



Lammermuir Festival

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

Catriona Morison mezzo-soprano
Malcolm Martineau piano
Scott Dickinson viola

Robert Schumann *Widmung*
Der Nussbaum
Die Lotusblume
Du bist wie eine Blume
Aus den östlichen Rosen

Josephine Lang *Scheideblick*
Ob ich manchmal dein gedenke
Die Schwalben
Mignon's Klage

Johannes Brahms *Zwei Gesänge für eine Altstimme*
mit Bratsche und Klavier
I. Gestillte Sehnsucht II. Geistliches Wiegenlied
Dein blaues Auge
An die Nachtigall
Meine Liebe ist grün
Mädchenlied
Alte liebe
Von ewiger Liebe



LOTTERY FUNDED

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

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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

This afternoon's programme brings together *Lieder* by three different composers. Robert Schumann and Johannes Brahms are rightly celebrated as two of the greatest German Romantic song composers of the nineteenth century. Josephine Lang, on the other hand, is hardly well known at all — yet, as her music demonstrates, she was one of the most talented and original composers of vocal music during the same period. Heard alongside each other, it is possible to appreciate how each of these composers contributed to the genre's consolidation, while also retaining their own compositional voice.

Robert Schumann's songs are often characterised by the important role that the piano plays in their poetic expression. Rather than being a simple accompaniment to the singer, Schumann's piano parts tend to not just illustrate, but extend the imagery and emotive subtexts implicit within the poetry. The five of his songs here are taken from *Myrthen*, for which Schumann gathered together a series of songs from the first part of his so-called *Liederjahr*, in what he described as a 'wedding present' for his wife-to-be, Clara Wieck. Setting texts by some of the foremost poets of the nineteenth century including Goethe, Heine and Rückert (in addition to Robert Burns!), *Myrthen* was published in 1840. *Widmung* was placed at the opening of the print, and is an immediate demonstration of Schumann's burning ardour; its leaping piano part conveying the intensity of the poet's address to his beloved. *Der Nussbaum* is less overt, using the metaphor of a blossoming nut tree and a series of single words in each verse to hint at an upcoming marriage. Schumann allows the piano to carry the melodic line through a series of increasingly suggestive harmonic regions, before finally revealing the protagonist to be a young girl, who eventually drifts off to sleep. *Der Lotosblume* sets a text by Heine describing the relationship between the moon and the lotus flower (the lotus flower being known for submerging itself in water and miraculously re-blooming every night). Schumann captures the tenderness and fragility of Heine's lotus in an exquisite vocal melody, which ends and disappears almost as quickly as it appeared. *Du bist wie eine Blume* sets another text by the same poet, this time directly addressing the lover and likening them to a flower that he wishes to keep forever, while *Aus den östlichen Rosen* likens the lover's face to a rose which, flowering in spring, symbolises the hope of new love. While the recurrent floral imagery of *Myrthen* might easily become a kitsch stock Romantic trope, in Schumann's settings we can smell the different fragrances and see the vivid colours of each petal in every note.

Josephine Lang was born in München and first learned singing and the piano with her mother. At the age of fifteen, she met Felix Mendelssohn, who gave her some composition lessons and urged her to study further in Berlin. However, her father would not allow her to do so, and she instead pursued a career as a teacher. Mendelssohn continued to encourage Lang, as did his sister, and Schumann singled out her *Traumbild* (op. 28/1) for

praise. Of her 46 published opuses, almost the entirety are *Lieder*. Lang was very attached to her songs, describing them as 'my diary'.

