

Lammermuir Festival

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

Mary Bevan soprano
Joseph Middleton piano

Henri Duparc	<i>L'invitation au voyage</i>
Lili Boulanger	<i>Le retour</i>
Amy Beach	<i>Je demande à l'oiseau</i>
Déodat de Séverac	<i>Les Hiboux</i>
Pierre de Bréville	<i>Harmonie du soir</i>
Marguerite Canal	<i>Les Roses de Saadi</i>
Jeanne Landry	<i>Mort quand tu me viendras prendre</i>
Gabriel Fauré	<i>Chant d'automne</i>
Henri Duparc	<i>La vie antérieure</i>
Nadia Boulanger	<i>Soleils couchants</i>
Claude Debussy	<i>Le jet d'eau</i>
Pauline Viardot	<i>Lamento – la chanson du pêcheur</i>
Henri Duparc	<i>Romance de Mignon</i>
Mel Bonis	<i>Songe</i>
Maurice Rollinat	<i>Harmonie du soir</i>
Cécile Chaminade	<i>L'Absente</i>



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.

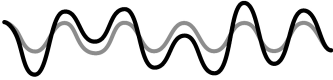
We are most grateful to Creative Scotland for their continuing support and to EventScotland for generously supporting our online streaming programme which will add a new and, we hope, permanent dimension to the festival.

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

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

Visit www.lammermuirfestival.co.uk for information about all events and to join our mailing list.

Follow us on Facebook
The Lammermuir Festival



and Twitter [@LammermuirFest](https://twitter.com/LammermuirFest)



for the latest news and updates.

Programme notes

In the 1870s, France and the nascent German state were on a collision course, in virtually every sense. The year 1870 itself marked the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war, as the two countries vied for primacy on the battlefield. And in cultural terms, artists in the two nations were moving in increasingly disparate directions.

While *Lieder* composers by and large kept to the more traditional lyric forms of German Romantic poetry, the French *mélodie* became increasingly experimental, as composers embraced the Symbolist poetry of writers such as Charles Baudelaire, Stéphane Mallarmé and Paul Verlaine, and their inclinations to the exotic (albeit somewhat under the influence of Richard Wagner). Much of the poetry centred around the idea of travelling to the East, in an attempt to escape the perceived banality of Europe, and French composers responded to this in a variety of creative ways.

Along with Gabriel Fauré and Claude Debussy, **Henri Duparc** was one of the most original composers of French song. Written in 1870, his *L'invitation au voyage* captures the text's sensuality in a virtually unprecedented manner. The piano opens with a shimmering semi-quaver figure, heard over a deep open fifth in the bass of the piano, as the poet dreams of a journey to a distant land where 'all is naught by order and beauty'.

Marie-Juliette 'Lili' Boulanger was born into a well-known musical family in Paris. In 1913, she became the first woman to win the fabled Prix de Rome composition competition with her cantata *Faust et Hélène*. Boulanger's songs seem to always aspire to the orchestral, in the range of colours she is able to create from the piano, as heard in this song in which Delaquys' Ulysses sees to travel thousands of miles in the space of around just four minutes.

Though it was her success with large-scale works including her Mass and Symphony that made her name, the American composer and pianist **Amy Beach** was first and foremost a prolific art-song composer. And though she studied in Boston, she was entirely au fait with the latest developments in European musical circles. *Je demande à l'oiseau* comes from a collection of four songs published in 1903 (the other three songs are, in fact, in German). Aply demonstrating Beach's melodic gifts, the voice soars with all the freedom of the swallow above a simple piano accompaniment. **Déodat de Séverac's** *Les Hiboux* continues the avian theme, evoking the darkness enshrouding Baudelaire's owls, as they over the vain affairs of mankind.

Harmonie du soir was one of Baudelaire's most frequently set texts, attracting composers presumably by the way it stimulates the senses via a series of lucid images. **Pierre de**

Bréville captures this in his 1879 setting, with a rhapsodic form that follows the poem, as it conjures an increasingly intoxicating sense of nostalgia.

