

RIPON CONCERTS

Chamber music with passion

Pasquale
Orchard
– Soprano

Nicholas Watts
– Tenor

David Cowan
– Piano



Monday 14 November 2022, 7.30pm
Holy Trinity Church, Ripon

Programme

www.riponconcerts.co.uk

Monday 14 November 2022 | Holy Trinity Church, Ripon

Young Artists' Platform Recital

Pasquale Orchard – Soprano | Nicholas Watts – Tenor | David Cowan – Piano

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976): Winter Words op. 52, settings of Thomas Hardy (1840–1928)

At Day-Close in November

Midnight on the Great Western

Wagtail and Baby

The little old table

The choirmaster's burial

Proud songsters

At the railway station, Upway

Before life and after

Sergei Rachmaninov (1873–1943): Five Songs

Oh, never sing to me again

How fair is the spot

The answer

Lilacs

Spring Waters

- interval -

Erich Korngold (1897–1957): Drei Lieder op. 22

Was du mir bist

Mit Dir zu schweigen

Welt ist stille eingeschlafen

Ivor Gurney (1890–1937): Five Songs

In Flanders

Black Stichel

Down by the Salley Gardens

Sleep

I will go with my father a-ploughing

Cole Porter (1891–1964): *The Tale of the Oyster*

Frederick Loewe (1901–1988): Two Songs from *My Fair Lady*

I could have danced all night • On the street where you live

Richard Rodgers (1902–1979): *If I loved you* from *Carousel*

Ivor Novello (1893–1951): *We'll gather lilacs* from *Perchance to dream*

Welcome

Welcome to this evening's concert, which continues our tradition, not universally to be found in other chamber music societies, of having a song recital as part of the season's programme. Tonight, the platform is shared by three performers who have close connections with Opera North. Pasquale Orchard, who has recently joined the chorus as a soprano, Nicholas Watts, who recently sang the title role in their recent production of *Orpheus*, and head of music David Cowan. Our previous collaborations with members of the company have included an exploration of horn music by four of their horn players and an equally successful introduction to the music of Humphrey Proctor-Gregg with an unusual combination of piano, horn and violin.

Opera North is noted not only for its bold, innovative and ambitious opera productions – its recent iteration of the myth of Orpheus fusing Monteverdi's *Orfeo* with Indian classical music is truly groundbreaking – but for its outreach into the community to enable and inspire people in all walks of life to experience and explore music and opera. Education projects taking music to children in schools in deprived areas and its Community Partnership Scheme reach people who face considerable barriers to experiencing the arts. It was the first opera company in the country to be awarded City of Sanctuary status. In all its work it aims to enhance health and well-being through arts participation and performance. This was highlighted in its online “couch to chorus” project during the COVID pandemic, which helped thousands not just in the UK. It is wonderful to showcase some of the brightest young stars from Opera North this evening in Ripon.

At the AGM before the last concert, members discussed the plea I made for help in running the society. We require a full tank of administrative and creative petrol in the tank to keep the society going into the future: it is currently running on half-empty. We are hoping that some members and others who attend our concerts, who are fired with enthusiasm for, and a commitment to, enabling the continuation of live chamber music in Ripon, will come forward. Otherwise the outlook is bleak. We currently need volunteers to undertake simple treasurer tasks, to help with artists' administration and organisation of the “concert day”. No expertise is required for these tasks. Being part of Ripon Concerts is rewarding and fun, with opportunities to get to know musicians and gain insight into their interesting creative lives.

Roger Higson, Chairman

About the music

For our second concert of the 2022-23 season, we welcome two young singers from Opera North, appropriately accompanied by the company's Head of Music, for a stimulating and varied evening of largely unfamiliar song, moving from Britten's celebrated, but infrequently performed setting of Thomas Hardy's *Winter Words*, through Russian romanticism from Rachmaninov, to pieces by the Viennese *Wunderkind* Korngold and Ivor Gurney's darker settings of English poetry, both of the latter dating from the 1930s. And then, to finish ... well no introduction is necessary.

