

RIPON CONCERTS

Chamber music with passion

Beth Taylor
– Mezzo
soprano

Julius Drake
– Piano



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This concert is dedicated
to the memory of
Brian Kealy
16.5.40 – 20.12.23

Monday 11 March 2024, 7.30pm
Holy Trinity Church, Ripon

Programme

www.riponconcerts.co.uk

Beth Taylor – Mezzo-soprano

Julius Drake – Piano

Brian Kealy - A Tribute

This concert is a tribute to Brian Kealy, who was a founder member of the Cathedral Concert Society which later became Ripon Concerts, and was an active committee member and trustee until his death in December. For many years, as well as being chairman, he was responsible for the musical content of the concerts. Sadly this was to be the last concert he curated. He was instrumental in asking Julius Drake and Alice Coote to reprise a recital they performed last year at Wigmore Hall. Sadly Alice Coote has had to withdraw for family reasons. She has been replaced by Beth Taylor, whose performance at last year's Cardiff Singer of the World was noted by Brian, who thought she should have won!

Brian's influence on the musical life of Ripon was considerable. His biggest achievement was establishing high-class chamber music in the city. At least 1,000 chamber music works have been performed since the Society was founded. His musical knowledge, not only of works themselves but of performances and recordings, was encyclopedic.

He curated wonderful concerts and brought a succession of musicians to Ripon, often before they were nationally or internationally recognised. A highlight was a performance of Schubert's song cycle *Winterreise* by tenor Ian Bostridge and pianist Julius Drake before they became legends in their field.

His approach to planning concerts could be idiosyncratic – a story is told that he was once unable to attend a concert planning meeting. He instructed the rest of the committee to meet in his absence to decide on the programme and performers. Nothing they suggested met with his approval and he simply changed everything! He admitted that he programmed music HE liked and always believed that audiences should be challenged and educated. Many people were grateful that they did listen to works they thought would be difficult and they would not like, only to discover pure magic.

He also wrote wonderful and erudite programme notes for concerts, which were much appreciated by many members of the society and helped even the musically educated understand the nuances of the music they were hearing.

Brian's appetite for music knew no bounds. He was an avid supporter of local music festivals. At these he buttonholed unsuspecting performers he liked, bamboozled them with his musical knowledge and persuaded them that they might like to perform in Ripon. Many did.

He was always keen that young people of all abilities should have the opportunity to play music together and for a while ran a holiday time kids' orchestra. Many will have happy memories of doing their bit with varying degrees of musical competence in village halls around the area. Some even went on to careers in music, and in others the seeds were sown for lifelong engagement with music.

Brian was certainly one of a number of musical giants in Ripon whose inspiration and commitment enabled Ripon to punch well above its weight in the musical world. He will be sadly missed.

You can read his reflections on being chairman of the society overleaf, written for its 25th anniversary celebrations.

Roger Higson, Chairman

Programme

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897): Four Songs

An eine Aölsharfe
Ständchen
Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht
Von ewiger Liebe

Robert Schumann (1810–1856): Frauenliebe und -leben

Seit ich ihn gesehen
Er, der Herrlichste von Allen
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Süsser Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

– interval –

Three Sea Songs:

My Lagan Love arr. **Hamilton Harty (1879–1941)**
Sail on, sail on arr. **Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)**
Sea Wrack arr. **Hamilton Harty**

Edward Elgar (1857–1934): Sea Pictures

Sea Slumber-Song
In Haven (Capri)
Sabbath Morning at Sea
Where Corals Lie
The Swimmer

Arthur Sullivan (1842–1900): The Lost Chord

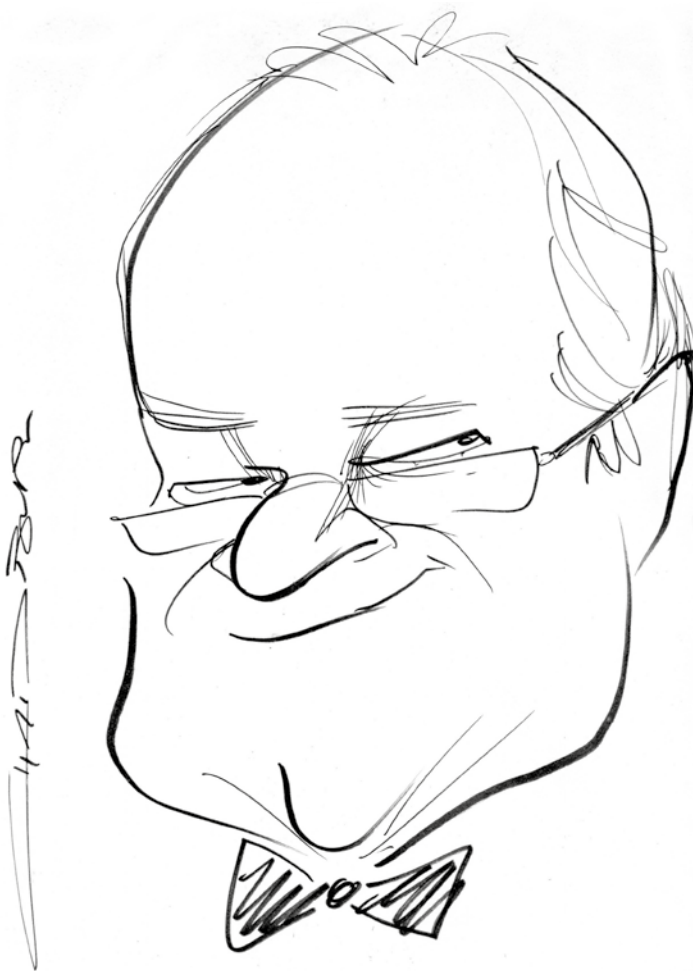


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25 Years of Recitals and Chamber Music

by Brian Kealy, Chairman
and Impresario (1993–2014)



Sketch by Roger Chapman

In 1993, I was one of the team roped in by the three Ripon musicians to make their idea happen. I was the first chairman and Ruth Grenfell the first secretary, tasks we continued to perform for the next 21 years. Our first concert season began in October 1993. The press announcement on 13 September shows that subscriptions for the first season of seven concerts were “very attractive at £35”.

