

Thea Musgrave



AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE

GREEN · WILD WINTER I



A BBC Recording

Jake Gardner *baritone* · Gayle Hunnicutt *narrator* · London Sinfonietta
Thea Musgrave *conductor* · Scottish Ensemble · Red Byrd · Fretwork



An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge

31'23

1	"It happened during the civil war... "	5'18
2	"Company, halt!"	4'06
3	"Sergeant, is everything ready?"	4'19
4	"Sergeant! Are you ready?"	4'34
5	"Water is in my ears..."	2'15
6	"I can feel the sand, like diamonds"	2'31
7	"No, no! I must get away"	8'20

Jake Gardner *baritone* Peyton Farquhar

Spoken roles: **Gayle Hunnicutt** Narrator • **David Healy** Sergeant/Scout • **Ed Bishop** Captain
London Sinfonietta • **Thea Musgrave** conductor

8 Green

13'40

Scottish Ensemble • **Jonathan Morton** *Leader*

Violin I Jonathan Morton • Cheryl Crockett • Katie Stillman • Liza Johnson

Violin II Zoë Beyers • Joanne Green • Laura Ghio

Viola Catherine Marwood • Fiona Winning

Cello Alison Lawrance • Naomi Boole-Masterson

Double bass James Manson

Wild Winter I – Lamentations for voices and viols

19'22

9	Prologue	1'29
10	Lament I	3'23
11	Lament II	2'51
12	Lament III	2'30
13	Interlude	1'49
14	Lament IV	2'36
15	Lament V	1'33
16	Coda	3'11

Total timing

64'54

Red Byrd: Suzie LeBlanc *soprano* • John Potter *tenor* • Ian Honeyman *tenor* • Richard Wistreich *bass*

Fretwork: Richard Campbell *treble viol* • Susanna Pell *treble viol* • Richard Boothby *tenor viol*
Julia Hodgson *bass viol* • William Hunt *bass viol*

Notes by Thea Musgrave

These three works, though all very different and written decades apart, nevertheless share a common subject: conflict. *An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge* (1981), a heart-breaking story from the American Civil war; *Wild Winter I* (1993), a setting of poems from many different countries and in several different languages about the inevitable losses and cruelties of war; and *Green* (2007), an abstract conflict of a life-giving force against its suffocating nemesis.

An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge

Opera for radio (1981)

This one-act opera, commissioned by the BBC, was written as an opera for radio and was first performed by the London Sinfonietta with the composer conducting in a BBC studio performance in 1982; later that year it won a special mention in the Italia Prize. It is based on one of the most famous short stories about the American Civil War, written in the late 19th century by Ambrose Bierce.

In the 1940s and 50s, before the days of TV, BBC radio plays (such as *The*

Man born to be King) were thrilling: even a simple sound track combined with incidental music could be extremely evocative. The visual imagination was freed as scenes could be conjured up in the mind's eye.

This opportunity to write something for radio seemed to be a challenge to do something similar, but in reverse, so to speak: that is, not to use music 'incidentally', but to start with the music, and use speech and sound effects to help develop visual imagery. The main challenge was to find the right story: one in which it would not only be possible to make use of radio

techniques, but more, where it would be entirely natural to use them.

Ambrose Bierce's *An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge* was ideal. Peyton Farquhar, an Alabaman planter, has been captured by a troop of the invading Yankee army from the north. The story puts side by side the real world of action, in speech and sound effects, with Farquhar's imaginary world – sung – as he thinks, feels and remembers. The music in the orchestra is continuous; the work was truly conceived as an opera, rather than a play with incidental music, and has been performed in its concert version as well as staged.

Green

for twelve strings (2007)

This short work is about conflict – expressed here by the clash of opposing musical forces. One 'force' is an *arioso* based around the harmonic field of E, melodic, tonal, straightforward, and, at times, emotional; it is mainly led by the first violin. The opposing force, led by the double bass, is strongly discordant: it grows gradually from a single F to a

giant cluster. It is essentially chordal, static, suffocating, inexorable and impersonal, changing only in its volume and density.

