

Lammermuir Festival

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

Tenebrae

Nigel Short director

Juliet Stevenson reader

Reading • Emily Dickinson Poem 258: 'There's a certain Slant of light'

Roderick Williams *Lucis Creator Optime*

World Premiere • A Tenebrae commission, supported by PRS Foundation's The Open Fund

Reading • Emily Dickinson Poem 777 'The Loneliness One dare not sound'

Rudolf Mauersberger *Wie liegt die Stadt so wüst*

Reading • Emily Dickinson Poem 620: 'Much madness is divinest sense'

Francis Poulenc *Figure Humaine*

Josephine Stephenson *Into the Wreck*

World Premiere • A Tenebrae commission, supported by the RVW Trust

Reading • Emily Dickinson Poem 35: 'No rack can torture me'

Philip Moore *Three Prayers of Dietrich Bonhoeffer*

Reading • Emily Dickinson Poem 552: 'An ignorance a Sunset'

Roderick Williams *Lucis Creator Optime (Postlude)*



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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.

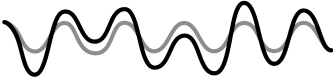
We are most grateful to Creative Scotland for their continuing support and to EventScotland for generously supporting our online streaming programme which will add a new and, we hope, permanent dimension to the festival.

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

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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 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

As well as being one of the pre-eminent baritones of our time, **Roderick Williams** is also gaining a reputation as one of the most imaginative choral composers. His music often incorporates elements of earlier repertoires in new ways, building on the foundations of the plainsong and polyphony of the English church music tradition. This performance opens (and closes) with the world premiere of his ***Lucis Creator Optime***, a setting of one of the hymns from the service of Compline — the final office of the day. The piece is designed to incorporate a processional element, with singers arriving on the stage from disparate points around the performance space. It begins with 'the softest of whispers', with the text barely audible, with the texture growing incrementally as more voices join in, introducing a B-minor tonality. The work incorporates a series of aleatoric passages — that is to say, sections where the singers are given free choice to perform different patterns in a variety of ways, creating a genuinely polyphonic texture that will be different in every performance. The piece is designed to bookend concert programmes, with a recessional phase that ends with a gradual procession away from the performing area, as the voices trail off into the darkness.

Rudolf Mauersberger was one of the foremost German choral conductors and composers during the years between the two World Wars. From 1930, he was director of the famed Dresdner Kreuzchor, and in 1933 was compelled to join the Nazi party. However, there is a significant body of evidence demonstrating that he attempted to limit the forcing of Nazi ideology on the boys, and he continued to give performances of works by composers whose music was prohibited, including Mendelssohn, as late as 1938.

Mauersberger composed his motet ***Wie liegt die Stadt so wüst*** across Good Friday and Holy Saturday in 1945, following the devastating bombing of Dresden that had been carried out by the Allied Forces some six weeks previously. Taking words from the Lamentations that refer to God's destruction of the city of Jerusalem, Mauersberger's work acquires an even greater impact with the knowledge that the end of the war was just six months away, and the extent of the damage and loss sustained by the composer's own city (it is worth examining these documentary photographs). While Mauersberger's tonal language was audibly influenced by the German Romantic choral tradition, there is also the clear influence of medieval music, with the voices shadowing each other in parallel motion. This gives the music a haunting bareness and a sense of timelessness, as the voices ask for forgiveness and invoke God to 'bring us back' to him.

Figure Humaine, **Francis Poulenc's** only cantata, is not only a supreme test of stamina, technical agility, range, aural skill and musicianship, but also a sensitive setting of eight poems by Paul Éluard that form a tribute to the human spirit and those directly involved in the Resistance. Indeed, Poulenc had a particular connection to these poems — they were

smuggled to him under pseudonyms due to Éluard's involvement in the French resistance. Even the score itself was transferred secretly out of the country, to have its premiere in London in March 1945.

The resonance of the cantata — a work inextricably linked to World War II and its wreckage — is immediately brought to the forefront in the opening movement, *De tous les printemps*. In the description of a paradoxical world — an ugly spring, a beauty that is for unattractive aims — the speaker's tone is bitter and hateful, as seen in the opening bass line, an ironic heralding of a dystopian world. Fragmentary images form the base of this poem, reflecting the 'broken world', to which Poulenc's characteristic style of different melodic motifs for each line is particularly suited. Poulenc's use of chords and harmony also brings relief to the series of vignettes, seen especially in the ingenious and subtle link between 'laid' and 'maitres'. The same vowel set to the same chord, framing the movement, underlines that we are trapped in this ugly world, a message that Poulenc teases out from the often quite abstract poetry. As Éluard proclaimed, 'Francis, je ne m'écoutais pas / Francis, je te dois de m'entendre' (Francis, I did not listen to myself / Francis, I owe it to you that I hear myself).

