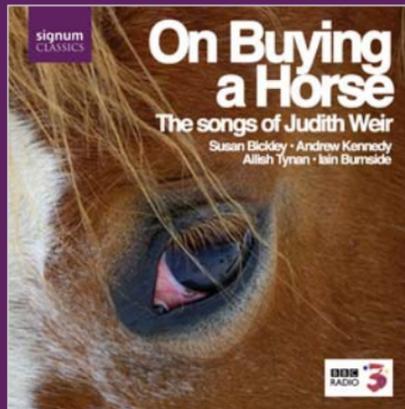
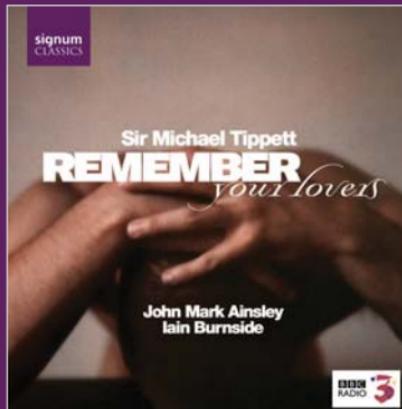


# ALSO ON SIGNUMCLASSICS



**On Buying a Horse**  
The Songs of Judith Weir  
SIGCD087

Much loved mezzo-soprano, Susan Bickley, and fast-rising stars Ailish Tynan and Andrew Kennedy perform songs written by one of Britain's leading composers, Judith Weir.



**Remember Your Lovers**  
Songs by Tippett, Britten, Purcell & Pelham Humfrey  
SIGCD066

Tippett's songs are few in number, but dazzling in quality. We contrast them here with one of Tippett's sources of inspiration, Henry Purcell, in an excellently performed programme featuring John Mark Ainsley & Iain Burnside.

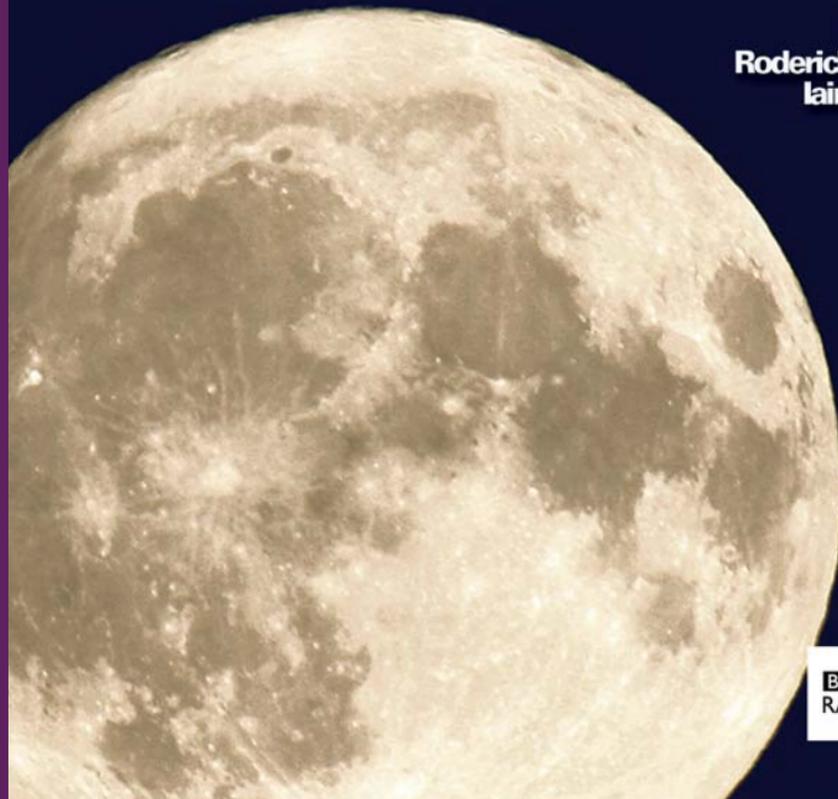
[www.signumrecords.com](http://www.signumrecords.com)

Available through most record stores and at [www.signumrecords.com](http://www.signumrecords.com) For more information call +44 (0) 20 8997 4000

signum  
CLASSICS

# MOONSTRUCK SONGS OF FG SCOTT

Lisa Milne  
Roderick Williams  
Iain Burnside



## MOONSTRUCK SONGS OF F G SCOTT

1. Milkwort and Bog-cotton	[2.32]	18. I wha aince in Heavens' Heicht	[1.24]
2. Crowdiknowe	[1.36]	19. An Apprentice Angel	[2.08]
3. Moonstruck	[2.37]	20. Hungry Waters	[1.49]
4. The Eemis Stane	[2.03]	21. Te Deil o'Bogie	[2.48]
5. The Sauchs in the Reuch Heuch Hauch	[1.12]	22. To a Lady	[2.32]
6. Ay Waukin, O	[3.52]	23. Cupid and Venus	[2.33]
7. Amang the Trees	[1.26]	24. The Old Fisherman	[2.24]
8. The Discreet Hint	[1.36]	25. Im Tiroler Wirsthaus	[1.02]
9. Je descendis dans mon jardin	[2.22]	26. In Time of Tumult	[2.05]
10. Florine	[1.46]	27. The Man in the Moon	[2.07]
11. Lourd on my Hert	[1.22]	28. First Love	[1.46]
12. The Watergaw	[2.26]	29. Empty Vessel	[1.13]
13. Country Life	[1.14]	30. The Wren's Nest	[1.09]
14. Wheesht, Wheest	[1.31]	31. Love of Alba	[1.53]
15. O, wha my babie-clouts will buy?	[2.04]	32. The Wee Man	[1.10]
16. My wife's a wanton wee thing	[1.33]		
17. The Innumerable Christ	[3.06]	Total	[62.26]

LISA MILNE – SOPRANO  
RODERICK WILLIAMS – BARITONE  
IAIN BURNSIDE – PIANO

[www.signumrecords.com](http://www.signumrecords.com)

## MOONSTRUCK SONGS OF F G SCOTT

"I get it," Roddy Williams burst out, "he's the Scottish Charles Ives!" We had just read through the first half dozen Scott songs for this CD. "Not at all," I came back at him, "he's Scotland's Hugo Wolf. Or perhaps Scotland's Gerald Finzi." The Ives parallel had never struck me, but halfway through the next song I saw Roddy's point. Like Ives, Scott uses his songs as a sort of chemistry lab, the crucible for wild experiments in musical language, decades ahead of his time. He loves contrast, the vernacular nestling cheek by jowl with the radical. He makes you laugh. And as with Ives, Scott's songs show a gruff man, filled with huge, unconventional energy.

Yet those other comparisons are valid, too. Like Wolf, Scott longed to be acknowledged in larger forms, while excelling primarily in song. And like Wolf, his work falls naturally into songbooks - musically defined collections setting different poets. Like Finzi, Scott will be remembered above all for his closeness to a single poet. Where Finzi had Thomas Hardy, Scott has Hugh MacDiarmid; the vital difference is that Finzi was not Hardy's English teacher.



The settings Scott made of MacDiarmid poems in the 1920s and early 1930s are the heart of his work, and the starting point for my personal selection of his songs. Their poetic range is extraordinary: the condensed madness in *Moonstruck*, the tenderness of *Milkwort and Bog-cotton*; self-mocking, grumpy Scottish agitprop in *Lourd on my hert*, heart-wrenching simplicity in *Empty Vessel*. It is in these MacDiarmid settings that

Scott is at his most radical. Such harmonic daring, from a contemporary of Roger Quilter!