The interruption by a single note F on the double bass is at first not very threatening and the reaction to it is one of surprise. Later as the threat increases so the reaction becomes stronger; at first one of irritation, then anger. A passionate outburst from the violins follows, which falls on deaf ears. Then a solo violin, solo viola and solo cello all appeal in turn: still no response. Finally, only fragments of the original *arioso* are heard before dying away. Whereas the F on the double bass, near the beginning of the work, was an intrusive discord to the *arioso*, now at the end a high lingering E on the solo violin is a discord to the giant cluster based on F.

Many parallels to this conflict can of course be drawn from real life; the title *Green* for me represents either the freshness of youth, or for the plant life in our world on which we all depend.

Green was commissioned by the Scottish Ensemble, who premiered it in Aberdeen in December 2008.

Wild Winter I

Lamentations for voices and viols (1993)

One of the challenges of writing *Wild Winter I* was to find an appropriate text to commemorate the Siege of Lichfield: when I did not find a contemporary text that was suitably lyrical or dramatic, I had the idea that it might be interesting to select poems from many different times and countries.

The poems I eventually chose all shared powerful emotions resulting from the inevitable losses and cruelties of any war, without being specific to one time or place. I also chose them because of certain words or phrases which I could use to overlap or link the setting of one poem with another, their merging cries of protest creating a sonic tapestry of shared experience. To mention a few examples:

War broke and the winter of the world... Owen
No se oye otra cose que el llanto (weeping)... Lorca
Do not weep maiden, for war is kind... Crane
Le donne lagrimose (women, weeping)... Petrarch
Den wilden Orgel des Wintersturms (wild, winterstorm)...
wilde Wölfe (wild wolves)... Trakl
Wild winter... Owen

For the choral version of this work, *Wild Winter II*, I made English translations of all these poems (inevitably rather free so the words would be comfortably singable); however, to emphasize the universality of human response to the consequences of war, I prefer that they be sung in their original languages, as they are in *Wild Winter I*. For me, thoughts of this distant war, the Siege of Lichfield, brings to mind my concern and outrage with the happenings in the world today, where we are witnessing, once again, 'man's inhumanity to man'.

Wild Winter I was commissioned by the Lichfield Festival and premiered by Red Byrd and Fretwork in July 1993 at Lichfield Cathedral.

AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE

based on the story by Ambrose Bierce

Libretto by Thea Musgrave

Cast

**Peyton Farquhar, a planter
from the South**
High baritone

**Narrator, a Southern woman
with a soft beautiful voice**
spoken

**Captain, a Yankee officer with
a harsh clipped voice**
spoken

**Sergeant/Scout, a Southerner
in the Federal Army**
spoken

1 Narrator

It happened during the civil war. You can have no idea now of how our country was torn apart back then in the eighteen sixties. Now again we are at peace. But some wounds do not heal and some things should not be forgotten.

Peyton Farquhar was a well-to-do planter of an old and highly respected Alabama family and, like many others, ardently devoted to the Southern cause. Circumstances had prevented him from taking service with our gallant army. He chafed under the inglorious restraint and longed for the larger life of the soldier and the opportunity for distinction. The opportunity he felt sure would come, as it comes to all in wartime.

Meanwhile he did what he could. No service was too humble for him to perform in aid of the South; no adventure too perilous for him to undertake.

It was early evening that day in September and the war still seemed far off from the plantation, when suddenly a soldier rode up to the gate and asked for a drink of water. He was grey clad so naturally we assumed he was one of ours.

Soldier

Sir! I pray you, could you spare some water?

Farquhar

Why of course! Come this way.

THEY WALK TOWARDS THE HOUSE.

Farquhar (EAGERLY)

What is the news of the front?

Soldier

The Yanks are repairing the railroads. They're getting ready for another advance. They've reached the Owl Creek railroad bridge, they've fixed it and built a stockade on the north bank. There's an order posted everywhere saying that any civilian caught interfering with the railroad, its bridges, tunnels or trains, will be summarily hanged. I saw the order.

