Roger Norrington (Zurich Chamber Orchestra), Harry Bicket (The English Concert), Harry Christophers (The Sixteen, Boston Handel and Haydn Society), Robert King (The King's Consort), Paul McCreesh (The Gabrieli Consort, Wroclaw Baroque Orchestra), Bernard Labadie (OAE), Emmanuel Haim (Le Concert d'Astree) and has developed a particular affinity with the works of Bach, Handel and Monteverdi and within that a special love for the role of the Evangelist in Bach's Passions. Joshua also enjoys interpreting later repertoire and he has been privileged to work with such luminaries as Sir Mark Elder, Daniel Harding and Esa Pekka Salonen in works as varied as *Parsifal* and *Tristan und Isolde* (Wagner) to *The Seven Deadly Sins* (Kurt Weill) and *Wozzeck* (Berg). Orchestras include the BBC Symphony and Concert Orchestras, The Philharmonia, The Hallé, Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France, Swedish Radio Symphony, Trondheim Symphony, Stavanger Symphony, Brabants Orkest, RTE Symphony, Ulster Orchestra and Netherlands Radio Chamber Orchestra.

Song is another important feature of Joshua's artistry. One of the greatest successes of recent years has been a programme devised around the First World War letters of Josh's Great Uncle Jack in which through his dramatic readings of letters and interspersed song, audiences have been left deeply moved. A particularly special performance took place at the Cologne Early Music Festival where some of the letters were translated into German and read by Joshua.

Recent highlights include the role of Tempo in *Il trionfo del tempo e del disinganno* in a new production at the Royal Danish Opera, the UK premiere of George Walker's *Lilacs* with the BBC Philharmonic under John Storgårds, the Evangelist in a staged production of Bach's St John Passion at Teatro Arriaga in Spain, a new work by Stuart MacRae and Britten's *Canticle No. 5* at the Lammermuir Festival, Patrick Hawes' *The Great War Symphony* at Classic FM Live, Britten's *Serenade* with the Royal Northern Sinfonia, Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus* for the second time with Capella Cracoviensis, Handel's *Messiah* with the New York Philharmonic, and Bach's Christmas Oratorio with Latvijas Koncerti.

Anna Tilbrook is one of Britain's most exciting pianists, with a considerable reputation in song recitals and chamber music. She made her debut at the Wigmore Hall in 1999 and has since become a regular performer at Europe's major concert halls and festivals.

Anna has collaborated with many leading singers and instrumentalists including James Gilchrist, Lucy Crowe, Sarah Tynan, Emma Bell, Barbara Hannigan, Willard White, Ashley Riches, Stephan Loges, Chris Maltman, Ian Bostridge, Barbara Bonney, Victoria Simmonds, Christine Rice, Iestyn Davies, Natalie Clein, Nick Daniel, Philip Dukes, Guy Johnston, Louisa Tuck and Jack Liebeck. For Welsh National Opera she has accompanied Angela Gheorghiu, Jose Carreras and Bryn Terfel in televised concerts.

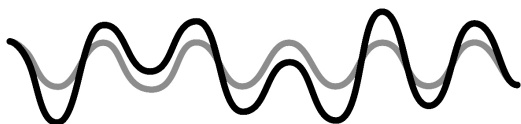
With the distinguished British tenor James Gilchrist she has made acclaimed recordings of 20th-century English song for Linn records, including Vaughan Williams's *On Wenlock Edge* (a finalist in the Gramophone Awards 2008), the cycles for tenor and piano by Gerald Finzi, songs by Britten and Leighton and the song cycles of Robert Schumann. For Chandos, James and Anna recorded a disc of songs by Lennox Berkeley and most recently the Songs and Chamber Music of Vaughan Williams with Philip Dukes.

