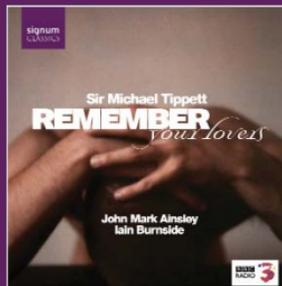
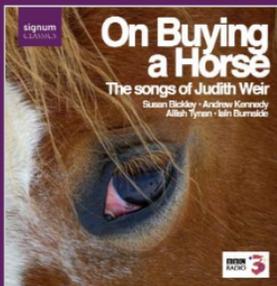


# ALSO ON SIGNUMCLASSICS



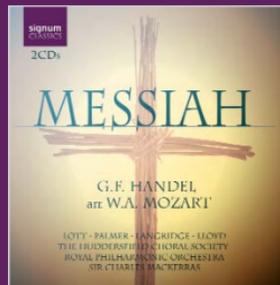
**Remember Your Lovers SIGCD066**  
Songs by Tippett, Britten,  
Purcell & Pelham Humfrey  
John Mark Ainsley & Iain Burnside



**On Buying a Horse SIGCD087**  
The Songs of Judith Weir  
Susan Bickley, Andrew Kennedy,  
Ailish Tynan, Iain Burnside



**The Exquisite Hour SIGCD072**  
Sarah Connolly with Eugene Asti



**The Messiah: Handel arr. Mozart  
SIGCD074**  
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra  
Sir Charles Mackerras



**Moonstruck  
Songs of FG Scott SIGCD096**  
Lisa Milne, Roderick Williams,  
Iain Burnside

signum  
CLASSICS

# Songs from the Pleasure Garden



**Philip Langridge - tenor**

David Owen Norris - piano · Jennifer Langridge - cello · Malcolm Layfield and Tristan Gurney - violins

Arne · Blow · Boyce · Croft · Green · Eccles

## SONGS FROM THE PLEASURE GARDEN

1. <b>Orpheus with his Lute</b>	Maurice Greene	[2.54]
2. <b>Orpheus and Euridice</b>	William Boyce	[1.42]
3. <b>How Severe is my Fate</b>	William Croft	[3.07]
4. <b>Spring Gardens</b>	William Boyce	[3.04]
5. <b>Belinda</b>	John Eccles	[1.14]
6. <b>Celia the Fair</b>	George Monro	[2.07]
7. <b>The Steadfast Shepherd</b>	James Hook	[2.56]
8. <b>A Shepherd loved a nymph so fair</b>	George Frederick Pinto	[2.23]
9. <b>The Curfew Tolls the bell</b>	Stephen Storace	[3.30]
10. <b>Think not, my love</b>	Thomas Linley	[3.34]
11. <b>Let no mortal sing to me</b>	William Jackson	[2.58]
12. <b>Go lov'ly Rose</b>	Johann Peter Salomon	[3.21]
13. <b>Grant me, ye Gods</b>	John Blow	[4.06]
14. <b>What is't to Us?</b>	John Blow	[2.46]
15. <b>Cupid, Make your Virgins Tender</b>	Daniel Purcell	[4.36]
16. <b>The Non-Parreill</b>	William Boyce	[1.05]
17. <b>Go, Rose, My Chloe's Bosom Grace</b>	Maurice Greene	[1.42]
18. <b>Jenny</b>	Thomas Arne	[3.14]
19. <b>Cymon and Iphigenia</b>	Thomas Arne	[11.00]
Total		[61.19]

PHILIP LANGRIDGE, TENOR · DAVID OWEN NORRIS, PIANO  
 JENNIFER LANGRIDGE, CELLO · TRISTAN GURNEY, VIOLIN · MALCOLM LAYFIELD, VIOLIN

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



© Richard Davies

It is not often that I am able to sing with my own family on CD, but this one was special in that not only was my daughter Jennifer playing the cello, but Tristan Gurney was also playing my own violin (made in 1780 by Ferdinando Gagliano), David Owen Norris was playing one of his family too; a piano made by Christopher Ganer in 1781 and even Malcolm Layfield complemented the team by playing his own Gagliano violin (matching mine so beautifully). So overall the whole thing was rather incestuous!

The songs themselves could have been sung at the Pleasure Gardens of the time, and many of them were. The title of William Boyce's "Spring Gardens", for example already gives us the right flavour for the CD.