While the first season’s performers were predominately locally based, and included an orchestral concert from the St Cecilia Orchestra, the second season would have had the young Ian Bostridge singing Schubert’s *Winterreise* (he was unwell and had to cancel at the last minute, making an opportunity for the first of several visits from violinist Leland Chen) with pianist Julius Drake. Also prominent in those early years was Ripon-born cellist Steve Orton, on his own and with the Academy of St Martin in the Fields Chamber Ensemble. The early roster of performers relied very much on a wide network of friends and contacts. The pianist Kathron Sturrock, with the Fibonacci Sequence, was also a Riponian, and Julius Drake was a fount of vocal suggestions, many of whom we could afford.

In over 150 concerts we have covered most things. Some composers have featured more prominently than others: Mozart is oddly under-represented but we have had many Haydn quartets and all the late Beethoven quartets except for the *Grosse Fuge* (coming in the 2019-20 season). We have heard a lot of English music of all periods and at least two world premieres.

Membership has not surprisingly fluctuated as people came and went. The committee remained stable but got older: time was ripe for a change of management and in 2013 the Society accepted with gratitude the offer of the present team to step in and drive the Society forward in its third decade.

About the music

Beth Taylor and Julius Drake open their recital with four of Brahms’s greatest songs. **An eine Äolsharfe** is better known in Wolf’s setting of 1888, but Brahms’s version of 1858 no way pales in comparison – indeed it is the first time in his Lieder that a great poem is set to great music. Some background knowledge can increase our enjoyment of this masterpiece. In the summer of 1824, Mörike attended a performance of *Don Giovanni* in Stuttgart’s Hoftheater, with his younger brother August, sister Luise and several friends. A few days later, his passionately loved brother was dead. Mörike was thunderstruck, and the grief would not go away. ‘An eine Äolsharfe’, written 13 years later, might be indirectly inspired by the Horace ode addressed to Valgius Rufus on the death of Mystes, but the actual subject is the loss of his beloved brother who lies beneath the ‘frisch grünendem Hügel’. Mörike’s grief at August’s death was deep and enduring, and he kept referring to it years later in letters and conversations.

Ständchen was inspired by the voice of the beautiful singer Agathe Siebold, and contains a cryptic reference to her name (Gathe) in the opening melody. Kugler’s poem mentions not only zithers, but flutes and fiddles too: the strumming and fluting can be heard in the spread chords of the prelude. When the serenaders are introduced in verse 2, the violin and flute can be heard duetting sixths, while alternating spread chords introduce the third instrument at ‘Zither’ and ‘spielen’. We learn in the final verse that the girl chooses the fair-haired lover and ditches the other two. The unrequited lover standing outside his sweetheart’s door or window is a recurring theme of many Brahms songs. **Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht** sets one of Heine’s most celebrated poems. Brahms, who always feared too close a union with women, was clearly attracted by the Romantic escapism of Heine’s poem, which leads to withdrawal from the world and obliterates the uncomfortable realities of life. It is not beyond the realms of possibility that the cryptologist in Brahms meant the C pedal heard in the accompaniment to symbolise his undying love for Clara. **Von ewiger Liebe** dates from 1864, when the composer had just turned thirty. The tune was taken from Brahms’s own choral ‘Brautgesang’ that he had written for Agathe von Siebold, and speaks volumes about his own repressed sensuality. The dark B minor bass melody sets the mood and is taken up by the voice; the theme is developed, and the phrases of the vocal line are echoed by the piano. After the frenzied expression of an imagined departure, minor shifts to major as the girl professes eternal love. The music passes from *pp* to an intense *mf* on the dominant, and after an interlude the final stanza begins. Its opening phrase is new and develops into one of the most magnificent cadenzas in song literature, as 6/8 time is pitted against 3/4, and the word ‘ewig’ (‘eternal’) is exultantly repeated.

An eine Äolsharfe (Eduard Mörike)

Angelehnt an die Efeuwand
Dieser alten Terrasse,
Du, einer luftgebornen Muse
Geheimnisvolles Saitenspiel,
Fang an,
Fange wieder an
Deine melodische Klage!

Ihr kommet, Winde, fern herüber
Ach! von des Knaben,
Der mir so lieb war,
Frisch grünendem Hügel.
Und Frühlingsblüten unterwegs streifend,
Übersättigt mit Wohlgerüchen,
Wie süß bedrängt ihr dies Herz!
Und säuselt her in die Saiten,
Angezogen von wohl lautender Wehmut,
Wachsend im Zug meiner Sehnsucht,
Und hinsterbend wieder.

Aber auf einmal,
Wie der Wind heftiger herstößt,
Ein holder Schrei der Harfe
Wiederholt, mir zu süßem Erschrecken,
Meiner Seele plötzliche Regung;
Und hier – die volle Rose streut, geschüttelt,
All ihre Blätter vor meine Füße!

To an Aeolian harp

Leaning against the ivy-clad wall
Of this old terrace,
O mysterious lyre
Of a zephyr-born Muse,
Begin,
Begin again
Your melodious lament!

Winds, you come from afar,
Ah! from the fresh green mound
Of the boy
Who was so dear to me.
And brushing spring flowers along the way,
Saturated with fragrance,
How sweetly you afflict this heart!
And you murmur into these strings,
Drawn by their sweet-sounding sorrow,
Waxing with my heart’s desire,
Then dying away once more.

But all at once,
As the wind gusts more strongly,
The harp’s gentle cry
Echoes, to my sweet alarm,
The sudden commotion of my soul;
And here – the full-blown rose, shaken,
Strews all its petals at my feet!

please turn quietly

Ständchen (Franz Kugler)

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut;
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.

Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei
Mit Flöt' und Geig' und Zither
Und singen und spielen dabei.

Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt: „Vergiß nicht mein!“

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht (Heinrich Heine)

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht,
Das Leben ist der schwüle Tag.
Es dunkelt schon, mich schläfert,
Der Tag hat mich müd gemacht.

Über mein Bett erhebt sich ein Baum,
Drin singt die junge Nachtigall;
Sie singt von lauter Liebe,
Ich hör es sogar im Traum.

Von ewiger Liebe

(Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben,
from the Wendish)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Serenade

The moon shines over the mountain,
Just right for people in love;
A fountain purls in the garden –
Otherwise silence far and wide.

By the wall in the shadows,
Three students stand
With flute and fiddle and zither,
And sing and play.

The sounds steal softly into the dreams
Of the loveliest of girls,
She sees her fair-headed lover
And whispers ‘Remember me!’

Death is cool night

Death is cool night,
Life is sultry day.
Dusk falls now, I feel drowsy,
The day has wearied me.