In 2009 they embarked on a series of recordings for Orchid records of the Schubert Song Cycles and their disc of *Die schöne Müllerin* received great critical acclaim and was Editor's Choice in *Gramophone*, November 2009. Schubert's *Schwanengesang* along with Beethoven's *An die Ferne Geliebte* was released early in 2011 and their recording of *Winterreise* was Record of the week in *The Independent* and was made recording of the month in the 2011 Christmas issue of *BBC Music Magazine* – 'It is a profoundly considered reading, considered enough for some of the songs to be as penetrating as in almost any performance I have heard.' (Michael Tanner).

With string quartets such as the Carducci, Fitzwilliam, Elias, Coull, Barbirolli and Sacconi, she has performed a wide range of chamber music from Mozart's Piano Concertos K414 and K415 to the Piano Quartets and Quintets of Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Shostakovich, Brahms, Elgar, Bridge and Fauré.

Recent engagements have included her Het Concertgebouw, Amsterdam debut with Lucy Crowe, recitals in Carnegie Hall, New York, Wigmore Hall, deSingel Antwerp, the Anima Mundi festival in Pisa, Alte Oper Frankfurt, Musee des Tissus Lyon, Wroclaw Cantans and appearances at the Edinburgh, Aldeburgh, Cheltenham, Oxford Lieder and West Cork Chamber Music Festivals. Anna regularly broadcasts for Radio 3 and has also curated a number of series of concerts for them including in 2017 marking Hull as City of Culture with James Gilchrist and the Sacconi Quartet and in April 2018 a Big Chamber Day at Saffron Hall entitled 'Tchaikovsky and his world' featuring singers Anush Hovhannisyan, Caitlin Hulcup, Alessandro Fisher and Ashley Riches.

Born in Hertfordshire, Anna studied music at York University and at the Royal Academy of Music with Julius Drake, where she was awarded a Fellowship and in 2009 became an Associate. She also won many major international accompaniment prizes including the AESS Bluthner prize and the award for an outstanding woman musician from the Royal Overseas League.



Lammermuir Festival

We would like to thank all our generous supporters, friends and funders for their contributions without which the Lammermuir Festival Autumn Special would not be possible, including:

FESTIVAL PATRON

Steven Osborne

FUNDER

Creative Scotland

PARTNER

BBC Radio 3

TRUSTS AND FOUNDATIONS

Binks Trust

Stevenston Charitable Trust

FESTIVAL BENEFACTORS

Geoff and Mary Ball

Patrick Edwardson

Gavin and Kate Gemmell

Robin Hardie

Edward and Anna Hocknell

Keith and Andrea Skeoch

Jim and Isobel Stretton

Peter Stretton

Max and Sarah Ward

FRIENDS OF THE FESTIVAL •

BASS ROCK

Steven Cruickshank

Christine and Norman Lessels

Sir Muir Russell

FRIENDS OF THE FESTIVAL •

NORTH BERWICK LAW

John Carson

Prof. John Dale

Ruth Hannah

Dr William Moyes

David Robinson

David Shaw Stewart

Dr Allison Worth

FRIENDS OF THE FESTIVAL •

TRAPRAIN LAW

Michael Anderson and Elspeth MacArthur

Prof. Andrew Barker

Allan and Moyra Barns-Graham

William Bigwood

Dr Alan and Mrs Marjorie Falconer

Prof. Andrew Glass

David Kirkpatrick

Prof. John Richardson

Peter Shepherd

Roderick Thomson

Dr Claire Walker

Peter and Barbara Wallington

Messrs Mackay and Whitely

Dr Bob and Mrs Lorna Young

And sincere thanks to our many other Friends of the Festival, individual donors and those who prefer to remain anonymous.

FESTIVAL BOARD

Zoe van Zwanenberg (chair), Rob Conner,

Kirsteen Davidson-Kelly, Edward Hocknell,

Linda Shaw-Stewart, Jim Stretton,

James Waters

FESTIVAL TEAM

Abigail Carney, Claire du Preez, Kate Hall,

Kirsten Hunter, Hugh Macdonald,

Jane Nicolson, Nicky Pritchett-Brown,

James Waters

PROGRAMME EDITOR

David Lee