We have tried to give as much variety as possible in the choice of songs and also the choice of accompaniment. For example some of them are purely voice and harpsichord, while in Arne's little Cantata "Cymon and Iphigenia" we decided to add two violins and cello in order to make it sound much more as it would have done in his day. David Owen Norris suggested that we also included songs with piano (including the famous "Celia Fair", which I had sung as a young man in an arrangement) and the song "Go Lov'ly Rose" reminds me so much of the Quilter song years later, and it was so very interesting to have the chance to sing this version by Salomon.

I cannot begin to say how special it was to record these songs with Jennifer. There was virtually no need to rehearse with her because (as she told me later) she already knew how I would phrase them and breathe them. David and I have also sung together for many years now, which made the whole CD such fun to make.

Philip Langridge

## Songs from the Pleasure Garden - A Georgian Entertainment

*I no sooner entered, than I was dazzled and confounded with the variety of beauties that rushed all at once upon my eye. Image to yourself ... a spacious garden, part laid out in delightful walks, bounded with high hedges and trees, and paved with gravel; part exhibiting a wonderful assemblage of the most picturesque and striking objects, pavilions, lodges, groves, grottoes, lawns, temples, and cascades; porticoes, colonades, and rotundas; adorned with pillars, statues, and painting: the whole illuminated with an infinite number of lamps, disposed in different figures of suns, stars, and constellations; the place crowded with the gayest company, ranging through those blissful shades, or supping in different lodges on cold collations, enlivened with mirth, freedom, and good-humour, and animated by an excellent band of musick. Among the vocal performers I had the happiness to hear the celebrated Mrs. -----, whose voice was so loud and so shrill, that it made my head ake through excess of pleasure.*

Lydia Melford's youthful gushings on the diversions to be found at the Vauxhall Pleasure Gardens may well be the tongue-in-cheek creation of writer Tobias Smollett (1721-1771), but nonetheless

give a fairly succinct summary of how London's Pleasure Gardens must have appeared to many a visitor in the Eighteenth Century.

With the restoration of the Monarchy in 1660, places for the public's entertainment became the fashion and, with the spur of competition from the French Court, rapidly grew in number. The venues expanded from spaces newly accessible to the people, such as Hyde Park, antique springs thought to be medicinal, such as Sadler's Wells or Bermondsey Spa as well as numerous taverns in and around London. At their height, in the Eighteenth Century, such venues, both indoor and outdoor, numbered over 500, with at least a tenth of those offering a mixed fare of well-organised musical entertainments. For a relatively modest fee, the Gardens provided the attraction of communing with nature and the bonus of refreshments, music and other less reputable, if equally enjoyable, occupations. The entry price was normally affordable and the promenades and pleasures available to all socio-economic groups. These were idealised rural paradises in and around London where dowager Duchesses, doctors, artists and musicians, painters, poets and peasants might rub shoulders. The diarists Pepys and Evelyn documented the nascent gardens (the latter, a noted landscape gardener, designed the walks at Euston Hall), Dr Johnson,

James Boswell, Thackeray, and Fanny Burney all wrote of a typical evening's events, Hogarth helped with the decor and design and Canaletto and Rowlandson painted the finished results.

At their most luxurious, gardens such as Vauxhall were laid out as a number of broad tree-lined avenues or 'walks' where the promenaders could happen upon verdant groves, arbors, illuminations, rotundas, pavilions and enclosures where music could be heard from painted supper booths by groups of diners partaking of the notoriously overpriced cold cuts and, of course, plenty of wine. Just as the mix of the revellers spanned across social norms, so the music followed suit and admitted anything from the 'older' style of instrumental pieces by Corelli to the 'moderns' like Haydn. Indeed, there were relatively few types of music that were not performed - folk-song and art song, symphony and concerto, sacred and profane were all given their due. Assuming the task of presenting such an extraordinary breadth of music, that some of the gardens secured the services of 'resident' composers is hardly surprising. Thomas Arne and James Hook both served in this capacity at Vauxhall and contributed healthily to the many published collections of songs which fed in to the popular psyche of succeeding generations.

The song element of these Georgian entertainments emphasises engaging melody, uncomplicated harmony, catchy, popular rhythms and an immediately digestible text. They range from the simplest of strophic songs and ballads - well within the reach of the enthusiastic amateur - through folk-like numbers and operatically infused coloratura pieces to full-blown cantatas that require a well-trained dramatic voice. While the music of continental Europe was often the preferred choice in the opera and concert venues, the pleasure gardens presented British composers with the opportunity to develop a sizeable repertory of engaging, native song.