Benjamin Britten had been given a copy of Thomas Hardy's *Collected Poems* by his friend Christopher Isherwood during a visit to the USA in 1949 and he was inspired to set some of them for his companion Peter Pears. More a sequence of songs than a song-cycle, *Winter Words* is nevertheless compactly structured in terms both of dramatic contrasts and rhythmic devices. The predominantly bleak content of the chosen poems suited Britten's evolving style of composition in the 1950s which was less extrovert and open-textured than that he employed in the immediate post-war period. The more intimate, leaner approach was to be epitomised by *The Turn of the Screw* but is already clearly apparent in *Winter Words*. To be noticed also are hints of the composer's leanings towards broader chromaticism; in the piano introduction to “At Day Close in November”, for example, all twelve notes of the chromatic scale are heard.

The first song conveys a nostalgic feeling for the passing of time with reference to a tree which the poet had planted. In “Midnight on the Great Western”, about a young boy travelling to an unknown destination, you can hear the movement of the train and its whistle. Two miniatures follow: “Wagtail and Baby” with its nostalgia for the simple world of nature; and “The Little Old Table” which creaks, generating a sense of the passing of time. The moving narrative song “At the Choirmaster's Burial”, one of Hardy's best-known poems, incorporates references to the hymn “Mount Ephraim”. In “Proud Songsters” we are back with Nature and time passing. “At the Railway Station, Upway” makes its impact through vocal recitative and the piano imitating the dry sound of a violin. The final song sums up the whole work, with its yearning for a past, “before the birth of consciousness”.

1. At Day-Close in November

The ten hours' light is abating,
And a late bird wings across,
Where the pines, like waltzers waiting,
Give their black heads a toss.

And the children who ramble through here
Conceive that there never has been
A time when no tall trees grew here,
That none will in time be seen.

Beech leaves, that yellow the noontime,
Float past like specks in the eye;
I set every tree in my June time,
And now they obscure the sky.

please turn quietly



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2. Midnight on the Great Western

In the third-class seat sat the journeying boy,
And the roof-lamp's oily flame
Played down on his listless form and face,
Bewrapt past knowing to what he was going,
Or whence he came.

What past can be yours, O journeying boy
Towards a world unknown,
Who calmly, as if incurious quite
On all at stake, can undertake
This plunge alone?

In the band of his hat the journeying boy
Had a ticket stuck; and a string
Around his neck bore the key of his box,
That twinkled gleams of the lamp's sad beams
Like a living thing.

Knows your soul a sphere, O journeying boy,
Our rude realms far above,
Whence with spacious vision you mark and mete
This region of sin that you find you in,
But are not of?

3. Wagtail and Baby

A baby watched a ford, whereto
A wagtail came for drinking;
A blaring bull went wading through,
The wagtail showed no shrinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot
A mongrel slowly slinking;
The wagtail gazed, but faltered not
In dip and sip and prinking.

A stallion splashed his way across,
The birdie nearly sinking;
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,
And held his own unblinking.

A perfect gentleman then neared;
The wagtail, in a winking,
With terror rose and disappeared;
The baby fell a-thinking.

4. The little old table

Creak, little wood thing, creak,
When I touch you with elbow or knee;
That is the way you speak
Of one who gave you to me!

- Whoever owns it anon,
And hears it, will never know
What a history hangs upon
This creak from long ago.

You, little table, she brought -
Brought me with her own hand,
As she looked at me with a thought
That I did not understand.

5. The choirmaster's burial

He often would ask us
That, when he died,
After playing so many
To their last rest,
If out of us any
Should here abide,
And it would not task us,
We would with our lutes
Play over him
By his grave-brim
The psalm he liked best -
The one whose sense suits
"Mount Ephraim" -
And perhaps we should seem
To him, in Death's dream,
Like the seraphim.

As soon as I knew
That his spirit was gone
I thought this his due,
And spoke thereupon.
"I think," said the vicar,
"A read service quicker
Than viols out-of-doors
In these frosts and hoars.
That old-fashioned way
Requires a fine day,
And it seems to me
It had better not be."

Hence, that afternoon,
Though never knew he
That his wish could not be,
To get through it faster
They buried the master
Without any tune.

