

Lammermuir Festival

7 September 2021, 1:00pm | Holy Trinity Church, Haddington

Robert Murray tenor
Alisdair Hogarth piano

Benjamin Britten *Holy Sonnets of John Donne*
Robert Schumann *Dichterliebe*, Op. 48



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Lammermuir Festival 2021

Welcome to the 12th Lammermuir Festival — we're so glad to be back!

Two years ago, when we celebrated the landmark of our 10th festival we (perhaps fortunately!) had no inkling of what would unfold only a few months later. Then last year we mounted a small online festival and were grateful for the enthusiastic support not only of our regular audience but of many new Lammermuir followers around the world.

This year feels like both a celebration and a rebirth — not quite 'business as usual', but very much a festival that we have yearned, through many bleak months, to bring back to this beautiful part of Scotland and to share with you.

We have made a virtue of the new reality of international travel restrictions by inviting many old friends among our distinguished artists, but there are new faces too — headed by our Artist in Residence, the American pianist Jeremy Denk, and by vocal ensemble The Gesualdo Six. We explore a rich variety of repertoire and offer unique projects such as Hugo Wolf's *Italian Songbook*, an anniversary tribute to Dennis Brain, an intriguing afternoon chez the Wagners and a recital dedicated to a great British piano duo. We are delighted to welcome Scottish Opera back and look forward to BBC Radio 3's series of live vocal recitals.

For Covid-safety reasons we have concentrated many of our events in the larger venues in order to retain social distancing of one metre in our audience seating.

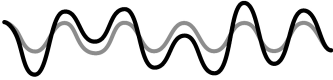
We are most grateful to Creative Scotland for their continuing support and to EventScotland for generously supporting our online streaming programme which will add a new and, we hope, permanent dimension to the festival.

We are fortunate indeed to have a number of generous individual donors, trusts and sponsors who, along with the support of our Friends of the Lammermuir Festival, make the festival possible. We thank each and every supporter most warmly, for without them we simply would not exist.

Hugh Macdonald and James Waters
Joint Artistic Directors

Next year's Lammermuir Festival dates:

9-19 September 2022



Lammermuir Festival

Become part of the Lammermuir Festival Family

Our valued supporters are at the very heart of our festival, helping it flourish, prosper and reach out so that as many people as possible can enjoy it every year.

To ensure that we can continue to bring people together in celebration of beautiful music in beautiful places, we need your support and invite you to become a Lammermuir Festival Friend.

To learn more about the benefits of becoming a Festival Friend and to sign up, please visit www.lammermuirfestival.co.uk/friends.

Welcome to Holy Trinity Church, Haddington

Holy Trinity stands on the site of a Franciscan friary (the original 'Lamp of Lothian' before that title passed to St Mary's Church nearby) which was built here in the 13th Century. The friary was demolished in 1572, and almost two centuries later, in 1769, work was begun on a 'qualified' Anglican chapel which was finally consecrated as Holy Trinity in 1815. The present chancel was added and the interior remodelled in an attractive neo-Byzantine style in 1930.

Lammermuir Festival is grateful to the Rector and Vestry of Holy Trinity Episcopal Church for making the church available for this concert

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Programme notes

Benjamin Britten *Holy Sonnets of John Donne*

1. Oh my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned
2. Batter my heart three person'd God; for, you
3. O might those sighes and teares returne againe into my breast and eyes
4. Oh, to vex me, contraries meet in one
5. What if this present were the world's last night?
6. Since she whom I love hath payd her last debt
7. At the round earth's imagined corners, blew
8. Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
9. Death be not proud, though some have called thee

Benjamin Britten's *Holy Sonnets of John Donne* date from 1945. Britten spent the first part of the Second World War in the USA, returning to England in 1942. After being taken to a tribunal for registering as a conscientious objector, for refusing to fulfil non-combatant duties as part of the war effort, he spent the majority of his time giving recitals across the country with his partner, the tenor Peter Pears, and working on the opera *Peter Grimes*, which was to be an immediate success after its premiere in June 1945. Shortly afterward, Britten accompanied the violinist Yehudi Menuhin on a tour of Germany, which included a performance for Holocaust survivors at the liberated Bergen-Belsen concentration camp. The experience made a profound impact on the composer, which immediately manifested itself in this song cycle, which set nine of Donne's nineteen sonnets. They are among the most difficult of Britten's vocal works, both in terms of their technical demands and the sustained intensity they require in performance.