Like Boulanger, **Marguerite Canal** also won the Prix de Rome, seven years later in 1920. She became the first female orchestral conductor in France, and a prolific composer. Canal published over 100 songs, and though they often show the influence of the earlier generation, they are beautifully crafted. *Les Roses de Saadi* sets a three-stanza poem by Marceline Desbordes-Valmore, in a short but arresting song that evokes her potent imagery, again closing with the pangs of nostalgia.

Jeanne Landry was a Canadian composer, who, after studies in Montreal and Paris with Nadia Boulanger, taught at the Université Laval in Quebec City for much of her career. The final song of her *Cycle de huit mélodies*, for which Landry wrote both words and music, *Mort quand tu me viendras prendre* is a very brief but touching song, meditating on the fleeting nature of human life and relationships. Baudelaire contemplates the same subject, albeit in a much more melancholic manner; set by Gabriel Fauré in his *Chant d'automne*. A ten-bar introduction in the piano creates a sense of the poet's anxiety of the approaching autumn, which Fauré increasingly emphasises – until the final stanza, where an unanticipated change of key and mood marks the depth of the poet's love, even if 'all today is bitter for me.' **Duparc's** *La vie antérieure* sets another of Baudelaire's poems, this time looking back on a past life. On its own, Baudelaire's text has a kind of detachedness, but Duparc's setting gains an almost operatic quality, in expressing states of ecstasy, sadness, rapture and regret.

Soleils couchants is a setting of one of Paul Verlaine's most famous poems, from his *Poèmes saturniens* (1866). It inspired a large number of French composers, but this setting by **Nadia Boulanger** must surely be among the finest. While Boulanger garnered a reputation as a rigorous teacher and master of technique, this song has a remarkable freedom, responding naturally to Verlaine's landscape. Boulanger's songs often display the unmistakable influence of **Claude Debussy**. *Le jet d'eau* is one of a cycle of five Baudelaire settings by the Impressionist composer. It is notable for its virtuosic piano part, which perfectly depicts the different kinds of water referred to in the poem — from the babbling fountain to the shower of tears. A similar kind of fluidity can be heard in the accompaniment to Pauline Viardot's *La chanson du pêcheur*. Viardot was an internationally celebrated singer, and inspired composers including Berlioz, Gounod, Liszt, Wagner and Schumann. While she was self-deprecating as a composer, her songs are immaculately constructed and highly idiomatic for the voice. This short lament was also set by Berlioz and Fauré, but Viardot's setting has a special kind of understatedness, refraining from tipping over melodrama and subtly drawing out the haunted affect of Gautier's text.

The enigmatic character of Mignon, from Goethe's novel *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*, inspired several nineteenth-century composers, most notably Franz Schubert. Having been rescued from a circus troupe in Milan by Wilhelm, she grows to secretly love her liberator

— despite knowing that they can never be together. Setting this adaptation by the Belgian poet Victor Wilder, **Duparc's** *Romance de Mignon* captures the epic scale of the journey she describes, to reach 'that radiant land where gentle golden fruit shines among the branches.'

Melanie Bonis (or 'Mel-Bonis' as she styled herself) was a student at the Paris Conservatoire at the same time as Claude Debussy, and her music was highly regarded by the foremost Parisian composers of the day, including Camille Saint-Saëns. With the piano taking on a harp-like sonority, Bonis's *Songe* tells of an imagined land, where it is possible to 'caress the dreams of our hearts' and 'taste eternal peace', free from the travails of late-nineteenth-century Europe.

Having already heard de Bréville's setting of Baudelaire's *Harmonie du soir*, **Maurice Rollinat's** provides an alternative reading of the text. While his version is comparatively more restrained, it seems to dwell on the reverie and underlying nostalgia framing Baudelaire's reminiscences, rather than the more obvious images themselves. However, in the final piece of the programme, *L'absente*, **Cécile Chaminade** expresses the lover's urgency in seeking to be reunited with her absent partner; the repeating broken chords of the piano generating a palpable energy — even if they know that their journey will ultimately be in vain.