A contemporary, but by no means a compatriot. Nothing in these MacDiarmid songs, musical or verbal, links them to musical life south of Hadrian's Wall. Scott's points of reference are European: a nod to Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* in *Moonstruck*, a wink to Bartok in *Country Life*, with all its farmyard high jinks. Elsewhere, resonances of a French sound world appear. How tantalising, that Scott was offered a period of study in Paris; how sad that the hard choices of family life should have held him back.

Leaving aside the personal connections between Scott and MacDiarmid, there is something European, too, in the qualities that drew the composer to his younger friend's work. Scott had the truffle hunter's nose of the true song composer, that acute instinct for what he needed from a poem. The way MacDiarmid moves between the natural and the personal, between image and emotion, gives Scott space for his music. *The Watergaw* is clearly about more than a rainbow, the bitonal *Eemis Stane* about more than a snowy Borders night: in both, the natural provides a creative springboard for poet and composer, a visual element that Scott can translate into

sound, a canvas for his singer's thoughts and emotions. It is a process that goes back to Schubert and beyond, a synergy placing Scott and MacDiarmid firmly on the family tree of European song.

Together with Robert Burns, they also belong, proudly, on the family tree of the anti-clerical. Can any self-respecting member of the Church of Scotland listen in comfort to the magnificent bile that is *An Apprentice Angel?* How Burns would have approved! Earlier in the CD we meet that peculiarly Scottish instrument of public torture, *the creepie chair*, a special place in the Kirk where fornicators sat to be denounced and humiliated. It features in the Burns setting *O, wha my babie-clouts will buy*, one of Scott's quieter masterpieces. No Schoenbergian harmonies here, no cascades of rippling pianism: just a single mother contemplating her fate with remarkable dignity, to a tune which seems to have been there for ever.

While Scott's musical vocabulary for Burns is more conventional, he remains true to his poet. Never is there a whiff of sentimentality, never a glimpse of the shortbread tin. Instead the high energy feistiness of *Amang the trees* sits next to *Ay waukin O*, infinitely gentle and the earliest song in this selection. Its tune, too, manages to sound traditional, while being freshly composed.

Elsewhere Burns's battle of the sexes rages on with much twinkling of the eye, whether in the raunchy *Discreet Hint* or the rampantly, jubilantly, politically incorrect *My wife's a wanton wee thing*.

It is when Scott turns the poetical clock back beyond Burns that parallels arise with English song. Peter Warlock would have felt at home with the texture of *Je descendis dans mon jardin*; while Scott's neo-baroque style finds its highest expression in the counterpoint underpinning Mark Alexander Boyd's ravishing sonnet *Cupid and Venus*. Other songs on the disc show great simplicity. *The Old Fisherman* uses a scant handful of chords to wonderful effect. The harmony of *Florine* would not have caused Mendelssohn to raise an eyebrow; yet it manages to be both touching and original, its little piano interlude continuing the singer's thought.

And originality is what we are left with, as the sum of all these parts. The talents of this man "blazing with spiritual energy," as MacDiarmid put it, are surely much too strong to be overlooked any longer. At a time when Scotland is drawing new strength from its place within Europe, when it is looking again at its national identity, let us celebrate this most European of Scottish composers.

Iain Burnside

## F.G. Scott (1880-1958)

Francis George Scott was a Borderer, born in the town of Hawick in Dumfriesshire, twenty miles north from England. He grew up in a Scots-speaking community where a blind great-uncle, a fine Scots fiddle-player, identified the young F.G. by running his fingers over the boy's head and feeling the 'frontal bones' – 'good musical bones!' he called them.

Through his childhood, Scott would commonly hear his family singing the Border Ballads in their home and he attributed his sense of what poetry can do to his mother. He spent his first seventeen years in the Borders before leaving for Edinburgh University where he was taught English by George Saintsbury and enrolled as a pupil-teacher at Moray House College of Education. He had absorbed more than poetry and song from the Borders – there was also a fiercely independent spirit. He never completed his degree at Edinburgh, stubbornly refusing to apologise for having offended one of his lecturers, and although eventually he took a B.Mus. degree from Durham University in 1909, he was in many respects an utterly dedicated autodidactic student of music. His father would find him up till 3 a.m. in the early days, making his first attempts at composition.

His first song was written for the local Riding of the Marches, the high-spirited annual festive riding round the territorial boundaries of Hawick.

Through the late 1890s and into the twentieth century, Scott taught English at various Scottish schools. From 1903-1912 he was in Langholm Academy, back in the Borders a dozen miles from Hawick. Here he was in charge of a class in which a pupil named Christopher Murray Grieve was to catch his attention as a young writer of clearly high potential. One day, when Grieve was sitting immobile, thinking about a writing exercise, Scott rapped him on the brow and said, 'Don't worry Christopher, there's just so much in that big head of yours, it'll all come out in time!' It's said that Scott also gave the boy at least one dose of corporal punishment. Recollecting this later, Grieve commented that he couldn't remember what it was he'd done but he was sure that he'd deserved it. 'We were all juvenile delinquents, and consequently up to pranks which today would condemn us to a remand home or borstal.'

Not long before the outbreak of the First World War, Scott fell in love with and married a fellow teacher at Dunoon Grammar School, Burges Gray, a fine mezzo-soprano, and they had four children, Francise (who was born while they were in Paris in

the winter of 1914), Liliias, George and Malcolm. He volunteered for military service for World War One, but was rejected on medical grounds. Through the war years and immediately after, Scott made firm friendships with a number of writers and artists associated with the Scottish Renaissance movement of the 1920s – the artist William McCance, the poet and critic Edwin Muir and his wife the novelist Willa Muir, the poet William Soutar and the French critic and scholar Denis Saurat.

Saurat took Scott to Paris, where he was introduced to the composer Roger-Ducasse, who immediately recognised the quality of Scott's compositions and invited him to stay and work with him and the inner circle of the Paris Conservatoire – Faure, Debussy, Ravel. But Scott pulled back, acknowledging his own family commitments in Glasgow.

In 1925, he became a Lecturer in Music at Jordanhill, Glasgow's Training College for Teachers, and the family moved to 44 Munro Road, a grey sandstone terrace house, which was to be their home and a central powerhouse of the Scottish Renaissance in the 1920s, what Saurat called the beginning of 'a sort of furious spiritual awakening among some people in Scotland' who 'looked to Scott as their master.'



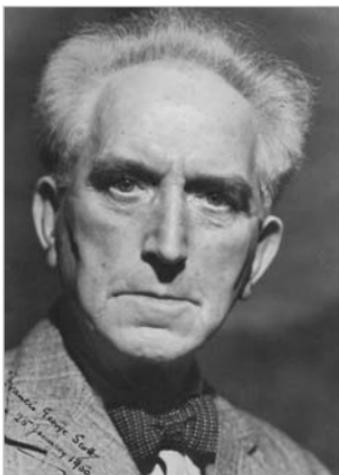
In 1922, his former pupil Christopher Grieve had started publishing poems under the name Hugh MacDiarmid. He was to become the major Scottish poet of the twentieth century, recognised as such by Yeats, Eliot and Pound. Another old Langholm teacher, William Burt, showed some of MacDiarmid's poems to Scott and they met again in 1923. Scott recognised his former pupil and recognised in the poems exactly the sort of work that he needed for the song-settings which are the heart of his achievement. Scott continued to set

MacDiarmid's poems over the following ten years or so, through a period in which he closely studied the works of Bartok, whom he met when his fellow-Scottish composer Erik Chisholm brought Bartok to Glasgow. At the same time, beginning in 1923, he attended the series of International Contemporary Music Festivals at Salzburg and absorbed the work not only of Bartok but also of Schoenberg; meanwhile at home he was researching the music of the Scottish Border Ballads and the classical music of the Highland bagpipe, pibroch – or Piobaireachd – which informs the beautifully sustained melodic poise of 'Milk-Wort and Bog-cotton'.