Scheideblick is a setting of a poem by Nikolaus Lenau. After hearing the song performed by Agnes von Calatin with the composer at the piano, Lenau is reported to have been moved to tears. Understated in its simplicity, Lang keeps the voice in the lower part of its register, with an ambiguous harmonic colour that never quite resolves, bringing a dark intensity to the text, despite its ostensible happiness. *Ob ich manchmal dein gedenke* dates from 1841 and sets a text by Lang's frequent collaborator and husband, the poet (Christian) Reinhold Köstlin. Lang manages to express the extent of their mutual adoration in a seemingly never-ending melody. By contrast, *Die Schwalben* is much lighter, with a quirky piano part evoking the swallows' erratic flight patterns — the swallow being a recurring emblem in Romantic poetry, symbolising the spring. *Mignons Klage* takes a passage from Goethe's novel *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* (Master Wilhelm's Apprenticeship), which was set by several better-known composers, including Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann and Wolf. However, Lang's song is the equal of any of them, with its sharply contrasting dynamics and dramatic leaps vividly rendering the mercurial text.

While **Johannes Brahms** is most famous for his symphonies and the grandeur of larger-scale works such as his *Ein Deutsches Requiem*, he was also a prolific composer of chamber music and song. Brahms composed almost 200 solo songs, many of which capture a unique sense of intimacy. Though they both make imaginative use of the viola and their texts refer to the evocative imagery of the wind, the two songs he published in 1884 as *Zwei Gesänge für Altstimme mit Bratsche und Klavier* ('Two songs for alto with viola and piano') were actually composed completely over a year apart. Brahms's use of the viola in these songs has been identified as an acknowledgment of Baroque practice (and particularly Bach), with the viola highlighting melodic ideas closely associated with expressing the central affects of the text.

The first song, *Gestillte Sehnsucht* sets a text by German poet Friedrich Rückert exploring the associations between emotional longing and the beauty of the natural world often invoked by Romantic poets. In it, the viola introduces a sensual melody that returns three times over the course of the song as the voice sings 'lispeln die Wind' ('the wind whispers'), with the broken chords of the piano depicting the trees' gentle rustling. The second song, *Geistliches Wiegenlied*, was actually the first of the pair to be written. Setting a German translation by Emanuel Geibel of a devotional poem by the Spanish Renaissance writer Lope de Vega, it was composed in 1863. It was dedicated to Brahms's friend, the violinist Joseph Joachim, who had recently married the renowned alto Amalie Schneeweiss. Brahms's song makes use of the medieval carol *Resonet in laudibus*, often sung to the German text *Joseph, lieber, Joseph, mein* — an obvious allusion to his friend. Writing to Joachim in 1863, Brahms described how, 'In due course, I will send you a wonderful old Catholic song; you will never discover a more beautiful melody.' However, while the familiar melody is stated by the viola at the outset, it is never actually sung by the voice, which

instead sticks to a melodic line of Brahms's own invention, which is developed into the more anguished central section. However, this is short-lived, with the return of the carol melody heralding sleep's repose and the prayer's conclusion.

Dein blaues Auge sets a text by Klaus Groth, telling of a lover reeling from a recent breakup. Though Brahms evokes the pain of the poet's experience, its major-mode conclusion hints that better times might soon be to come. *An die Nachtigall* is one of Brahms's best-known songs. It takes Hölty's two stanzas and sets them in a through-composed form filled with aching, as the music cumulatively builds toward an emotional climax and the nightingale takes to the sky. *Meine Liebe ist grün* continues with the image of the nightingale, bringing a richness and depth to the poet Felix Schumann's text. The opening of *Mädchenlied* demonstrates the influence that Schubert exerted on Brahms, with its naïve, repeating opening section and piano part depicting the maidens' spinning wheels. But Brahms can hardly help himself, and toward the end he allows the piano to open up and the song becomes an altogether darker and more complex existential meditation. *Alte Liebe* is a remembrance of a past love, with the singer gradually being subsumed in the nostalgia of the dream state. This song is all the more touching considering Brahms's own never-quite-requited love for Clara Schumann; this song actually uses a short melodic passage from Brahms's own *Capriccio* in F-sharp minor (Op. 76/1), which he had dedicated to Clara some five years before writing the song. However, *Von ewiger Liebe* is an altogether different kind of *Lied*. It sets a text by Fallersleben based on a Slavic folk song. With the piano's broken chords and the voice emerging from the depths of darkness, it seems to epitomise the values of Romantic movement, with its emphasis on the authenticity of individual experience as sentimentalism and irrationality are articulated in Brahms's rapturous final statement: 'Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!' (Our love must endure forever).