David Lee

Texts and Translations

L'invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
-Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!
Charles Baudelaire

Le Retour

Ulysse part la voile au vent,
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries,
Avec des bercements la vague roule et plie.
Au large de son coeur la mer aux vastes eaux
Où son oeil suit les blancs oiseaux
Egrène au loin des pierreries.

Ulysse part la voile au vent,
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries!

Invitation to journey

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

The Return

Ulysses sets out, sails to the wind,
Towards Ithaca on beloved waves,
Which rise and fall and sway.
Before the open sea of his heart, the vast ocean,
Where his eyes follow the white birds,
Scatters in the distance precious jewels.

Ulysses sets out, sails to the wind,
Towards Ithaca on beloved waves.

Penché oeil grave et coeur battant
Sur le bec d'or de sa galère
Il se rit, quand le flot est noir; de sa colère
Car là-bas son cher fils pieux et fier attend
Après les combats éclatants,
La victoire aux bras de son père.
Il songe, oeil grave et coeur battant
Sur le bec d'or de sa galère.

Ulysse part la voile au vent,
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries.

Georges Delaquys

Je demande à l'oiseau qui passe

Je demande à l'oiseau qui passe
Sur les arbres, sans s'y poser;
Qu'il t'apporte, à travers l'espace,
La caresse de mon baiser.

Je demande à la brise pleine
De l'âme mourante des fleurs,
De prendre un peu de ton haleine
Pour en venir sécher mes pleurs.

Je demande au soleil de flamme,
Qui boit la sève et fait les vins,
Qu'il aspire toute mon âme,
Et la verse à tes pieds divins !

Armand Silvestre

Les hiboux

Sous les ifs noirs qui les abritent,
Les hiboux se tiennent rangés,
Ainsi que des dieux étrangers,
Dardant leur œil rouge. Ils méditent.

Sans remuer ils se tiendront
Jusqu'à l'heure mélancolique
Où, poussant le soleil oblique,
Les ténèbres s'établiront.

Leur attitude au sage enseigne
Qu'il faut en ce monde qu'il craigne
Le tumulte et le mouvement;

L'homme ivre d'une ombre qui passe
Porte toujours le châtiment
D'avoir voulu changer de place.

Charles Baudelaire

Leaning, with serious gaze and beating heart,
On the golden prow of his boat,
He laughs at his anger; when black waves threaten,
For yonder his dear, devout and proud son awaits,
After astounding victories,
his triumphant father:
He dreams, with serious gaze and beating heart,
By the golden prow of his boat.

Ulysses sets out, sails to the wind,
Towards Ithaca on beloved waves.

I entreat of the passing swallow

I entreat of the passing swallow,
As it soars high on pinions free,
That far swifter than sight can follow,
It may bear my caress to thee.

Of the breeze, laden with incense dying,
Which flowers as they fade impart,
I pray, my thoughts unto thee flying,
One sigh alone from thy pure heart.

Ah! yes, I ask of the sunlight glowing
Which warmly tints the generous wine,
That my spirit into it flowing,
May embrace thee with fire divine!

The owls

Beneath the shade of black yews,
The owls perch in a row,
Like alien gods, whose
Red eyes flash. They meditate.

Motionless they will perch
Till the melancholy hour
When, pushing aside the slanting sun,
The shadows will settle into place.

From their pose the wise man learns
That in this world he ought to fear
All movement and commotion;

The man drunk on fleeting shadows
Will always pay the penalty
For having wished to roam.

Harmonie du Soir

Voici venir les temps où vibrant sur sa tige
Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi qu'un encensoir;
Les sons et les parfums tourment dans l'air du soir;
Valse mélancolique et langoureux vertige!

Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi qu'un encensoir;
Le violon frémit comme un cœur qu'on afflige;
Valse mélancolique et langoureux vertige!
Le ciel est triste et beau comme un grand
reposoir.

Le violon frémit comme un cœur qu'on afflige;
Un cœur tendre, qui hait le néant vaste et noir!
Le ciel est triste et beau comme un grand
reposoir;
Le ciel s'est noyé dans son sang qui se fige.