Through the 1920s, the Scott family often holidayed in Montrose (MacDiarmid's home at this time) and Scott and MacDiarmid would get together for Wagnerian conversations about poetry, music and the artistic regeneration they both saw as essential to a revitalised Scotland. The composer's cousin, the artist William Johnstone, described them at this period. Scott, Johnstone said, 'became greatly excited by what he saw as the possibility of a splendid revival, a Scottish Renaissance of the arts. We three were to be the core of this Renaissance. He felt that if we all pulled our weight together and tried, Christopher with his poetry, I with my painting and

Francis with his music, all having a revolutionary point of view, we could raise the standard of the arts right from the gutter into something that would be really important.' It was to be 'a great resurgence of the arts in Scotland'.

This vision was fragmented in the 1930s. MacDiarmid, isolated personally and increasingly politically extreme, moved to the Shetland Islands and Johnstone went to work as a teacher in London. Both kept up a high output of brilliant work but they were too far apart to combine forces



effectively. Moreover, the fourth member of this group of friends, Edwin Muir, asserted in 1936 that the only way forward for Scottish literature was for it to be written exclusively in English. This led to Muir's bitter alienation from MacDiarmid and Scott himself saw Muir's statement as a criticism of his own musical idiom – which confirms that he thought of his own compositions as occupying a distinctly Scots musical language, to match the Scots written language employed by MacDiarmid.

By now, however, MacDiarmid was writing long poems and there were fewer of the intense lyrics in Scots of the previous decade for Scott to set. They kept up their friendship though, partly through a common meeting ground in St Andrews, from where the sophisticated cultural periodical *The Modern Scot* was being produced, which published both of them. When, after the break-up of his first marriage, MacDiarmid suffered severe nervous and physical breakdown in 1935 and was hospitalised, Scott was there to help. And when the poet returned to live in Glasgow, Scott's home was always open to him.

Scott remained at Jordanhill till 1946, when he retired. His duties included lecturing on theory and musical appreciation to students about to begin

their careers as schoolteachers, and practising them in choral singing and training a small orchestra. He also served as an Inspector of Schools, in Central and South West Scotland. Occasional concerts after the war succeeded in getting Scott's songs heard by a small, appreciative public but there was very little prospect of seriously establishing them in the British concert repertoire. When a number of French concert enterprises came to nothing, Scott's hopes for a European response to his work were dimmed. An orchestral ballet score setting of William Dunbar's poem 'The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins' was considered by Sadlers Wells and Leonide Massine but came to nothing. A concert overture, "Scottish Renaissance" similarly has been languishing in the archives of the Scottish Music Centre in Candleriggs, Glasgow, and deserves fresh performance, and there is also a small manuscript collection in the Scott archive in Glasgow's Mitchell Library. And there is an unrecorded series of piano pieces, 'Intuitions' begun in 1943 and written into the 1950s, housed in the Scottish Music Centre. Glasgow University gave him an Honorary Doctorate in 1957, noting his characteristics: intensity, humour and exacting fastidiousness – but by then he was an ailing man. He died in 1958 and is buried in the Borders, in the Wellogate Cemetery, overlooking his native Hawick.

The biography suggests some of the composer's essential qualities. His first twenty years were spent in the nineteenth century: he came from an older Scotland and a specific part of it. As a Borderer, Scots was a language he grew up with and knew in his bones, a language earthed in body and physicality, yet given to song and melody, as Burns and the folk tradition demonstrates so clearly – very different from the airs of the English choral tradition or the magniloquent tradition of English verse, from Chaucer through Shakespeare to Milton and Wordsworth. The poetry of Dunbar, Burns and MacDiarmid breathes differently.

Also, Scott was possessed of a Borderer's sensibility – the sense that just over the border was the enemy, not in terms of military might but in terms of an alien sensibility: over-genteel, crippled by propriety. His songs animate a very improper sense of the eldritch and eerie, moonlit worlds of liminality and transformation. They never rest complacently – irony keeps them sharp and the humour is sometimes merciless, possessed of what the poet Norman MacCaig once called 'the homicidal hilarity of a laugh in a ballad'. But the other side of that is a sense of tenderness, a poised sensitivity to the vulnerabilities of childhood and old age which counterpoints the vigorous expressions of force



Photograph by Lida Moser c.1953

and power. There is something elemental in Scott's compositions that remains unforgettable. If exaggerated, such qualities might deliver excessive sentimentalism but Scott's songs never indulge themselves. There is a precisely-judged universal quality of sentiment, an adamant strength of character, an absolute trust in self-determination and an exemplary confidence about what is really worthwhile in life. That's what roots these songs not only in Scotland but in the European tradition and the best that all the arts can do, to help people to live. They are essentially popular – not in the facile sense of fashionable, but in the real sense of, 'of the people' – they show us the things that, if we are honest, are worthwhile being honest about.

#### References

- William Johnstone, *Points in Time: An Autobiography* (London: Barrie and Jenkins, 1980)  
Maurice Lindsay, *Francis George Scott and the Scottish Renaissance* (Edinburgh: Paul Harris Publishing, 1980)  
John Purser, *Scotland's Music: A History of the Traditional and Classical Music of Scotland from Earliest Times to the Present Day* (Edinburgh: Mainstream, 1992)

Alan Riach, University of Glasgow

#### Translations of Hugh MacDiarmid Poems

Scots is a different language from English. They both have common roots but each developed through different histories, localities, literary traditions and political contexts. Most of F.G. Scott's settings of poems in Scots are approachable with a glossary but sometimes the density of the language makes the idiom and atmosphere difficult to comprehend for an English-language reader, in which case the song is perhaps best approached as if the poem were in German or French, with the sense that it inhabits an entirely different atmosphere. Translations of some of the poems of Hugh MacDiarmid, by Alan Riach, University of Glasgow, are supplied with the texts below.

##### 1. Milkwort and Bog-cotton (Hugh MacDiarmid)

Cwa'een like milk-wort and bog-cotton hair!  
I love you, earth, in this mood best o' a'  
When the shy spirit like a laich wind moves  
And frae the lift nae shadow can fa'  
Since there's nocht left to thraw a shadow there  
Owre een like milk-wort and milk-white  
cotton hair.

Wad that nae leaf upon anither wheeled  
A shadow either and nae root need dern

In sacrifice to let sic beauty be!  
But deep surroondin' darkness I discern  
Is aye the price o' licht. Wad licht revealed  
Naething but you, and nicht nocht else concealed.

*Come away with me! Eyes [blue] like milk-wort  
and hair [white] like bog-cotton! I love you, earth,  
in this mood best of all, when the shy spirit moves  
like a low wind [across the earth] and no shadow  
can fall from the sky, because there's nothing  
there to cast a shadow over eyes like milk-wort  
and milk-white cotton hair. If only no leaf upon  
another wheeled and cast a shadow, and no root  
needed to dig itself down in sacrifice to let such  
beauty be! But deep surrounding darkness, I  
understand, is always the price of light. If only  
light revealed nothing except you, and night  
concealed nothing else either.*

##### 2. Crowdieknowe (Hugh MacDiarmid)

Oh to be at Crowdieknowe  
When the last trumpet blows,  
An' see the deid come loupin' owre  
The Auld grey wa's.  
Muckle men wi' tousled beards,  
I grat at as a bairn  
'Il scramble frae the croodit clay  
Wi' feck o' swearin'.

