



# Lammermuir Festival

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13 September 2021, 8:00pm | St Mary's Parish Church, Haddington

**Joshua Ellicott** tenor  
**Roderick Williams** baritone  
**William Conway** conductor

**Gustav Mahler** *Das Lied von der Erde*  
(arr. Arnold Schoenberg)



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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](http://www.lammermuirfestival.co.uk/friends).

### Welcome to St Mary's Parish Church, Haddington

The Collegiate Church of St Mary the Virgin is one of the great ecclesiastical buildings of mediaeval Scotland, founded in 1380 and known for centuries as "The Lamp of Lothian". It was severely damaged in the 16th Century during Henry VIII's 'Rough Wooing' of Scotland, and after the Reformation only the nave was used as a parish church, with the choir and tower remaining roofless.

It was finally restored to its former glory in the 1970s, and is Scotland's longest church as well as one of its most beautiful, with a wonderfully warm, resonant acoustic.

*Lammermuir Festival is grateful to the Minister and Kirk Session of St Mary's Parish Church for making the church available for this concert.*

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## Programme notes

### Gustav Mahler *Das Lied von der Erde*

- I. Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde (The Drinking Song of Earth's Misery)
- II. Der Einsame im Herbst (The Lonely Soul in Autumn)
- III. Von der Jugend (On Youth)
- IV. Von der Schönheit (On Beauty)
- V. Der Trunkene im Frühling (The Drunkard in Spring)
- VI. Der Abschied (The Farewell)

Surely no major composer has left a legacy of music composed in the certain knowledge of the imminent end of his own life with quite the degree of soul-searching profundity that **Gustav Mahler** did. It comprised three works that constitute one of the greatest contributions to symphonic writing of the 20th century, and they were all premiered after his death in May 1911 — he never heard a note of them performed. The 9th Symphony, the unfinished 10th and (first to be completed) *Das Lied von der Erde*, The Song of the Earth. All followed the disastrous year of 1907 and Mahler's rheumatic heart disease diagnosis. It was at that time a virtual death sentence, and his world (already fractured by the death of his beloved daughter Maria Anna and his bitter departure from the music directorship of the Vienna Opera) imploded.

The story is often told of Mahler's strongly held superstition about ninth symphonies presaging a composer's death. Thinking of Beethoven, Schubert and Bruckner as examples, he chose to defuse the supposed 'threat' by leaving *Das Lied*, which is subtitled 'symphony for tenor; alto (or baritone) and large orchestra', without a number. By his logic it was then 'safe' to give the number 9 to the symphony that was actually tenth in the sequence. If that seems almost comically desperate, we should remember that Mahler was only 47 when he was given the devastating news that time would soon run out for him and for his life's work.

Otto Klemperer remembered Mahler as a vital, dynamic personality: 'It would be a grave mistake to regard Mahler as a world-weary man... he was of a very lively, even cheerful nature', he said. But another conductor friend, Bruno Walter (who premiered *Das Lied von der Erde* in November 1911) wrote of how the events of 1907 completely changed Mahler's outlook on life: 'The mystery of death had always been in his mind and thoughts; now it was within sight; his world, his life lay under the sombre shadow of its proximity... There was no mistaking the darkness that had descended upon his being.'

With his 8th Symphony Mahler had gone further than ever before in blending vocal and instrumental forms in a single symphonic conception. *Das Lied von der Erde* consolidates

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that trend in a complex fusion of song cycle and symphony. The initial impetus for it had been a collection of Chinese T'ang Dynasty poems published in German by the poet Hans Bethge in October 1907.

Mahler chose seven texts in all, four of them by the great Chinese poet Li T'ai-po (A.D. 701-762), adapting what are already German versions of French translations from the Chinese to suit his purposes. He amalgamated two of the poems to form the sixth and final movement. Several factors combine to give the work its powerful symphonic unity, not least the intellectual content of the poems with their pervasive melancholy, nostalgia and emphasis on the transience of earthly beauty and of life. Mahler also suffuses his musical language with the exotic colours we associate with Chinese music — whole tone and pentatonic (five-note) scales and themes — and in the full orchestra score makes a feature of instruments such as the mandolin, celesta and harps that can readily evoke an oriental atmosphere. An important binding agent, too, is the three-note motive A-G-E, which in various guises, sometimes inverted, appears throughout the work.