Over my bed rises a tree,
In which the young nightingale sings;
She sings of sheer love,
I hear it even in my dreams.

Eternal love

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Steel is strong, and iron even stronger,
Our love is even stronger still.

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

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

‘Ach Clara, was das für eine Seligkeit ist, für Gesang zu schreiben!’ (‘Ah, Clara, the bliss of writing songs!’) So wrote Robert Schumann to Clara Wieck on 22 February 1840, a year in which he composed no fewer than 138 songs, most of them masterpieces. During that *annus mirabilis* the day of their marriage drew ever closer; after years of litigation and wrangling with her father, Friedrich Wieck, the final obstacle would soon be removed – Clara would be twenty-one and free to wed. Schumann was in love and brimming with musical ideas. In May he completed the Eichendorff *Liederkreis* and the Heine *Dichterliebe*. Now, in July, having searched for a flat and paid the first instalment, he turned his attention to his most domestic cycle, **Frauenliebe und -leben** (*A woman's love and life*). It is his only true cycle, the only song collection to begin and end with the same melody, and its cyclical form expresses well the symbolic eternity of their love, that is the subject of the work's most famous song, ‘Du Ring an meinem Finger’.

There is no hint of the ironies and neuroses of *Dichterliebe* and no trace of the romanticism that had suffused the Eichendorff *Liederkreis*. Chamisso's poems describe a woman's adoration for a man of higher birth, her hopes, joys, fears and sorrows. There is a touching simplicity and directness about these songs that sets them apart from those of his other cycles. The accompaniments are less virtuosic, the melodies broader and the harmonies less adventurous; there are few departures from the home key and the piano writing has a hymnic quality that suits the devotional nature of the poems. It is not surprising, given Schumann's heightened mood of happiness, that four of the eight songs – ‘Er, der Herrlichste von allen’, ‘Du Ring an meinem Finger’, ‘Süßer Freund, du blickest’ and ‘An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust’ – are marked ‘innig’, which always with Schumann denotes something akin to ‘fervently and tenderly’ – a term that is reserved for some of his most intense moments of rapture.

We learn more about the woman's character as the cycle progresses. The opening **Seit ich ihn gesehen** describes her obsessive love for the man she has just met. Schumann's marking is *larghetto* – faster, therefore, than *largo*, and urgent enough to convey the strength of her feelings and the blindness of her love. **Er, der Herrlichste von allen** is not the exultant love song that we hear all too often in recitals. The marking is *innig, lebhaft* (fervently/tenderly and lively) and the pianist is often instructed to play *piano*. There is not yet any indication that her love is requited or even that the man has noticed her. ‘Kämmerlein’ (‘little room’) from the previous song and ‘niedre Magd’ (‘lowly maid’) from ‘Er, der Herrlichste von allen’, suggest that she might be a servant in the house of the man she loves. There is no reason for her to be happy; indeed, she confesses with touching ingenuousness that when the man chooses a bride, she will bless his choice. The song ends with a reprise of the opening melody and words, but composed at a lower pitch to depict the hopelessness of her love. By the opening bar of the next song, **Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben**, all this has changed. Marked *Mit Leidenschaft*, this passionate song relives the moment when the man declared his love for her. Her response is a mixture of ecstasy, tenderness and erotic desire (‘O let me die . . . Let me savour blissful death.’). **Du Ring an meinem Finger** celebrates their engagement and contrasts her present rapture with the desolation of the life she led as a single woman. The passage starting ‘Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,/Ihm angehören ganz’ (‘I shall serve him, live for him,/Belong to him wholly’) has been unfairly criticised by strident feminists who fail to realise that any woman or any man in the first intoxicating days of love can indulge in such hyperbole. Schumann's marking here, incidentally, is *nach und nach rascher*: the gradually quickening tempo and the harmonic progressions help to convey her rising passion. **Helft mir, ihr Schwestern** is marked *ziemlich schnell* – an unfortunate directive that has encouraged too many singers and pianists to perform the song at such breakneck speed that the crucial details of the poem are gabbled. While asking her bridesmaids to dress her for the wedding day, she muses on her relationship with her fiancé, remembers lying in his arms, remembers his sexual impatience – ‘Immer noch rief er,/Sehnsucht im Herzen/Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag’ (‘Still he called,/With longing heart./Impatiently for this day’) – and hopes that she will receive him without shyness or trepidation on the wedding night. **Süßer Freund** is the most tender song of the cycle, and the most moving. The scene is the bridal bed, and before the start of this wonderful music the man, noticing her tears, asks her without much understanding of the opposite sex, what is amiss. At the end of the second verse she says she will whisper into his ear the cause of her tears. What then follows is one of the miracles of the Lieder repertoire. The piano interlude, no longer than three and a half bars, traces the man's reaction to his wife's statement that she is pregnant: initial disbelief gives way to gradual realisation and, finally, ecstatic acceptance – a progression that is signposted by Schumann in a succession of *crescendi* and *decrescendi*, and a rhythmic variety that culminates in one single, held and rapturous semibreve chord that the pianist is expected to play *crescendo* and *decrecendo*! **An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust** sees her holding her child to her breast, dandling him on her knee and lifting him above her head. Schumann's *fröhlich, innig* marking is frequently ignored: mezzos, instead of singing the first verse *happily, tenderly* and *fervently*, clatter through it as fast as possible – which makes the quicker tempo at ‘Nur eine Mutter’, and the even quicker one at ‘Du lieber, lieber Engel du’ an impossibility. The final song, **Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan**, introduces a new note: the initial *forzando* and *marcato* chord is in D minor, which immediately dispels the joyous D major of the previous song. The reason, of course, is the death of her husband and her feeling of bereavement. Hysteria yields to anger and then, at ‘Geliebet hab’ ich und gelebt’, to numbed grief and love. The accompaniment grows rhythmically smoother, the dynamic softer, the tempo

please turn quietly

(at 'Da hab' ich dich und mein verlornes Glück') slower – until the pianist recapitulates in the postlude the music of 'Seit ich ihn gesehen'. There is nothing in the notation to suggest that this postlude should be played differently to the prelude – but what seemed energised and vibrant in the opening song should now be played with greater sadness, poignancy and tenderness, as the bereaved woman turns to the future and feeds off fond memories.

Frauenliebe und -leben
(Adelbert von Chamisso)

1
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh' ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.

2
Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

A woman's love and life

Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind,
Wherever I look,
Him only I see;
As in a waking dream
His image hovers before me,
Rising out of deepest darkness
Ever more brightly.