But 'twas said that, when
At the dead of next night
The vicar looked out,
There struck on his ken
Thronged roundabout,
Where the frost was graying
The headstoned grass,
A band all in white
Like the saints in church-glass,
Singing and playing
The ancient stave
By the choirmaster's grave.

Such the tenor man told
When he had grown old.

please turn quietly

6. Proud songsters

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,
And as it gets dark loud nightingales
 In bushes
Pipe, as they can when April wears,
 As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand-new birds of twelve-months' growing,
Which a year ago, or less than twain,
No finches were, nor nightingales,
 Nor thrushes,
But only particles of grain,
 And earth, and air, and rain.

7. At the railway station, Upway

“There is not much that I can do,
For I've no money that's quite my own!”
Spoke up the pitying child -
A little boy with a violin
At the station before the train came in, -
“But I can play my fiddle to you,
And a nice one 'tis, and good in tone!”

The man in the handcuffs smiled;
The constable looked, and he smiled, too,
As the fiddle began to twang;
And the man in the handcuffs suddenly sang
With grimful glee:
 “‘This life so free
 Is the thing for me!”
And the constable smiled, and said no word,
As if unconscious of what he heard;
And so they went on till the train came in -
The convict, and boy with the violin.

8. Before life and after

A time there was - as one may guess
And as, indeed, earth's testimonies tell -
Before the birth of consciousness,
When all went well.

If something ceased, no tongue bewailed,
If something winced and waned, no heart was wrung;
If brightness dimmed, and dark prevailed,
No sense was stung.

None suffered sickness, love, or loss,
None knew regret, starved hope, or heart-burnings;
None cared whatever crash or cross
Brought wrack to things.

But the disease of feeling germed,
And primal rightness took the tinct of wrong;
Ere nescience shall be reaffirmed
How long, how long?

Thomas Hardy (1840–1928)

Romantic songs became popular in Russia in the second half of the 19th century, particularly for performance in aristocratic salons. **Rachmaninov** was to write over eighty of them before the revolution of 1917, but understandably none for the different world thereafter. Of course, they draw not only on his emotional response to Russian poetry but also his great pianistic skills.

“Oh never sing to me again” comes from the early op. 4 set (1892), written shortly after the composer had graduated from the Moscow Conservatory. Pushkin's poem associates the best-forgotten love of a girl with her singing. “How fair this spot” was composed in the summer of 1902, following Rachmaninov's marriage, and reflects the peace experienced at their country home. From the same year, “Lilacs” may similarly praise the tranquillity of nature, but here it is something which the poet can experience only in solitude, while “The Answer” is the translation of curious little Victor Hugo couplets containing questions and responses to them. The final song in the group is perhaps that which is the most frequently performed, “Spring Waters”. Celebrating the arrival of spring, the virtuosic piano part portrays the cascading of water emerging in the release from winter.

Oh, never sing to me again - Не пой, красавица, при мне

Не пой, красавица, при мне
Oh, never sing to me again, my beauty,

И степь, и ночь — и при луне
That steppe, that night, and under moonlight

Ты песен Грузии печальной:
The songs of sorrowful Georgia:

Черты далекой, бедной девы.
The features of forgotten poor girl.

Напоминают мне оне
They remind me

Я призрак милый, роковой,
That ghost, dear and fatal,

Другую жизнь и берег дальный.
Of another life and a remote shore

Тебя увидев, забываю;
I forget when I see you.

Увы! Напоминают мне
Alas! They remind me,

Но ты поешь — и предо мной
But you sing — and in front of me

Твои жестокие напевы
Your cruel songs,

Его я вновь воображаю.
I imagine her again.

How fair is the spot - Здесь кхорошо

Здесь кхорошо...
All is well here...

Здесь нет людей...
There is nobody here.

Взгляни, вдали
Look, in the distance

Здесь тишина...
All is quiet...

Огнём горит река;
The river glows like a fire;

Здесь только Бог да я.
Here I am alone with God.

Цветным ковром луга легли,
The meadows are like a colourful carpet,

Цветы, да старая сосна,
And the flowers, and the old pine,

Белеют облака.
And the clouds are pure and white.

