

WIGMORE HALL

Friday 17 May 2024
1.00pm

Lucy Schauer Masterclass

Lucy Schauer mezzo-soprano
Lana Bode piano

Beth Moxon mezzo-soprano

John Corigliano (b.1938) The Passionate Shepherd to His Love (2017)
Commissioned by Wild Plum Arts with the support of all its donors and by Wigmore Hall Trust with the support of André Hoffmann, president of the Foundation Hoffmann, a Swiss grant-making foundation

Judith Weir (b.1954) Edge from *woman.life.song* (2000)
Commissioned by Henry R Kravis, supported by Carnegie Hall

Liam Forrest tenor

Zoë Martlew (b.1968) In The Kyoto Garden from *In the Park* (2022)
Commissioned by Hannah Sandison, supported by VW Foundation and Victoria Robey CBE

Conor Mitchell (b.1977) The aeroplane is...19 October 1948 from *Look Both Ways* (2022)
Commissioned by Wild Plum Arts and Cheltenham Music Festival, with support from Old Possum's Practical Trust

Armand Rabot baritone

Cheryl Frances-Hoad (b.1980) In the Words of Mary Somerset from *Everything Grows Extravagantly* (2021)
Commissioned by Oxford Lieder and Oxford Botanic Garden & Arboretum with support from the Bishopsdown Trust, Finzi Trust, Nicholas John Trust and RVW Trust

Errollyn Wallen (b.1958) My Feet May Take a Little While (2006)

Wigmore Hall is a no smoking venue. No recording or photographic equipment may be taken into the auditorium nor used in any other part of the Hall without the prior written permission of the management.

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Disabled Access and Facilities - full details from 020 7935 2141.

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Please ensure that watch alarms, mobile phones and any other electrical devices which can become audible are switched off. Phones on a vibrate setting can still be heard, please switch off.

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Rachel Munro soprano

Huw Watkins (b.1976)

If grief could burn out from *Echo* (2017)
Commissioned by Carnegie Hall and Presteigne Festival

Libby Larsen (b.1950)

Anne Boleyn from *Try Me, Good King: Last Words of the Wives of Henry VIII* (2000)
Commissioned by the Marilyn Horne Foundation

John Corigliano (b.1938)

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love (2017)

Christopher Marlowe

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

And we will sit upon the Rocks,
Seeing the Shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow Rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of Roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of Myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A bed of straw and Ivy buds,
With Coral clasps and Amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The Shepherds' Swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Judith Weir (b.1954)

Edge from woman.life.song (2000)

Toni Morrison

He was a boy - just a boy -
and I was a very young girl.
In blazing light and shadows trimmed in gold
we took the risk of love
the grist of love
the dreamy, steamy mist of love.
For he was a boy - just a boy -
and I was a very young girl
racing to the edge of love
the bed of love
the love-me- til-I'm-dead of love.
He was a boy - just a boy -
and I was a very young girl.

We were new to time
and dreams were real.
We could play out the line
[Get] to the edge of life
the bed of life

the love-me-til-I'm-dead of life.
For he was a boy - just a boy -
and I was a very young girl.

Zoë Martlew (b.1968)

In The Kyoto Garden from *In the Park* (2022)

Zöe Martlew

Still pool, sleepy Koi...

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the text of this song

Conor Mitchell (b.1977)

The aeroplane is... 19 October 1948 from *Look Both Ways* (2022)

Peter Pears

The aeroplane is a great modern invention,
Of great use when dragging one from latitude to
latitude,
And it is not wholly uncomfortable

Flight One Five One is ever so hospitable,
The hostess was graciousness itself,
The sherry was good, the steak was enormous,
The nightcap soothed,
Bright shone the moon, over the Atlantic,

But best of all,
I had sitting by me in the plane
An American who didn't open his mouth for hours,
for hours,

But there is only one place...
I want to be in, want to be in.

Cheryl Frances-Hoad (b.1980)

In the Words of Mary Somerset from *Everything Grows Extravagantly* (2021)

after Mary Somerset

my journey
Is busy with plants

my natural learning
Grows very well

& hath produced
ripe seed

Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

my paradise
my infirmary

everything grows
extravagantly

I have been
amongst the trees

I have let in raine & are
& hope

& when I get into the storys
of plants I know not
how to get out

& tho I cannot brag
I shew you colour indeed

I will be put into the booke
with those names

Errollyn Wallen (b.1958)

My Feet May Take a Little While (2006)

Errollyn Wallen

My feet may take a little while
To walk the way of my dreaming heart;
The more I walk, the more I breathe,
The more I breathe, the less I know.

There is a song that I was taught,
Of hills and streams and all
The hopes and fears of living things
Are written there in me.

My feet are slower than my heart,
Slower than my dreams, than my will.
I'll walk a million miles,
I've walked a million miles of innocence.

My feet may take a little while
To walk the way of my dreaming heart;
The more I walk, the more I breathe,
The more I breathe, the less I know.

Huw Watkins (b.1976)

If grief could burn out from *Echo* (2017)

Philip Larkin

If grief could burn out
Like a sunken coal,

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Libby Larsen (b.1950)

Anne Boleyn from *Try Me, Good King: Last Words of the Wives of Henry VIII* (2000)

Anne Boleyn

Try me, good king, ... let me have a lawful trial, and let not my ...enemies sit as my accusers and judges...

(Try me, good king,) ...let me receive an open trial for my truth shall fear no open shame. ...never a prince had a wife more loyal in all duty, ...in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Bulen...

You have chosen me from low estate to be your wife and companion... do you not remember the words of your own true hand?

'...My own darling... I would you were in my arms... for I think it long since I kissed you. My mistress and friend...'

Try me, good king.... If ever I have found favor in your sight- if ever the name of Anne Bulen has been pleasing to your ears – then let me obtain this request... and my innocence shall be...known and ...cleared.

Good Christian people, I come hither to die, ...and by the law I am judged to die... I pray God save the King. I hear the executioner's good, and my neck is so little...

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