Donne's sonnets were seemingly composed over an extended period of time and explore a wide range of emotions and psychological states. Britten selected his nine texts carefully, forming a group unified by their meditations on darkness and searching, and it is impossible not to separate the composer's own internal strife from that of the early modern poet. 'Oh my blacke Soule!' opens with an uneasy descending melody in the vocal line, suspended over a series of repeated octaves in the piano, heard as a tolling bell. When Britten does begin to fill in the harmony, he introduces a series of dissonances that only serve to emphasise the poet's melancholic self-questioning. 'Batter my heart' immediately launches into a different register altogether, with the piano rendering the poet's visceral suffering. The third song initially returns to the more pensive mode with a meandering melodic line that builds toward a series of outbursts set almost as operatic recitative, as the poet compares his own grief to that of other sinners — drunkards, thieves and lecherous men — who seem less perturbed by their misdeeds. 'Oh, to vex me' is filled with even greater anxiety, as Britten compacts the entirety of Donne's text into a song lasting barely 60 seconds. 'What if this present' is characterised by its relentless sequences

of rising fourths, which result in a series of awkward, asymmetrical melodic lines that initial build toward a strong climax before tapering off into a haunting close.

'Since she whom I loved' seems to have been Donne's response to the death of Anne More (the grand-niece of Thomas More), with whom Donne had been besotted. Though Britten often breaks up the rhythmical patterns he establishes, this song finally offers some respite, in the form of a more consonant musical language, including the closest thing to a major chord heard so far in the cycle. 'At the round earth's imagined corners' continues the meditation on death, and Britten orchestrates a suitably blazing trumpet fanfare in the piano accompaniment, invoking God's angels, whose signal Donne believed would ultimately transcend the suffering inflicted upon man by war, death and worldly tyrannies. 'Thou hast made me' mirrors man's comparatively short lifetime in its brevity; however, 'Death, be not proud' introduces — for the first time — some sense of challenge to the inevitability of death. Perhaps inspired by the music of Henry Purcell, with which he became increasingly interested, Britten makes use of a repeating ground bass. Elaborating over the top of this, the singer seems to gain in confidence, building via a dramatic crescendo toward the final defiant statement: 'Death, thou shalt die.'

The cycle received its premiere at London's Wigmore Hall on 22 November 1945 (the composer's birthday), sung by Peter Pears with Britten at the piano.

Robert Schumann *Dichterliebe*, Op. 48

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
2. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
7. Ich grolle nicht
8. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
9. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
10. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
14. Allnächtlich im Traume
15. Aus alten Märchen
16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

As well as being one of the foremost composers of the nineteenth century, **Robert Schumann** was also a vociferous and prolific critic. In 1834, along with his future father-in-law Friederich Wieck, he founded the journal *Die Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, in which he outlined his — frequently strong — views on contemporary music and aesthetics. Schumann had been disparaging of song in his earlier years, outlining in a letter to his friend Hermann Hirschbach that he never considered songs capable of being 'great art'.

Dichterliebe dates from 1840, the so-called *Liederjahr*, when Schumann devoted himself almost exclusively to song composition, producing some 138 songs across the year. There were most likely several reasons, both artistic and pragmatic, for this focus. As well an effort to compose the kind of songs Schumann regarded as edifying and artful, it was also an opportunity to publish works from which the composer might expect some immediate financial return. At the time, Schumann was facing increasing criticism from Wieck, for his failure to maintain consistent control of his finances, who thus forbade Robert from marrying his daughter Clara. In any case, the couple defied Friedrich, and were married on 12 September 1840.

One of Schumann's criteria for 'high-quality' songs was an insistence on high-quality poetry. He was extremely critical of what he regarded as being naïve, insisting that the *Lied* should be more than a pretty tune with a perfunctory accompaniment. In the songs from the *Liederjahr*, Schumann made the piano and voice equal partners, each relating parallel dimensions of the text. *Dichterliebe* comprises sixteen poems from Heinrich Heine's *Das Buch der Lieder*. Although there is no explicit narrative, Schumann's careful curation of the texts gives the cycle some appearance of having a chronology. *Dichterliebe* explores a sequence of psychological states associated with both the innocence and passionate sensuality of the poet's love. The opening song, *Im wunderschönen Monat Mai*, has a particularly bittersweet quality, with the E-sharps in the piano part obscuring the distinction between major and minor. On the other hand, *Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'* is completely in the major mode and directly expresses a touching sincerity. After the angst-ridden *Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome* and *Ich grolle nicht*, the poet retreats into a dream state, making a series of unconventional observations of the natural world around him. As the singer fades into obscurity in the extended piano postlude of the closing song, Heine's words — 'The bad old songs, / The bad and bitter dreams, / Let us now bury them' — might be heard both as a means of conclusion and a concise articulation of Schumann's artistic manifesto.