Farquhar

How far is it to the Owl Creek bridge?

Soldier

About thirty miles.

Farquhar

Is there no force on this side of the creek?

THEY HAVE REACHED THE VERANDAH OF THE HOUSE. FARQUHAR GOES UP THE STEPS AND HE POURS A GLASS FROM THE CARAFE ON THE TABLE.

Soldier

Only a picket post half a mile out on the railroad and a single sentinel at this end of the bridge. Why?

Farquhar

Suppose a man should elude the picket post, what could he accomplish?

Soldier

Well... I was there a month ago and I saw the flood of last winter had built up a great load of driftwood against the wooden pier at this end of the railroad bridge. It is now mighty dry and would burn like straw.

Farquhar

Here's the water.

Soldier

Thank you sir.

HE DRINKS THE WATER.

Good day!

HE GATHERS HIS REINS, WHIPS HIS HORSE AND TROTS OFF DOWN THE PATH, THEN GALLOPS OFF INTO THE FOREST.

Farquhar (CALLING OUT AFTER THE SOLDIER)

Good day! Watch out for the Yankees!

HE RUNS UP THE STEPS INTO THE HOUSE.

Melanie! Melanie! I must leave at once. At last there's something I can do.

Narrator

That man was a Yankee spy. There is no other explanation for what happened... later.

LATER, ON THE BANK BY THE OWL CREEK BRIDGE A COMPANY OF YANKEE SOLDIERS ASSEMBLES. FARQUHAR IS HELD PRISONER.

2 **Sergeant**

Company halt! Stand at ease!

Captain

Sergeant! Bring the prisoner over here.

(READING AN ORDER)

'Any civilian caught interfering with the railroad, its bridges, tunnels or trains, will be summarily hanged.'

(TO HIS PRISONER)

Peyton Farquhar! Have you anything to say?

THE PRISONER REMAINS SILENT

Peyton Farquhar! You are condemned to death.

Farquhar (ASIDE, SUNG)

Should I have spoken? Broken the silence?

No! What could I have said that would change the outcome?

I could only speak of hatred and curse these men who have power. What good would that do? Or I could speak of my rage that I'm a prisoner and cannot escape.

Suddenly I feel cold. I'm trembling.

And I will not speak of that. I must steel myself. Keep silent.

Captain

Sergeant! Take two men and see that everything is prepared. You see those loose planks up there on the tracks?

Sergeant

Yes Sir!

Captain

Place one of them over at least three cross ties, so that the far end of it is over the gap between them... right under the rope.

Sergeant

Yes Sir! Right away!

Farquhar (ASIDE)

Oh, my last moments.

I cannot believe it.

Oh how cruel.

Look at those harsh unfeeling faces all hardened by the war.

These men are not from here.

This is not their land,

but they kill our sons and burn our fields: they destroy them and then disappear.

Somehow I must escape.

I must reach my wife and children

they cannot survive without me.

I must free myself, get away.

I must reach them, protect them.

Oh Melanie, my love, my own dear love.

Oh God! The injustice, the cruelty, the waste.

3 **Captain**

Sergeant! Is everything ready?

Sergeant

Yes, Captain.

Captain

Have you made sure the cord around the prisoner's wrists is secure?

Sergeant

Yes Sir.

Captain

Good! then we will escort the prisoner on to the bridge. The sentinels at each end have their orders?

Sergeant

Yes Sir.

Captain

And now, you understand the procedure?

Sergeant

Yes Captain.

Captain

Put the noose around his neck. Now draw those two planks aside and have the prisoner stand at that end of the third. Now Sergeant, you stand here at this end of it and balance it carefully till I give you the signal...

Sergeant

Yes Captain.

Captain

... then you will stand aside.

Farquhar (ASIDE)

And then he will stand aside
and I will fall down,
down into the stream.

But look! How beautiful the water
touched in gold by the early sun!
And the mist over there under the river bank!