All else is dark and pale
Around me,
My sisters' games
I no more long to share,
I would rather weep
Quietly in my room;
Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind.

He, the most wonderful of all,
How gentle and loving he is!
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
A clear mind and firm resolve!

Just as there in the deep-blue distance
That star gleams bright and brilliant,
So does he shine in my sky,
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime.

Wander, wander on your way;
Just to gaze on your radiance,
Just to gaze on in humility,
To be but blissful and sad.

Do not heed my silent prayer,
Uttered for your happiness alone,
You shall never know me, lowly as I am,
You noble star of splendour.

Only the worthiest woman of all
May your choice bless,
And I shall bless that exalted one
Many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,
Blissful, blissful I shall be,
Even if my heart should break,
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

3
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt' er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
'Ich bin auf ewig dein' –
Mir war's – ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O laß im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligsten Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

4
Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

I cannot grasp it, believe it,
A dream has beguiled me;
How could he, of all men,
Have exalted and favoured poor me?

He said, I thought,
'I am yours forever,'
I was, I thought, still dreaming,
After all, it can never be.

O let me, dreaming, die,
Cradled on his breast;
Let me savour blissful death
In tears of endless joy.

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

I had finished dreaming
Childhood's peaceful dream,
I found myself alone, forlorn
In boundless desolation.

You ring on my finger,
You first taught me,
Opened my eyes
To life's deep eternal worth.

I shall serve him, live for him,
Belong to him wholly,
Yield to him and find
Myself transfigured in his light.

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

5

Helpf mir, ihr Schwestern
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir,
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helpf mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helpf mir verscheuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit;
Daß ich mit klarem
Aug' ihn empfangen,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Gibst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Laß mich in Andacht,
Laß mich in Demut,
Laß mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar,
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüß' ich mit Wehmut,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

6

Süßer Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Laß der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In dem Auge mir!

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüßst' ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will ins Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

Weißt du nun die Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann,
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?

Help me, O sisters,
With my bridal attire,
Serve me today in my joy,
Busily braid
About my brow
The wreath of blossoming myrtle.

When with contentment
And joy in my heart
I lay in my beloved's arms,
He still called,
With longing heart,
Impatiently for this day.

Help me, my sisters,
Help me banish
A foolish fearfulness;
So that I with bright eyes
May receive him,
The source of all my joy.

Have you, my love,
Really entered my life,
Do you, O sun, give me your glow?
Let me in reverence,
Let me in humility
Bow before my lord.

Scatter flowers, O sisters,
Scatter flowers before him,
Bring him budding roses.
But you, sisters,
I greet with sadness,
As I joyfully take leave of you.

Sweet friend, you look
At me in wonder,
You cannot understand
How I can weep;
Let the unfamiliar beauty
Of these moist pearls
Tremble joyfully bright
In my eyes.

How anxious my heart is,
How full of bliss!
If only I knew
How to say it in words;
Come and hide your face
Here against my breast,
For me to whisper you
All my joy.

Do you now understand the tears
That I can weep,
Should you not see them,
Beloved husband?

Bleib' an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Daß ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

7

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb' ist das Glück,
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.

Hab' überschwenglich mich geschätzt
Bin überglücklich aber jetzt.

Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung gibt;

Nur eine Mutter weiß allein,
Was lieben heißt und glücklich sein.

O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!

Du lieber, lieber Engel, Du,
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

8

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf.
Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab' ich und gelebt, ich bin
Nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh' mich in mein Innres still zurück,
Der Schleier fällt,
Da hab' ich dich und mein verlornes Glück,
Du meine Welt!

Stay by my heart,
Feel how it beats,
That I may press you
Closer and closer!

Here by my bed
There is room for the cradle,
Silently hiding
My blissful dream;
The morning shall come
When the dream awakens,
And your likeness
Laughs up at me!

On my heart, at my breast,
You my delight, my joy!

Happiness is love, love is happiness,
I've always said and say so still.

I thought myself rapturous,
But now am delirious with joy.

Only she who suckles, only she who loves
The child that she nourishes;

Only a mother knows
What it means to love and be happy.

Ah, how I pity the man
Who cannot feel a mother's bliss!

You dear, dear angel, you,
You look at me and you smile!

On my heart, at my breast,
You my delight, my joy!

Now you have caused me my first pain,
But it struck hard,
You sleep, you harsh and pitiless man,
The sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,
The world is void.
I have loved and I have lived,
And now my life is done.

Silently I withdraw into myself,
The veil falls,
There I have you and my lost happiness,
You, my world!

- interval -

Herbert Hamilton Harty was born in Ireland in 1879. He moved to London at the age of 20 and worked mainly as a piano accompanist, before turning his hand to conducting, in which capacity he enjoyed considerable success. He was chief conductor of the Hallé Orchestra from 1920 to 1933. His songs date, unsurprisingly, from the years when he was accompanist; those to be performed in this recital were inspired by Harty's native Ireland. **My Lagan Love** is based on a folk song, also from Ulster, extolling the qualities of a girl encountered by the river Lagan. **Sea Wrack** is a setting of a poem by Moira O'Neill which describes the scene of seaweed being laid out on rocks to dry in an Ulster coastal village. Between the two Harty pieces is Britten's subdued **Sail on, sail on** from his 1957 arrangements of folksongs; it reflects on life's troubles, release coming only with death.

My Lagan Love (Joseph Campbell)

Where Lagan stream sings lullaby
There blows a lily fair
The twilight gleam is in her eye
The night is on her hair
And like a love-sick lennan-shee
She has my heart in thrall
Nor life I owe nor liberty
For love is lord of all.

Her father sails a running-berge
'Twixt Leamh-beag and The Druim;
And on the lonely river-marge
She clears his hearth for him.
When she was only fairy-high
Her gentle mother died;
But dew-Love keeps her memory
Green on the Lagan side.

And often when the beetle's horn
Hath lulled the eve to sleep
I steal unto her shieling lorn
And thru the dooring peep.
There on the cricket's singing stone,
She spares the bogwood fire,
And hums in sad sweet undertone
The songs of heart's desire

Her welcome, like her love for me,
Is from her heart within:
Her warm kiss is felicity
That knows no taint of sin.
And, when I stir my foot to go,
'Tis leaving Love and light
To feel the wind of longing blow
From out the dark of night.