En chantant les servants s'élancent provides little respite — the listener is transported to a sullied world where even the repetitions of 'la-la' normally associated with carefree, puerile singing are wholly manic. Éluard's characteristic style of comma-less sentences and asyndetic strings of nouns here contribute to the breathy, spiralling metre, creating a sense of terror that underlies the poem.

Though more reserved, *Aussi bas que le silence* is no less aching, the use of the lower voices immediately denoting that we have entered a world of grief and shame; an atmosphere not far away from Sylvia Plath in 'Crossing the water'. Although the speaker seems to be describing his surroundings, it seems to be more of a reflection upon the darkness descended upon himself than a landscape. This is the only setting that uses the first line as the title — perhaps Éluard is reinforcing that there is no external idea to the poem, just a pervasive sense of fear and hopelessness.

Toi ma patiente is the most abstract of the texts, and may be seen in the context of Jungian or Freudian mother-longing, a wish to return to the womb and the comfort of the maternal. The focus on female voices here — the opening uses SSA, with the tenors humming, and only one bass part — may be a siren-call to a simpler time. Poulenc even, through ingenious part-writing, implies double the amount of sopranos in the first setting of 'prépare à la vengeance' — the melody is formed of two angular lines moving in parallel descent, creating the effect of two parts singing a fifth apart.

Riant du ciel is Poulenc at his most ironic and sarcastic, as seen in the constant repetitions of 'ridicule', that towards the end take on a mock-jubilant tone. Such bathos is no less employed by Éluard, seen in his choice of the word 'usure', which can mean, depending on

context, wear and tear, usury or attrition — the idea that men may perish of ‘wear and tear’ of the utmost callousness and scorn.

The sixth poem, *Le jour m'étonne*, provides a moment of space and calm before the agitation of the final two movements. The most direct poem of the eight, it is set in the style of a *mélodie* (French art song), with the tune sung by the sopranos with accompaniment in the lower voices. Poulenc here lets the message speak clearly for itself, using speech rhythm and writing on the score ‘On doit surtout entendre les paroles des sopranos’, (one must above all hear the words of the sopranos) the simple syntax of the poem leaving few ambiguities.

La menace sous le ciel rouge, out of the eight that Poulenc has set, fits most easily into the categorisation of war poem in its depiction of a red sky, seemingly a reference to bombs, and the graves dug ‘in advance’. However, just as in Poulenc’s motet *Vinea mea electa*, the portrayal of the violence surpasses caricature, and the last section is ethereal and devout, perhaps even evoking the third movement of Stravinsky’s *Symphony of Psalms* in the large range and the bass line that alternates between delineating chords V and I, seemingly preparing for the more optimistic ending of the last movement.

The ambiguity of the addressed in *Liberté* is a gesture that is synonymous with unity — liberty itself, the future of freed man, those who are fighting or simply the reader himself are all conjured and are implicated in the struggle for freedom. The universality of this movement is equally evoked by Éluard in the references to other poems, subconscious or not; ‘sur le sable sur la neige’ in the first strophe recalls *Un Loup* and ‘bien au-dessus du silence’ in the fifth-to-last verse may refer to the title of the third poem.

As the excitement builds, the poem gaining strength through incessant repetition, the two choirs break down, the altos and basses from alternate choirs contributing to the antiphonal texture, the long *accelerando* pushing us towards the climax. However, the most exciting moment is perhaps the return to the original tempo in a rich twelve part-texture, with the sopranos climbing new heights. The final E major chord, with a top E soprano solo is the ultimate expression of faith in the world to come. In Poulenc’s own words, ‘I composed this work for unaccompanied choir because I wanted this act of faith to be performed without instrumental aid, by the sole means of the human voice’: it is seemingly by placing our faith in the ‘figure humaine’ that we are to find sustenance and perseverance for the future.

Josephine Stephenson (b. 1990) is a French-British composer, arranger and performer based in London. Her concert music has been commissioned by institutions such as the BBC, Radio France, Wigmore Hall and Spitalfields Music, and performers of her works include the London Sinfonietta, Aurora Orchestra, 12 Ensemble, stargaze, The Hermes Experiment, Explore Ensemble, the Maîtrise de Radio France, tenor Allan Clayton and guitarist Laura Snowden. She enjoys regular collaborations with film and theatre makers

(La Raffinerie, Fellswoop, L'Éventuel Hérisson Bleu) as well as songwriters and bands (Arctic Monkeys, Elena Tonra, James Righton). She is one of the artistic directors of the London-based concert series and record label Listenpony, which puts on events mixing contemporary classical music with older classical music and popular genres. As a soprano, she sings with ensembles such as Tenebrae, EXAUDI and the London Contemporary Orchestra. From September 2021 she is Artist-in-Residence at the Opéra Grand Avignon, where her first large-scale opera will premiere in Spring 2023. Josephine read music as an undergraduate at Clare College, Cambridge before completing a Master's in Composition at the Royal College of Music.