An' glower at God an' a' his gang  
O' angels i' the lift  
- Thae trashy bleezin' French-like folk  
Wha gar'd them shift!

Fain the weemun-folk'll seek  
To mak' them haud their row  
- Fegs, God's no blate gin he stirs up  
The men o' Crowdieknowe!

*Oh to be at Crowdieknowe Graveyard when the last trumpet blows, and see the dead come jumping over the old grey walls. Great big men with tangled beards that made me cry when I was a child will scramble from the crowded clay with lots of swearing, and glower at God and all his gang of angels in the sky, those trashy, gaudy, French-like folk who have ordered them to get up. Anxiously, the women will try to make them keep quiet. Indeed, God is not afraid or cautious if he dares to stir up the men of Crowdieknowe.*

### 3. Moonstruck (Hugh MacDiarmid)

When the warl's coup'd soon' as a peerie  
That licht-lookin' craw o' a body, the moon,  
Sits on the fower cross-win's  
Peerin' a' roon'.

She's seen me – she's seen me – an' straucht  
Loupit clean on the quick o' my hert,  
The quhither o' cauld gowd's fairly  
Gi'en me a stert.

An' the roarin' oceans noo'  
Is peerieweerie to me:  
Thunner's a tinklin' bell: an' Time  
Whuds like a flee.

*When the world seems settled and secure, as still as a spinning-top that has stopped moving, the moon is perched on the four cross-winds lightly like a crow, looking hungrily all around. She's seen me! – and instantly leapt straight on the quick of my heart. The shivering light of cold gold has certainly made me jump! And the roaring of oceans now is a little thing to me. Thunder is a tinkling bell and Time jumps around like a flee.*

### 4. The Eemis Stane (Hugh MacDiarmid)

l' the how-dumb-died o' the cauld hairst nicht  
The warl' like an eemis stane  
Wags l' the lift;  
An' my eerie memories fa'  
Like a yowdendrift.

Like a yowdendrift so's I couldna read  
The words cut oot l' the stane  
Had the fug o' fame  
An history's hazelraw  
No' yirdit thaim.

*In the darkest time of the cold harvest night, the world, like an precariously-poised stone, is unsteadily rocking in the sky, and my strange memories are coming down onto it like a snowfall. Like a snowfall so that I could not read the words cut out in the stone, had the mossy overgrowth of gossip and chatter and the lichen or moss of history not already buried them.*

### 5. The Sauchs in the Reuch Heuch Hauch (Hugh MacDiarmid)

(for George Reston Malloch)

There's teuch sauchs growin' i' the Reuch  
Heuch Hauch.  
Like the sauls o' the damned are they,  
And ilk ane yoked in a whirligig  
Is birlin' the lee-lang day.

O we doon frae oor stormiest moods,  
And licht like a bird i' the haun',  
But the teuch sauchs there i' the Reuch  
Heuch Hauch

As the deil's ain hert are thrawn.  
The winds 'ud pu' them by the roots,  
Tho' it broke the warl' asunder,  
But they rin richt doon thro' the boddom o' Hell,  
And nane kens hoo fer under!

There's no' a licht that the Heavens let loose  
Can calm them a hanlawhile,  
Nor frae their ancient amplfeyst  
Sall God's ain sel' them wile.

*There are tough willow trees growing in this rough field; they are like the souls of the damned, each one yoked in its own whirling motion, spinning like a child's toy all day long. We come down from our stormiest moods and calm down like a bird landing in the hand, but these tough willow trees are as twisted as the devil's heart. The winds would try to pull them up by their roots even if it tore the world to pieces, but their roots run right down through the bottom of Hell, and nobody knows how far they go even under that! There is no light that comes from the Heavens that could calm them even for a little while, and not even God can persuade them away from their ancient amplitude of feistiness.*

## 6. Ay Waukin, O (Robert Burns)

Simmer's a pleasant time,  
Flow'rs of ev'ry colour;  
The water rins o'er the heugh,  
And I long for my true lover!

Ay waukin, O  
Waukin still and weary:  
sleep I can get nane,  
For thinking on my Dearie.

When I sleep I dream,  
When I wauk I'm irie;  
Sleep I can get nane  
for thinking on my Dearie.

Lanely night comes on,  
A' the lave are sleepin:  
I think on my bony lad  
And I bleer my een wi' greetin.

## 7. Among the Trees (Robert Burns)

Among the trees, where humming bees  
At buds and flo'ers were hingin, O,  
Auld Caledon drew out her drone  
And to here pipe was singing, O:  
'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspeys, and reels -  
She dir'l'd them aff fu' clearly, O,

When there cam a yell o' foreign squeals,  
That dang her tapsalteerie, O!

Their capon craws and queer "ha, ha's"  
They made our lugs grow eerie, O;  
The hungry bike did scrape and fyke,  
Till we were wae and weary, O.  
But a royal ghaist, wha aince was cased  
A pris'ner aughteen year awa,  
He fir'd a fiddler in the north,  
That dang them tapsalteerie, O!

## 8. The Discreet Hint (Robert Burns)

'Lass, when your mither is frae hame,  
May I but be sae bauld -  
As com to your bower window,  
And creep in frae the cauld?  
As come to your bower window,  
And when it's cauld and wat,  
Warm me in they fair bosom -  
Sweet lass, may I do that?'  
'Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,  
When our gude-wife's frae hame,  
As come to my bower window,  
Where I am laid my lane,  
To warm thee in my bosom,  
Tak' tent, I'll tell thee what;  
The way to me lies through the Kirk -  
Young man, do ye hear that?'

## 9. Je descendis dans mon jardin (Amy Sylvel)

Je descendins dans mon jardin,  
Pour y cueillir du romarin;  
Était il tard ou bien matin?  
Je ne sais plus; je ne sais rien.

N'en avais pas cueillit trois brins,  
Que tu parus dans le chemin;  
Était il tard ou bien matin?  
Je ne sais plus; je ne sais rien.

Tu m'as demandé ce butin;  
Je te l'ai donné, mais en vain;  
Était il tard ou bien matin?  
Je ne sais plus; je ne sais rien.

Adieu, douceur furtive et rare...  
Étiat ce un mal? était ce un bien?  
Falait il se montrer avare?  
Je ne sais plus; je ne sais rien.

*I went down into my garden,  
To pick some rosemary;  
Was it late or still morning?  
I don't know anymore; I know nothing.*

*I'd only picked a few sprigs,  
When you appeared on the path  
Was it late or still morning?  
I don't know anymore; I know nothing.*

*You asked me for these spoils;  
I gave them to you but it was in vain;  
Was it late or still morning?  
I don't know anymore; I know nothing.*

*Farewell, rare and furtive sweetness...  
Was this good or evil?  
Did it have to turn out so mean?  
I don't know anymore; I know nothing.*

*Translation: Matt Hall*

## 10. Florine (Thomas Campbell)

Could I bring back lost youth again  
And bew what I have been,  
I'd court you in a gallant strain,  
My young and fair Florine.

But mine's the chilling age that chides  
Devoted rapture's glow,  
And Love that conquers all besides  
Finds time a conqu'ring foe.

Farewell, we're severed by our fate  
As far as night from noon;  
You came into the world too late,  
And I depart so soon.

### 11. Lourd on my Hert (Hugh McDairmid)

Lourd on my hert as winter lies  
The state that Scotland's in the day.  
Spring to the North has aye come slow  
Bot noo dour winter's like to stay

For guid,  
And no' for guid!

O wae's me on the weary days  
When it is scarce grey licht at noon;  
It maun be a' the stupid folk  
Diffusin' their dullness roon and roon  
Like soot  
That keeps the sunlight out.