The texts of the songs are every bit as diverting as the music. The poets range from the glories of Shakespeare, through Dryden to a fair few anonymous hacks of the day that knew where there was money was to be had. The Classical cultures of ancient Greece and Rome are naturally evident, given the prevailing bent for such scenarios in opera and the other arts of the period, but there's a healthy contemporary dose of lusty songs of love: gained, lost, unrequited and unexpected. The topics concentrate less on Handelian depth of passion and heroic grandeur in the face of battle and more toward lascivious shepherds, naughty nymphs and shady groves. Among the antique luminaries, music's standard-bearer, Orpheus has as much

currency as love's harbinger, Cupid. Maurice Green's 'Orpheus with His Lute', set to lines from Shakespeare's Henry VIII, is fulsome in its delicate praise of the ancient musician while the rather more bawdy 'Orpheus and Euridice' is an anonymous text set by William Boyce. This is an altogether more knowing piece: saucy, flippant, irreverent entertainment - not too far away from Victorian Music Hall:

All Hell was astonished a person so wise  
Should rashly endanger his life  
And venture so far, but how vast their surprise,  
When they heard that he came for his wife.

Such double-edged quips are typical of the bawdier songs. Eccles' 'Belinda' is a charmingly cheeky number, the lady in question is "all engaging, most obliging" and the vocal line has the male protagonist in a frenzy at her "pretty, pleasing form". Images of Diana, Daphne, Phoebus and the hunt are a common pursuit in these songs. Despite its Handelian instrumental introduction, Thomas Arne's 'Jenny' is "bright as the day and buxom as May", but, none too happy at the kisses pressed on her, escapes her amorous pursuants' arms in an amusing mock operatic coloratura passage, changing the nature of the simple song momentarily into a bravura aria. At a

more mordant end of the spectrum lies William Jackson's setting of the lines "Let no mortal sing to me / the stupid craze of constancy". This is a song full of the lusts of the Pleasure Gardens, but cloaked in the impermanence of natural phenomena and a frank acknowledgement that, "Nature bids her subjects range, / All creation's full of change".

So much for the songs that might have sparked adventures in the 'dark walks' of the gardens - walks which were intermittently petitioned to be lit due to mis-adventuring couples. Love in a more pure form is never far away. The unrequited laments of "How Severe is My Fate" successfully touch a nerve while James Hook's marvelous "The Steadfast Shepherd" is a song of solid constancy in the face of temptation:

Go, go, display thy beauty's ray,  
To some more soon enamoured swain,  
Those common wiles of sighs and smiles  
Are all bestowed in vain.

Thankfully, there are a good number of relatively straightforward pledges of love. Boyce's 'The Non-Parreill' is initially back-handedly complimentary, but the protagonist's love grows exponentially with every verse, until he invokes heaven to "bless me

with her love". 'Celia the Fair' set by George Munro is a little delight of straightforward praise of the female, likening the loved one to a goddess that might make the singer "rival Jove in bliss". Another thread that binds many of these pieces together is a certain self-reference to the pleasure gardens themselves. Mentions of verdant groves and arbors are liberally sprinkled through the texts. William Boyce's 'Spring Gardens' directly sings of Vauxhall's own Spring Gardens:

See a grand pavilion yonder  
Rising near embowering shades;  
There a temple strikes with wonder  
In full view of Colonnades.

Thomas Arne's cantata, 'Cymon and Iphigenia' raises the level of discourse toward the realms of less frivolous art, though it does still manage the odd quip to keep the audience in tow. This little operatic scena received one of its earliest performances, by a Mr Lowe, at Vauxhall Gardens in 1750, the year of its composition. Its subject-matter derives from Boccaccio's 'Decameron', as retold by Dryden, and relates the story of Cymon, a young and simple man from a noble family who falls in love with the beautiful Iphigenia while she sleeps. The power of their mutual love has the remarkable effect of transforming Cymon into an educated, accomplished

gentleman. Love conquers all. Exactly the kind of ending any Pleasure Garden owner might have craved to send his guests happily away from the 'dark' walks and off into the night.