This performance presents the world premiere of her *Into the wreck*. Describing the work's genesis, Josephine writes: 'It is almost fifty years since Adrienne Rich refused to take for herself the National Book Award for Poetry she had just won for her collection *Diving into the Wreck* (1974), instead sharing it with Audre Lorde and Alice Walker on behalf of all women 'whose voices have gone and still go unheard in a patriarchal world'. With *Into the Wreck* I wanted to revisit Rich's beautiful title piece and expand on this idea, making space for the voices of female writers from different places and times whose feelings align remarkably with those of Rich's diver. Nearly half a century later, Rich's poem retains its freshness and urgency, and the need to listen to these unheard voices remains as strong as ever.'

On 8 April 1945 the German pastor and theologian **Dietrich Bonhoeffer** was executed at Flossenbürg concentration camp, two weeks before its liberation by US forces. An outspoken opponent to the Nazi regime, Bonhoeffer had been imprisoned for two years during which time he continued his work as a religious leader with his fellow prisoners and even several of his captors. The posthumous publication of his Letters and Papers from Prison reveal his remarkable faith combined with the fragile humanity of incarceration.

Philip Moore's setting of his words are in translation, making them immediately accessible to English-speaking audiences and lending them a universality beyond their original context. *Morning Prayers* expresses the dichotomy of inner turmoil and the peace of God through stark harmonic and textural contrasts with striking solo alto phrases punctuating the piece. A frantic middle section is followed by a return to the material of the opening, now with greater rhythmic urgency. This gradually subsides to a soft resignation to 'whatever this day may bring'.

The last in the set, *Evening Prayers*, takes its musical inspiration from the Advent chorale *Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland*, one of Bonhoeffer's favourite melodies. The tune is set in a fugal 5/4 passage with each voice part given moments to foreground the text. The result is a sense of levitation without harmonic grounding which is resolved with the onset of a soprano and baritone solo passage, accompanied by held chords in the lower parts. Finally, the full chorale texture is employed to set the closing text, 'Into thy hands I commend my loved ones.'

Texts and Translations

Lucis creator optime

Lucis creator optime
lucem dierum proferens,
primordiis lucis novae,
mundi parans originem:

Qui mane iunctum vesperi
diem vocari praecipis:
tetrum chaos illabatur,
audi preces cum fletibus.

Caeleste pulset ostium:
vitale tollat praemium:
vitemus omne noxium:
purgemus omne pessimum.

Praesta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
cum Spiritu Paraclito
regnans per omne saeculum.

Wie liegt die Stadt so wüst

Wie liegt die Stadt so wüst, die voll Volks war:
Alle ihre Tore stehen öde.
Wie liegen die Steine des Heiligtums vorn auf
allen Gassen zerstreut.
Er hat ein Feuer aus der Höhe
in meine Gebeine gesandt
und es lassen walten.
Ist das die Stadt, von der man sagt,
sie sei die allerschönste,
der sich das ganze Land freuet?

Blessed creator of the light,
Who makest the day with radiance bright,
and o'er the forming world didst call
the light from chaos first of all;

Whose wisdom joined in meet array
the morn and eve, and named them Day:
night comes with all its darkling fears;
regard Thy people's prayers and tears.

But grant them grace that they may strain
the heavenly gate and prize to gain:
each harmful lure aside to cast,
and purge away each error past.

Hear us, O Father; gracious and forgiving,
and Thou, O Christ, the coeternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost by all things living,
now and to endless ages art adored.

How lonely sits the city that was full of people.
All her gates are desolate.
The holy stones lie scattered
at the head of every street.
From on high he sent fire;
into my bones
he made it descend.
Is this the city, which was called
the perfection of beauty,
the joy of all the earth?

Figure Humaine

I. Bientôt

De tous les printemps du monde,
Celui-ci est le plus laid
Entre toutes mes façons d'être
La confiante est la meïllure
L'herbe soulève la neige
Comme la pierre d'un tombeau
Moi je dors dans la tempête
Et je m'éveille les yeux clairs
Le lent le petit temps s'achève
Où toute rue devait passer
Par mes plus intimes retraites
Pour que je rencontre quelqu'un
Je n'entends pas parler les monstres
Je les connais ils ont tout dit
Je ne vois que les beaux visages
Les bons visages sûrs d'eux mêmes
Sûrs de ruiner bientôt leurs maîtres

II. Le Rôle des Femmes

En chantant les servantes s'élancent
Pour rafraîchir la place où l'on tuait
Petites filles en poudre vite agenouillées
Leurs mains aux soupiraux de la fraîcheur
Sont bleues comme une expérience
Un grand matin joyeux
Faites face à leurs mains les morts
Faites face à leurs yeux liquides
C'est la toilette des éphémères
La dernière toilette de la vie
Les pierres descendent disparaissent
Dans l'eau vaste essentielle
La dernière toilette des heures
A peine un souvenir ému
Aux puits taris de la vertu
Aux longues absences encombrantes
Et l'on s'abandonne à la chair très tendre
Aux prestiges de la faiblesse