What is that sound?
Regular... insistent...
like the stokes of the hammer upon the anvil,
like the tolling of a death knell.
What is it?
The intervals of silence grow longer and longer,
each stroke louder in my ear,
like the thrust of a knife.
I will not cry out!
I will not show fear!
I will hold my silence.

It's my grand-daddy's gold watch!

I must free my hands,
throw off the noose
and spring into the stream.
I'll dive to evade the bullets
and by swimming vigorously
I'll reach the bank,
take to the woods
and make my way home.
My home, thank God, is as yet
outside their lines.
My wife and children still beyond
the enemy's advance.

4 **Captain** (CALLING FROM A DISTANCE)

Sergeant! Are you ready?

Sergeant

Yes Sir!

Captain

Then stand aside!

THE PLANK CAN BE HEARD CRASHING DOWN INTO THE
STREAM.

Farquhar (ASIDE)

The rope has broken.
I've fallen into the stream
and everything is dark.
My wrists! I must free them.
get the rope from around my neck.

There!
Now my arms part and float upward.
I can see my hands dimly.
I am rising to the surface of the water.

The sunlight!
I see the forest, I see the trees
and the veining of each leaf.
And I can see the very insects,
the locusts, the flies.
I see the gray spiders
stretching their webs from twig to twig.
I hear the humming of the gnats
that dance above the eddies of the stream.
The beating of wings of dragonflies
and the strokes of waterspiders' legs
like oars which lift their boats.
They make music!

The visible world wheels slowly round.
I see the bridge, the fort,
the Captain on the bank, the Sergeant
and the two soldiers, my executioners,
all silhouetted against the clear blue sky.
Look! They stand and gesticulate!
The Captain is drawing his pistol....

THE SOUND OF A SINGLE SHOT.

Ah! The sentinel!

A cloud of blue smoke from the muzzle of his gun.
I see his eye gazing at me
through the sights of his rifle.
A grey eye, and grey eyes are the keenest.

Captain

Attention company!
Ready!
Aim!
Fire!

Farquhar (ASIDE)

Dive deep!

THE SOUND OF A VOLLEY RINGS OUT.

5 Water is in my ears
like the voice of Niagara!
Yet I hear the dull thunder of the volley.
They will reload and fire again.
The officer, that martinet,
will surely have them fire at will.
God help me, I cannot dodge them all.

Now I must rise to the surface
take breath...

Captain

Ready!
Fire!

THE SOUND OF A CANNON BOOMS OUT IN THE
DISTANCE.

Farquhar (ASIDE)

The cannon! I must beware.
I must keep going.
Away from the fort,
away from these men.
Away, away.

The river bank!
I am safe.
That projecting bluff protects me from my enemies.

HE CRAWLS ON TO THE BANK

6 I can feel the sand, like diamonds,
like rubies, like emeralds!
I never knew how beautiful
were the single grains of sand.
And the trees upon the bank
like giant garden plants.
I can inhale the fragrance of the blooms.

I can see a strange roseate light
shining through the spaces among their trunks,
and the wind makes in the branches
the music of Aeolian harps.
I shall stay in this enchanted place.

THE SOUND OF A DISTANT VOLLEY.

7 No, no! I must get away.
Up the slope and into the forest.
I will plot a course by the rounding sun
and find a path.
I did not know I lived in so wild a region.
The forest seems impenetrable:
no break in it, no road.

I am fatigued, footsore and famishing.
I am in pain and my neck is burning:
there must be a circle of black
where the rope has bruised it.
And my eyes are congested,
I cannot close them.
My tongue is swollen with thirst.
But I must keep going, on and on.
Further and further and reach my home.

At last a road! Wide and straight!
But it seems untravelled:
no fields border it,
no dwelling anywhere,
no sound.
The black bodies of the trees

form a straight wall on both sides,
and overhead, great golden stars shine.
How softly the turf carpets
the untravelled avenue!
Now, no longer can I feel
the road beneath my feet.