Nae wonder if I think I see  
A lichter shadow than the neist  
I'm fain to cry: 'The dawn, the dawn!  
I see it brakin' in the East.'  
But ah  
- It's juist mair snaw!

*Heavy on my heart as winter lies the state that  
Scotland is in today. Spring to the North has  
always come slow but now miserable winter looks  
like it's going to stay forever – and not for good! O  
woe is me on the weary days when it is scarcely  
grey light at noon; it must be all the stupid folk*

*diffusing their dullness round and round like soot,  
keeping the sunlight out. No wonder if I think I see  
a lighter shadow than the next – I'm eager to cry,  
'The dawn! The dawn! I see it breaking in the  
East!' – But ach, it's just more snow!*

### 12. The Watergaw (Hugh McDairmid)

Ae weet forenicht I' the yow-trummle  
I saw yon antrin thing,  
A watergaw wi' its chitterin' licht  
Ayont the on-ding;  
An' I thocht o' the last wild look ye gied  
afore ye deed!

There was nae reek I' the laverock's hoose  
That nicht – an' nane I' mine;  
But I hae thocht o' that foolish licht  
Ever sin' syne;  
An' I think that mebbe at last I ken  
What your look meant then.

*One wet early evening in the cold time of year,  
when the shorn sheep are trembling, I saw that  
unusual thing, a broken shaft of rainbow with its  
glimmering light, beyond the downpour of rain;  
and I thought of the last wild look you gave, before  
you died. It was a wild and stormy night, and my  
feelings were like that too, but I have thought of*

*that foolish light ever since then and I think that  
maybe at last I know what your look meant then.*

### 13. Country Life (Hugh MacDiarmid)

Ooutside! Outside!  
There's dooks that try tae fly  
An' bumclocks bizzin by,  
A cornskriech an' a cay  
An' guissay I' the cray.

Inside! Inside!  
There's golochs on the wa',  
A cradle on the ca',  
A muckle bleeze o' cones  
An' mither fochin scones.

*Outside! There are ducks trying to fly, beetles  
buzzing by, a corncrake and a jackdaw and the pig  
in the pigsty. Inside! There are earwigs on the  
wall, a cradle being rocked, a great blazing fire of  
pinecones and mother, turning over scones.*

### 14. Wheesht, Wheesht (Hugh MacDiarmid)

Wheesht, wheesht, my foolish hert,  
For weel ye ken  
I widna ha'e ye stert  
Auld ploys again.

It's guid to see her lie  
Sae snod an' cool,  
A' lust o' lovin' by –  
Wheesht, wheesht, ye fule!

*Hush, my foolish heart, for well you know that I  
would not have you start old tricks again. It's good  
to see her lie so snug and cool, all lust of loving  
over – Hush, you fool!*

### 15. O wha my babie-clouts will buy [Poem titled *The Rantin Dog of the Daddie o't*] (Robert Burns)

O wha my babie-clouts will buy,  
O wha will tent me when I cry;  
Wha will kiss me where I lie;  
The rantin dog of the dadiie o't.

O wha will own he did the faut,  
O wha will buy the groanin maut,  
O wha will tell me how to ca't,  
The rantin dog the daddie o't.  
When I mount the Creepie-chair,  
Wha will sit beside me there,  
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,  
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane;  
Wha will mak me fidfin fain;  
Wha will kiss me o'er again;  
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

### 16. My wife's a wanton wee thing (Robert Burns)

My wife's a wanton wee thing,  
She winna be guided by me.  
She play'd the loon ere she married,  
She'll do it again ere she die!  
She sell'd her coat and she drank it,  
She row'd her sell in a blanket;  
She winna be guided by me.

She mind't na when I forbade her  
I took a rung and I claw'd her,  
And a braw gude bairn was she!

### 17. The Innumerable Christ (Hugh MacDiarmid)

Wha kens on whatna Bethlehems  
Earth twinkles like a star the nicht,  
An' whatna shepherds lift their heids  
In its unearthly licht?  
'Yont a' the stars oor een can see  
An' farther than their lichts can fly,  
I' mony an unco warl' the nicht  
The fatefu' bairnies cry

I' mony an unco warl' the nicht  
The lift gaes black as pitch at noon,  
An' sideways on their chests the heids  
O' endless Christs roll doon.  
An' when the earth's as cauld; s the mune  
An' a' its folk are lang syne deid,  
On countless stars the Babe maun cry  
An' the Crucified maun bleed.

*Who knows on what Bethlehems Earth twinkles like a star tonight, and what shepherds lift their heads in its unearthly light? Beyond all the stars our eyes can see and further than their lights can fly, in many a strange world tonight, the destined children cry. In many strange worlds tonight, the sky goes black as pitch at noon and sideways on their chests the heads of an endless number of Christs roll down. And when the earth is as cold as the moon and all its people have been dead for a long time, on countless stars the Babe must cry and the crucified must bleed.*

### 18. I wha aince in Heaven's Heicht (Hugh MacDiarmid)

I wha aince in Heaven's heicht  
Gethered to me a' the licht  
Can nae mair reply to fire  
'Neth deid leafs buriet in the mire,

Sib to dewdrop, rainbow to ocean,  
No' for me their hues and motion.  
This foul clay has filed me till  
It's no' to ken I'm water still

*I, who once in Heaven's height gathered to me all the light, can no more reply to fire, beneath dead leaves buried in the mire. Closely related to dewdrop, rainbow, ocean, not for me their hues and motion. This foul clay has tarnished me until it's difficult to tell if I'm not mainly made of water even now.*

### 19. An Apprentice Angel (Hugh MacDiarmid)

As the dragonfly's hideous larva creeps  
Oot o' the ditch whaur it was spawn'd  
and straight is turn'd to the splendid fly,  
Nae doot by Death's belated hand  
You'll be chang'd in a similar way,  
But as frae that livin' flash o' licht  
The cruel features and crawlin' legs  
O' its form never vanish quite  
I fancy your Presbyterian Heav'n  
'I'll be haunted tae wi' a hellish leaven

*As the dragonfly's hideous larva creeps out of the ditch where it was spawned and straightaway is turned to the splendid fly, no doubt by Death's belated hand you'll be changed in a similar way.*

*But as from that living flash of light the cruel features and crawling legs of its former state never quite vanish, I fancy your Presbyterian Heaven will be haunted too, with a hellish trace.*

### 20. Hungry Waters (Hugh MacDiarmid)

The auld men o' the sea  
Wi' their daberlack hair  
Ha'e dacker'd the coasts  
O' the country fell sair.  
They gobble owre cas'les  
Chow mountains to san';  
Or lang they'll eat up  
The haill o' the lan'  
Lickin' their white lips  
An' yowlin' for mair,  
The auld men o' the sea  
Wi' their daberlack hair.

*The old men of the sea with their leek-like lengths of seaweed hair have worn away the coasts of the country terribly. The gobble up castles, chew mountains to sand; before long they will have eaten up the whole land. Licking their white lips and yelling for more, the old men of the sea with seaweed hair.*

## 21. The Deil o' Bogie

When I was young and ower young,  
I wad a deid aud wife;  
But ere three days had gane by,  
Gi Ga Gane by, I rued the sturt and strife.  
Sae to the kirk-yaird furth I fared,  
And to the Deil I prayed:  
"O, muckle Deil o' Bogie,  
Bi Ba Bogie, Come tak the rankled jade".  
When I got hame the soor auld bitch  
Was deid, ay, deid enough.  
I yokkit the mare to the dung-cairt,  
Ding Dang Dung-cairt, And drove her furth  
and leuch!  
And when I cam to the place o' peace,  
The grave was howk'd, and snod:  
"Gae canny wi' the corp, lads,  
Ci Ca Corp, lads; You'll wauk her up, b' God.  
Ram in, ram in the bonnie, bonnie yird  
Up on the ill-daein wife  
When she was hale and herty,  
Hi Ha Herty, She plagued me o' my life."  
But when I gat me hame again,  
The hoose seemed toom and wide.  
For juist three days I waited,  
Wit Wat Waited, Syne took a braw young bride.  
In three short days my braw young wife  
Had ta'en to lound 'rin me.