III. Aussi bas que le silence

Aussi bas que le silence
D'un mort planté dans la terre
Rien que ténébres en tête
Aussi monotone et sourd
Que l'automne dans la mare
Couverte de honte mate
Le poison veuf de sa fleur
Et de ses bêtes dorées
Crache sa nuit sur les hommes

I. Soon

Of all the springtimes in history
This one is the most vile
Of all the ways of being
My trusting nature is the best
The grass pushes up the snow
As if it were a tombstone
But I sleep through the storm
And awake with eyes brightened
Slow and quick time passes
Where all routes must end
Through my most intimate secrets
So that I might meet someone
I do not hear what the monsters are saying
But I know them, and they have said everything
before I see only beautiful faces
The good faces of those who truly know themselves.
Certain soon to ruin their owners

II. The Women's role

As they sing, the housemaids hurtle forwards
To clean the spot where a man was killed
Cute powdered girls swiftly to their knees
Their hands stretched out to the fresh air
Unspoil like the first experience
Of a day of ecstatic joy
Turn to look at their hands, the dead
Turn to see their watery eyes
It is the ritual of may-flies
The final ritual of life
The stones fall and disappear
In the vast eternal deep
The final ritual of time
Barely a memory remains
The wells of virtue have dried up
The long, unbearable absences
And the surrendering of delicate flesh
To the triumph of weakness

III. As deep as the silence

As deep as the silence
Of a corpse buried under ground
Nothing but shadows in his head
As monotonous and deaf
As autumn in a lake
Shrouded with stale shame
Poison robbed of its flower
And of its gilded beasts
Spews its blackness over mankind

IV. Patience

Toi ma patiente ma patience ma parente
Gorge haut suspendue orgue de la nuit lente
Révérence cachant tous les ciels dans sa grâce
Prépare à la vengeance un lit d'où je naîtrai

V. Première Marche la voix d'un autre

Riant du ciel et des planètes
La bouche imbibée de confiance
Les sages veulent des fils
Et des fils de leurs fils
Jusqu'à périr d'usure
Le temps ne pèse que les fous
L'abîme est seul à verdoyer
Et les sages sont ridicules

VI. Un Loup

Le jour m'étonne et la nuit me fait peur
L'été me hante et l'hiver me poursuit
Un animal sur la neige a posé
Ses pattes sur le sable ou dans la boue
Ses pattes venues de plus loin que mes pas
Sur une piste où la mort
A les empreintes de la vie

VII. Un feu sans tache

La menace sous le ciel rouge
Venait d'en bas des mâchoires
Des écailles des anneaux
D'une chaîne glissante et lourde

La vie était distribuée
Largement pour que la mort
Prît au sérieux le tribut
Qu'on lui payait sans compter

La mort était le Dieu d'amour
Et les vainqueurs dans un baiser
S'évanouissaient sur leurs victimes
La pourriture avait du cœur

Et pourtant sous le ciel rouge
Sous les appétits de sang
Sous la famine lugubre
La caverne se ferma

La terre utile effaçait
Les tombes creusées d'avance
Les enfants n'eurent plus peur
Des profondeurs maternelles

IV. Patience

You, my patient one, my patience, my guardian
Throat held high, organ of the calm night
Reverence cloaking all of heaven in its grace
Prepare, for vengeance, a bed where I may be born

V. First march, the voice of another

Laughing at the sky and planets
Mouths dripping with arrogance
The wise men wish for sons
And for sons for their sons
Until they die in vain
The march of time burdens not only the foolish
Hell alone flourishes
And the wise men are made foolish

VI. A Wolf

The day shocks me and the night terrifies me
Summer haunts me and winter chases me
An animal has imprinted its paws
In the snow, in the sand or in the mud
Its pawprints have come further than my own steps
On a path where death
Bears the imprint of life

VII. A flawless fire

The menace under the red sky
Came from under the jaws
The scales and links
Of a slippery and heavy chain

Life was dispersed
Widely so that death
Could gravely take the dues
Which were paid without a thought

Death was the God of love
And the victors with a kiss
Swoon over their victims
Decay held the heart

And yet under the red sky
Beneath the lust for blood
Beneath the dismal hunger
The cavern closed up

The useful earth covered over
The graves dug in advance
The children no longer fearing
The maternal depths

Et la bêtise et la démence
Et la bassesse firent place
A des hommes frères des hommes
Ne luttant plus contre la vie