Today's performance uses Arnold Schoenberg's chamber arrangement (completed by Rainer Riehn), which incorporates harmonium and piano alongside celesta and conveys the score's exoticism remarkably successfully. We also hear a baritone voice instead of contralto, an alternative suggested by Mahler which has become increasingly popular since Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau first recorded *Das Lied* in the 1960s.

### ***Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde* (Li T'ai-po)**

The three verses of Li T'ai-po's drinking song correspond to the three main sections of a symphonic first movement — exposition, development and recapitulation — laced with a pessimistic refrain: 'Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod' (Dark is life, and so is death). Li wrote many such poems which simultaneously exult in the pleasure of drink and gloomily reflect on the pointlessness of life. This is extreme music, expressionistic, angry and sometimes horrific, pushing the voice and accompanying instruments to their limits.

### ***Der Einsame im Herbst* (Qian Qi)**

Dying flowers, fading beauty, lonely isolation — this much gentler movement is predominantly autumnal, redolent of damp, foggy decay, except when the poet thinks of the consolation of sleep and sings radiantly of the 'Sun of Love', briefly banishing despair. The texture (even in the full orchestral score) is spare and chamber music-like.

### ***Von der Jugend* (Li T'ai-po)**

The mood lightens and in this, the most self-consciously chinoise of the six movements, we have an idyllic image of a porcelain pavilion in green and white, where 'friends sit...

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beautifully dressed, drinking, chatting... Several are writing verses.' A carefree but highly artificial scene, described with a touch of irony by both poet and composer.

### *Von der Schönheit* (Li T'ai-po)

Forming a pair with the third movement, this is another faux Chinese Arcadian scene, drawn with delicate precision. Girls on a riverbank pick lotus blossoms while young men ride noisily by on horseback. Mostly folk-song like in its simplicity, the music matches the sensuality of the poem, disturbed only by the sudden appearance of the young riders and ending with a sweetly erotic coda depicting the most beautiful of the girls gazing longingly after one of the boys as 'her agitated heart still throbs and grieves for him.'

### *Der Trunkene im Frühling* (Li T'ai-po)

Another of Li T'ai-po's drinking songs, effectively the 'scherzo' of the symphony with musical links to the first movement. Here, the poet has abandoned himself completely to alcohol and to his fate, pausing only to ask a little bird, represented by solo violin, if spring has come. It has, prompting a brief moment of tender reflection before the poet concludes that life is just a dream and returns to the bottle and certain oblivion: 'For what has spring to do with me!? Let me be drunk!'

### *Der Abschied* (Meng Hao-ran & Wang Wei)

The final movement lasts about half an hour — almost as long as the other five movements together. The two poems chosen by Mahler make a continuous sequence, the final lines of the second rearranged and re-written by the composer. It is an extraordinary achievement, in which Mahler somehow balances a sense of profound despair against an equally powerful and deeply spiritual affirmation of eternal life. At the beginning he looks into the abyss, the orchestral texture shattered into desolate solos over a doom-laden bass. The sun sets over a pitiless desert, cold winds blow and life is overwhelmed by aching loneliness. Hope is extinguished when 'the world falls asleep'.

But then, with the coming of the ecstatic violin theme that will dominate the final part of the movement, warmth and light floods into the music: 'I long, O friend, to enjoy the beauty of this evening by your side'. Pain and sorrow gives way to a few moments of joy in the wonder of nature as the poet waits to bid his friend a 'final farewell'. Happiness is short-lived, however. In Mahler's re-writing of Wang Wei's poem the lines 'Where am I going? I go into the mountains, I seek peace for my lonely heart' make it clear that the poet is passing into the afterlife, in accordance with Chinese tradition that 'going to the mountains' signifies death. The music becomes an orchestral funeral march, hesitant and broken with silences and unsettled harmonies as if uncertain which direction to take.