Gie's back dear Deil o' Bogie,  
Bi Ba Bogie, My auld calamitie.

*German ballad, translation: Alexander Gray*

## 22. To a Lady (William Dunbar)

Sweet rose of virtue and of gentleness,  
Delight some lily of ev'ry lustiness  
Richest in bounty, and in beauty clear  
And ev'ry virtue that is held most dear,  
Except only that ye are merciless  
Into your garth this day I did pursue,  
There saw I floeris that were fresh of hue,  
Baith white and reid maist lusty were to seen,  
and hale some herbis up on stalk is green:  
Yet leaf nor floe'er find could I nane of rue.  
I doubt that Merch with his cauld blast is keen,  
Has slain that gentle herb that I of mean,  
Whose piteous death does to my hert sic pain  
That I would mak to plant his root again,  
Sae comfort and his leaves unto me been.

## 23. Cupid and Venus (Mark Alexander Boyd)

Fra bank to bank, fra wood to wood I rin  
Our hail it with my feeble fantasie;  
Like til a leaf that fall is from a tree,  
Or til a reed our blaw in with the win'  
Twa gods guides me; the ane of them is blin'

Yea and a bairn brocht up in vanitie;  
The next a wife ingenrit of the sea,  
and lichter nor a dauphin with her fin.  
Unhappy is the man for ever mair  
That tills the sand and awis in the air;  
But twice unhappier is he, I lairn,  
That feedis in his hairt a mad desire,  
And follows on a woman thro the fire,  
Led by a blind and tech-it by a bairn.

## 24. The Old Fisherman (George Campbell Hay)

Greet the bights that give me shelter, they will  
hide me no more with the horns of their forelands;  
I peer in a haze, my back is stooping, my dancing  
days for fishing are over.

The old boat must seek the shingle, her wasting  
side hollow the gravel, the hand that shakes must  
leave the tiller, my dancing days for fishing are over.

The sea was good, night and morning, the winds  
were friends, and the calm was kindly; the snow  
seeks the burn, the brown fronds scatter, my  
dancing days for fishing are over.

## 25. Im Tiroler Wirsthaus (Georg Britting)

Als erster kommt der Hahn.  
Er kräht im Tau sein Früh signal  
Beim Röhren brunen was ser fall  
Und nicht viel später dann.  
Or gelt die brume Kuh  
Ihr dröhnend braunes, schallendes,  
Von der Holzwand wider hallendes,  
Wiesen blumes Muh,  
Dann schlagen Türen auf und zu,  
Dann spritzt der erste Tropfen Licht  
Mir mitten ins Gesicht  
Ich fahr empur im Nu,  
Tief aus der weiss und rot karierten Polster ruh,  
Tief in die schwarzen Nagel schuh.

*First, cock-a-doodle-do  
As the cockerel in the dew  
Makes his early morning call  
By the yard pump waterfall.*

*Next, what cows do;  
The organ-drone soaring,  
Brown-roaring, shaking-the-flooring,  
Meadow-flowery moo.  
Then doors open and slam to.  
Then, light; the first trace  
Sprayed straight in my face.*

*In a flash, up I flew  
From deep in my white 'n red check feather-bed  
Deep into each black hobnail shoe.*

*Translation: Uri Liebrecht*

### 26. In Time of Tumult (William Soutar)

The thunder and the dark  
Dwindle and disappear:  
The free song of the lark  
Tumbles in air  
The froth of the wave-drag  
Falls back from the pool:  
Sheer out of the crag  
Lifts the white gull.  
Heart! keep your silence still  
Mocking the tyrant's mock:  
Thunder is on the hill;  
Foam on the rock.

### 27. The Man in the Moon (Hugh MacDiarmid)

The moon beams kilter in the lift,  
An' Earth, the bare auld stane,  
glitters aneath the seas o' space,  
Which as a mammoth's bane,  
An' lifted owre the gowden wave,  
Peers a dumfoun'ered Thocht

Wi' keeth in sicht o' a' there is,  
And bodily sicht o' nocht.

*The moonbeams fly around the sky, and Earth, the  
bare old stone, glitters under the seas of Space,  
white as a mammoth's bone. And lifted over the  
golden wave a dumfounded thought is looking out  
eagerly, with ubiquitous and teeming perception  
of everything there is, and physical sight of nothing.*

### 28. First Love (Hugh MacDiarmid)

I have been in this garden of unripe fruit  
All the long day,  
Where cold and clear from the hard green aples  
The light fell away,

I was wandering here wit my own true love  
but as I bent o' er,  
She dwindled back to her childhood again  
And I saw her no more.

A wind sprang up and a hail of buds  
About me rolled,  
Then this fog I knew before I was born  
but now — cold, cold!

### 29. Empty Vessel (Hugh MacDiarmid)

I met ayont the cairney  
A lass wi' tousie hair  
Singin' till a bairnie  
That was nae langer there.  
Wunds wi' warlds to swing  
Dinna sing sae sweet,  
The licht that bends owre a' thing  
Is less ta'en up wi't.

*I met, beyond the small cairn of stones, a young  
woman with tangled hair, singing to a baby that  
was no longer there. Winds with worlds to swing  
don't sing so sweetly. The light that bends over  
everything is less concerned with it.*

### 30. The Wren's Nest (Robert Burns)

The Robin to the Wren's nest  
Cam keekin' in, cam keekin' in  
"O weel's me on your auld pow,  
Wad ye be in, Wad ye be in?  
Thou's ne'er get leave to lie without,  
And I within, and I within,  
Sae lang's O hae an auld clout  
To rowe ye in, to rowe ye in."

### 31. Love of Alba (Maurice Lindsay)

Her face it was that fankl't me, her skinklan hair  
lit up a lowe that gar't me grene for aa her body rare.  
But whan wi' me in luvè she lay, 'twas breasts sae  
white, nor e'en the preean o her flesh that gied me  
sic delyte.  
It was the sicht o my tint saul reflectit in her ain  
Sae mixtie maxtie were they baith, They scarce  
were langer twain!

### 32. The Wee Man

I dinna want a wee man [a wee man, a wee man],  
I winn ha'e a wee man, he wadna dae ava!

If I set him at the table [the table, the table],  
The cock would come and peck at him, and peck him  
clean awa'!

If I set him in the garden [the garden, the garden],  
The pig wad come and grumph him, and grumph  
him clean awa'!

If I set him on a hillside [the hillside, the hillside],  
The stanes wad fa' upon him, and knock him  
clean awa'.

If I set him at the waterside [the waterside, the  
waterside], The tide wad rise, and catch at him,  
and wash him clean awa'!

O, I dinna want a wee man [a wee man, a wee man], I winna ha'e a wee man, he wadna dae ava'!