A des hommes indestructibles

VIII. Liberté

Sur mes cahiers d'écolier
Sur mon pupitre et les arbres
Sur le sable sur la neige
J'écris ton nom

Sur toutes les pages lues
Sur toutes les pages blanches
Pierre sang papier ou cendre
J'écris ton nom

Sur les images dorées
Sur les armes des guerriers
Sur la couronne des rois
J'écris ton nom

Sur la jungle et le désert
Sur les nids sur les genêts
Sur l'écho de mon enfance
J'écris ton nom

Sur les merveilles des nuits
Sur le pain blanc des journées
Sur les saisons fiancées
J'écris ton nom

Sur tous mes chiffons d'azur
Sur l'étang soleil moisi
Sur le lac lune vivante
J'écris ton nom

Sur les champs sur l'horizon
Sur les ailes des oiseaux
Et sur le moulin des ombres
J'écris ton nom

Sur chaque bouffée d'aurore
Sur la mer sur les bateaux
Sur la montagne démente
J'écris ton nom

Sur la mousse des nuages
Sur les sueurs de l'orage
Sur la pluie épaisse et fade
J'écris ton nom

And stupidity, dementia
And vulgarity gave way
To humanity and brotherhood
No longer set against life

But to an indestructible human race

VIII. Liberty

On my school books
On my desk and on the trees
On the sand and in the snow
I write your name

On every page that is read
On all blank pages
Stone blood paper or ashes
I write your name

On gilded pictures
On the weapons of warriors
On the crown of kings
I write your name

Over the jungle and the desert
On the nests on the brooms
On the echo of my infancy
I write your name

On the wonders of the night
On the daily bread
On the conjoined seasons
I write your name

On all my blue scarves
On the pond grown moldy in the sun
On the lake alive in the moonlight
I write your name

On fields on the horizon
On the wings of birds
And on the mill of shadows
I write your name

On each rising dawn
On the sea on the boats
On the wild mountain
I write your name

On the foamy clouds
In the sweat-filled storm
On the rain heavy and relentless
I write your name

Sur les formes scintillantes
Sur les cloches des couleurs
Sur la vérité physique
J'écris ton nom

On shimmering figures
On bells of many colours
On undeniable truth
I write your name

Sur les sentiers éveillés
Sur les routes déployées
Sur les places qui débordent
J'écris ton nom

On the living pathways
On the roads stretched out
On the bustling places
I write your name

Sur la lampe qui s'allume
Sur la lampe qui s'éteint
Sur mes maisons réunies
J'écris ton nom

On the lamp which is ignited
On the lamp which is extinguished
My reunited households
I write your name

Sur le fruit coupé en deux
Du miroir et de ma chambre
Sur mon lit coquille vide
J'écris ton nom

On the fruit cut in two
The mirror and my bedroom
On my bed an empty shell
I write your name

Sur mon chien gourmand et tendre
Sur ses oreilles dressées
Sur sa patte maladroite
J'écris ton nom

On my dog greedy and loving
On his alert ears
On his clumsy paw
I write your name

Sur le tremplin de ma porte
Sur les objets familiers
Sur le flot du feu béni
J'écris ton nom

On the springboard of my door
On the familiar objects
On the stream of the sacred flame
I write your name

Sur toute chair accordée
Sur le front de mes amis
Sur chaque main qui se tend
J'écris ton nom

On all united flesh
On the faces of my friends
On each hand held out
I write your name

Sur la vitre des surprises
Sur les lèvres attentives
Bien au-dessus du silence
J'écris ton nom

On the window of surprises
On the attentive lips
Well above silence
I write your name

Sur mes refuges détruits
Sur mes phares écroulés
Sur les murs de mon ennui
J'écris ton nom

On my destroyed safehouses
On my collapsed beacons
On the walls of my boredom
I write your name

Sur l'absence sans désirs
Sur la solitude nue
Sur les marches de la mort
J'écris ton nom

On absence without desire
On naked solitude
On the death marches
I write your name

Sur la santé revenue
Sur le risque disparu
Sur l'espoir sans souvenir
J'écris ton nom

Et par le pouvoir d'un mot
Je recommence ma vie
Je suis né pour te connaître
Pour te nommer

Liberté

Into the wreck

SECTION I

**Δέδυκε μὲν ἄ σελάννα
καὶ Πληιάδες, μέσαι δέ
νύκτες, πάρα δ' ἔρχετ' ὥρα,
ἔγω δὲ μόνα κατεύδω (1)**

Silent alone where none or saw, or heard,
In pathless paths I lead my wand'ring feet. (2)

Långt från den storm, som världen skakar,
i Lugnet jag min hydda fäst. (3)

Musing, my solitary seat I take,
And listen to the deep and solemn roar. (4)

眠れるものの帰りを待つ (5)

En el fondo del mar,
hay una casa
de cristal. (6)

There is no end, and there need be no path. (7)

Jag är främmande i detta land (8)

私は大声をだし訴へようとし
波はあとから消してしまふ (5)

Nor youth, nor strength, nor wisdom spring again
(2)

nu hör jag verklighetens hårda klang
mot mina sköra sköra drömmar. (9)

Mein silbernes Blicken rieselt durch die Leere (10)

[...] myself is that one only thing
I hold [...] (11)

On health restored
On risk disappeared
On hope without memory
I write your name

And through the power of one word
I recommence my life
I was born to know you
To give a name to you

Liberty

The Moon is down
It is midnight
Time passes
But I sleep alone

Far from the storm that shakes the world,
In the Calm I fixed my hut.