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Then, acceptance: 'I am making for home, my resting-place!'. Time is momentarily suspended, the mists clear; the air quivers in anticipation — and the emotional flood gates open at last. In the final section's ecstatic hymn to 'the dear earth' and the beauty of spring, death is merely the doorway to perpetual renewal and transcendent life. Mahler's farewell to earthly life fades, with the singer repeating 'ewig' (forever) seven times, into the blue yonder of eternity.

In November 1911, after attending a rehearsal for the premiere in Munich, Anton Webern wrote: 'I have just heard Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*. I cannot speak... I rank the experience which I have just gone through alongside the things that were and are most precious to me... This music... my God, for this I would dearly like to pass away.'

Hugh Macdonald

## Texts and Translations

### *Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde*

Schon winkt der Wein im goldenen Pokale, -  
Doch trinkt noch nicht, erst sing' ich euch ein Lied!  
Das Lied vom Kummer  
Soll auflachend in die Seele euch klingen.  
Wenn der Kummer naht,  
Liegen wüst die Gärten der Seele,  
Welkt hin und stirbt die Freude, der Gesang.  
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.  
Herr dieses Hauses!  
Dein Keller birgt die Fülle des goldenen Weins!  
Hier, diese Laute nenn' ich mein!  
Die Laute schlagen und die Gläser leeren,  
Das sind die Dinge, die zusammenpassen!  
Ein voller Becher Weins zur rechten Zeit  
Ist mehr wert als alle Reiche dieser Erde.  
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.  
Das Firmament blaut ewig und die Erde  
Wird lange fest stehn und aufblühn im Lenz.  
Du aber, Mensch, wie lang lebst denn du?  
Nicht hundert Jahre darfst du dich ergötzen  
An all dem morschen Tande dieser Erde!  
Seht dort hinab! Im Mondschein auf den Gräbern  
Hockt eine wild-gespenstische Gestalt.  
Ein Aff' ist's! Hört ihr, wie sein Heulen  
Hinausgellt in den süßen Duft des Lebens!  
Jetzt nehmt den Wein! Jetzt ist es Zeit, Genossen!  
Leert eure goldenen Becher zu Grund!  
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod!

### *Der Einsame im Herbst*

Herbstnebel wallen bläulich über'm See,  
Vom Reif bezogen stehen alle Gräser;  
Man meint, ein Künstler habe Staub vom Jade  
Über die feinen Blüten ausgestreut.  
Der süße Duft der Blumen ist verflogen;  
Ein kalter Wind beugt ihre Stengel nieder;  
Bald werden die verwelkten, goldenen Blätter  
Der Lotosblüten auf dem Wasser ziehn.  
Mein Herz ist müde. Meine kleine Lampe  
Erlosch mit Knistern, es gemahnt mich an den Schlaf.  
Ich komm' zu dir; traute Ruhestätte,  
Ja, gib mir Ruh, ich hab Erquickung not!  
Ich weine viel in meinen Einsamkeiten,  
Der Herbst in meinem Herzen währt zu lange;  
Sonne der Liebe, willst du nie mehr scheinen,  
Um meine bitteren Tränen mild aufzutrocknen?

### *Drinking song of the earth's sorrow*

The wine now beckons in the golden goblet, -  
But drink not yet, first I'll sing you a song!  
The song of sorrow  
Shall resound through your soul in gusts of  
laughter: When sorrow draws near,  
The gardens of the soul lie wasted,  
Joy and singing wither and die.  
Dark is life, is death.  
Master of this house!  
Your cellar is filled with golden wine!  
I name this lute here my own!  
Striking the lute and draining beakers,  
These are things that go well together!  
A full beaker of wine at the right time  
Is worth more than all the kingdoms of this earth.  
Dark is life, is death!  
The firmament is forever blue, and the earth  
Will long stand firm and blossom in spring.  
But you, O man, how long do you live?  
Not even a hundred years can you delight  
In all the brittle trumpetry of this earth.  
Look down there! On the moonlit graves  
A wild ghostly form is squatting.  
It is an ape! Hear him howl  
And screech at life's sweet fragrance!  
Now take up the wine! Now, friends, is the time!  
Drain your golden beakers to the dregs.  
Dark is life, is death.