Да ты, мечта моя!
And you, my dream...

The answer - Они отвечали

Спросили они: “Как в лутчихк челнакх
They asked: ‘How, in swift boats,

Цхто йесть в нйом гроза и печали?”
That there is enmity and sorrow?’

Нам белою чайкой скользить на волнакх,
Are we to glide across the waves, like a white seagull,

“Засните!” они отвечали.
‘Sleep,’ they answered.

Цхтоб нас сторожа недогнали?”
Lest the guards should catch us?’

Спросили они: “Как красавиц привлечь
They asked: ‘How are we to win beautiful girls

“Гребите!” они отвечали.
‘Row!’, they answered.

Без чары: чтоб сами на страстную речь
Without spells: so that our passionate words

Спросили они: “Как забыть, навсегда,
They asked: ‘How are we to forget for ever

Они нам в об»ятия пали?”
Will make them fall into our embraces?’

Цхто в мире юдольном йесть бедность, беда,
That there is poverty and misfortune in this valley of tears,

“Любите!” они отвечали.
‘Love!’ they answered.

please turn quietly



Tennants



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Lilacs - Сирень

По утру, на заре,
At the break of dawn,

По росистой траве,
Over the grass spangled with dew,

Я пойду свежим утром дышать;
where I meet the new day like a kiss,

И в душистую тень,
in the fragrant shade

Где теснится сирень,
where the lilacs crowd,

Я пойду своё счастье искать...
I will go to seek my happiness...

В жизни счастье одно
In life, only one happiness

Мне найти суждено,
it was fated for me to discover,

И то счастье в сирени живёт;
and that happiness dwells in the lilacs;

На зелёных ветвях,
in the green boughs,

На душистых кистях
in the fragrant crowds

Моё бедное счастье цветёт...
There my poor happiness resides...

Spring Waters - Весенние воды

Ещё в полях белеет снег,
The fields are still covered with white snow

А воды уж весной шумят –
But the streams are already rolling in a spring mood,

Бегут и будят сонный брег,
Running and awakening the sleepy shore,

Бегут, и блещут, и гласят...
Running and glittering and announcing loudly.

Они гласят во все концы:
They are announcing loudly to every corner:

«Весна идёт, весна идёт!
“Spring is coming, spring is coming!

Мы молодой весны гонцы,
We are the messengers of young spring,

Она нас выслала вперёд.
She has sent us ahead,

Весна идёт, весна идёт,
Spring is coming, spring is coming!”

И тихих, теплых майских дней
And in the quiet, warm May days,

Румяный, светлый хоровод
In a rosy, bright dancing circle.

Толпится весело за ней!...
Follow her, in a merry crowd.

- interval -

Erich Walter Korngold (1897–1957) was an Austrian-Jewish composer whose life reflected the opportunities but also the turmoil and tragedies of the 20th century. He was a child prodigy, writing music from the age of seven. As he matured, his style developed harmonically and melodically to a somewhat Mahlerian idiom and he began to write large-scale works including a successful opera *Die tote Stadt*. But when his next effort in this category, the complex and hugely ambitious *Wunder der Heliane* (1927), flopped, he decided to revert to a simpler, more lucid style, such that he has sometimes been referred to as the Viennese Puccini. His *Drei Lieder* op. 22 date from this period.

The first song sets a poem by the almost unknown Eleanore von der Straaten. It is a sweet little tribute to happiness through love. In rather similar vein are the other two songs, both to texts by Karl Kobald: “Mit dir zu schweigen”, a dreamy meditation on love experienced by togetherness in a misty twilight; and “Welt ist stille eingeschlafen”, also on moonlight-induced dreams, but more ecstatic.

Forced to emigrate to America when the Nazis came to power, Korngold turned his hand to film music (described by one critic as “more corn than gold”) and his more serious compositions were largely forgotten. The rediscovery in recent years of his pre-war compositions provides some posthumous compensation for the erstwhile neglect.

please turn quietly

Was Du mir bist?