But look, look!
The gate of my home.
How beautiful!
Shining brightly in the sunshine.
All is as I left it.
And there is my darling wife,
all fresh and cool and sweet.
She stands waiting
with a smile of ineffable joy.
Ah, how beautiful she is!
Oh Melanie, my darling Melanie,
my love, let me come into your waiting arms
to stay forever.
Oh Melanie, my darling wife,
my love, I come, I come!

Captain (VERY DISTANT, LIKE AN ECHO)
Company dismiss!

Narrator

They found him later, dead. His body with a broken
neck swinging gently from side to side beneath the
timbers of Owl Creek bridge.

Now, many years later, I still mourn my husband. My
children are grown and many is the time I have told
them this story – the way I believe he must have
spent his last moments. The only comfort I have, is
that I know that when he died his spirit reached out
to me and has been with me ever since

© Thea Musgrave 1981

Wild Winter I

Lamentations for voices and viols

9 Prologue

War broke: and now the Winter of the world
... closes in.

From 1914, Wilfred Owen

10 Lament I

He cerrado mi balcón
porque no quiero oír el llanto,
pero por detrás de los grises muros
no se oye otra cosa que el llanto.

Hay muy pocos ángeles que canten,
hay muy pocos perros que ladren,
mil violines caben en la palma de mi mano.

Pero el llanto es un perro inmenso,
el llanto es un ángel inmenso,
el llanto es un violín inmenso,
las lágrimas amordazan al viento,
y no se oye otra cosa que el llanto.

Casida del llanto, Federico García Lorca, 1936

11 Lament II

Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.
Because your lover threw wild hands toward the sky
And the affrighted steed ran on alone,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment,
Little souls who thirst for fight,
These men were born to drill and die.
The unexplained glory flies above them,
Great is the battle-god, great, and his kingdom –
A field where a thousand corpses lie.

No se oye otra cosa que el llanto

I have closed my balcony
for I do not want to hear the weeping,
but behind those dark grey walls
there is nothing left but the sound of weeping.

There are so few angels to sing,
there are so few dogs to bark,
I can hold in the palm of my hand a thousand violins.

But the weeping is a great dog howling,
the weeping is a great angel soaring,
the weeping is a great violin playing,
the flowing tears quieten the wind,
there is nothing left but the sound of weeping.

There is nothing left but the sound of weeping

Do not weep, babe, for war is kind.
Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches,
Raged at his breast, gulped and died,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Swift blazing flag of the regiment,
Eagle with crest of red and gold,
These men were born to drill and die.
Point for them the virtue of slaughter,
Make plain to them the excellence of killing
And a field where a thousand corpses lie.

No se oye otra cosa que el llanto

Mother whose heart hung humble as a button
On the bright splendid shroud of your son,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

War is Kind, Stephen Crane, 1899

Reprise

War broke, war broke.
War broke: and now... Winter...
With perishing great darkness closes in...
Now begin famines of thought and feeling.

From 1914, Wilfred Owen

12 Lament III

Guerre, ô guerre occupée au choc des escadrons,
Toute pleine du bruit furieux des clairons,
Ô buveuse de sang, qui, farouche, flétrie,
Hideuse, entraîne l'homme en cette ivrognerie,
Nuée où le destin se déforme, où Dieu fuit,

Où flotte une clarté plus noire que la nuit,

Folle immense, de vent et de foudres armée,
A quoi sers-tu, géante, à quoi sers-tu?

From Bêtise de la guerre, Victor Hugo, 1872

There is nothing left but the sound of weeping

War, oh war echoing with the clash of marching men,
resounding with the angry noise of blaring bugles,
Thou drinker of blood, who art savage, withered,
Hideous, thou draggest man into this frenzied orgy,
This raging storm where destiny is distorted, and
there is no God,
where an eerie clarity pervades, darker than the
very night,
Gigantic Goddess, with great shafts of lightning
thou art armed,
What purpose dost thou serve, oh Goddess, what
purpose?