Where Lagan stream sings lullaby
There blows a lily fair
The twilight gleam is in her eye
The night is on her hair
And like a love-sick lennan-shee
She has my heart in thrall
Nor life I owe nor liberty
For love is lord of all.

Sail on, sail on (Thomas Moore)

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark,
Wherever blows the welcome wind;
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each smiling billow seems to say
"Though death beneath our surface be,
Less cold we are, less false than they,
Whose smiling wrecked thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on, through endless space,
Through calm, through tempest, stop no more;
The stormiest sea's a resting-place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or, if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet,
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

Sea Wrack (Moira O'Neill)

The wrack was dark an' shiny where it floated in the sea,
There was no one in the brown boat but only him an' me;
Him to cut the sea wrack, me to mind the boat,
An' not a word between us the hours we were afloat.

The wet wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack was strong to cut.

We laid it on the grey rocks to wither in the sun,
An' what should call my lad then, to sail from Cushendun?
With a low moon, a full tide, a swell upon the deep,
Him to sail the old boat, me to fall asleep.

The dry wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack was dead so soon.

There' a fire low upon the rocks to burn the wrack to kelp,
There' a boat gone down upon the Moyle, an' sorra one to help!
Him beneath the salt sea, me upon the shore,
By sunlight or moonlight we'll lift the wrack no more.

The dark wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack may drift ashore.

Elgar's first work after the *Enigma Variations* was **Sea Pictures**, first performed at the 1899 Norwich Festival by Clara Butt who, 'dressed like a mermaid [...] sang *really well*'. It opens with a setting of Roden Noel's **Sea slumber-song**, a poem to which Elgar was almost certainly drawn by the mention of 'rocks and caves', which 'Lulled by whispering waves,/Veil their marbles bright' – lines that recall the entry that Elgar made in his diary during his honeymoon on the Isle of Wight: 'May 14. Shanklin. Alice & I by coach to Freshwater & back: Cave & arched rocks – had to wade: kissed her wet foot'. And Roden Noel's couplet: 'Sea-sound, like violins,/To slumber woos and wins' must also have attracted Elgar the virtuoso violinist. The brooding nocturnal atmosphere of 'Sea slumber-song' is followed by another poem laden with biographical significance. Originally called 'Lute song' (which Elgar had set to music two years previously in 1897, when it was published for voice and piano in *The Dome*), **In haven** is a poem by Elgar's wife Alice that recalls a visit to Capri made before the couple were engaged: 'Love alone will stand'; 'Love alone will last'; 'Love alone will stay'. The third song is a setting of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's **Sabbath morning at sea** (Elgar sets five of the thirteen stanzas) which begins in the orchestral version with a portentous *largamente* theme. The Wagnerian atmosphere of the surging accompaniment contrasts tellingly with the delicate and lilting music of 'In haven'. **Where corals lie** sets a poem by Richard Garnett which describes the beauty of the underwater scene which Elgar captures in the delicate string and harp accompaniment, to which he adds a woodwind obbligato before the second verse. **The swimmer** (Adam Lindsay Gordon) contains many thematic cross-references to the previous songs, and is the most dramatic and swaggering of the five, which builds gradually to a huge climax, when the entire orchestra blares out the glorious main theme.

Sea Slumber-Song (Roden Noel)

Sea-birds are asleep,
The world forgets to weep,
Sea murmurs her soft slumber-song
On the shadowy sand
Of this elfin land;
"I, the Mother mild,
Hush thee, O my child,
Forget the voices wild!
Isles in elfin light
Dream, the rocks and caves,
Lulled by whispering waves,
Veil their marbles bright,
Foam glimmers faintly white
Upon the shelly sand
Of this elfin land;
Sea-sound, like violins,
To slumber woos and wins,
I murmur my soft slumber-song,
Leave woes, and wails, and sins,
Ocean's shadowy might
Breathes good-night,
Good-night!"

In Haven (Caroline Alice Elgar)

Closely let me hold thy hand,
Storms are sweeping sea and land;
Love alone will stand.

Closely cling, for waves beat fast,
Foam-flakes cloud the hurrying blast;
Love alone will last.

Kiss my lips, and softly say:
"Joy, sea-swept, may fade to-day;
Love alone will stay."

Sabbath Morning at Sea (Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

The ship went on with solemn face;
To meet the darkness on the deep,
The solemn ship went onward.
I bowed down weary in the place,
For parting tears and present sleep
Had weighed mine eyelids downward. [...]

The new sight, the new wondrous sight!
The waters round me, turbulent, –
The skies impassive o'er me,
Calm, in a moonless, sunless light,
Half glorified by that intent
Of holding the day-glory! [...]

Love me, sweet friends, this sabbath day!
The sea sings round me while ye roll
Afar the hymn unaltered,
And kneel, where once I knelt to pray,
And bless me deeper in the soul,
Because the voice has faltered.

And though this sabbath comes to me
Without the stolèd minister
Or chanting congregation,
God's Spirit brings communion, He
Who brooded soft on waters drear,
Creator on creation.

Himself, I think, shall draw me higher,
Where keep the saints with harp and song
An endless sabbath morning,
And on that sea commixed with fire
Oft drop their eyelids, raised too long
To the full Godhead's burning.

Where Corals Lie (Richard Garnett)

The deeps have music soft and low,
When winds awake the airy sry,
It lures me, lures me on to go
And see the land where corals lie.

By mount and mead, by lawn and rill,
When the night is deep, and moon is high,
That music seeks and finds me still,
And tells me where the corals lie.

Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well;
But far the rapid fancies fly
To rolling worlds of wave and shell,
And all the lands where corals lie.

Thy lips are like a sunset glow,
Thy smile is like a morning sky,
Yet leave me, leave me, let me go
And see the land where corals lie.

The Swimmer (Adam Lindsay Gordon)

With short, sharp, violent lights made vivid,
To southward far as the sight can roam,
Only the swirl of the surges livid,
The seas that climb and the surfs that comb.
Only the crag and the cliff to nor'ward,
And the rocks receding, and reefs flung forward,
Waifs wreck'd seaward and wasted shoreward,
On shallows sleeted with flaming foam.

A grim, grey coast and a seaboard ghastly,
And shores trod seldom by feet of men –
Where the batter'd hull and the broken mast lie,
They have lain embedded these long years ten.
Love! when we wandered here together,
Hand in hand through the sparkling weather,
From the heights and hollows of fern and heather,
God surely loved us a little then.