Un cœur tendre, qui hait le néant vaste et noir,
Du passé lumineux recueille tout vestige!
Le ciel s'est noyé dans son sang qui se fige ...
Ton souvenir en moi luit comme un ostensor.

Les Roses de Saadi

J'ai voulu ce matin te rapporter des roses;
Mais j'en avais tant pris dans mes ceintures closes
Que les noeuds trop serrés n'ont pu les contenir.

Les noeuds ont éclaté. Les roses envolées
Dans le vent, à la mer s'en sont toutes allées.
Elles ont suivi l'eau pour ne plus revenir;

La vague en a paru rouge et comme enflammée.
Ce soir, ma robe encore en est tout embaumée...
Respires-en sur moi l'odorant souvenir.

Marceline Desbordes-Valmore

Mort quand tu me viendras prendre

Mort quand tu me viendras prendre
Revêts couleur d'herbe tendre
Ton souffle me soit léger
Ô toi que j'ai nommée
Mort-de-Mai.

Jeanne Landry

Evening harmony

Now comes the time, when quivering on its stem,
Each flower sheds perfume like a censer;
Sounds and scents turn in the evening air;
Melancholy waltz and reeling languor!

Each flower sheds perfume like a censer;
The violin throbs like a wounded heart;
Melancholy waltz and reeling languor!
The sky is sad and beautiful like
a great altar.

The violin throbs like a wounded heart,
A fond heart that loathes the vast black void!
The sky is sad and beautiful like a great altar;
The sun has drowned in its congealing blood.

A fond heart that loathes the vast black void
And garners in all the luminous past!
The sun has drowned in its congealing blood ...
Your memory within me shines like a monstrance!

The Roses of Saadi

This morning, I wanted to bring roses to you,
But I filled my sashes with the garden entire,
And the knots stretched too tight, since I took so
many.

The strained knots burst apart, and the roses all
flew,
Snatched away by the wind; into the sea they
went.
They followed the water, and so were lost to me.

The waves turned bright crimson, as though they
were on fire.
This evening, my dress is still drenched in their
scent...
Come to me and inhale their fragrant memory.

Death, when you come to take me

Death, when you come to take me,
Clothed in grass-coloured tenderness,
May your breath be a light to me,
O you, who I named
'Death of May'.

Chant d'automne

Bientôt nous plongerons dans les froides ténèbres;
Adieu, vive clarté de nos étés trop courts!
J'entends déjà tomber avec un choc funèbre
Le bois retentissant sur le pavé des cours.

J'écoute en frémissant chaque bûche qui tombe;
L'échafaud qu'on bâtit n'a pas d'écho plus sourd.
Mon esprit est pareil à la tour qui succombe
Sous les coups du bélier infatigable et lourd.

Il me semble, bercé par ce choc monotone,
Qu'on cloue en grande hâte un cercueil quelque
part.
Pour qui? – C'était hier l'été; voici l'automne!
Ce bruit mystérieux sonne comme un départ.

J'aime de vos longs yeux la lumière verdâtre,
Douce beauté, mais aujourd'hui tout m'est amer,
Et rien, ni votre amour, ni le boudoir, ni l'âtre,
Ne me vaut le soleil rayonnant sur la mer.

Charles Baudelaire

La vie antérieure

J'ai longtemps habité sous de vastes portiques
Que les soleils marins teignaient de mille feux,
Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et majestueux,
Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux grottes basaltiques.

Les houles, en roulant les images des cieux,
Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et mystique
Les tout-puissants accords de leur riche musique
Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par mes yeux.

C'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés calmes
Au milieu de l'azur, des vagues, des splendeurs,
Et des esclaves nus, tout imprégnés d'odeurs,

Qui me rafraîchissaient le front avec des palmes,
Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir
Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir.

Autumn Song

Soon we shall plunge into cold shadows;
Farewell, vivid light of our too-short summers!
Already I hear the funereal thud
Of echoing logs on the courtyard floor.

I listen, trembling, to the fall of each log;
A gallows being built makes no duller sound.
My spirit is like the tower that falls
To the remorseless blows of the battering-ram.