*Translated from Auvergnat by Willa Muir*

## GLOSSARY

ahint	behind, beyond
alane	alone
amplefeyst	a fit of the sulks; spleen
antrin	rare
a'thing	everything
auld	old
ayont	beyond
bairn, bairnie	child
banes	bones
ben	inside, within
bide	endure, remain, stay, wait
bien	complacent, smug
birlin	whirring
bizzin	buzzing
blate	timid, shy, frightened
blaws	blows
bleezin'	blazing
blint	blinded
boarden	table
boddom	bottom
braw	fine, excellent
bricht	bright
bumclocks	humming flying beetle
'bune (abune)	above

ca'	call, name	eemis	unsteady, loose
cairney	stone-heap to mark a place	een	eyes
caller	fresh, cool	eerie	sad, gloomy
cannily	cautiously, prudently	enough	enough
cauld	cold	fail	a turf or sward
cay	jackdaw	fain	eagerly
chitterin'	shivering, quivering, flickering	feck	plenty, great deal
choppin	small piece	Fegs	Faith ! (as an oath)
cornskreich	landrail (bird), corncake	flee	fly, flea
coup'd	tumbled over, drunk off	fley'd	afraid, frightened
couped	tilted	flicht	flight
couth	affectionately, comfortably	fochin	turning (scones on a griddle)
cowl	old woman in nightcap	forenicht	early evening, dusk
cray	hutch, coop, pen	fowr	four
croodit	crowded	fug	moss
croud	croak, groan, coo (as a dove)	gae yer gate	be on your way
cushie's	pigeon's, dove's	gane	gone
cwa'	come away	gang	go
deed	died	gangrel	vagrant, tramp
deid-auld	dead old, decrepit	gar'd	made
deil	devil	garth	garden (term in courtly love)
dern	wither, hide	gif	if
dochter	daughter	gin	if
dooks	ducks	golochs	earwig(s)
dour	stern, grim, hard	gowd, gowden	gold, golden
dree	endure	grat, greetin	cried, crying, weeping
dyke	stone wall	grumph	grunt

gude	good	lourd	heavy	quhither	moonbeam	stane	stone
guissay	pig	luely	softly			ster(n)	star
		lowe	flame, glow	reek	smoke	stoup	vessel, measure
hairst	harvest			reid	red	stoure	strife, storm, difficulty
ham'	home	maik	partner, mate; make, shape	reuch heuch hauch	rough, low-lying ground by a river; an area of country near Hawick	straucht	straight
hanla-while	a moment	maist	most			sturt	vexation, trouble, strife
hause-bane	neck-bone	mane	moan			syne	since
hazelraw	lichen	maun	must	risp	coarse grass; bulrushes		
hert	hart (male deer); heart	Mavsey	Malmsey wine	ruffum	(exclamation) or footstamping	t'ane	the one
heugh	hollow, valley, glen, cleft in rocks	mony	many	rankled	wrinkled, crumpled	techit	taught
hicht	height; raise, lift	mou	mouth			teuch	tough
houp	mouthful; drink in mouthfuls	muckle (meikle)	great, large	sabbin	sobbing	thaim	them
how-dumb-deid	dead silent depth	mune	moon	saip	soap	theek	thatch
howked	dug out, pulled out			sall	shall	thocht	thought
		nane	none	sark	shirt	thole	suffer, tolerate, endure
ilka	each, every	neist	next	sauch	willow	thonder	yonder
ingenrit	engendered	nicht	night	sauls	souls	thunner	thunder
		niggartness	meaness	sawis	sows	t'ither	tousled
keen (it)	look, peep, pry	nocht	nothing	sawt	salt	tousie	tousled
ken	know, recognise	noo	now	scroggam	(name; scroggy-stunted)	trouse	trousers
					scraggy	tutemout	whispering, lispig, muttering
laich	light, low, soft	on-ding	downpour	shift	move, escape	twa, tway	two
lave	remainder	ourblawin	overblowing	sic	such		
laverock	lark	ourhailit	overcome	sickin	sighing	wad	would
leelang	livelong, whole			simmer	summer	warl', world's	world(s)
leuch	laugh	peerie	spinning top; little	smool'd	stole (crept)	wat	know, inform
licht	light	peerie-weerie	the faintest sound; anything	snod	neat, trim	watrigaw	indistinct rainbow
lift	sky		very small	soon'	sound	waukin	waking, awake
loupin'	jumping, leaping	preif	proof	spreit	spirit, soul	waukrife	wakeful

weel	well
weet	wet
wha	who
whar	where
whase	whose
wheesht	hush
whirligig	any rapidly revolving object, eddy, whirlpool
whuds	rushes past, whisks past
wi'r; wi't	with her, with our; with it
wonn'd	lived
wund	wind
yane	one
yestreen	last night
yirdit	buried
yok'd	harnessed, oppressed, burdened
yon	that, those
yowdendrift	heavy drifting snow, blizzard
yow-trumml	(ewe tremble) cold weather after sheep-shearing

## BIOGRAPHIES

### LISA MILNE SOPRANO

Scottish soprano Lisa Milne studied at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama. She continues her studies with Patricia McMahon.

Her terrific 2006/07 season includes Pamina (Die Zauberflöte) and Eurydice (Gluck's Orfeo) at the Metropolitan Opera, New York and her role debuts as Countess Almaviva (Le nozze di Figaro) at the English National Opera and as Donna Elvira (Don Giovanni) at The Sage, Gateshead. In concert she will sing Marzelline (Fidelio) with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and James Levine; 'The Creation' with the Berlin Philharmonic and Sir Simon Rattle and Britten's 'Our Hunting Fathers' at the BBC Proms.

She made her professional début with Scottish Opera where her roles with the company have included Semele, Adèle (Die Fledermaus), Adina (L'Elisir d'Amore), and four great Mozart roles, Zerlina, Susanna, Ilia and Despina. At the Glyndebourne Festival she has sung Pamina, the title role in Handel's 'Rodelinda', Marzelline and



© Philz Photography

Micäela (Carmen). Other engagements include Alcina, Ännchen and Anne Trulove for the English National Opera; Servilia (La clemenza di Tito) for the Welsh National Opera; Gretel at Stuttgart Opera; Ilia at the Royal Danish Opera; Marzelline at Dallas Opera and Atalanta (Serse) at the Göttingen Handel Festival. In the 2004/05 season she sang Marzelline in performances in Japan of the Salzburg Festival production of 'Fidelio' conducted by Rattle and made her Metropolitan Opera debut as Pamina with Levine. She

subsequently returned to the Metropolitan Opera as Susanna. In the 2007/08 season she will create the role of Sian in James MacMillan's new opera 'The Sacrifice' for Welsh National Opera.

A renowned recitalist, she has appeared at the Aix-en-Provence and City of London Festivals; the Usher Hall in Edinburgh; the Oxford Lieder Festival; the Palais des Beaux Arts in Brussels; at the Schumannfeste in Dusseldorf and she is a regular guest at London's Wigmore Hall. In 1998 she made her Edinburgh Festival debut in a joint recital with Sir Thomas Allen. Her subsequent appearances at the Festival have included 'La clemenza di Tito', 'Saul', 'Messiah' and 'Idomeneo' with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra and Mackerras; MacMillan's 'Parthenogenesis' with the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra and Mahler's Fourth Symphony with the Berlin Philharmonic and Rattle. Other concert engagements include the world premiere of Simon Holt's 'Sunrise Yellow Noise' with the CBSO and 'Ariadne auf Naxos' with the London Symphony Orchestra, both with Rattle; Thea Musgrave's 'Songs for a Winter's Evening'; Handel's 'Samson' at the BBC Proms and appearances at the Usher Hall and the Royal Albert Hall with José Carreras. In 2004, she made her New York concert debut singing Mozart's 'Requiem' as part of the Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival.

Her recordings include Ilia with Mackerras (EMI); Servilia, also with Mackerras (DG); Atalanta with McGegan (BMG); Handel and Vivaldi cantatas with the King's Consort, songs by John Ireland and a solo album of Hebridean Folk Songs (Hyperion); Vaughan Williams' 'Serenade to Music' with Norrington (Decca); Songs by Roger Quilter (Collins Classics) and, most recently, the role of The Governess for the BBC TV film of 'The Turn of the Screw' (Opus Arte).