### *The lonely one in autumn*

Bluish autumn mists drift over the lake,  
Each blade of grass is covered with rime,  
As though an artist had strewn jade-dust  
Over the delicate blossoms.  
The sweet fragrance of the flowers has faded,  
A cold wind bends low their stems;  
Soon the withered golden petals  
Of the lotus-flower will drift on the water.  
My heart is weary. My little lamp  
Guttered with a hiss, it summons me to sleep.  
  
I come to you, beloved resting-place, -  
You, give me rest, I need to be refreshed!  
I weep much in my loneliness,  
The autumn in my heart persists too long;  
Sun of love, will you never shine again  
And dry up tenderly my bitter tears?

*Von der Jugend*

Mitten in dem kleinen Teiche  
Steht ein Pavillon aus grünem  
Und aus weißem Porzellan.

Wie der Rücken eines Tigers  
Wölbt die Brücke sich aus Jade  
Zu dem Pavillon hinüber:

In dem Häuschen sitzen Freunde,  
Schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern, -manche  
schreiben Verse nieder:

Ihre seidnen Ärmel gleiten  
Rückwärts, ihre seidnen Mützen  
Hocken lustig tief im Nacken.

Auf des kleinen Teiches stiller  
Wasserfläche zeigt sich alles  
Wunderlich im Spiegelbilde,

Alles auf dem Kopfe stehend,  
In dem Pavillon aus grünem  
Und aus weißem Porzellan;

Wie ein Halbmond steht die Brücke,  
Umgekehrt der Bogen. Freunde,  
Schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern.

*Von der Schönheit*

Junge Mädchen pflücken Blumen,  
Pflücken Lotosblumen an dem Uferrande.  
Zwischen Büschen und Blättern sitzen sie,  
Sammeln Blüten in den Schoß und rufen  
Sich einander Neckereien zu.

Goldne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,  
Spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider:  
Sonne spiegelt ihre schlanken Glieder,  
Ihre süßen Augen wider,  
Und der Zephyr hebt mit Schmeichelkosen  
Das Gewebe ihrer Ärmel auf, führt den Zauber  
Ihrer Wohlgerüche durch die Luft.

O sieh, was tummeln sich für schöne Knaben  
Dort an dem Uferrand auf mut'gen Rossen?  
Weithin glänzend wie die Sonnenstrahlen;  
Schon zwischen dem Geäst der grünen Weiden  
Trabt das jungfrische Volk einher:  
Das Roß des einen wiehert fröhlich auf,  
Und scheut und saust dahin;

*Of youth*

In the middle of the little pool  
Stand a pavilion of green  
And white porcelain.

Like a tiger's back  
The jade bridge arches  
Over to the pavilion.

Friends sit in the little house,  
Beautifully dressed, drinking, chatting, -  
Several are writing verses.

Their silken sleeves slip  
Back, their silken caps  
Fall cheerfully onto their necks.

On the little pool's still  
Surface everything is  
Strangely mirrored:

Everything stands on its head  
In the pavilion of green  
And white porcelain.

The bridge seems like a half-moon,  
Its arch inverted. Friends,  
Beautifully dressed, are drinking, chatting.

*Of beauty*

Young girls are picking flowers,  
Lotus-flowers by the river's edge.  
They sit among bushes and leaves,  
Gather blossoms into their laps and call  
To each other teasingly.

Golden sunlight weaves round their forms,  
Mirrors them in the shining water;  
Sunlight mirrors their slender limbs  
And their sweet eyes,  
And the breeze lifts with its caresses  
The fabric of their sleeves, wafts the magic  
Of their fragrance through the air.

O look, what handsome boys are these, riding  
Friskily along the bank on spirited horses?  
Shining afar, like the sun's rays;  
Now they canter between green willow branches,  
These lads in the flush of youth.  
The horse of one whinnies happily,  
And shies and races off,

Über Blumen, Gräser, wanken hin die Hufe,  
Sie zerstampfen jäh im Sturm die hingesunkenen  
Blüten. Hei! Wie flattern im Taumel seine Mähnen,  
Dampfen heiß die Nüstern!  
Gold'ne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,  
Spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider.

Its hooves fly over flowers and grass,  
Trampling the fallen blossom as they storm past.  
Look how its mane flutters in its frenzy,  
Look how the nostrils steam!  
Golden sunlight weaves round their forms,  
Mirrors them in the shining water.