Rocked by those monotone blows, it seems
Somewhere in haste they are nailing a coffin.
But whose? Yesterday summer; autumn now!
This eerie sound rings like some farewell.

I love the emerald glow of your wide eyes,
My sweet, but all today is bitter for me,
And nothing, not your love, the boudoir, or the
hearth can compare with the sunlight on the sea.

A previous life

For long I lived beneath vast colonnades
Tinged with a thousand fires by ocean suns,
Whose giant pillars, straight and majestic,
Made them look, at evening, like basalt caves.

The sea-swells, mingling the mirrored skies,
Solemnly and mystically interwove
The mighty chords of their mellow music
With the colours of sunset reflected in my eyes.

It is there that I have lived in sensuous repose,
With blue sky about me and brightness and waves
And naked slaves all drenched in perfume.

Who fanned my brow with fronds of palm,
And whose only care was to fathom
The secret grief which made me languish.

Soleils couchants

Une aube affaiblie
Verse par les champs
La mélancolie
Des soleils couchants.
La mélancolie
Berce de doux chants
Mon cœur qui s'oublie
Aux soleils couchants.
Et d'étranges rêves,
Comme des soleils
Couchants sur les grèves,
Fantômes vermeils,
Défilent sans trêves,
Défilent, pareils
À des grands soleils
Couchants sur les grèves.

Paul Verlaine

Le jet d'eau

Tes beaux yeux sont las, pauvre amante !
Reste longtemps, sans les rouvrir,
Dans cette pose nonchalante
Où t'a surprise le plaisir:
Dans la cour le jet d'eau qui jase
Et ne se tait ni nuit ni jour,
Entretient doucement l'extase
Où ce soir m'a plongé l'amour.

La gerbe d'eau qui berce
Ses mille fleurs,
Que la lune traverse
De ses pâleurs,
Tombe comme une averse
De larges pleurs.

Ainsi ton âme qu'incendie
L'éclair brûlant des voluptés
S'élançait, rapide et hardie,
Vers les vastes cieux enchantés.
Puis, elle s'épanche, mourante,
En un flot de triste langueur,
Qui par une invisible pente
Descend jusqu'au fond de mon cœur.

La gerbe d'eau qui berce ...

Setting suns

A fading dawn
Pours across the fields
The melancholy
Of the setting suns.
The melancholy rocks
With sweet songs
My heart forgetting itself
With the setting suns.
And strange dreams,
Like setting suns
On the banks,
Vermillion phantoms,
Stream past without ceasing,
Stream past, like
Great suns
Setting on the banks.

The fountain

Your beautiful eyes are fatigued, poor lover!
Rest awhile, without opening them anew,
In this careless pose,
Where pleasure surprised you.
The babbling fountain in the courtyard,
Never silent night or day,
Sweetly prolongs the ecstasy
Where love this evening plunged me.

The sheaf of water
Swaying its thousand flowers,
Through which the moon gleams
With its pallid light,
Falls like a shower
Of great tears.

And so your soul, lit
By the searing flash of ecstasy,
Leaps swift and bold
To vast enchanted skies.
And then, dying, spills over
In a wave of sad listlessness,
Down some invisible incline
Into the depths of my heart.

The sheaf of water...

O toi, que la nuit rend si belle,
Qu'il m'est doux, penché vers tes seins,
D'écouter la plainte éternelle
Qui sanglote dans les bassins !
Lune, eau sonore, nuit bénie,
Arbres qui frissonnez autour,—
Votre pure mélancolie
Est le miroir de mon amour.

La gerbe d'eau qui berce...

Charles Baudelaire

Lamento – La chanson du pêcheur

Ma belle amie est morte, Je pleurerai toujours;
Sous la tombe elle emporte Mon âme et mes
amours.
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre, Elle s'en retourna;
L'ange qui l'emmena Ne voulut pas me prendre.
Que mon sort est amer!

Ah! sans amour s'en aller sur la mer!
La blanche créature Est couchée au cercueil;
Comme dans la nature Tout me paraît en deuil!
La colombe oubliée Pleure et songe à l'absent;
Mon âme pleure et sent Qu'elle est dépareillée.
Que mon sort est amer!