Der Ausblick in ein schönes Land,
Wo fruchtbelad'ne Bäume ragen,
Blumen blüh'n am Quellenrand.

Was Du mir bist?
Der Sterne Funkeln, das Gewölk durchbricht,
Der ferne Lichtstrahl, der im Dunkeln spricht:
O Wanderer, verzage nicht!

Und war mein Leben auch Entsagen,
Glänzte mir kein froh' Geschick -
Was Du mir bist? Kannst Du noch fragen?
Mein Glaube an das Glück.

Eleonore van der Straaten (1873–1960)

Mit Dir zu schweigen

Mit Dir zu schweigen still im Dunkel,
die Seele an der Träume Schoss gelehnt,
ist Lauschen ew'gen Melodien,
ist Liebe ohne End.

Mit Dir zu schweigen in der Dämmerzeit
ist Schweben nach der Welten grossen Fülle,
ist Wachsen weit in die Unendlichkeit,
entrückt in ew'ge Stille.

Karl Kobald (1876–1957)

Welt ist stille eingeschlafen

Welt ist stille eingeschlafen,
Ruht im Mondenschein.
Öffnen sich im Himmelshafen
Augen, golden, rein.

Gottes Geige singt jetzt leis'
Liebste, denk' an Dich.
Wie im Traumboot geht die Reise,
such' in Sternen Dich.

Strahlen sel'ger Lieb erhellen
Meines Herzens Raum.
Zwiesprach' halten uns're Seelen,
Küssen sich im Traum.

Karl Kobald

What you are to me?

What you are to me? The sight of land,
A stand of fruit-laden trees,
Flowers in bloom at the water's edge.

What you are to me? The sparkle of stars
that breaks through the cloud,
The distant ray of light that through the darkness says:
Traveller, don't lose heart!

And even if my life was one of resignation,
Where no good fortune came my way,
What you are to me? Need you ask?
What you are to me: my faith in happiness.

Translation © Uri Liebrecht (www.uritext.co.uk)

Silence, when I'm with you

To sit with you in silence in the dark,
Our souls resting in the lap of dreams,
Is to hear eternal melodies,
Is endless love, it seems.

To sit with you at twilight without words
Is to float towards the fullness of the earth,
Is to grow deep into the infinite,
Far removed, a tranquil berth.

Translation © Uri Liebrecht

When the World has gone to sleep

When the world has gone to sleep,
Resting in the moon-light
And in heaven's harbour
Eyes, pure and golden open,

God's violin sings sweetly
And my love, I think of you
Sailing in a boat of dreams,
I seek you in the stars,

Beams of blissful love light up
The recesses of my heart.
Our souls in deep communion kiss,
In my dream ... in my dream.

*Translation © Uri Liebrecht provided via
Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

Although not, strictly speaking, a member of the English Pastoral school of composers, **Ivor Gurney (1890–1937)** had much in common with them, particularly in his love of nature and the English countryside, as well as the devastation caused to him by the First World War – his life thereafter was plagued by mental illness. He was as much a poet as he was a composer, but strangely, although he wrote over 300 songs, very few of them were settings of his own poems.

The text of “In Flanders” is by one of Gurney's closest friends Frederick Harvey and both it and the song were written while poet and composer were in the trenches. It expresses their homesickness for Gloucestershire. Noteworthy is the word-painting in the piano part, as after a slow start it quickens pace to match the emotional fervour. “Black Stichel” is the name of a hill in Northumberland on which the poet lies and where he experiences the wind from each of four directions, the music characterising the emotions associated with each:

happiness, love, anger and pity. “Down by the Salley Gardens”, an Irish folk song made famous by W. B. Yeats, was also set by John Ireland. Gurney’s version has a very simple piano accompaniment, mainly chords. “Sleep” is perhaps the composer’s best known, and most frequently performed, song. The piano evokes a dreamy state somewhere between sleep and wakefulness. “I will go a-ploughing with my father” was composed to a text by the Northern Irish poet Joseph Campbell. It offers a young ploughboy’s vision of the world, the music pushing forward with the lad as he trots behind his father. And do not miss the depiction of the lark ascending which, while not as explicit as in Vaughan Williams, also involves notes rising.