Und die schönste von den Jungfrau'n sendet  
Lange Blicke ihm der Sehnsucht nach.  
Ihre stolze Haltung is nur Verstellung.  
In dem Funkeln ihrer großen Augen,  
In dem Dunkel ihres heißen Blicks  
Schwingt klagend noch die Erregung ihres Herzens  
nach.

And the loveliest of the girls  
Shoots him long yearning glances.  
Her proud bearing is mere pretence:  
In the flashing of her large eyes,  
In the darkness of her ardent gaze  
Her agitated heart still throbs and grieves for him.

*Der Trunkene im Frühling*

*The drunkard in spring*

Wenn nur ein Traum das Leben ist,  
Warum denn Müh und Plag?  
Ich trinke, bis ich nicht mehr kann,  
Den ganzen lieben Tag.

If life is but a dream,  
Why should there be toil and torment?  
I drink till I can drink no longer,  
The whole day through.

Und wenn ich nicht mehr trinken kann,  
Weil Kehle und Seele voll,  
So tauml' ich bis zu meiner Tür  
Und schlafe wundervoll!

And when I can drink no longer,  
Since throat and soul are full,  
I stagger to my door  
And sleep stupendously!

Was hör' ich beim Erwachen? Horch!  
Ein Vogel singt im Baum.  
Ich frag ihn, ob schon Frühling sei, -  
Mir ist als wie im Traum.

What do I hear when I wake? Listen!  
A bird sings in the tree.  
I ask him if spring has come, -  
It all seems like a dream.

Der Vogel zwitschert: ja, der Lenz  
Ist da, sei kommen über Nacht, -  
Aus tiefstem Schauen lauscht' ich auf,  
Der Vogel singt und lacht!

The bird twitters: yes, spring  
Is here, it came overnight!  
In deepest contemplation I listened,  
The bird sings and laughs.

Ich fülle mir den Becher neu  
Und leer ihn bis zum Grund  
Und singe, bis der Mond erglänzt  
Am schwarzen Firmament.

I fill my beaker again  
And drain it to the dregs  
And sing until the moon shines bright  
In the black firmament.

Und wenn ich nicht mehr singen kann,  
So schlaf ich wieder ein,  
Was geht mich denn der Frühling an!  
Laßt mich betrunken sein!

And when I can sing no longer,  
I fall asleep again.  
For what has spring to do with me!  
Let me be drunk!

## *Der Abschied*

Die Sonne scheidet hinter dem Gebirge.  
In alle Täler steigt der Abend nieder  
Mit seinen Schatten, die voll Kühlung sind.  
O sieh! wie eine Silberbarke schwebt  
Der Mond am blauen Himmelssee herauf.  
Ich spüre eines feinen Windes When  
Hinter den dunklen Fichten!

Der Bach singt voller Wohl laut durch das Dunkel,  
Die Blumen blassen im Dämmerchein.  
Die Erde atmet voll von Ruh und Schlaf.

Alle Sehnsucht will nun träumen,  
Die müden Menschen gehn heimwärts,  
Um im Schlaf vergeßnes Glück  
Und Jugend neu zu lernen!  
Die Vögel hocken still in ihren Zweigen,  
Die Welt schläft ein!

Es wehet kühl im Schatten meiner Fichten,  
Ich stehe hier und harre meines Freundes;  
Ich harre sein zum letzten Lebewohl.  
Ich sehne mich, O Freund, an deiner Seite  
Die Schönheit dieses Abends zu genießen.  
Wo bleibst du? Du läßt mich lang allein!

Ich wandle auf und nieder mit meiner Laute  
Auf Wegen, die vom weichen Grase schwellen.  
O Schönheit! O ewigen Liebens, Lebens trunk'ne  
Welt!

Er stieg vom Pferd und reichte ihm den Trunk  
Des Abschieds dar. Er fragte ihn, wohin er führe  
Und auch warum es müßte sein.  
Er sprach, seine Stimme war umflort: Du, mein  
Freund,  
Mir war auf dieser Welt das Glück nicht hold.