The skies were fairer and shores were firmer –
The blue sea over the bright sand roll'd;
Babble and prattle, and ripple and murmur,
Sheen of silver and glamour of gold.

So, girt with tempest and wing'd with thunder
And clad with lightning and shod with sleet,
And strong winds treading the swift waves under
The flying rollers with frothy feet.
One gleam like a bloodshot sword-blade swims on
The sky line, staining the green gulf crimson,
A death-stroke fiercely dealt by a dim sun
That strikes through his stormy winding sheet.

O, brave white horses! you gather and gallop,
The storm sprite loosens the gusty reins;
Now the stoutest ship were the frailest shallop
In your hollow backs, on your high-arched manes.
I would ride as never a man has ridden
In your sleepy, swirling surges hidden;
To gulfs foreshadow'd through strifes forbidden,
Where no light wearies and no love wanes.

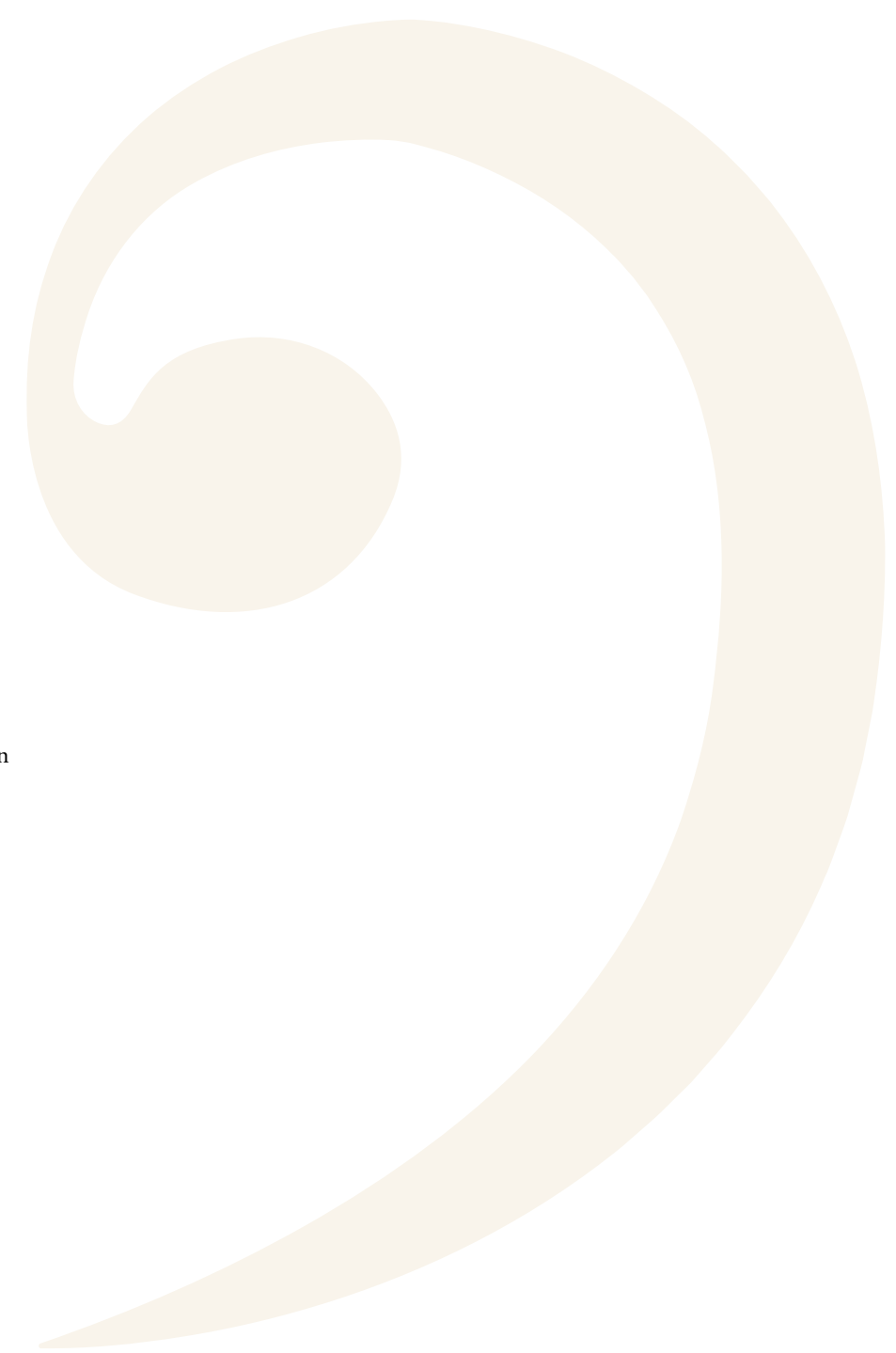
Arthur Sullivan's **The Lost Chord** was written, to a text by Adelaide Anne Procter, at the bedside of the composer's brother Fred during his last illness in 1877. The song became hugely successful commercially in both Britain and the USA. A leading performer of it was Sullivan's close friend and sometime mistress Fanny Ronalds. It contains some strikingly original musical ideas including the imitation of an organ in the introduction and the mysterious harmony as the "lost" chord is struck.

The Lost Chord (Adelaide Procter)

Seated one day at the organ
I was weary and ill at ease
And my fingers wander'd idly
Over the noisy keys
I know not what I was playing
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen
Like the sound of a great Amen

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm
And it lay on my fever'd spirit
With a touch of infinite calm
It quieted pain and sorrow
Like love overcoming strife;
It seem'd the harmonious echo
From our discordant life
It link'd all perplexèd meanings
Into one perfect peace
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease
I have sought, but I seek it vainly
That one lost chord divine
Which came from the soul of the organ
And enter'd into mine

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heav'n,
I shall hear that grand Amen.



Brahms, Schumann and Elgar notes by Richard Stokes © 2024, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005) and *The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf* (Faber, 2021)

Translations © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005) and *The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf* (Faber, 2021)

Harty, Britten and Sullivan notes by Anthony Ogus

About the musicians

BETH TAYLOR – mezzo-soprano

Lauded by *The Guardian* for her “dark and focused” voice, “sensational coloratura” and “spectacular singing” and by *The Times* for her “fierce, indeed terrifying, cane-swishing” characterisations, Beth Taylor is one of today’s most electrifying young mezzo-sopranos.