In Flanders

I’m homesick for my hills again -
To see above the Severn plain
Unscabbarded against the sky
The blue high blade of Cotswold lie;
The giant clouds go royally
By jagged Malvern with a train
Of shadows.

Where the land is low
Like a huge imprisoning O
I hear a heart that’s sound and high,
I hear the heart within me cry:
“I’m homesick for my hills again -
Cotswold or Malvern, sun or rain!
My hills again!”

Frederick William Harvey (1888–1957)

Black Stichel

As I was lying on Black Stichel
The wind was blowing from the South
And I was thinking of the laughters
Of my love’s mouth.

As I was lying on Black Stichel
The wind was blowing from the North
And I was thinking of the countries
Black with wrath.

As I was lying on Black Stichel
The wind was blowing from the West :
And I was thinking of the quiet
Of my love’s breast.

As I was lying on Black Stichel
The wind was blowing from the East :
And I could think no more for pity
Of man and beast.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (1878–1962)

Down by the Salley Gardens

Down by the Salley Gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the Salley Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take [love]¹ easy, as the leaves grow on the [tree]²;
But I, being young and foolish, with her [did]³ not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)

Sleep

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dream beguile
All my fancies, that from thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.

Tho’ but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy.
We, that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought
Thro’ an idle fancy wrought:
O let my joys have some abiding.

John Fletcher (1579–1625)

please turn quietly

I will go with my father a-ploughing

I will go with my father a-ploughing
To the green field by the sea,
And the rooks and the crows and the seagulls
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the patient horses
With the lark in the shine of the air,
And my father will sing the plough-song
That blesses the cleaving share.

I will go with my father a-sowing
To the red field by the sea,
And the rooks and the gulls and the starlings
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the striding sowers
With the finch on the flow'ring sloe,
And my father will sing the seed-song
That only the wise men know.

The Tale of the Oyster

Down by the sea lived a lonesome oyster
Every day getting sadder and moister
He found his home life awf'ly wet
And longed to travel with the upper set
Poor little oyster

Fate was kind to that oyster we know
When one day the chef from the Park Casino
Saw that oyster lying there
And said "I'll put you on my bill of fare."
Lucky little oyster

See him on his silver platter
Watching the queens of fashion chatter
Hearing the wives of millionaires
Discuss their marriages and their love affairs
Thrilled little oyster

See that bivalve social climber
Feeding the rich Mrs. Hoggenheimer
Think of his joy as he gaily glides
Down to the middle of her gilded insides
Proud little oyster

I will go with my father a-reaping
To the brown field by the sea,
And the geese and the crows and the children
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the weary reapers
With the wren in the heat of the sun,
And my father will sing the scythe song
That joys for the harvest done.

Joseph Campbell (1881–1944)

After lunch Mrs. H. complains
And says to her hostess, "I've got such pains
I came to town on my yacht today
But I think I'd better hurry back to Oyster Bay."
Scared little oyster

Off they go through the troubled tide
The yacht rolling madly from side to side
They're tossed about till that fine young oyster
Finds that it's time he should quit his cloister
Up comes the oyster

Back once more where he started from
He murmured, "I haven't a single qualm
For I've had a taste of society
And society has had a taste of me."
Wise little oyster

Cole Porter (1891–1964)

Texts provided via Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

About the musicians

PASQUALE ORCHARD – soprano

New Zealand-born soprano Pasquale Orchard is passionate about performance, holding her MMus and MMA in Classical voice, an LTCL diploma in Performance Arts, and diplomas in ballet, jazz, hip-hop and tap dance. In 2021 Pasquale was awarded her Post-Graduate Diploma with Distinction and is currently completing the International Artist Diploma at the Royal Northern College of Music under the tutelage of Mary Plazas.

In 2019 Pasquale was a Dame Malvina Major Emerging Artist with New Zealand Opera where she performed as Rosina in a Schools Tour adaptation of *The Barber of Seville* across New Zealand. In 2018 Pasquale was the New Zealand National Young Performer of the year in the PACANZ vocal competition and was selected as a finalist in the IFAC Handa Australian Singing competition, receiving a full tuition scholarship for a one-year intensive Master's at the Royal Northern College of Music from where she graduated with Distinction in 2020.