13 Interlude

Ворон к ворону летит,
Ворон ворону кричит:
"Ворон! где б нам отобедать?
Как бы нам о том проведать?"

Géante, à quoi sers-tu?

Ворон ворону в ответ:
"Знаю, будет нам обед:
В чистом поле под ракушкой
Богатырь лежит убитый.

Signor nostro, aita.

Кем убит и отчего,
Знает сокол лишь его,
Да кобылка вороная,
Да хозяйка молодая.

O Signor nostro, aita, aita

Сокол в рошу улетел,
На кобылку недруг сел,
А хозяйка ждет милого,
Не убитого, живого.

Untitled poem by Pushkin (1828)

14 Lament IV – Madrigal

Le donne lagrimose, e' vulgo inerme
De la tenera etate, e i vecchi stanchi
C'hanno se, in odio e la soverchia vita,
E i neri fraticelli e i bigi e i bianchi,
Coll'altre schiere travagliate e inferme,
Gridan: O Signor nostro, aita, aita!

From Sonnet, Petrarch

15 Lament V – Chorale

Den wilden Orgeln des Wintersturms
Gleicht des Volkes finstren Zorn
Die purpurne Woge der Schlacht,
Entlaubter Sterne.

Crow to crow did fly,
Crow to crow did screech,
'Where shall we dine tonight?
How shall we find out about it?

O Goddess, what purpose dost thou serve?

Crow to crow did answer,
'I know where we will dine...
In the meadow under the tree
A knight lies slain!

Oh Lord, our Father, save us!

'Who killed him and why,
Only his hawk knows,
And, yes, the chestnut mare,
And, yes, the young maiden!

O Lord, our father, save us, O save us.

The hawk to the grove has flown,
On the mare now sits the enemy,
But the maiden waits for her new love...
Not dead, but living.

The women who are weeping, the youngest children
they are left defenceless, with tired old men,
who hate themselves and the life that overwhelms them,
and the monks clad in black, in grey and in white;
all together, in their misery and suffering,
they cry: "Oh Lord our Father, we pray you save us".

Wild organ music of the winter storm
Is the black fury of man,
The great purple wave of war,
The naked starlight.

O Signor nostro, aita...

Mit zerbrochenen Brauen, silbernen Armen
Winkt sterbenden Soldaten die Nacht.
Im Schatten der herbstlichen Esche
Seufzen die Geister der Erschlagenen.

O Signor nostro, aita...

Dornige Wildnis umgärtet die Stadt.
Von blutenden Stufen jagt der Mond
Die erschrockenen Frauen.
Wilde Wölfe brachen durchs Tor.

Im Osten (In The East), Georg Trakl (1914)

16 Coda

... (Wild) winter closes in...
For after Spring had bloomed in early Greece,
And Summer blazed her glory out with Rome,
An Autumn softly fell, a harvest home,
A slow grand age, and rich with all increase.
But now, for us, wild winter, and the need
Of sowings for new spring, and blood for seed.

1914, Wilfred Owen

Translations by Thea Musgrave

For information about the artists on this recording please visit
NMC's website at www.nmcrec.co.uk

Oh Lord, save us...

With her broken brow, silvery arms
Night envelopes the dying soldiers.
In the shadow of the autumnal ash tree
Ghosts of the slain cry out.

Oh Lord, save us...

A thorny wilderness girdles the city.
From the blood stained threshold
The moon pursues all the terrified women.
Wild wolves broke through the gate.

Thea Musgrave

Rich, powerful musical language and a strong sense of drama have made Scottish-American composer Thea Musgrave one of the most respected and exciting of living composers.

Born in Edinburgh on 27 May 1928, she studied at the University of Edinburgh then in Paris, where she spent four years as a pupil of Nadia Boulanger, before establishing herself in London with her orchestral, choral, operatic and chamber works. In 1970 she was named guest professor at the University of California, Santa Barbara, which anchored her increasing involvement with the musical life of the United States. In 1971 she married the American violist and opera conductor Peter Mark and she now lives in the US. In 1974 she received the Koussevitzky Award, resulting in the composition of *Space Play*. She has also been awarded two Guggenheim Fellowships, and was recognized with honorary degrees by Old Dominion University (Virginia), Smith College, Glasgow University and in 2004 the New England Conservatory in Boston. She was awarded a CBE in the Queen's New Year Honours List in 2002. As Distinguished Professor at Queens College, City University of New York from September 1987 to 2002, she guided many young and gifted student composers.