In the 2023/24 season, Beth made her role debut as Anna in *Les Troyens* on a tour leading her to the Berlioz Festival, Salzburg Festival, Berlin Festival and BBC Proms. She also was the contralto soloist in Mozart’s *Requiem* at the BBC Proms, Paris Philharmonie, Palau de la Música of Barcelona and Valencia, Konzerthaus Dortmund, and in Versailles and Bordeaux; in Mahler’s Symphony No. 2 with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, Berlioz’s *Roméo et Juliette* at the Gulbenkian Lisbon, Elgar’s *The Dream of Gerontius* in Dublin, Bach’s B minor Mass in Belgrade, Aix-en-Provence, Versailles and at the Thüringer Bachwochen Festival. The mezzo-soprano also returned to the Opéra de Lyon in a new staged production of Mendelssohn’s *Elijah* and sang Sorceress in concert performances of *Dido and Aeneas* on tour with Il Pomo d’Oro. In her native Scotland, Beth appears in Bach’s *St Matthew Passion* and *St John Passion* in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and with the London Handel Festival, she stars in *Ariana in Creta*. This summer, she also returns to Glyndebourne as Cornelia in *Giulio Cesare*.

In the last three years, Beth has made many important debuts at prestigious venues: in the summer of 2022, she made her acclaimed debut at the Glyndebourne Festival as Bradamante in a new production of *Alcina*. Following her Deutsche Oper Berlin debut as La Cieca in *La Gioconda*, she returned to this theatre to make her role debuts as Arsace in a new production of Rossini’s *Semiramide*, as Erda in *Das Rheingold*, Erste Norn in *Götterdämmerung* and Schwertleite in *Die Walküre* in Stefan Herheim’s new *Ring* cycle under the musical direction of Sir Donald Runnicles. She also made her debut at the Opernhaus Zürich as Giuliano Gordio in a new production of Cavalli’s *Eliogabalo*, sang her first Falliero in Rossini’s *Bianca e Falliero* in a new production at the Oper Frankfurt, where she made her house debut as Dardano in a new staging of Handel’s *Amadigi di Gaula*. At the Concertgebouw Amsterdam, she performed Argia in the first performances in modern times of Giacomelli’s *La Merope* with La Cetra and Andrea Marcon, while at Theater Basel Beth sang the contralto solo part in a staged version of Bach’s *St Matthew Passion*. The mezzo-soprano has appeared at the Berlioz Festival in La Côte-Saint-André as Ursule in *Béatrice et Bénédicte*, at the Théâtre de Beaulieu in Lausanne as the contralto soloist in Mozart’s *Requiem* and at the Gulbenkian in Lisbon as the contralto soloist in Beethoven’s *Missa Solemnis*.

Conductors with whom Beth Taylor has worked include Leonardo García Alarcón, Maxim Emelyanychev, Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Edward Gardner, Andrea Marcon, Ingo Metzmacher, John Nelson, Raphaël Pichon, Ivan Repušić, Sir Donald Runnicles and Constantin Trinks.

Beth Taylor is a graduate of the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland and The Open University. Her teachers include Jennifer Larmore and Iain Paton.

She is a grand finalist of the 2023 BBC Cardiff Singer of the World competition, the winner of the 2022 Elizabeth Connell Award, 3rd prize winner of the 2019 Wigmore Hall Competition, and the winner of the 2018 Gianni Bergamo Classical Music Awards.

JULIUS DRAKE – piano

Julius Drake, described by *The New Yorker* magazine as the ‘collaborative pianist nonpareil’, lives in London and enjoys an international reputation as one of the finest instrumentalists in his field, collaborating with many of the world’s leading artists, both in recital and on disc. He appears regularly at all the major festivals and music centres: the Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich, Schubertiade and Salzburg music festivals; Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center, New York; The Royal Concertgebouw, Amsterdam; the Philharmonie, Berlin; the Châtelet and Musée du Louvre, Paris; La Scala, Milan; Teatro de la Zarzuela, Madrid; Musikverein and Konzerthaus, Vienna; and Wigmore Hall and the BBC Proms, London. Director of the Perth International Chamber Music Festival in Australia from 2000 to 2003, Julius was also musical director of Deborah Warner’s staging of Janáček’s *The Diary of One Who Disappeared*, which toured to Munich, London, Dublin, Amsterdam and New York. Since 2009, Julius has been Artistic Director of the Machynlleth Festival in Wales.

Julius’s passionate interest in song has led to invitations to devise song series for Wigmore Hall, London; The Royal Concertgebouw, Amsterdam; 92NY, New York; and the Pierre Boulez Saal, Berlin. His annual series of song recitals – Julius Drake and Friends – in the historic Middle Temple Hall in London, has featured recitals with many outstanding vocal artists including Sir Thomas Allen, Olaf Bär, Ian Bostridge, Dame Sarah Connolly, Alice Coote, Lucy Crowe, Angelika Kirchschrager, Iestyn Davies, Véronique Gens, Sergei Leiferkus, Dame Felicity Lott, Simon Keenlyside, Christopher Maltman, Mark Padmore and Sir Willard White. Julius is frequently invited to perform at international chamber music festivals – most recently, Stiftung Schleswig-Holstein, Lübeck; West Cork, Ireland, and Oxford.

Julius holds a Professorship at Graz University in Austria for Music and the Performing Arts, where he has a class for song pianists. He is also a Professor of Collaborative Piano at the Guildhall School of Music in London. He is regularly invited to give masterclasses worldwide: in Aldeburgh, Brussels, Utrecht, Cincinnati, New York, Toronto, Minneapolis, Ann Arbor, Vienna, and annually at the Schubert Institute in Baden bei Wien.

Julius’ many recordings include a widely-acclaimed series with Gerald Finley for Hyperion Records (from which ‘Songs by Samuel Barber’, ‘Schumann: Dichterliebe & other Heine Settings’ and ‘Britten: Songs & Proverbs of William Blake’ won the 2007, 2009 and 2011 Gramophone Awards); award-winning recordings with Ian Bostridge and Alice Coote for EMI; several recorded recitals for Wigmore Hall Live with artists including Joyce DiDonato, Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, Christopher Maltman and Matthew Polenzani; recordings of French Sonatas for Virgin Classics with Nicholas Daniel; Kodály and Schoeck cello and piano sonatas with Natalie Klein and Christian Poltéra for Hyperion Records and BIS Records; Tchaikovsky and Mahler songs with Christianne Stotijn for Onyx Classics; English song with Bejun Mehta for Harmonia Mundi; and Schubert’s *Poetisches Tagebuch* with Christoph Prégardien, which won the Jahrespreis der Deutschen Schallplattenkritik in 2016.