Awards include the Maggie Teyte Prize, the John Christie Award and the Royal Philharmonic Society Award, as well as Honorary Doctorates of Music from the University of Aberdeen and The Robert Gordon University. She was awarded an MBE in the Queen's Birthday Honours in 2005.

## RODERICK WILLIAMS BARITONE

Roderick Williams is an exceptionally versatile artist whose intelligent musicality is admired in music from Monteverdi to Maxwell Davies. He has become a familiar and commanding presence on the operatic stage and has made something of a speciality of opera in concert. His burnished and flexible baritone is equally in demand for recitals and oratorio.

Born in North London, he took the Opera Course at the Guildhall School of Music, garnering honours including second prize in the Kathleen Ferrier singing competition and the Lili Boulanger Memorial award. Important professional relationships were established right at the start of his career, including those with Opera North and Scottish Opera, which have continued to flourish.

For Opera North he has recently sung many of the great baritone roles in Mozart – Guglielmo in a new production of *Così fan tutte*, the title role in *Don Giovanni* and the Count in *The Marriage of Figaro* – as well as Figaro in Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*. For Scottish Opera he has sung Marcello in Puccini's *La Bohème* and Lord Byron in the world premiere of Sally Beamish's *Monster*. Most



© Keith Saunders

recently he performed Ned Keene in *Peter Grimes* (Opera North). Other notable world premieres include David Sawer's *From Morning to Midnight* and Martin Butler's *A Better Place*, both for English National Opera, and his debut with Netherlands Opera in Alexander Knaifel's *Alice in Wonderland* and Michel van der Aa's *After Life* (Netherlands Opera). Forthcoming highlights include Handel's *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato* (Opéra National de Paris, with William Christie) and Papageno in *The Magic Flute* (Opera North).

Among Roderick Williams' many performances of opera in concert are recent appearances with the BBC Symphony Orchestra in Tippett's *The Knot Garden* (Barbican) and an acclaimed performance of Birtwistle's *The Second Mrs Kong* (Royal Festival Hall). Also for the BBC he has sung the role of Eddie in Mark-Anthony Turnage's *Greek*. He has taken major roles in conductor Richard Hickox's semi-staged performances of opera, including Britten's *Gloriana* (Aldeburgh, 2003), Walton's *Troilus and Cressida* and most of the Vaughan Williams operas. Apart from English operas, his concert performances include Henze, Strauss, Stravinsky and Wagner (Donner in *Das Rheingold* for ENO). Plans include *Billy Budd* with the London Symphony Orchestra and Daniel Harding, and *Pilgrim* in Vaughan Williams' *The Pilgrim's Progress* with the Philharmonia.

Roderick Williams has sung concert repertoire with all the BBC orchestras, and many other ensembles including the Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin, Russian National Orchestra, Academy of Ancient Music, and Bamberg Symphony Orchestra. Recent successes include Britten's *War Requiem* with the Philharmonia, Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* in Toulouse, Tippett's *The Vision of St Augustine* with the BBC National Orchestra of Wales at the 2005 BBC Proms, Henze's *Elegy for*

*Young Lovers* with the Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France, and the world premiere of Birtwistle's *The Ring Dance of the Nazarene* with VARA Radio (repeated at the BBC Proms).

He is also an accomplished recital artist, who can be heard at Wigmore Hall, at many festivals, and on Radio 3, where he has appeared on Iain Burnside's *Voices* programme. Recital plans this season include re-invitations to the Cheltenham and Aldeburgh Festivals. His numerous recordings include Vaughan Williams' *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Sir John in Love* and *The Poisoned Kiss*, and Britten's *Peter Grimes*, *Billy Budd* and *Albert Herring* (all for Chandos). For Philips he has taken part in Verdi's *Don Carlos* conducted by Bernard Haitink. His most recent releases are Lennox Berkeley's *A Dinner Engagement* and *Ruth* for Chandos, a premiere recording of Vaughan Williams' *Willow Wood* with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra and two discs of English song (Finzi and Vaughan Williams) with pianist Iain Burnside for Naxos.

Roderick Williams is also a composer and has had works premiered at the Wigmore and Barbican Halls, the Purcell Room and live on national radio.

## IAIN BURNSIDE PIANO

Iain Burnside enjoys a unique reputation as pianist and broadcaster. As a performer he is best known for his commitment to the song repertoire, forged through collaborations with leading international singers, including Dame Margaret Price, Susan Chilcott, Galina Gorchakova, Yvonne Kenny, Susan Bickley, David Daniels, John Mark Ainsley and Bryn Terfel. Iain also works with some outstanding younger singers: Lisa Milne, Sally Matthews, Sophie Daneman, Sarah Connolly, Christopher Maltman, William Dazeley, Roderick Williams and Jonathan Lemalu.

Iain's broadcasting career covers both Radio and TV. As a presenter on BBC Radio 3, he has recently been honoured with a Sony Radio Award. He further combined roles as pianist and presenter in *The Music Party* for BBC World Service. Other Radio 3 work has featured special celebrations of Dame Janet Baker, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Maria Callas and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. His television involvement includes Cardiff Singer of the World, Leeds International Piano Competition and BBC Young Musician of the Year.



Current recording projects include a series co-produced between BBC's *Voices* and Signum, following their acclaimed first release of Tippett with John Mark Ainsley. For *Naxos* he is recording a number of English songs discs with Roderick Williams. *Black box* recorded Iain in Schoenberg with Sarah Connolly and Williams; Debussy with

Lisa Milne and Susan Bickley; and Copland with Susan Chilcott.

A number of organisations have invited Iain to programme concert series: *Musique et Poésie*, Brussels; the Bath Festival; the International Song Recital Series at London's South Bank Centre; *Leeds Lieder+*; and the Finzi Friends' triennial festival of English Song in Ludlow.

His main educational commitment is with singers and pianists at London's Guildhall School of Music and Drama. Other masterclasses include the Juilliard School, New York, and the Banff Centre, Canada. He is a Director of Grange Park Opera.



Distributed under license from the BBC. BBC is a trademark of the British Broadcasting Corporation and is used under license. BBC © BBC 1996

All Hugh MacDiarmid texts reproduced by kind permission of Carcanet Press Limited, from 'Hugh MacDiarmid - Complete Poems'.

'The Old Fisherman' is reproduced with the kind permission of The Lorimer Trust, and taken from *Collected Poems and Songs of George Campbell Hay* edited by Michel Byrne, Edinburgh University Press, 2000.

Recorded at The Warehouse, London, May 13 & 14 and July 15 & 16 2006  
Engineers - Mike Hatch and Andrew Mellor (Floating Earth)  
Producer and Editor - John H West  
Design and Artwork - [www.wovendesign.co.uk](http://www.wovendesign.co.uk)

© 2007 BBC

© 2007 The copyright in this CD booklet, notes and design is owned by Signum Records Ltd.

Any unauthorised broadcasting, public performance, copying or re-recording of Signum Compact Discs constitutes an infringement of copyright and will render the infringer liable to an action by law. Licences for public performances or broadcasting may be obtained from Phonographic Performance Ltd. All rights reserved. No part of this booklet may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior permission from Signum Records Ltd.

SignumClassics, Signum Records Ltd., Suite 14, 21 Wadsworth Road, Perivale, Middx UB6 7JD, UK.  
+44 (0) 20 8997 4000 E-mail: [info@signumrecords.com](mailto:info@signumrecords.com)

[www.signumrecords.com](http://www.signumrecords.com)