Musgrave has consistently explored new means of projecting essentially dramatic situations in her music, frequently altering and extending the conventional boundaries of instrumental performance by physicalising their musical and dramatic impact. As she once put it, she wanted to explore dramatic musical forms: some works are dramatic-abstract, that is, without programmatic content (such as the Clarinet Concerto, Horn Concerto, Viola Concerto and *Space Play*), while

others project specific programmatic ideas (such as the paintings in *The Seasons*, the poems in *Ring Out Wild Bells*, *Journey through a Japanese Landscape*, *Autumn Sonata* and the famous Greek legends in *Orfeo*, *Narcissus*, *Helios* and *Voices from the Ancient World*) – all extensions of concerto principles. And most recently, the large-scale work for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, *Turbulent Landscapes* based on paintings by J.M.W. Turner (recorded by NMC). In some of these works, to enhance the dramatic effect, the sonic possibilities of spatial acoustics have been incorporated: in the Clarinet Concerto, the soloist moves around the different sections of the orchestra, and in the Horn Concerto the orchestral horns are placed around the hall. Thus the players are not only the conversants in an abstract musical dialogue, but also the living embodiment of its dramatis personae.

It was therefore not surprising that her focus on the lyric and dramatic potential of music should have led to Musgrave's fluency in writing opera, and it is interesting to note that her large-scale works of the past thirty years, beginning with *The Voice of Ariadne* (1972) and followed by *Mary, Queen of Scots* (1977), *A Christmas Carol* (1979) and *Harriet, the Woman Called Moses* (1984), are in every sense the consequence of the instrumental concertos. *Simón Bolívar* (1993), like many of her stage works, focuses on an historic figure whose life takes on an epic or archetypal dimension.

With such a large and varied career and catalogue, Thea Musgrave is frequently interviewed and questioned about being a 'woman' composer, to which she has replied: 'Yes, I am a composer, and I am a woman, but rarely at the same time'.

Claire Brook

THERE ARE FOUR LEVELS OF SUPPORT:

Friend £50 (£20 concession) (12 months)

- Advance notice to purchase new releases
- Quarterly newsletter by post or email
- Invitations to events including CD launches

Benefactor £100 (12 months)

- As above plus...
- Up to 25% discount on all NMC CDs*
- Free P&P on all NMC purchases*
- Name credit in CD booklets for releases during your membership
- Invitations to recording sessions

Principal Benefactor £250 (12 months)

- As above plus...
- Invitation to annual composer gathering

Corporate Friend £500 + VAT (12 months)

NMC's unique position in the contemporary music landscape offers businesses the chance to mingle with the best of Britain's classical composers and align with our values of quality, creativity and innovation. Please contact us to explore the options: 020 7759 1826 or development@nmcrec.co.uk

All NMC Friends are added to our mailing list to receive monthly e-bulletins outlining news, releases and special offers.

- * Up to 25% of your donation due to gift aid regulations

JOIN US

Please contact us for more details at: NMC Friends, NMC Recordings Ltd, Somerset House, 3rd Floor, South Wing, Strand, London WC2R 1LA
Tel: 020 7759 1827
Email: nmc@nmcrec.co.uk
Web: www.nmcrec.co.uk

NMC FRIENDS

Set up as a registered charity in 1989, NMC Recordings is devoted to the promotion and preservation of Britain's musical heritage through acclaimed recordings of music by the best of today's composers, performed and recorded to the highest standards.

With our major core grant from the Holst Foundation coming to an end in the next few years we rely more than ever on our Friends' support to underpin our work and to help secure a future for this important cultural force. Please join us and take this opportunity to support our continuing and central role in the future of British contemporary music.