© M.Ross

## TEXTS

### 1. Orpheus with his Lute

Maurice Greene

Orpheus with his lute made trees and the  
mountain tops that freeze  
Bow themselves when he did sing,  
To his music plants and flow'rs  
Ever rose, and sun and showers  
There had mad a lasting spring.  
Every thing that heard him play,  
Ev'n the billows of the sea  
Hung their heads and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art  
Killing care and grief of heart

### 2. Orpheus and Euridice

William Boyce

When Orpheus went down to the regions below,  
Which men are forbidden to see,  
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories show,  
To set his Euridice free.  
All hell was astonished a person so wise  
Should rashly endanger his life,  
And venture so far, but how vast their surprise,  
When they heard that he came for his wife.

To find out a punishment due to the fault  
Old Pluto had puzzl'd his brain;  
But hell had not toments sufficient, he thought,  
So he gave him his wife back again.  
But pity succeeding soon vanquished his heart,  
And pleased with his playing so well,  
He took her again in reward of his art:  
Such power had music in hell.

### 3. How Severe is my Fate

William Croft

How severe is my fate, to languish and pine  
For a nymph that I know will never be mine.  
But in vain I lament what I cannot avoid.  
I must yield to her charms tho' by them  
I'm destroyed.  
For he who once views Celinda's bright eyes  
With pleasure must gaze, though gazing he dies.

### 4. Spring Gardens

William Boyce

Flora, goddess sweetly blooming,  
Ever airy, ever gay:  
All her wonted charms resuming,  
To Spring Gardens calls away.  
With thid blissful spot delighted.  
Here the Queen of May retreats.

Belles and beaux are all invited  
To partake of varied sweets.

See a grand pavilion yonder  
Rising near embowering shades;  
There a temple strikes with wonder,  
In full view of colonnades.  
Art and Nature kindly lavish,  
Here their mingled beauties yield.  
Equal here, the pleasures ravish  
Of the court and of the field.

Hark! what heavenly notes descending  
Break upon the listening ear:  
Music all its graces lending.  
O 'tis extasy to hear.  
Nightingales the concert joining  
Breathe their plaints in melting strains,  
Vanquished now their groves resigning,  
Soon they fly to distant plains.

### 5. Belinda

John Eccles

Belinda's pretty pleasing form  
Does my happy fancy charm,  
Her prittle prattle, tittle tattles  
All engaging, most obliging;  
Whilst I'm pressing, clasping, kissing,  
Oh! How she does my soul alarm.

There is such magic in her eyes,  
Does my wondering heart surprise;  
Her prinking, mimping, twinkling, pinking,  
Whilst I'm courting for transporting;  
How like an angel she panting lies.

### 6. Celia the Fair

George Monro

My Goddess Celia, heavenly fair.  
As lilies sweet, as soft as air.  
Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,  
And to my love give fresh alarms.

Give me Ambrosia in a kiss,  
That I may rival Jove in bliss:  
That I may mix my soul with thine  
And make the pleasure all divine.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood  
Of my kind heart the vital blood?  
Thou art all over endless charms:  
Oh take me dying to thy arms.

**7. The Steadfast Shepherd**

James Hook

Hence away, thou siren, leave me,  
Pish! Unclasp those wanton arms,  
Sugared words can ne'er deceive me  
Tough thou prove a thousand charms.  
Fie, fie, no common snare  
Can ever my affection chain.  
Thy painted baits and poor deceits  
Are all bestowed on me in vain.  
I'm no slave to such as you be  
Neither shall that snowy breast  
Rolling eye and lip of ruby,  
Ever rob me of my rest.  
Go, go, display they beauty's ray  
To someone more soon enamoured swain,  
Those common wiles of sighs and smiles  
Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vowed a duty.  
Turn away that tempting eye,  
Show me not a painted beauty,  
These impostures I defy.  
My spirit loathes where gaudy clothes  
And feigned oaths may love obtain.  
I love her so, whose looks swear no,  
That all your labours will be vain.

**8. A shepherd loved a nymph so fair**

George Frederick Pinto

And thus his passion did declare  
For thou dear maid I long in vain have sighed  
Nor venture to complain  
Oh now consent to ease my pain.

Oh could I gain thy tender heart  
With joy again no more to part.  
With thee I tread the daisied mead  
To view the herds and flocks at feed  
And home at eve thy footsteps lead

With blushing sweetness then the maid  
His honest Passion briefly paid  
I long dear youth thy love have know  
Thy every tender kindness shown  
Then take my hand my heart's you own.