David Lee

Texts and Translations

Widmung

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!

Der Nussbaum

Es grünet ein Nussbaum, vor dem Haus,
Duftig,
Luftig
Breitet er blättrig die Blätter aus.

Viel liebliche Blüten stehen d'ran,
Linde
Winde
Kommen, sie herzlich zu umfahn.

Es flüstern je zwei zu zwei gepaart,
Neigend,
Beugend
Zierlich zum Kusse die Häuptchen zart.

Sie flüstern von einem Mägdlein, das
Dächte
Die Nächte
Und Tagelang, wüsste ach! selber nicht was.

Sie flüstern—wer mag verstehen so gar
Leise
Weis?
Flüstern von Bräut'gam und nächstem Jahr:

Das Mägdlein horchet, es rauscht im Baum;
Sehnend,
Wähnend
Sinkt es lächelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

Dedication

You my soul, you my heart,
You my rapture, O you my pain,
You my world in which I live,
My heaven you, to which I aspire,
O you my grave, into which
My grief forever I've consigned!
You are repose, you are peace,
You are bestowed on me from heaven.
Your love for me gives me my worth,
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,
You raise me lovingly above myself,
My guardian angel, my better self!

The Walnut Tree

A nut tree blossoms outside the house,
Fragrantly,
Airily,
It spreads its leafy boughs.

Many lovely blossoms it bears,
Gentle
Winds
Come to caress them tenderly.

Paired together, they whisper,
Inclining,
Bending
Gracefully their delicate heads to kiss.

They whisper of a maiden who
Dreamed
For nights
And days of, alas, she knew not what.

They whisper—who can understand
So soft
A song?
Whisper of a bridegroom and next year:

The maiden listens, the tree rustles;
Yearning,
Musing
She drifts smiling into sleep and dreams.

Die Lotosblume

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleierte sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Höh';
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

Du bist wie eine Blume

Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.

Aus den „Östlichen Rosen“

Ich sende einen Gruss wie Duft der Rosen,
Ich send' ihn an ein Rosenangesicht.
Ich sende einen Gruss wie Frühlingskosen,
Ich send' ihn an ein Aug voll Frühlingslicht.
Aus Schmerzensstürmen, die mein Herz
durchtosen,
Send' ich den Hauch, dich unsanft rühr' er nicht!
Wenn du gedenkest an den Freudelosen,
So wird der Himmel meiner Nächte licht.

Scheideblick

Als ein unergründlich Wonnemeer
Strahlte mir dein seelenvoller Blick!
Scheiden muß' ich ohne Wiederkehr,
Und ich habe scheidend all' mein Glück
Still versenkt in dieses tiefe Meer.

The Lotus-Flower

The lotus-flower fears
The sun's splendour;
And with bowed head,
Dreaming, awaits the night.

The moon is her lover;
And wakes her with his light,
And to him she tenderly unveils
Her innocent flower-like face.

She blooms and glows and gleams,
And gazes silently aloft—
Fragrant and weeping and trembling
With love and the pain of love.

You are like a flower

You are like a flower;
So sweet and fair and pure;
I look at you, and sadness
Steals into my heart.

I feel as if I should lay
My hands upon your head,
Praying that God preserve you
So pure and fair and sweet.

From 'Eastern Roses'

I send a greeting like the scent of roses,
I send it to a rose-like face.
I send a greeting like spring's caressing,
I send it to eyes that brim with spring's light.
From anguished storms that rage through my
heart
I send a breath—may it cause you no harm!
When you think of me in my sadness,
The sky of my nights will then be made bright.

Parting glance

Like an unfathomable ocean of joy
Your soulful gaze shone for me!
I had to take leave, knowing I would never return,
And as I departed, I quietly sank
All my happiness into this deep ocean.

Ob ich manchmal dein gedenke?

Ob ich manchmal dein gedenke?
Wüßtest Du, wie sehr ich's thu',
Dir auch noch die Schatten lenken
Träumender Gedanken zu!