Ah! sans amour s'en aller sur la mer!
Sur moi la nuit immense Plane comme un linceul,
Je chante ma romance Que le ciel entend seul.
Ah! comme elle était belle, Et combien je l'aimais!
Je n'aimerai jamais Une femme autant qu'elle
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour s'en aller sur la mer!

Théophile Gautier

Romance de Mignon

Le connais-tu ce radieux pays
Où brille dans les branches l'or des fruits?
Un doux zéphyr embaume l'air
Et le laurier s'unit au myrte vert.
Le connais-tu? Le connais-tu?
Là-bas, là-bas mon bien-aimé
Courons porter nos pas.

O you, whom night renders so beautiful,
How sweet, as I lean toward your breasts,
To listen to the eternal lament
Sobbing in the fountain's basin!
O moon, lapping water; blessed night,
Trees that quiver all around,
Your sheer melancholy
Is the mirror of my love.

The sheaf of water...

Lament — The Fisherman's Song

My dearest love is dead: I shall weep for evermore;
To the tomb she takes with her My soul and all
my love. Without waiting for me She has returned
to Heaven; The angel who took her away Did not
wish to take me.
How bitter is my fate!

Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!
The pure white soul Lies in her coffin.
How everything in nature Seems to mourn!
The forsaken dove Weeps, dreaming of its absent
mate; My soul weeps and feels Itself adrift.
How bitter is my fate!

Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!
The immense night above me Is spread like a
shroud; I sing my song Which heaven alone can
hear. Ah! how beautiful she was, And how I loved
her! I shall never love a woman as I loved her.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!

Mignon's Romance

Do you know that radiant land
Where golden fruit shines among the branches?
A gentle breeze scents the air
And the laurel grows by the green myrtle.
Do you know it? Do you know it?
Yonder, yonder, my beloved.
Hasten, thither let us go.

Le connais-tu ce merveilleux séjour
Où tout me parle encore de notre amour?
Où chaque objet me dit avec douleur
Qui t'a ravi ta joie et ton bonheur?
Le connais-tu? Le connais-tu?
Là-bas, là-bas, mon bien-aimé
Courons porter nos pas.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Songe

Guidé par de beaux yeux candides,
Dans ma barque féérique aux reflets d'argent fin,
Vers l'amour, je voudrais faire voile sans fin
Sur des rêves bleus et splendides,

Vers l'amour dont le souffle frais
Berce des champs de fleurs dans une île
enchantée
Et qui, pour apaiser mon âme tourmentée,
M'ouvrira de saintes forêts.

Et plus tard, quand, loin de la terre,
O Viola ! Guérie des brûlantes langueurs,
Nous irons caresser les songes de nos cœurs
Dans l'île heureuse du mystère.

Dans le libre ciel des esprits,
Quand nous aurons quitté la nature mortelle,
Ne goûterons-nous pas une paix éternelle ?
Rêveusement, tu me souris.

Maurice Bouchor

Do you know that marvellous dwelling
Where all still speaks to me of our love?
Where each thing asks with sadness
Who has robbed you of your joy and happiness?
Do you know it? Do you know it?
Yonder, yonder; my beloved
Hasten, thither let us go.

Song

Guided by beautiful candid eyes,
In my fairy boat with reflections of fine silver,
Towards love, I would like to sail endlessly
On blue and splendid dreams,

Towards love whose fresh breath
Cradles fields of flowers in an enchanted island
And which, to appease my tormented soul, will
open holy forests to Me .

And later, when, far from the earth,
O Viola! Cured of burning languor,
We will go to caress the dreams of our hearts
In the happy island of mystery.

In the free sky of the spirits,
When we have left mortal nature,
Shall we not taste eternal peace?
Dreamily, you smile at me.

L'absente

Vois le vent chassant la nue;
Vois l'étoile chevelue
Hâtant sa course inconnue;
Vois au ciel passer l'éclair:

Et cependant si pressée
Que l'aile ou la foudre soit,
Quand mes yeux, ma fiancée,
Ne te voient plus, ma pensée
Vole plus vite vers toi!