**9. The Curfew Tolls the bell**

Stephen Storace

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day  
The lowing herd slowly o'er the lea  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way  
And leads the world to darkness and to me

Now fate the glimmering landscape of the site  
And all the air the solemn stillness owns  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning life  
And drowsy tinkling's lull the distant ??

**10. Think not, my love**

Thomas Linley

Think not my love, when secret grief  
Prays on thy saddened heart.  
Think not I wish a mean relief  
Or would from sorrow part.  
Dearly I prize the sight sincere  
That my true fondness prove.  
Nor could I bear to check the tear  
That flows from hapless love.

Alas, for doomed to hope in vain  
the joy that love requite  
Yet will I cherish all its pain  
with sad but dear delight.

This pleased grief this love despair  
My loss for ever be.  
But dearest, may the pangs I bear  
be never known by thee.

**11. Let no mortal sing to me**

William Jackson

Let no mortal sing to me  
the stupid praise of constancy  
Nature bids her subjects range  
All creation's full of change.

See the *bearing* hours display  
Morning evening night and day  
See the circling seasons bring  
Summer winter autumn spring.

Further rivers current *fool*  
Idly seek the stagnant pool  
Shall the pedant's mandate bind  
The rapid wave the fleeting wind.

## 12. Go lov'ly Rose

Johann Peter Salomon

Tell her that wastes her time and me  
that now she knows when I resemble her to thee  
How sweet and fair she seems to be  
Tell her that's young, and shuns to have her  
graces spied  
That hadst thou sprung in deserts where no  
men abide,  
How must her uncommended died  
Small is the worth of beauty from the light retired  
Bid her come forth  
Suffer herself to be desired  
And no blush so to be admired  
Then die that she the common fate of all  
things rare  
May read in thee  
How small a part of time they share  
that are so wondrous sweet and fair

## 13. Grant me, ye Gods

John Blow

Grant me, ye gods, the life I love,  
And lead me to a shady grove;  
There let the trees' verdant hair Sport with each  
kind blast of air.  
Let birds. The choristers of the wool,

Sing all that's pleasant, all that's good;  
Make some liquid silver stream  
In soft whisp'ring court the plain;  
And let me here flowers behold,  
Fringing its banks with native gold.  
Then tell, ye gods, tell if ye can,  
What prince, what great unhappy man,  
Would not thus a cell prefer,  
And choose to live an hermit here!

## 14. What is't to Us

John Blow

What is't to us who guide the State,  
Who's out of favour, or who's great?  
Who are the ministers, and spies?  
Who votes for places, or who buys?  
The world will still be ruled by knaves  
Sand fools, contending to be slaves;  
Small things, my friend, serve to support,  
Life's troublesome at best, and short;  
Our youth runs back,  
Occasion flies,  
Grey hairs come on, and pleasure dies:  
Who would the present blessing lose  
For empire which he cannot use?  
Kind providence has us supplied  
With what to others is denied:  
Virtue, which teaches to condemn

And scorn ill actions, and ill men.  
Beneath this tree's fragrant shade,  
On beds of flowers supinely laid,  
Let's then all other cares remove,  
And drink and sing to those we love:

Here's to Neaera heaven designed,  
Perfection of the charming kind;  
May she be blest as she is fair,  
And pity me as I love her.

## 15. Cupid, Make your Virgins Tender

Daniel Purcell

Cupid make your virgins tender.  
Make 'em easy to be won;  
Let 'em presently surrender.  
When the treaty's once begun.  
Such as like a tedious wooing,  
Let 'em cruel damsels find;  
But let such as would, as would be doing,  
Prithee Cupid, make 'em kind.

## 16. The Non-Parreill

William Boyce

Though Chloe's out of fashion  
And blush and be sincere  
I toast her in a bumper  
If all the belles were here.  
What though no diamonds sparkle  
About her neck and waist  
With every shining virtue  
The lovely maid is graced

In modest plain apparel  
No Patches paint or airs  
In debt alone to Nature,  
An angel she appears:  
From gay coquets high-finished  
My Chloe takes no rules,  
Nor envies them their conquests,  
The hearts of all the fools

Who wins her must have merit  
such merit as her own  
The graces all possessing,  
Yet knows not she has one:  
Then grant me, gracious heaven,  
The gifts you most approve,  
And Chloe, charming Chloe,  
Will bless me with her love.