Roles include: Susanna/*Le Nozze di Figaro* [RNCM], Soeur Constance/*Dialogue des Carmélites* [RNCM], Vixen/*The Cunning Little Vixen* [RNCM], Monica/*The Medium* [RNCM], La Fée/*Cendrillon* [Buxton International Festival], Zerlina/*Don Giovanni* [Allo Opera], Pot Boy / Child Prodigy in *The Excursions of Mr. Broucek* [Grange Park Opera] and Serpina/*La Serva Padrona* [Early Music and Education].

Pasquale proudly joined the Opera North chorus in the autumn of 2022.

pasqualeorchard.com

NICHOLAS WATTS – tenor

Yorkshire-born tenor Nicholas Watts has enjoyed an extensive singing career performing in some of Europe's most prestigious opera houses and concert venues.

He received scholarships to study in London at the Royal College of Music, and the Benjamin Britten International Opera School. In 2007 he was a member of Les Arts Florissants' 'Jardin des Voix' programme in Paris.

Nicholas made his solo operatic debut at English National Opera in Monteverdi's *Orfeo*, before singing the role of Il Contino Belfiore in Mozart's *La finta giardiniera* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. He has since gone on to sing with opera companies throughout the UK and Europe including Theater an der Wien, Teatro Real Madrid, Scottish Opera, Opera North and Glyndebourne Festival Opera.

As a concert singer Nicholas has worked with some of the world's leading conductors including Sir John Eliot Gardiner, William Christie and Sir Mark Elder, performing at venues such as the Wigmore Hall, Symphony Hall Birmingham, Royal Albert Hall, Salle Pleyel Paris, and Lincoln Center New York.

Nicholas now lives with his family in York, and has a close working relationship with Opera North, singing roles such as Don Ottavio/*Don Giovanni*, Count Almaviva/*The Barber of Seville*, Jack/*Into the Woods*, and Camille/*The Merry Widow*.

DAVID COWAN – piano

David Cowan has been Head of Music at Opera North since 2015. From 1986–95 he was vocal coach at the Hochschule Mozarteum in Salzburg, 1995–98 Head of Music at the Badisches Staatstheater in Karlsruhe, 1998–2000 Musical Director of the Opera Studio of the Opéra National du Rhin in Strasbourg; 2001–2015 he was engaged at Theater Basel, Switzerland, where he was Head of Music, conductor and casting director. He also worked at the Salzburg Festival as répétiteur in opera productions under renowned conductors including Heinz Holliger and Nikolaus Harnoncourt.

He has conducted a varied repertoire, including amongst other stage works *Die Zauberflöte*, *La Cenerentola*, *Zaide*, *L'Histoire du Soldat*, *Carmen*, *The Indian Queen*, *Dido and Aeneas*, *The Rape of Lucretia*, and the musicals *Hair* and *Fame*.

He has worked as guest coach and assistant conductor in the Opera Houses of Lyon, Strasbourg, Palermo, Lisbon, Genoa and Dublin, and as a teacher and coach at the music colleges and conservatoires of Karlsruhe, Munich, Zürich, Basel, Strasbourg, Manchester (RNCM), Glasgow (RCS), as well as at the Jette Parker Young Artists Programme, Royal Opera House, the National Opera Studio and the Harewood Artists of ENO.

He has performed as a song accompanist with numerous singers, including Simon Keenlyside and Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, and recently in several chamber music recitals with musicians from the orchestra of Opera North. In 2023 he will make his debut as an accompanist at Leeds Lieder.

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

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and others who wish to remain anonymous or who have donated since this programme went to press.