I wait for the return of those who sleep.

At the bottom of the sea
there's a house
made of crystal.

I am a stranger in this land

I try to protest, raising my voice —
The waves come erase it from behind.

now I hear reality's hard clang
against my fragile fragile dreams.

My silver gaze ripples in the void

Men ett har jag funnit och ett har jag verkligen
vunnit —
vägen till landet som icke är. (12)

But I have found one thing and one thing I have truly
gained
the path to the land that is not.

SECTION 3

Tropfen an Tropfen erlöschen
Und reiben sich wieder;
In den Tiefen taumeln die Wasser
[...] Und wie alles drängt und sich engt
Ins letzte Bewegen. (10)

Liquid drops dissolve in drops
And rub on drops again,
Water tumbles in the deep,
What an urging there is and a narrowing down
In the last impulse that seeks a shape!

A human secret, like my own, I trace (13)

En el bosque verde
que me circunda,
-din don ... din dan- (6)

In the green woods
that surround me
—ding dong... ding dang—

Det är makten, som darrar i min sko,
det är makten, som rör sig i min klännings veck,
det är makten, för vilken ej avgrund finns,
som står framför eder. (14)

It is the power that quivers in my shoes,
it is the power that moves in the folds of my garments,
it is the power that stands before you —
there is no abyss for it.

Yo soy esa mujer que vive alerta (15)

I am that woman who lives alert

Jag är en del av alltets stora kraft,
en ensam värld inom miljoner världar (16)

I am a part of the all's great power,
a lonely world inside millions of worlds

One presence fills and floods the whole serene;
Nothing can be, nothing has ever been,
Except the one truth that creates the scene. (7)

Und ein Punkt wird mein Tanz
In der Blindnis. (10)

And my dance is turning into a speck
Upon the blindness that surrounds it.

SECTION 4

Finnes det ingen som fattar [...] (17)

Is there no one who understands?

When the tempestuous sea did foam and roar,
Tossing the bark from the long-wish'd-for shore,
With false affected fondness it betray'd,
Striving to keep what perish'd, if it stay'd. (18)

Yo tengo el corazón como la espuma (19)

I have a heart like foam

Jag är en flamma, sökande och käck,
jag är ett vatten, djupt men dristigt upp till knäna
(20)

I am a flame, searching and brazen,
I am water; deep but daring up to the knee

'I am she!' (21)

Jag följer ingen lag. Jag är lag i mig själv. (17)

I follow no law. I am a law unto myself.

Only upon the old can build the new (7)

Jag är den befällande styrkan. Var finnas de som
följa mig? (17)

I am the commanding strength. Where are those
who will follow me?

SECTION 5

Y sobre mi cabeza,
arden en el crepúsculo,
las erizadas puntas del mar: (6)

And overhead,
little risen peaks of the sea
flare up in twilight.

Tell all the truth but tell it slant — (22)

私は海へ捨てられた (5)

I was abandoned in the ocean.

O, ich wollte, daß ich wunschlos schlief,
Wüßt ich einen Strom, wie mein Leben so tief,
Flösse mit seinen Wassern. (23)

O that I slept a wishless sleep,
That a river ran as deep as my life,
And I with its waters.

Vad fruktat jag? Jag är en del av oändligheten. (16)

What have I to fear? I am a part of infinity.

[...] we must rise, [...] we must wander again
[...] let us gather the dreams that remain (24)

All Naturens ljus oss lärar
At vi ej sku stilla stå. (25)

Of nature's wisdom must we learn
That standing still is not our fate.

Μνάσεσθαί τινά φαμι καὶ ὕστερον ἄμμένων (26)

I say that someone will remember us even in the
future

(1) Sappho (c. 630BC–570 BC), Fragment 168B

(2) Anne Bradstreet (1612–1672), *Contemplations*

(3) Hedvig Charlotta Nordenflycht (1718–1763), *Lugnet*

(4) Charlotte Smith (1749–1806), *Sonnet XII*

(5) Sagawa Chika (1911–1936), 海の天使 ('Ocean Angel')

(6) Alfonsina Storni (1892–1938), *Yo en el fondo del mar* ('Me at the bottom of the sea')

(7) Margaret Fuller (1810–1850), *The One in All*

(8) Edit Södergran (1892–1923), *Jag* ('I')

(9) Södergran, *Dagen Svalnar...* ('The day cools...')