Tag und Nacht, und alle Stunden, –
O dies Alles sagt es nicht;
Du, seitdem wir uns gefunden,
Bist's allein, was aus mir spricht.

Alles Andre seh' ich schwanken
Um mich her wie Traum und Schein.
Dein gedenken ist mein Leben,
Dich zu lieben ist mein Sein.

Die Schwalben

Der Schnee ist dahin, ist verschwommen,
In's grosse gewaltige Meer.
Die Schwalben sind wieder gekommen,
Sie kamen, ich weiss nicht woher.
Ich weiss nur, sie fanden sich wieder,
Weil Liebe von Liebe nicht lässt,
Und lassen sich häuslich hier nieder,
Denn Liebe baut Liebe das Nest.

Oft, wenn sie von dannen geflogen,
Und nahte die Blumenzeit sich,
So kamen sie wieder gezogen,
Sie kamen, was kümmert es mich?
Am liebsten noch sah ich sie scheiden,
Weit hin in das wärmere Land,
Ich konnt' ihr Geschwätze nicht leiden,
Wovon ich noch gar nichts verstand.

Mignons Klage

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude
Seh ich an's Firmament
Nach jeder Seite.
Ach, der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!

Do I sometimes think of you?

Do I sometimes think of you?
If you only knew how much!
Draw unto yourself even the shadows
Of my dreaming thoughts!

Day and night, and at all hours,
Oh all those words do not express it;
You alone, since we found each other,
Are the substance of my utterances.

I see everything else tottering
About me like dreams and illusions!
To think of you is my very life!
To love you is my existence.

The Swallows

The snow is gone, has flowed away
Into the great, vast ocean.
The swallows have returned,
They came back, I know not whence.
I only know that they found each other again,
Because love does not abandon love,
And they are setting up house here,
For love builds a nest for love.

Often when they had flown away,
And the time of flowers approached,
Then they came flying back again;
They came, what concern was it of mine?
I was happiest when I saw them leave
For a warmer clime far away.
I could not stand their chatter,
Of which I as yet understood nothing.

Mignon's Lament

Only those who know longing
Know what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From every joy,
I search the sky
In that direction.
Ah! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
My head reels,
My body blazes.
Only those who know longing
Know what I suffer!

Two Songs for Alto and Viola

I. Gestillte Sehnsucht

In goldnen Abendschein getaucht,
Wie feierlich die Wälder stehn!
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein hauchet
Des Abendwindes leises Wehn.
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.

Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh!
Du Sehnen, das die Brust beweget,
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?
Beim Lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,
Ihr sehnennden Wünsche, wann schlaft ihr ein?

Ach, wenn nicht mehr in goldne Fernen
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen
Mit sehndem Blick mein Auge weilt;
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

II. Geistliches Wiegenlied

Die ihr schwebet
Um diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heil'gen Engel,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem
Im Windesbrausen,
Wie mögt ihr heute
So zornig sausen!
O rauscht nicht also!
Schweiget, neiget
Euch leis' und lind;
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Der Himmelsknabe
Duldet Beschwerde,
Ach, wie so müd' er ward
Vom Leid der Erde.
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm
Leise gesänftigt
Die Qual zerrinnt,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Assuaged Longing

Bathed in golden evening light,
How solemnly the forests stand!
The evening winds mingle softly
With the soft voices of the birds.
What do the winds, the birds whisper?
They whisper the world to sleep.

But you, my desires, ever stirring
In my heart without respite!
You, my longing, that agitates my breast –
When will you rest, when will you sleep?
The winds and the birds whisper;
But when will you, yearning desires, slumber?

Ah! when my spirit no longer hastens
On wings of dreams into golden distances,
When my eyes no longer dwell yearningly
On eternally remote stars;
Then shall the winds, the birds whisper
My life – and my longing – to sleep.