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Classics 2022/23



Ripon
Choral Society

Saturday 10 December
2022, 7.30pm
Ripon Cathedral

Mandel Messiah with carols

John Dunford - conductor
Jane Burnell - soprano
Heather Jill Burns - mezzo-soprano
Austin Gunn - tenor
Billy Kyle - bass
Orchestra D'Amici

Tickets: £23 reserved; £20 unreserved (student concessions available)

Book online at riponchoralsociety.org.uk

Tel: Ticket Hotline on 07986 861 332; in person: Ripon Cathedral Shop



*'a transcendent
performance'*

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justice to the largest city concert hall'*

28th January – 7.30 pm

Holy Trinity Church

Strauss, Sibelius, Bartók & Mozart

22nd April – 7.30 pm

Ripon Cathedral

*Tchaikovsky, Schumann
& Strauss*

10th June – 7.30 pm

Holy Trinity Church

Rossini, Mozart & Beethoven

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2023 Orchestral Concert Series

North Yorkshire Music & Arts Events Diary

(including Craven, Hambleton, Richmond, Ryedale & York Districts)

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Richmondshire Concerts

Meliora Collective

Influence Church, Richmond
16 Nov 2022, 7.30pm

Richmondshire Choral Society

Winter Concert:

Mozart/Poulenc

St Mary's Church, Richmond
19 Nov 2022, 7.30pm

Mowbray Singers

Autumn Concert:

Vaughan Williams/Fauré

St Oswald's Church, Sowerby
26 Nov 2022

Harrogate Symphony Orchestra

The Harrogate Christmas Concert

Harrogate Convention Centre
3 Dec 2022, 6pm

Jervaulx Singers

I Wonder as I Wander

St John's Church, Sharow
3 Dec 2022, 7.30pm

Richmondshire Orchestra

Autumn Concert:

Walton/Bruch/

Vaughan Williams

Tennants Garden Rooms, Leyburn
4 Dec 2022, 3pm

Vocalis Chamber Choir

Christmas Concert

Wesley Centre, Harrogate
4 Dec 2022, 4pm

Ripon Choral Society

Handel: Messiah, with carols

Ripon Cathedral
10 Dec 2022, 7.30pm

Ripon Concerts

Ferio Saxophone Quartet

Holy Trinity Church, Ripon
12 Dec 2022, 7.30pm

Mowbray Singers

Carol Concert

Methodist Church, Sowerby
20 Dec 2022, 5.30pm

Ripon Concerts

Leah Nicholson – piano

Holy Trinity Church, Ripon
9 Jan 2023, 7.30pm

St Cecilia Orchestra

Winter Concert

Holy Trinity Church, Ripon
28 Jan 2023, 7.30pm

Harrogate Philharmonic Orchestra

Winter Concert

St Mark's Church, Harrogate
11 Feb 2023, 7.30pm

Ripon Concerts

Michael Collins – clarinet

Piatti Quartet

Holy Trinity Church, Ripon
13 Feb 2023, 7.30pm

Paulinus Singers

Spring Concert

St John's Church, Sharow
25 Feb 2023, 7.30pm

Jervaulx Singers

Banalités

St John's Church, Sharow
4 Mar 2023, 7.30pm

Harrogate Choral Society

Puccini and Gounod

Royal Hall, Harrogate
11 Mar 2023, 7pm

Ripon Concerts

Rachel Podger – The Virtuoso Violin

Holy Trinity Church, Ripon
13 Mar 2023, 7.30pm

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Ferio Saxophone Quartet

12 December 2022

A saxophone showcase from Bach to Bernstein, opera to tango, *Carmen* to *An American in Paris*



Ferio Saxophone Quartet
© Alessandro Tear

Leah Nicholson – Piano

9 January 2023

Scarlatti - Sonata in D minor, L.108
Beethoven - Sonata in E major, Op. 109
Janáček - Sonata 1.X.1905
Shostakovich - Sonata No. 2
Scriabin - Fantasie in B minor, Op. 28



Leah Nicholson

Piatti String Quartet with Michael Collins – Clarinet

13 February 2023

Smetana String Quartet No. 1 in E minor,
'From my life', Mozart Clarinet
Quintet and Shostakovich
String Quartet No. 10



Piatti Quartet



Michael Collins

Rachel Podger – The Virtuoso Violin

13 March 2023

Vilsmayr, Bach, Matteis, Tartini,
Celtic tunes and more



Rachel Podger
© Theresa Pewal

we get on with



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