(10) Else Lasker-Schüler (1869–1945), *Der letzte Stern* ('The last Star')

(11) Christina Rossetti (1830–1894), *The Thread of Life*

(12) Södergran, *Landet Som Icke Är* ('The Land That Is Not')

(13) Fuller, *To the Face seen in the Moon*

(14) Södergran, *Instinkt* ('Instinct')

(15) Storni, *Tú, que nunca serás* ('You, who will never be')

(16) Södergran, *Triumf att finnas till...* ('Triumph of being...')

(17) Södergran, *Makt* ('Power')

(18) Anne Wharton (1632–1685), *On the Storm between Gravesend and Dieppe*

(19) Storni, *Frente al mar* ('Facing the Sea')

(20) Södergran, *Vierge Moderne* ('Modern Virgin')

(21) Mary Coleridge (1861–1907), *The Other Side of a Mirror*

(22) Emily Dickinson (1830–1886), *Tell all the truth but tell it slant* —

(23) Lasker-Schüler, *Styx*

(24) Sarojini Naidu (1879–1949), *In the Forest*

(25) Nordenflycht, *Fruentimmers plikt att uppöva deras vett* ('The duty of women to use their wit')

(26) Sappho, Fragment 147

Tenebrae

SOPRANO

Rachel Haworth
Victoria Meteyard
Anita Monserrat
Katie Trethewey
Rosanna Wicks

TENOR

Ben Alden
David de Winter
Nicholas Madden
Toby Ward

ALTO

Hannah Cooke
Tom Lilburn
Eleanor Mines
Chris Mitchell

BASS

Charles Baigent
Tom Butler
Joseph Edwards
Alex Hopkins
Oliver Morris

Described as 'phenomenal' (*The Times*) and 'devastatingly beautiful' (*Gramophone Magazine*), award-winning choir **Tenebrae** is one of the world's leading vocal ensembles, renowned for its passion and precision. Under the direction of Nigel Short, Tenebrae performs at major festivals and venues across the globe, including the BBC Proms, Edinburgh International Festival, Wigmore Hall, Leipzig Gewandhaus (Germany) and Melbourne and Sydney Festivals (Australia). The choir is renowned for its highly-acclaimed interpretations of choral music ranging from the hauntingly passionate works of the Renaissance through to contemporary choral masterpieces, and is a dedicated advocate for contemporary composers, having worked with Judith Bingham, Ola Gjeilo, Alexander L'Estrange, Alexander Levine, Paweł Łukaszewski, Paul Mealor, Hilary Tann, Joby Talbot, Sir John Tavener and Will Todd. Tenebrae is also frequently engaged with the world's finest orchestras, regularly appearing alongside the Academy of Ancient Music, Aurora Orchestra and Britten Sinfonia, and also curates an annual Holy Week Festival in partnership with St John's Smith Square.

Tenebrae's ever-increasing discography has brought about collaborations with Signum, Decca Classics, Deutsche Grammophon, EMI Classics, LSO Live, and Warner Classics. In 2012 Tenebrae was the first-ever ensemble to be multi-nominated in the same category for the BBC Music Magazine Awards, securing the accolade of 'Best Choral Performance' for the choir's recording of Victoria's Requiem Mass, 1605. The following year Tenebrae's Fauré Requiem with the London Symphony Orchestra was nominated for the *Gramophone* Awards, having been described as 'the very best Fauré Requiem on disc' and 'the English choral tradition at its zenith' (Richard Morrison, Chief Music Critic, *The Times*). In 2014 the choir's recording of Russian Orthodox music, *Russian Treasures*, reached number 1 in the UK Specialist Classical Chart. In 2016 Tenebrae received its second *BBC Music Magazine* Award for a recording of Brahms and Bruckner Motets, the profits from the sale of which benefit Macmillan Cancer Support, and in 2018 it received a Grammy nomination for *Music of the Spheres*, its album of part songs from the British Isles.

'Passion and Precision' are Tenebrae's core values. Through its continued dedication to performance of the highest quality, Tenebrae's vision is to deliver dramatic programming, flawless performances and unforgettable experiences, allowing audiences around the world to be moved by the power and intimacy of the human voice.

Nigel Short

Award-winning conductor **Nigel Short** has earned widespread acclaim for his recording and live performance work with leading orchestras and ensembles across the world. A former member of renowned vocal ensemble The King's Singers (1994–2000), in 2001 Nigel formed Tenebrae, a virtuosic choir that combines the passion of a cathedral choir with the precision of a chamber ensemble. Under his direction, Tenebrae has collaborated with internationally acclaimed orchestras and instrumentalists and now enjoys a reputation as one of the world's finest vocal ensembles.