Vois l'enfant qui de sa mère
À tout instant suit les pas;
Vois là-bas le mur de pierre
Qu'à jamais ce beau lierre
Entoure de mille bras.

Et cependant si fixée
Qu'à tout objet l'ombre soit,
Quand mes yeux, ma fiancée,
Ne te voient plus, ma pensée
S'attache encor plus à toi!

Edouard Guinand

The absent one

See the wind driving the cloud;
See the bird flying through the air;
See the comet speeding on its unknown course;
See the lightening flash across the sky.

And yet as hurried
As the wing or the lightning bolt may be,
When my eyes, my betrothed,
No longer see you, my thoughts
Fly more swiftly to you!

See the child who follows in his mother's
Footsteps at every moment;
See the stone wall over there
Forever embraced by the thousand arms of the
beautiful ivy.

And yet as fixed
As a shadow may be to an object
when my eyes, my betrothed,
No longer see you, my thoughts
Cling even more to you!

Mary Bevan has been praised by Opera for her 'dramatic wit and vocal control'. She is internationally renowned in baroque, classical and contemporary repertoire, and appears regularly with leading conductors, orchestras and ensembles around the world. She is a winner of the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist award and UK Critics' Circle Award for Exceptional Young Talent in music and was awarded a MBE in the Queen's birthday honours list in 2019.

In the 2021/22 season, Bevan performs Haydn *The Creation* at the Barbican Hall with the Academy of Ancient Music, Belinda and First Witch *Dido & Aeneas* with the Early Opera Company at St John's Smith Square, a European tour of Handel *Messiah* with Kammerorchester Basel, Handel *Theresienmesse* with the Handel and Haydn Society and Bach B Minor Mass with the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra. Further highlights include recitals at Wigmore Hall, Lammermuir Festival and Osafestivalen alongside returns to Oxford Lieder, the Bolshoi Theatre and Carnegie Hall.

Last season, she returned to Royal Danish Opera for her role debut as Marzelline *Fidelio* and for the production *LIGHT Bach Dances* with director John Fuljames and conductor Lars Ulrik Mortensen. She will also made her house debut at the Bolshoi Theatre in David Alden's production of *Ariodante* as Dalinda. On the concert stage, she sang the world premiere of Sir James MacMillan's Christmas Oratorio at the Amsterdam Concertgebouw and Bliss's *Rout* with the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

Highlights of last season included Rose Murrant in Weill's *Street Scene* for Opera de Monte Carlo and Eurydice in Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld* for English National Opera. Bevan recently garnered praise for her Royal Danish Opera debut as Bellezza in *Il Trionfo del tempo e del desinganno*, for the title role in Turnage's new opera *Coraline* for the Royal Opera at the Barbican, as well as for her return to the English National Opera as Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, and her debut as Merab in *Saul* for the Adelaide Festival. For the Royal Opera House she created the role of Lila in David Bruce's *The Firework-Maker's Daughter*, sang Barbarina *Le nozze di Figaro* on the main stage, and the title role in Rossi's *Orpheus* at the Sam Wanamaker Playhouse.

On the concert platform, recent highlights include appearances with the BBC Symphony, BBC Concert Orchestra at the Proms, and with Mirga Gražinytė-Tyla and the CBSO in the world premiere of Roxanna Panufnik's *Faithful Journey*. She joined the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment as Mary in Sally Beamish *The Judas Passion*; performed Bach Christmas Oratorio on tour in Australia with the Choir of London and Australian Chamber Orchestra; and Handel *Messiah* with the Academy of Ancient Music.

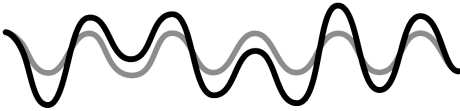
Bevan's discography includes her art song album *Voyages* with pianist Joseph Middleton and *Handel's Queens* with London Early Opera, both released by Signum Records, Mendelssohn songs for Champs Hill Records, Handel: *The Triumph of Time and Truth* and Handel: *Ode for St Cecilia's Day* with Ludus Baroque, and Vaughan Williams Symphony No.3 and Schubert *Rosamunde* with the BBC Philharmonic. In autumn 2019, Signum will release her second disc with Joseph Middleton including Lieder by Schubert, Haydn and Wolf.