David Lee

Texts and Translations

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh';
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

In the wondrous month of May

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the buds burst into bloom,
Then it was that in my heart
Love began to burgeon.

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then it was I confessed to her
My longing and desire.

From my tears there will spring

From my tears there will spring
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs shall become
A chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
And at your window shall sound
The nightingale's song.

Rose, Lily, Dove, Sun

Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I only love
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;
She, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
Then I am wholly healed.

When I lay my head against your breast,
Heavenly bliss steals over me;
But when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitter tears.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süsser Stund'.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem grossen Dome,
Das grosse, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf gold'nem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wäng'lein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.

Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie liessen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Let me bathe my soul

Let me bathe my soul
In the lily's chalice;
The lily shall resound
With a song of my beloved.

The songs shall tremble and quiver
Like the kiss that her lips
Once gave me
In a wondrously sweet hour.

In the Rhine, in the holy river

In the Rhine, in the holy river,
Mirrored in its waves,
With its great cathedral,
Stands great and holy Cologne.

In the cathedral hangs a picture,
Painted on gilded leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has cast its friendly rays.

Flowers and cherubs hover
Around Our beloved Lady;
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
Are the image of my love's.

I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, though my heart is breaking,
O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However you gleam in diamond splendour,
No ray falls in the night of your heart.

I've known that long. For I saw you in my dreams,
And saw the night within your heart,
And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart;
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
I bear no grudge.

If the little flowers knew

If the little flowers knew
How deeply my heart is hurt,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.

If the nightingales knew
How sad I am and sick,
They would joyfully make the air
Ring with refreshing song.

Und wüsstest du mein Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz:
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmettern darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitsreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmee'n;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzendrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergrosses Weh'.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine and're,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passiert,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

And if they knew of my grief,
Those little golden stars,
They would come down from the sky
And console me with their words.

But none of them can know;
My pain is known to one alone;
For she it was who broke,
Broke my heart in two.

What a fluting, what a scraping

What a fluting, what a scraping,
With trumpets blaring in;
That must be my dearest love
Dancing at her wedding feast.

What a clashing, what a clanging,
What a drumming, what a piping;
And the lovely little angels
Sobbing and groaning in between.

When I hear the little song

When I hear the little song
That my love once sang,
My heart almost bursts
With the wild rush of pain.

A dark longing drives me
Out to the wooded heights,
Where my overwhelming grief
Dissolves in tears.

A boy loves a girl

A boy loves a girl
Who chooses another;
He in turn loves another
And marries her.

The girl, out of pique,
Takes the very first man
To come her way;
The boy is badly hurt.

It is an old story,
Yet remains ever new;
And he to whom it happens,
It breaks his heart in two.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schau'n mitleidig mich an:
„Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger, blasser Mann.“

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floss noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verliessest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wär'st mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

Allnächtlich im Traume

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich
Und sehe dich freundlich grüssen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich
Zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perletränenröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort
Und gibst mir den Strauss von Zypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauss ist fort,
Und's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

One bright summer morning

One bright summer morning
I walk around the garden.
The flowers whisper and talk,
But I walk silently.

The flowers whisper and talk,
And look at me in pity:
'Be not angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man.'

I wept in my dream

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt you lay in your grave.
I woke, and tears
Still flowed down my cheeks.

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt that you were leaving me.
I woke, and wept on
Long and bitterly.

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt you loved me still.
I woke, and still
My tears stream.

Nightly in my dreams

Nightly in my dreams I see you,
And see your friendly greeting,
And weeping loud, I hurl myself
Down at your sweet feet.

Wistfully you look at me,
Shaking your fair little head;
Stealing from your eyes
Flow little tears of pearl.

You whisper me a soft word
And hand me a wreath of cypress.
I wake, the wreath is gone,
And I cannot remember the word.

Aus alten Märchen

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weisser Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen,
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmetter'n drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor;
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein.
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

From Fairy Tales of Old

A white hand beckons
From fairy tales of old,
Where there are sounds and songs
Of a magic land;

Where brightly coloured flowers
Bloom in the golden twilight,
And glow sweet and fragrant
With a bride-like face;

And green trees
Sing primeval melodies,
Mysterious breezes murmur;
And birds too join in warbling;

And misty shapes rise up
From the very ground,
And dance airy dances
In a strange throng;

And blue sparks blaze
On every leaf and twig,
And red fires race
Madly round and round;

And loud springs gush
From wild marble cliffs.
And strangely in the streams
Reflections shine on and on.

Ah, could I but reach that land,
And there make glad my heart,
And be relieved of all pain,
And be blissful and free!

Ah, that land of delight,
I see it often in my dreams,
But with the morning sun
It melts away like mere foam.