Wohin ich geh? Ich geh, ich wandre in die Berge.  
Ich suche Ruhe für mein einsam Herz.  
Ich wandle nach der Heimat, meiner Stätte!  
Ich werde niemals in die Ferne schweifen, -  
Still ist mein Herz und harret seiner Stunde!

Die liebe Erde allüberall  
Blüht auf im Lenz und grünt aufs neu!  
Allüberall und ewig blauen licht die Fernen!  
Ewig... ewig...

## *The Farewell*

The sun sinking behind the mountains,  
Evening falls in every valley  
With its shadows full of coolness.  
O look! Like a silver bark  
The moon floats up the sky's blue lake.  
I feel a gentle breeze stir  
Behind the dark spruces!

The brook sings melodiously through the dark,  
The flowers grow pale in the twilight.  
The earth breathes full of peace and sleep.

All desire now turns to dreaming,  
Weary mortals make for home,  
To recapture in sleep  
Forgotten happiness and youth.  
Birds huddle silently on their branches,  
The world falls asleep.

A cool wind blows in the shadow of my spruces,  
I stand here and wait for my friend;  
I wait to bid him a final farewell.  
I long, O friend, to enjoy  
The beauty of this evening by your side.  
Where can you be? You have left me alone so long!

I wander up and down with my lute  
On pathways rippling with soft grass.  
O beauty! O world drunk with eternal love and life!

He dismounted and handed him the stirrup-cup.  
He asked him where he was going  
And also why it had to be.  
He spoke, his voice was veiled: my friend,  
Fortune was not kind to me on earth.

Where am I going? I go into the mountains,  
I seek peace for my lonely heart.  
I am making for home, my resting-place!  
I shall never roam abroad again –  
My heart is still and awaits its hour!

Everywhere the dear earth  
Blossoms in spring and grows green again!  
Everywhere and forever the distance shines bright  
and blue! Forever... forever...

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**Joshua Ellicott's** sweet-toned, flexible yet powerful lyric tenor voice and versatile musicianship are apparent in the wide range of repertoire in which he excels, from song to opera to concert. In the field of early music he has worked with conductors such as Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Sir Roger Norrington, Harry Bicket, Harry Christophers Paul McCreesh, and has developed a particular affinity with the works of Bach, Handel and Monteverdi. He also enjoys interpreting later repertoire and he has been privileged to work with such luminaries as Sir Mark Elder, Daniel Harding and Esa Pekka Salonen.

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

This season he returned to the Freiburger Barockorchester to sing the role of Florestan in Beethoven's *Leonore*, sang Handel's *Saul* with the Internationale Bachakademie Stuttgart, and makes his debut at Théâtre du Châtelet.

**Roderick Williams** is one of the most sought-after baritones of his generation with a wide repertoire spanning Baroque to contemporary which he performs in opera, concert and recital. He enjoys relationships with all the major UK opera houses and has sung opera world premières by David Sawer, Sally Beamish, Michel van der Aa, Robert Saxton and Alexander Knaifel as well as performing major roles including Papageno, Don Alfonso, Onegin and Billy Budd.

He performs regularly with leading conductors and orchestras throughout the UK, Europe, North America and Australia, and his many festival appearances include the BBC Proms, Edinburgh, Cheltenham, Aldeburgh and Melbourne.

As a composer he has had works premièred at Wigmore Hall, the Barbican, the Purcell Room and on national radio. In December 2016 he won the prize for Best Choral Composition at the British Composer Awards.

Roderick Williams was awarded an OBE in June 2017 and was nominated for Outstanding Achievement in Opera in both the 2018 Olivier Awards for his performance in the title role of the Royal Opera House production of Monteverdi's *Il ritorno d'Ulisse in patria* and in 2019 for his role in ENO's production of Britten's *War Requiem*. He is Artist in Residence with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra from 2020/21 for two years.

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**William Conway** is an internationally renowned conductor and cellist, whose performances have been described as 'astonishingly convincing' (Opera magazine), 'a tour de force' (*Guardian*), with 'a flair for the unpredictable' (*Financial Times*). On the podium, he is known for his conviction, clarity and intelligent musicianship, while his collaborations with Hebrides Ensemble, of whom he is the Artistic Director and founding member, have been praised for their fresh and inspirational approach to programming.