Spiritual lullaby

You who hover
Around these palms
In night and wind,
You holy angels,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem
In the raging wind,
Why do you bluster
So angrily today!
O roar not so!
Be still, lean
Calmly and gently over us;
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

The heavenly babe
Suffers distress,
Oh, how weary He has grown
With the sorrows of this world.
Ah, now that in sleep
His pains
Are gently eased,
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

Grimmige Kälte
Sauset hernieder,
Womit nur deck' ich
Des Kindleins Glieder!
O all ihr Engel,
Die ihr geflügelt
Wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Dein blaues Auge

Dein blaues Auge hält so still,
Ich blicke bis zum Grund.
Du fragst mich, was ich sehen will?
Ich sehe mich gesund.

Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,
Noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl:
Das deine ist wie See so klar
Und wie ein See so kühl.

An die Nachtigall

Geuß nicht so laut der liebentflammten Lieder
Tonreichen Schall
Vom Blütenast des Apfelbaums hernieder;
O Nachtigall!
Du tönest mir mit deiner süßen Kehle
Die Liebe wach;
Denn schon durchbebt die Tiefen meiner Seele
Dein schmelzend Ach.

Dann flieht der Schlaf von neuem dieses Lager;
Ich starre dann
Mit nassem Blick' und totenbleich und hager
Den Himmel an.
Fluch, Nachtigall, in grüne Finsternisse,
Ins Haingesträuch,
Und spend' im Nest der treuen Gattin Küsse;
Entfluch, entfluch.

Junge Lieder I: Meine Liebe ist grün

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch
Und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne;
Die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch
Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.

Meine Seele hat Schwingen der Nachtigall
Und wiegt sich in blühendem Flieder;
Und jauchzet und singet vom Duft berauscht
Viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

Fierce cold
Blows down on us,
With what shall I cover
My little child's limbs?
O all you angels,
Who wing your way
On the winds,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

Your blue eyes

Your blue eyes stay so still,
I look into their depths.
You ask me what I seek to see?
Myself restored to health.

A pair of ardent eyes have burnt me,
The pain of it still throbs:
Your eyes are limpid as a lake,
And like a lake as cool.

To the Nightingale

Do not pour so loudly the full-throated sounds
Of your love-kindled songs
Down from the blossoming boughs of the apple-
tree, O nightingale!
The tones of your sweet throat
Awaken love in me;
For the depths of my soul already quiver
With your melting lament.

Sleep once more forsakes this couch,
And I stare
Moist-eyed, haggard and deathly pale
At the heavens.
Fly, nightingale, to the green darkness,
To the bushes of the grove,
And there in the nest kiss your faithful mate;
Fly away, fly away!

Songs of Youth I: My love's as green

My love's as green as the lilac bush,
And my sweetheart's as fair as the sun;
The sun shines down on the lilac bush,
Fills it with delight and fragrance.

My soul has a nightingale's wings
And sways in the blossoming lilac,
And, drunk with fragrance, exults and sings
Many a love-drunk song.

Mädchenlied

Auf die Nacht in der Spinnstub'n,
Da singen die Mädchen,
Da lachen die Dorfbub'n,
Wie flink gehn die Rädchen!

Spinnt Jedes am Brautschatz,
Dass der Liebste sich freut.
Nicht lange, so gibt es
Ein Hochzeitgeläut.

Kein Mensch, der mir gut ist,
Will nach mir fragen;
Wie bang mir zumut ist,
Wem soll ich's klagen?

Die Tränen rinnen
Mir übers Gesicht –
Wofür soll ich spinnen?
Ich weiss es nicht!

Alte Liebe

Es kehrt die dunkle Schwalbe
Aus fernem Land zurück,
Die frommen Störche kehren
Und bringen neues Glück.

An diesem Frühlingmorgen,
So trüb verhängt und warm,
Ist mir, als fänd ich wieder
Den alten Liebesharm.

Es ist, als ob mich leise
Wer auf die Schulter schlug,
Als ob ich säuseln hörte,
Wie einer Taube Flug.

Es klopft an meine Türe,
Und ist doch niemand draus';
Ich atme Jasmindüfte,
Und habe keinen Strauß.