Die alten, bösen Lieder

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume böß' und arg,
Die lasst uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen grossen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht was;
Der Sarg muss sein noch grösser;
Wie's Heidelberger Fass.

Und holt eine Totenbahre
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muss sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
Und senken ins Meer hinab;
Denn solchem grossen Sarge
Gebührt ein grosses Grab.

Wisst ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So gross und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

The bad old songs

The bad old songs,
The bad and bitter dreams,
Let us now bury them.
Fetch me a large coffin.

I have much to put in it,
Though what, I won't yet say;
The coffin must be even larger
Than the vat at Heidelberg.

And fetch a bier
Made of firm thick timber:
And it must be even longer
Than the bridge at Mainz.

And fetch for me twelve giants;
They must be even stronger
Than Saint Christopher the Strong
In Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.

They shall bear the coffin away,
And sink it deep into the sea;
For such a large coffin
Deserves a large grave.

Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I'd like to bury there my love
And my sorrow too.

Robert Murray tenor

Renowned for his intelligent musicianship and incisive dramatic portrayals of a broad operatic, concert, and recital repertoire, British tenor **Robert Murray** has firmly established himself as one of the most exciting musicians of his generation. Recent season highlights include Quint and Prologue *Turn of the Screw* with Opera Glassworks under the baton of John Wilson, St John Passion at the Théâtre du Châtelet, the staged world premiere of Gerald Barry's *Alice's Adventures Under Ground* at the Royal Opera House, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 with the London Symphony Orchestra and Sir Simon Rattle. He will return to Garsington opera this summer for Count Ory *Le Comte Ory*.

Murray has performed principal roles with the Royal Opera House, Hamburg State Opera, the Salzburg Festival, English and Welsh National Operas, Norwegian Opera, Bergen National Opera, Garsington Opera, the Beijing Music Festival, the Venice Biennale, and the Edinburgh International Festival among many others. He collaborates regularly with such conductors as Edward Gardner, Sir Mark Elder, Harry Christophers, Sir Simon Rattle and Paul McCreesh both in opera and concert.

In the concert hall, Murray has performed internationally with many of the world's leading orchestras and ensembles, including the London Symphony Orchestra, City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, BBC Symphony Orchestra, Spira Mirabilis, Barokksolistene, Mahler Chamber Orchestra, the Philharmonia, Aurora Orchestra, The Handel & Haydn Society of Boston, the Boston Symphony and the Seattle Symphony Orchestra.

In recital, Murray has performed at venues including Aldeburgh Festival, Brighton Festival, Wigmore Hall, Dartington Hall and Oxford Lieder Festival. Murray has recorded opera, song, and oratorio extensively for multiple labels. These recordings include Bach St John Passion with David Temple (Chandos) Berlioz *Grand Messe des Morts*, Mendelssohn *Elijah* with Paul McCreesh (Winged Lion), extracts from Britten *Gloriana* and Szymanowski *Harnasie* with Edward Gardner (Chandos), Berg *Der Wein* with Mario Venzago and Gothenberg Symphony Orchestra (Chandos), Handel *Saul* with Harry Christophers and The Sixteen (Coro), Offenbach *Fantasio* with Mark Elder (Opera Rara), Schumann *Rückert Songs* with Sholto Kynoch (Stone Records), Malcolm Martineau's *Complete songs of Poulenc* (Signum), and Schubert *Die Schöne Müllerin* with Andrew West (Stone Records).

Murray is a committed exponent of contemporary music and has performed the music of Gerald Barry, Hans Werner Henze, Harrison Birtwistle, Colin Matthews, Cecilia McDowell, George Benjamin, Elliott Carter, and Emily Hall, in recital, concert, and staged premieres.

Murray studied Music and History at the University of Newcastle, and went on to study voice at the Royal College of Music, before joining first the National Opera Studio, and finally the Jette Parker Young Artist Programme at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

Alisdair Hogarth piano

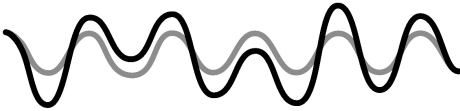
With a prominent background in both solo and song accompaniment, **Alisdair Hogarth** is a versatile pianist combining a robust technique with a fresh, contemporary approach. He made his concerto debut in 1996 as soloist with the London Philharmonic Orchestra at the Queen Elizabeth Hall and has since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

Alisdair has broadcast for BBC Radio 3 and Classic FM. Performances have included recitals at Wigmore Hall, concerts at 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 in which they were joined by Graham Johnson. Their first recording for Linn, *Ned Rorem – On an echoing road*, was Editor's Choice in *Gramophone*, 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.

Alisdair 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.



Lammermuir Festival

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