CORPORATE FRIENDS

Faber Music, RSK Entertainment, Schott Music

PRINCIPAL BENEFACTORS

Anonymous, Robert D. Bielecki (USA), Anthony Bolton, Diana Burrell, Brian Elias, Richard Fries Luke Gardiner, Terry Holmes, Jeremy Marchant, Joanna Marsh, Belinda Matthews, Colin Matthews, Kieron O'Hara, Edward Smith, Christoph & Marion Trestler, Peter Wakefield, John M Woods

BENEFACTORS

Anonymous, Peter Baldwin, Nigel Bonham-Carter, John Casken, Robin Chapman, Anton Cox, Jonathan Cross, Graham Elliott, Anthony Gilbert, Alexander Goehr, Jonathan Goldstein, Jennifer Goodwin, Adam Gorb, Michael Greenwald, Paul Griffiths, David Gutman, Barry Guy, Matthew Harris, William Hind, Robin Holloway, Vic Hoyland, Andrew Lockyer, Cecilia McDowall, Robert McFarland, Stephen McHanwell, Stephen & Jackie Newbould, Dominic Nudd, Jane Manning & Anthony Payne, Stephen Plaistow, Christopher Potts, Ronald Powell, Julian Rushton, Kenneth Smith, Martin Stanforth, Owen Toller

An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge was recorded by BBC Radio 3 on 20 December 1981 in Studio 1, BBC Maida Vale.

Green was recorded by BBC Radio 3 on 15 December 2008 in The Music Hall, Aberdeen.

Wild Winter I was recorded by BBC Radio 3 on 16 July 1993 in Lichfield Cathedral.

Mastering: DAVID LEFEBER for Metier

Executive producer: COLIN MATTHEWS

Graphic design: FRANÇOIS HALL

Cover: *Washington, District of Columbia. Chain Bridge* (between 1861 and 1869), Anonymous.

Inlay: *Washington Navy Yard, D.C. Michael O'Laughlin, a conspirator, manacled* (April 1865).

Photo by Alexander Gardner.

Page 12: *Staff of the Artillery Reserve from the main Eastern theater of war, Meade in Virginia* (August- November 1863). Photographer Timothy H. O'Sullivan.

Photos courtesy of Library of Congress, Prints & Photographs Division.

Produced in association with BBC Radio 3



90 – 93FM

A BBC Recording

Thea Musgrave's music is published by Novello & Co. and Chester Music.

NMC Recordings is a charitable company (reg. no. 328052) established for the recording of contemporary music by the Holst Foundation; it is grateful for funding from Arts Council England.

HANNAH VLČEK Label Manager

ELEANOR WILSON Sales and Marketing Manager

ANNE RUSHTON Executive Director

HELEN HUGHES Head of Development

DISTRIBUTION

NMC recordings are distributed in Australia, Austria, Belgium, Canada, Czech Republic, Denmark, France, Germany, Hong Kong, Italy, Japan, Luxembourg, Mexico, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, the United Kingdom and the United States, and are also available through our website www.nmcrec.co.uk

NMC recordings are available to download in MP3 and FLAC format from our website.

FOR FURTHER DETAILS PLEASE CONTACT:

NMC Recordings Ltd,
Somerset House,
Third Floor, South Wing,
Strand, London, WC2R 1LA
Tel. +44 (0)20 7759 1827/8
Fax. +44 (0)20 7759 1829
E-mail: nmc@nmcrec.co.uk
Website: www.nmcrec.co.uk

All rights of the manufacturer and owner of the recorded material reserved. Unauthorised public performance, broadcasting and copying of this recording prohibited.

Catalogue number: NMC D167

© 2011 BBC. The copyright in the recordings is owned by the BBC. The BBC word mark and logo and the "BBC Radio 3" logo are trade marks of the British Broadcasting Corporation and used under licence.

BBC Logo © BBC 2007

© 2011 NMC Recordings Ltd