**17. Go, Rose, My Chloe's Bosom Grace**

Maurice Greene

Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace,  
 How happy should I prove,  
 Might I supply that envy'd place  
 With never fading love.  
 There Phoenix like, beneath her eye,  
 Involv'd in fragrance burn and die.  
 Know, hapless flower,  
 That thou shalt find more fragrant roses there.  
 I see thy with'ring head reclin'd  
 With envy and despair.  
 One common fate we both must prove,  
 You die with envy, I with love

**18. Jenny**

Thomas Arne

Jenny bright as the day and as buxom as May,  
 I happen'd to kiss when she angry did say,  
 What's the meaning of this?  
 Why these freedoms I pray?  
 Dear Jenny, I need no apology use,  
 Your charms, for my crimes are sufficient excuse.  
 Sure lips sweet as those were for kissing decreed.  
 Cry'd she, very fine, very pretty, indeed.

Repeating this strain then again and again,  
 I kissed her and press'd her still more to obtain,  
 Till she sprung from my arms and flew over  
 the plain.  
 Like Daphne, she strove my embrace to elude,  
 Like Phoebus I quicken'd my pace and pursued.

What follow'd, ye lovers, must never be said,  
 But 'twas all very fine, very pretty indeed.

**19. Cymon and Iphigenia**

Thomas Arne

Near a thick grove whose deep embow'ring shade  
 Seem'd most for love and contemplations made,  
 A crystal stream with gentle murmur flows,  
 Whose flow'ry banks are formed for soft repose.  
 Thither retired from Phoebus' sultry ray  
 And lulled in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.  
 Cymon, a clown who never dreamt of love,  
 By chance was stumping to a neighb'ring grove:  
 He trudg'd along unknowing what he thought  
 And whistled as he went for want of thought.  
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,  
 He gap'd, he star'd, her lovely form survey'd,  
 And while with artless voice he softly sung,  
 Beauty and Nature thus informed his tongue:

The stream that glides in murmurs by,  
 Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,  
 Completes the rural scene.  
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,  
 All heav'n itself is sure displayed,  
 Too lovely Iphigene.

She wakes and starts,  
 Poor Cymon trembling stands,  
 Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands.  
 "Bright excellence", said he, "Dispel all fear,  
 Where honour's present sure no danger's near".  
 Half rais'd, with gentle accent she replies,  
 "O Cymon, if it's you I need not rise,  
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain.  
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again."

The clown, transported, was hot silent long,  
 But thus with extasy pursued his song

Thy jetty locks that careless break  
 In wonton ringlets down thy neck,  
 Thy love inspired mien.  
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow  
 And taper shape enchant me so.  
 I die for Iphigene.

Amazed she listens, nor can trace from whence  
 The former clod is thus inspired with sense;  
 She gazes, finds him comely tall and straight,  
 And thinks he might improve his awkward gait;  
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend  
 At the same hour to meet his faithful friend.

Thus mighty Love can teach a clown to plead,  
 And Nature's language surest will succeed.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,  
 Kindling gentle chaste desire,  
 Love can rage itself control,  
 And elevate the human soul.  
 Depriv'd of that our wretched state  
 Had made our lives of too long date.  
 But blest with beauty and with love  
 We taste what angels do above.

Fall asleep or hearing die.

---

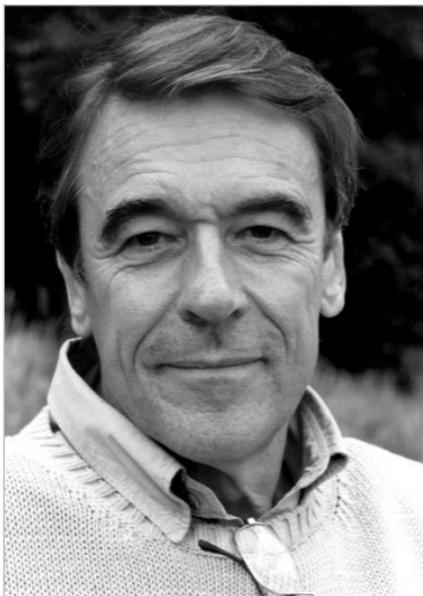
## BIOGRAPHIES

---

### PHILIP LANGRIDGE

Philip Langridge was born in Kent and studied at the Royal Academy of Music, London as a violinist before turning to singing. He is now one of the world's most distinguished singers, whose musical and dramatic qualities ensure that he is in constant demand throughout Europe, the USA and Japan. In recognition of these qualities, he was made a Commander of the British Empire in the Queen's Birthday Honours of 1994.