Es ruft mir aus der Ferne,
Ein Auge sieht mich an,
Ein alter Traum erfaßt mich
Und führt mich seine Bahn.

A young girl's song

At night in the spinning-room,
The girls are singing,
The village lads are laughing,
How swiftly the wheels go round!

Each girl spins for her trousseau
To please her lover:
It won't be long
Before wedding-bells sound.

No man who cares for me
Will ask after me;
How anxious I feel,
To whom shall I tell my sorrow?

The tears go coursing
Down my cheeks –
What am I spinning for?
I don't know!

Old love

The dark swallow returns
From a distant land,
The pious storks return
And bring new happiness.

On this spring morning,
So bleakly veiled and warm,
I seem to rediscover
Love's grief of old.

It is as if someone
Tapped me on the shoulder,
As if I heard a whirring,
Like a dove in flight.

There's a knock at my door;
Yet no one stands outside;
I breathe the scent of jasmine,
Yet have no bouquet.

Someone calls me from afar,
Eyes are watching me,
An old dream takes hold of me
And leads me on its path.

Von ewiger Liebe

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.

Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,

Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:

„Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,

Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.

Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.“

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
„Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!

Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr:

Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?

Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!“

Eternal love

Dark, how dark in forest and field!
Evening already, and the world is silent.

Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,
And even the lark is silent now too.

Out of the village there comes a lad,
Escorting his sweetheart home,

He leads her past the willow-copse,
Talking so much and of so many things:

'If you suffer sorrow and suffer shame,
Shame for what others think of me,

Then let our love be severed as swiftly,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.

Let us depart in rain and depart in wind,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.'

The girl speaks, the girl says:
'Our love cannot be severed!

Steel is strong, and so is iron,
Our love is even stronger still:

Iron and steel can both be reforged,
But our love, who shall change it?

Iron and steel can be melted down,
Our love must endure for ever!

Catriona Morison was thrust into the limelight when she won the main prize and shared the song prize of the internationally renowned BBC Cardiff Singer of the World competition 2017. For two seasons (2016-2018) she was a member of the ensemble of the Oper Wuppertal, where she introduced many roles into her repertoire, including Nicklausse (*Les contes d'Hoffmann*), Charlotte (*Werther*), Hänsel (*Hänsel und Gretel*), Maddalena (*Rigoletto*), Little Arab (*Juliette*) Princess Clarice (*Die Liebe zu den drei Orangen*) and Cherubino (*Le nozze di Figaro*). In autumn 2020 she looks forward to returning to Oper Wuppertal to make her debut in the role of Der Komponist in Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos*.

Guest opera engagements have taken her to the Edinburgh International Festival, Oper Köln, Bergen Nasjonale Opera and the Deutsches Nationaltheater in Weimar. In 2015 she made her debut at the Salzburger Festspiele under Franz Welser-Möst as a member of the Young Singers Project and in the same year performed at the Salzburger Pfingstfestspiele. On the operatic stage she has worked with conductors such as Julia Jones, David Parry, Frédéric Chaslin, Stefan Solym and with the directors Antony McDonald, Immo Karaman, Joe-Hill Gibbons, Christopher Alden, Inga Levant, Charlie Edwards, Nigel Lowery and Timofey Kuljabin.

A passionate concert singer, Catriona Morison made her debut at the BBC Proms in the summer of 2019, performing Elgar's *Sea Pictures* with the BBC National Orchestra of Wales and Elim Chan. She also sang the world premiere of Errollyn Wallen's *This Frame is Part of the Painting*, a work commissioned for her, again at the 2019 BBC Proms.

Song repertoire is also of particular importance for Catriona Morison. She has given recitals at venues and festivals including the Wigmore Hall, the Edinburgh International Festival, the Leeds Lieder Festival and the Weimarer Meisterkurs. Her first solo CD, *The Dark Night Has Vanished* (Linn) with Malcolm Martineau was released in January 2021.

Catriona has numerous oratorio works in her repertoire, from Bach to contemporary composers. Recent highlights include a tour with Teodor Currentzis and MusicAeterna with Mozart's Requiem, Bach's Matthäus-passion with the MDR-Sinfonieorchester and Duruflé's Requiem with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Andrew Davis.