To date, Nigel has conducted the Academy of Ancient Music, Aurora Orchestra, BBC Symphony Orchestra, Chamber Orchestra of Europe, English Chamber Orchestra, English Concert, London Philharmonic Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Scottish Ensemble and Britten Sinfonia. He has directed the London Symphony Orchestra alongside Tenebrae in a live recording of Fauré's Requiem, which was nominated for the *Gramophone Awards* (2013) and since then, he has conducted the orchestra at St. Paul's Cathedral as part of the City of London Festival. Other orchestral recordings include Mozart's Requiem and *Ave Verum Corpus* with the Chamber Orchestra of Europe and a new release of music by Bernstein, Stravinsky and Zemlinsky with the BBC Symphony Orchestra described as a 'master stroke of programming' (*Financial Times*). Recent guest conducting appearances include the BBC Singers, Leipzig's MDR Rundfunkchor and the Danish National Vocal Ensemble.

Nigel has vast recording experience having conducted for many of the world's major labels including Decca Classics, Deutsche Grammophon, EMI Classics, LSO Live, Signum and Warner Classics. In 2018, he received a Grammy nomination in the category of 'Best Choral Performance' for Tenebrae's album of parts songs from the British Isles, *Music of the Spheres*. As a *Gramophone Award*-winning producer, Nigel works with many of the UK's leading professional choirs and vocal ensembles including Alamire, Ex Cathedra, Gallicantus and The King's Singers.

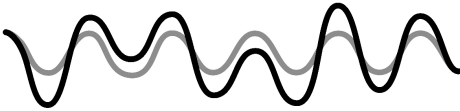
Juliet Stevenson

Juliet Stevenson trained at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (RADA) and has been nominated for many Olivier and BAFTA awards. Juliet's stage work includes: *The Doctor* (Almeida) in which she has been nominated for an Olivier Award; *Mary Stuart* (Almeida and West End); *Hamlet* (Almeida and West End); *Wings* (Young Vic); *Happy Days* (Young Vic); *Duet For One* (Almeida and West End); *The Heretic* (Royal Court); *A Little Night Music* (Lincoln Centre, NY); *Beckett Shorts* (RSC Stratford/Europe); *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*; *As You Like It*; *Troilus and Cressida*; *Measure For Measure*; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; *The Witch of Edmonton*; *Money* (RSC Stratford/Barbican); *Henry IV, Parts I & II* (RSC Stratford Tour); *Once In A Lifetime*; *The White Guard* (RSC Aldwych); *Hippolytus*; *Antony & Cleopatra*; *The Churchill Play*; *The Taming of the Shrew*; *The Tempest* (RSC Stratford); *Alice Trilogy*; *The Country*; *Other Worlds* (Royal Court); *The Seagull*; *Private Lives*; *Hedda Gabler*; *Yerma* (National Theatre); *We Happy Few* (Gielgud Theatre); *Caucasian Chalk Circle* (National Theatre / Complicité); *The Duchess of Malfi* (Greenwich/West End); *Scenes from an Execution* (Mark Taper Forum, LA); *Death and the Maiden* (Royal Court/West End); *Burn This* (Hampstead/West End); *On the Verge* (Sadler's Wells); *The Trackers of Oxyrhynchus* (National Theatre Studio).

Juliet's television work includes: *Riviera* (Season 2, Sky); *Atlantis*; *One of Us*; *The Village*; *The Enfield Haunting*; *The Accused*; *The Hour*; *White Heat*; *Dustbin Baby*; *Place of Execution*; *Hear the Silence*; *The Pact*; *Trial by Fire*; *Cider with Rosie*; *Stone, Scissors, Paper*; *The Politician's Wife*; *Out of Love*; *Stanley*; *A Doll's House*; *Life Story*; *Antigone*; *Freud*; *Bazaar and Rummage*; *The Mallens*; *Maybury*; *Great Journeys: Isabelle Eberhardt*; and *Oedipus At Colonus*.

Film work includes: *The Last Planet*; *Let Me Go*; *Love is Thicker than Water*; *Departure*; *Diana*; *Desert Flower*; *The Secret of Moonacre*; *And When Did You Last See Your Father?*; *Breaking and Entering*; *Pierpoint*; *The Snow Queen*; *A Previous Engagement*; *Every Word is True*; *Red Mercury*; *Being Julia*; *Mona Lisa Smile*; *Nicholas Nickleby*; *Food of Love*; *Bend It Like Beckham*; *The Search for John Gissing*; *The Road From Coorain*; *Play* (Samuel Beckett); *Emma*; *The Secret Rapture*; *Who Dealt?*; *The Trial*; *Truly, Madly, Deeply*; *Drowning by Numbers*.

Most recently she can be seen in the new TV comedy series *Out of her Mind* with Sara Pascoe for BBC.



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