He has also received a number of other awards, including the prestigious Olivier Award, the Singer of the Year Award from the Royal Philharmonic Society, The Worshipful Company of Musicians' Santay Award, the NFMS/Charles Groves Prize "for his outstanding contribution to British Music", and most recently the Helpmann Award for his performance of *Death in Venice* in Sydney Opera House.



© Richard Davies

His remarkable versatility and command of a wide variety of styles is reflected in his extensive discography, ranging from the early classical period to the present day. These recordings have gained him two Grammy Awards (*Moses und Aron*, and *Peter Grimes*), the Gramophone Award (*War Requiem*) and a Classic CD Award (*Turn of the Screw*).

His most recent opera recording (*Death in Venice*) received particularly high praise and was nominated for a Grammy award.

International opera houses and Festivals with whom he is closely associated include:

Salzburg, the Metropolitan Opera New York, La Scala Milan, Bayerische Staatsoper Munich, the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, Glyndebourne, Edinburgh, and the English National Opera.

Philip has given recitals with David Owen Norris, Steuart Bedford, Graham Johnson, John Constable, Peter Donohoe, Maurizio Pollini and Andras Schiff, making recordings of songs from many periods.

Philip is also well known for his communication masterclasses with young singers, and has appeared in this capacity in Salzburg, Paris, Munich, New York, Porto, Aix en Provence, The Britten Pears School, Royal College of Music, Royal Academy of Music and Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama, and the Sammling Foundation. He hopes that eventually this kind of work will become a permanent part of any singer's study programme and that young singers will quickly realise the importance of communication in their performances.

## JENNIFER LANGRIDGE

Jennifer Langridge studied at the Royal Northern College of Music where she was awarded a junior fellowship in chamber music with the Nossek String Quartet.

In 1991 she became principal cellist with Psappha, the leading contemporary music ensemble of the north of England. Jennifer has toured to four continents with Psappha and in 2004 she appeared as soloist with Psappha in Maxwell Davies *Linguae Ignis* at the BBC Proms at the Royal Albert Hall.

Jennifer is committed to music education and in 2005 founded *Minimusic* for babies and toddlers by launching 'Songs and Rhymes for children' sung by Philip Langridge.



© Tom Bangbala

## TRISTAN GURNEY

Tristan Gurney comes from Oxfordshire and studied the violin at the Royal Northern College of Music, with Yossi Zivoni, and then at the Royal Conservatory of Music Toronto, with Lorand Fenyves. He now lives in Gateshead, where he has a Sub-Principal First Violin position in the Northern Sinfonia and is Head of Strings at Newcastle University. Tristan is a keen solo and chamber music player and has won numerous competitions and prizes for solo and chamber music playing, including the Emily English Award, The Countess of Munster Star Award, the Hirsch Prize, the Weil Prize, the Laurence Turner Memorial Prize, the Sir John Barbirolli Prize and the Thames Valley Young Musicians' Platform. At the RNCM, he led the Gurney String Quartet for four years whose performances included a live broadcast for a BBC Radio 3 Proms Composer Portrait of Lindberg's Clarinet Quintet, together with appearances at prestigious festivals including Huddersfield Contemporary Music Festival, Ryedale Festival, St. Endellion Music Festival and the RNCM Haydnfest, 20th Century Fest and Henze Festival. He now



© Jonathon McCree

regularly performs chamber music and recitals around the UK and is currently appearing as guest leader of the Edinburgh Quartet.

Tristan has appeared as soloist with many orchestras across the country including a performance of the Britten Violin Concerto under Martyn Brabbins with the RNCM Symphony Orchestra, Tippett's *Fantasia Concertante on a Theme of Corelli* with the RNCM String Orchestra, broadcast on BBC Radio 3, and numerous Vivaldi Concertos with Northern Sinfonia. He also enjoys success as a guest leader of several orchestras including Durham Sinfonia and St. Endellion Festival Orchestra (under Sir Richard Hickox).

Tristan plays a Ferdinand Gagliano Violin, very kindly on loan from Philip Langridge.

## MALCOLM LAYFIELD

Since founding the Goldberg Ensemble in 1982, Malcolm Layfield has become well known to audiences as its director and conductor. He has appeared with the ensemble in concerts and on radio and television throughout the world and has given many first performances of pieces written both for him and the ensemble, many of which have been broadcast on BBC Radio 3.