Joseph Middleton specialises in the art of song accompaniment and chamber music and has been highly acclaimed within this field. Described in *BBC Music Magazine* as 'one of the brightest stars in the world of song and Lieder', he has also been labelled 'the cream of the new generation' by *The Times* and 'a perfect accompanist' by *Opera Now*.

Joseph enjoys fruitful partnerships with internationally established singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Louise Alder; Ian Bostridge, Dame Sarah Connolly, Lucy Crowe, Iestyn Davies, Fatma Said, Samuel Hasselhorn, Wolfgang Holzmair; Katarina Konradi, Christiane Karg, Katarina Karnéus, Angelika Kirchschrager; Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, John Mark Ainsley, Ann Murray, James Newby, Mark Padmore, Miah Persson, Ashley Riches, Amanda Roocroft, Kate Royal, Matthew Rose, Carolyn Sampson, Nicky Spence and Roderick Williams. He regularly collaborates with rising stars from the younger generation and in 2012 he formed the Myrthen Ensemble to further explore lesser-known song repertoire with regular duo partners Mary Bevan, Clara Mouriz, Allan Clayton and Marcus Farnsworth. Signum Records released their début CD *Songs to the Moon*.

Recent seasons have taken him to London's Wigmore Hall, Royal Opera House and Royal Festival Hall, the Vienna Konzerthaus, Amsterdam Concertgebouw and Muziekgebouw, Köln Philharmonie, Strasbourg, Frankfurt, Lille and Gothenburg Opera Houses, Paris Musée d'Orsay, Zürich Tonhalle, deSingel Antwerp, Luxembourg Philharmonie, Bozar Brussels, Tokyo's Oji Hall and Alice Tully Hall. He regularly appears at festivals in Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich, Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Ravinia, Japan, San Francisco, Toronto and Vancouver as well as the BBC Proms, and is often heard in his own series on BBC Radio 3.

Joseph Middleton is director of Leeds Lieder, Musician-in-Residence at Pembroke College Cambridge and a Professor and Fellow at his alma mater, the Royal Academy of Music. He has a fast-growing and award-winning discography and was the recipient of the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist of the Year Award in 2017.



Lammermuir Festival

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

FESTIVAL PATRON

Steven Osborne

FUNDERS

Creative Scotland
EventScotland

PARTNER

BBC Radio 3

SPONSOR

McInroy & Wood

TRUSTS AND FOUNDATIONS

Binks Trust
Dunard Fund
Penpont Charitable Trust
Stevenston Charitable Trust

FESTIVAL BENEFACTORS

Geoff and Mary Ball
Sir Sandy and Lady Crombie
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 and Lady Russell

FRIENDS OF THE FESTIVAL • **NORTH BERWICK LAW**

John Carson
Prof. John Dale
Christopher Haddow
Ruth Hannah
Dr William Moyes
David Robinson
David Shaw Stewart
Dr Allison Worth

And sincere thanks to our many other Friends of the Festival, individual donors and those who prefer to remain anonymous. We also warmly thank all our generous volunteers and hosts.

•••

FESTIVAL BOARD

Rob Conner, Kirsteen Davidson-Kelly,
Edward Hocknell, Sir Muir Russell (Chair),
Linda Shaw-Stewart, James Stretton,
James Waters and Zoe van Zwanenberg

FESTIVAL TEAM

Phoebe Barber, Morag Brownlie,
Abigail Carney, Pete Deane, Marie Driver,
Claire Du Preez, Susie Gray, Kate Hall,
Kirsten Hunter, Hugh Macdonald,
Nicky Pritchett-Brown, Freya Robertson,
Kirsten Hunter and James Waters

PROGRAMME EDITOR

David Lee

Lammermuir Festival Box Office provided by Martin Duffield-Fernandez and the team at the **Fringe Agency Box Office** and **Red 61**

The Lammermuir Festival is a registered charity in Scotland SC049521