Catriona Morison is a recent BBC New Generation Artist and was awarded an honorary professorship at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland (RCS) in 2017. She studied at the RCS, the Berlin University of the Arts and the Franz Liszt School of Music Weimar.

Malcolm Martineau was born in Edinburgh, read Music at St Catharine's College, Cambridge and studied at the Royal College of Music.

Recognised as one of the leading accompanists of his generation, he has worked with many of the world's greatest singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Janet Baker, Olaf Bär, Anna Netrebko, Elna Garanča, Dorothea Röschmann, Dame Sarah Connolly, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Della Jones, Sir Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschrager, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Dame Ann Murray, Anne Sofie von Otter, Joan Rodgers, Michael Schade, Frederica von Stade, Sarah Walker and Sir Bryn Terfel.

He has presented his own series at the Wigmore Hall and the Edinburgh Festival. He has appeared throughout Europe including London's Wigmore Hall and the Barbican; La Scala, Milan; the Chatelet, Paris; the Liceu, Barcelona; Berlin's Philharmonie and Konzerthaus; Amsterdam's Concertgebouw and Vienna's Konzerthaus and Musikverein; North America including both New York's Alice Tully and Carnegie Halls; Australia including the Sydney Opera House and at the Aix-en-Provence, Vienna, Edinburgh, Schubertiade, Munich and Salzburg Festivals.

Recording projects have included the complete Beethoven Folk Songs and Schubert, Schumann and English song recitals with Sir Bryn Terfel; Schumann and Brahms Lieder with Elna Garanča (DG); Schubert and Strauss recitals with Sir Simon Keenlyside plus the Grammy Award-winning Songs of War; recital recordings with Angela Gheorghiu, Barbara Bonney, Magdalena Kozena, Della Jones, Susan Bullock, Solveig Kringelborn, Anne Schwanewilms, Dorothea Röschmann and Christiane Karg; the complete Fauré songs with Sarah Walker and Tom Krause; the complete Britten Folk Songs; the complete Poulenc songs and Britten Song Cycles as well as Schubert with Florian Boesch, Reger with Sophie Bevan and the complete Mendelssohn songs.

He was given an honorary doctorate at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in 2004, and appointed International Fellow of Accompaniment in 2009. Malcolm was the Artistic Director of the 2011 Leeds Lieder+ Festival. He was made an OBE in the 2016 New Year's Honours.

Scott Dickinson was born in Glasgow and studied at the Music School of Douglas Academy and then in Manchester, London and Salzburg, where he won the Mozarteum Concerto Competition.

He has appeared with Yuri Bashmet, Steven Isserlis, the Gould Piano Trio, Brodsky, Chilingirian, Elias, Navarra and Royal Quartets, and the Hebrides, Nash, Razumovsky and Red Note Ensembles. As a guest principal viola he has played with groups as diverse as the Australian Chamber Orchestra, the CBSO, LPO, Philharmonia, Swedish Radio Symphony, SCO and the John Wilson Orchestras. He has also performed with the World Orchestra for Peace. For five years he was a member of the Leopold String Trio, appearing worldwide including at the Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Musikverein Vienna, Carnegie Hall New York, Cité de la Musique Paris, King's Place Sydney, regularly at the Wigmore Hall, London, on BBC Radio and on acclaimed CDs for Hyperion.

In 2002 Scott returned to Scotland to become principal viola of the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, with whom he also regularly appears as soloist, collaborating with conductors including Martyn Brabbins, Edward Gardner, Donald Runnicles, Stephan Solyom, John Wilson and on a highly praised recording of *Jubilus* by Jonathan Harvey conducted by Ilan Volkov.

Scott has taught at the Royal Northern College of Music, Chetham's School and currently teaches at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland. He regularly plays flute, viola and harp trios with his wife, flautist Susan Frank, and the harpist Lucy Wakeford. He lives outside Glasgow with Sue and their two sons, Ben and Jamie.



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