In addition to his work with the Goldberg Ensemble, he is also leader of the London Bach Orchestra and has directed them in concerts at the Barbican and the Queen Elizabeth Hall and throughout Europe. He has appeared as guest leader and soloist with many orchestras including

the City of London Sinfonia, the Orchestra of St. John's Smith Square, the Northern Sinfonia, the Scottish Chamber Orchestra and the BBC Welsh Symphony Orchestra. In 1995, he made his American debut as soloist at Carnegie Hall, followed by an invitation to be guest concertmaster at the Carmel Bach Festival in California.

As a conductor, Malcolm Layfield has performed at numerous festivals throughout Europe, South America and the Far East as well as performing in many successful performances with the Goldberg Festival Opera, including Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, *Don Giovanni* and most recently, *Così fan tutte*.

In March 2001 he directed the Goldberg Ensemble in its exiting new Contemporary Music Festival, in Manchester, Wolverhampton and Leeds, which was an acclaimed success and has now become firmly established in the new music season. He has recently conducted the Goldberg Ensemble in their first disc for Naxos of music by Nicola Le Fanu and more recordings are planned for the coming season.

In addition to performing, he pursues a busy teaching schedule and in January 2001, he was appointed Head of School of Strings at the Royal Northern College of Music. He has given masterclasses at the Central Conservatory in Beijing and at Tokyo Gedai, and in June last year he conducted the Gedai Chamber Orchestra in the final concert of their prestigious series.

Malcolm Layfield has been Artistic Director of several important arts festivals, including the Strathclyde University Festival of Music, the Bowdon Festival and the Ribchester Festival of Music and Art. He has just completed ten very successful years as the Artistic Director of the Ryedale Festival.

He plays a very fine Gennaro Gagliano violin of 1768.

## DAVID OWEN NORRIS

David Owen Norris's work is unusually varied. 2007 sees more performances of his oratorio *Prayerbook*, first performed in the English Music Festival last October, and the first performance of his radio-opera *Pugwash Walks the Plank*. He plays concertos on fortepiano in Toronto and Yale. He accompanies David Wilson-Johnson in premiere broadcasts of Stravinsky songs, and Sir John Tomlinson in *Winterreise*. His 2007 CD releases include Richard Arnell's *Piano Concerto*, Joseph Horowitz's *Jazz Concerto*, English viola music, Roger Quilter's piano music and Walter Scott songs.

David Owen Norris is an Honorary Fellow of Keble College, Oxford, and an Educational Fellow of the Worshipful Company of Musicians.

He was Organ Scholar of Keble College, and left Oxford with a First and a Composition Scholarship to study in London and Paris. He was Répétiteur at the Royal Opera House, Harpist at the Royal Shakespeare Company, Artistic Director of Festivals in Cardiff and Petworth, Chairman of the Steans Institute for Singers in Chicago, and the



© Suzie Maeder

Gresham Professor of Music in London. He is frequently heard as a radio broadcaster; his many series have included *The Works*, *But I know what I like* and *All the Rage*, and he presented the drive-time show *In Tune* for several years. First and foremost he is a pianist, beginning as an accompanist to such artists as Dame Janet Baker, Jean-Pierre Rampal, Larry Adler and Ernst Kovacic. In 1991, after a worldwide search, the

Gilmore International Keyboard Festival appointed him the first Gilmore Artist, a quadrennial award. His subsequent international solo career has included concertos with the Chicago and Detroit Symphony Orchestras and the Handel & Haydn Society in Boston (amongst many other North

American orchestras) the Philharmonia, the Academy of Ancient Music, and several of the BBC's orchestras, including three appearances at the Proms: and solo recitals all over North America and Australia, and in every European country from Hungary westward.

Recorded in the Concert Hall, Manchester University, UK, December 20 - 22 1999

Engineer - Geoff Miles  
Producer & Editor - John H. West  
Front cover picture - Triumphal Arches, Vauxhall Gardens  
Artist, Samuel Wale, Engraver, John Miller I  
© Queen's Printer and Controller HMSO, 2007  
UK Government Art Collection  
Design and Artwork - Woven Design [www.wovendesign.co.uk](http://www.wovendesign.co.uk)

© 2007 The copyright in this recording is owned by Signum Records Ltd.  
© 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)