Born in Glasgow, Conway studied at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music then London's Royal College of Music before returning to Scotland to take the position of Principal Cello with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra, a post he held for ten years. He is a founding member and Co-principal Cello of the Chamber Orchestra of Europe and has worked with many great conductors including Abbado, Berglund, Boulez, Karajan, Guilini, Haitink, Harmoncourt, Maazel, Nezet-Seguin and Rattle.

As a conductor, he studied in Helsinki with Jukka-Pekka Saraste and was a finalist and prizewinner in the 1994 Leeds Conductors' Competition. Since then, he has established himself as a conductor of versatility in chamber, symphonic and operatic repertoire, and has conducted the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, Royal Scottish National Orchestra, Scottish Chamber Orchestra, Royal Northern Sinfonia, English Sinfonia, Chamber Orchestra of Europe (with whom he has made a CD recording released by Warner), and the Symphony Orchestras of Cairo, Sofia, Zagreb, de Filharmonie of Flanders, Teatro di Cagliari, Göttingen, Aalborg Sinfonie Orchester and the American Phoenix Symphony Orchestra in all repertoires from baroque to present day.

His work with Hebrides Ensemble, described by *The Scotsman* as 'one of the most innovative and thrilling ensembles in Europe' and now in its 30th year, underpins this commitment. By placing new music at the heart of a diverse range of repertoire, often in new and surprising contexts, Hebrides Ensemble encourages audiences to approach familiar music with fresh ears. His dedication to developing contemporary music has been recognised by an award from the Scottish Society of Composers for an outstanding contribution to new music.

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## Hebrides Ensemble

**Charlotte Ashton** flute  
**Ruth Contractor** oboe  
**Yann Ghiro** clarinet  
**Ursula Leveaux** bassoon

**Zoë Beyers** violin I  
**Sarah Bevan-Baker** violin II  
**Scott Dickinson** viola  
**Niamh Molloy** cello  
**Enno Senft** double bass

**Patrick Broderick** horn

**James Willshire** piano  
**David Gerrard** harmonium & celeste  
**Oliver Cox** percussion  
**Kate Openshaw** percussion

**Hebrides Ensemble** has established itself as one of the foremost chamber music collectives in the UK, presenting programmes that are diverse, imaginative and inspiring. Co-founded and led by its artistic director, the cellist and conductor William Conway, the Ensemble is renowned for its fresh and intelligent approach to programming, which places contemporary music at the heart of a diverse range of repertoire.

The Ensemble's flexibility is its strength, drawing its performers from a pool of the most outstanding musicians in the UK and beyond, ensuring the exceptional performance standards for which it has become renowned. This is an international ensemble with its roots in Scottish culture, a collective which performs regularly at venues and festivals throughout the UK and Europe, and is regularly featured in broadcasts for BBC Radio 3.

In recent years, the Ensemble has given premieres at the Muziekgebouw in Amsterdam, London's King's Place, The Wigmore Hall, Aldeburgh Festival, the Edinburgh International Festival and in 2018, made its debut appearance at the BBC Proms.

Hebrides Academy supports the next generation of performers, composers, artistic directors and cultural leaders through its mentoring programme and Hebrides Digital allows audiences around the world to be part of our performances, using live streaming and cutting-edge digital technology.

In October 2019 Hebrides Ensemble released its fourth recording in a series of composer-focused discs with Delphian. *Airs from Another Planet: Chamber music and songs by Judith Weir* follows discs profiling the works of Nigel Osborne and Peter Maxwell Davies, as well as the first recording of James MacMillan's *Since it was the day of preparation...*, which went straight to No. 1 in the Specialist Classical Charts.

In December 2019, the Ensemble worked in partnership with Drake Music Scotland and composer Ben Lunn on *Diversions*, a concert showcasing works by disabled composers and including a new piece for Hebrides Ensemble together with Drake Music Scotland's Digital Orchestra. The concert was designed with accessibility at the front and centre of the creative process, and the event was recognised with multiple awards at the Scottish Awards for New Music 2020.



# Lammermuir Festival

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David Lee

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