Julius’ most recent CDs have been widely critically acclaimed and include Janáček’s *The Diary of One Who Disappeared* with tenor Nicky Spence and mezzo-soprano Václava Housková, winner of a 2020 Gramophone Award and a 2020 BBC Music Magazine Award; ‘Paradise Lost’ with the soprano Anna Prohaska; and Volume 6 of the Liszt Complete Songs (Hyperion Records) with the soprano

Julia Kleiter. The second CD in this Liszt series with Angelika Kirchschrager won the BBC Music Magazine Award in 2012.

Concerts this season include three recitals in the series ‘Lied und Lyrik’ in the Boulez Saal Berlin; recital tours in the USA with Matthew Polenzani, Japan with Ian Bostridge, and European tours with Gerald Finley and Anna Prohaska.

Other highlights include Oxford International Lieder Festival with Christine Rice; the Aldeburgh Festival with André Schuen; the Wigmore Hall, London with Brindley Sherratt; l’Athénée, Paris, Middle Temple Hall, London with Alan Clayton; and in Stuttgart with Günther Groissböck, as well as performances in Bath, Brugg, Basel and Rome with Ian Bostridge.

With grateful thanks to the following members for their generous support:

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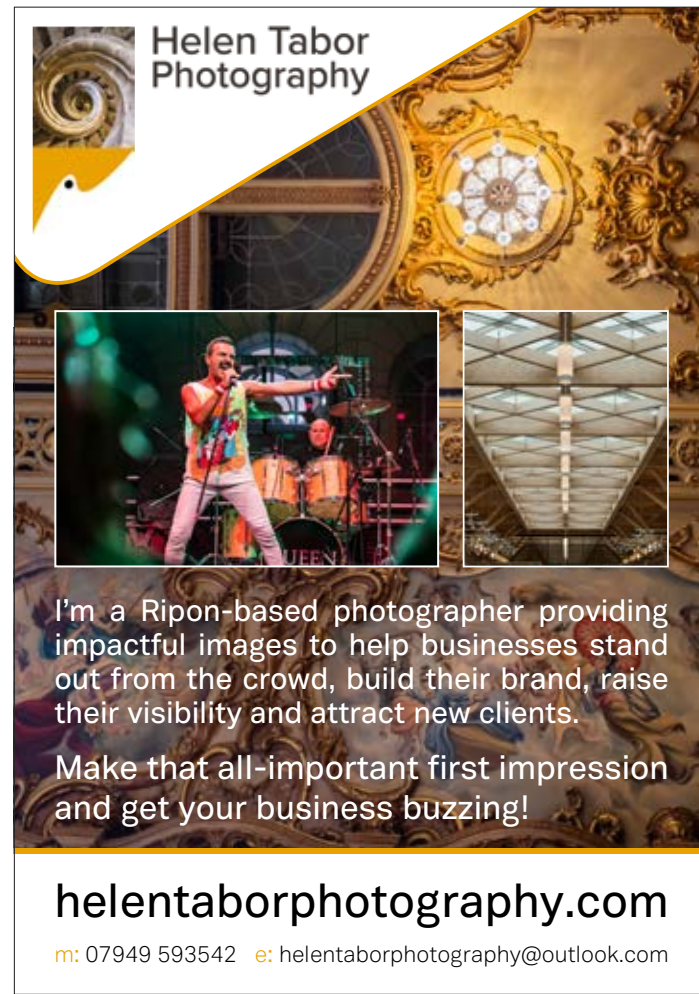
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Ripon Choral Society
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Handel Solomon

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Julianne Coates - mezzo-soprano
William Towers - countertenor
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North Yorkshire Music & Arts Events Diary

Visit www.st-cecilia.org.uk for full details of Music & Arts events in the Ripon area.



Ripon Choral Society
Handel: Solomon
Ripon Cathedral
16 Mar 2024, 7.30pm

Fisher Singers
Handel: Messiah
St Wilfrid's Church, Harrogate
23 Mar 2024, 7.30pm

Richmondshire Concerts
Maxwell Quartet: Haydn, Beethoven
Richmond School
23 Mar 2024, 7.30pm

Harrogate Symphony Orchestra
Rossini, Grieg
Royal Hall, Harrogate
23 Mar 2024, 7.30pm

Richmondshire Orchestra
Spring Concert
Tennant's Garden Rooms, Leyburn
24 Mar 2024, 3pm

Vocalis Chamber Choir
Bach: Mass in B minor
St Peter's Church, Harrogate
27 Mar 2024, 7.15pm

York Symphony Orchestra
Spring Concert
Sir Jack Lyons Concert Hall, University of York
30 Mar 2024, 7.30pm

Richmondshire Concerts
From Bach to Beatles, with pieces by the King of gypsy jazz, Django Reinhard
Richmond School
6 Apr 2024, 7.30pm

St Cecilia Orchestra
French Impressions
Ripon Cathedral
20 Apr 2024, 7.30pm

Harrogate Choral Society
Circlesong
St Wilfrid's Church, Harrogate
20 Apr 2024, 7pm

Wensleydale Concert Series
Brahms: A German Requiem
St Andrew's Church, Aysgarth
11 May 2024, 7.30pm

Cleveland Chamber Orchestra
Brahms, Mendelssohn
Richmond School, 18 May 2024, 7.30pm
Methodist Church, Stokesley, 19 May 2024, 3pm

York Guildhall Orchestra
Humperdinck, Elgar, Strauss & Dvořák
York Barbican
19 May 2024, 3pm

Chapter House Choir, York
Joint Concert with the York Railway Institute Band
Selby Abbey
8 June 2024, 7.30pm

Ripon Choral Society
Mozart: Requiem
Rutter: Feel the Spirit
Ripon Cathedral
15 June 2024, 7.30pm

St Cecilia Orchestra
Bach, Brahms, Strauss
Holy Trinity Church, Ripon
22 June 2024, 7.30pm

Ripon Rotary Club: Ripon City Band
Last Night of the Proms
Holy Trinity Church, Ripon
28 June 2024, 7pm

Knaresborough Choral Society
Ridout: The Ballad of Reading Gaol
Holy Trinity Church, Knaresborough
29 June 2024, 7.30pm

Chapter House Choir, York
Summer Concert with the Chapter House Youth Choir
St Olave's Church, York
29 June 2024, 7.30pm

Tennants



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