

Through a Glass



Songs by
Martin Bussey

Marcus Farnsworth baritone

James Baillieu piano

Thomas Kemp conductor

RES10137

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Martin Bussey (b. 1958)

Marcus Farnsworth *baritone*
James Baillieu *piano*

Thomas Kemp *conductor*

Sasha Calin *oboe*

Lorna West *bassoon*

Graham South *trumpet*

Jamie Campbell *violin*

Robin Ashwell *viola*

Cara Berridge *cello*

About Marcus Farnsworth:

'[...] a conspicuously shining star [...] classic dignity and elegance'
The Telegraph

'[...] Marcus Farnsworth captures the introspective melancholy of the cycle splendidly'
Gramophone on Gerald Finzi: *By Footpath and Stile* (RES10109)

Blue Remembered Hills

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| 1. Reveille | [2:45] |
| 2. Because I liked you better | [2:56] |
| 3. Into my heart | [1:28] |
| 4. Oh when I was in love with you | [1:05] |
| 5. White in the moon | [4:24] |

Through a Glass, Darkly

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------|
| 6. The Mask | [3:47] |
| 7. Never seek to tell | [2:51] |
| 8. Young and gold haired | [2:37] |
| 9. The Secret Sits | [2:16] |
| 10. Dreams | [6:09] |
| 11. Deep in my soul | [1:49] |
| 12. Lay your sleeping head | [8:59] |

Two Hardy Songs

- | | |
|--|--------|
| 13. Drummer Hodge | [4:12] |
| 14. In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations' | [2:55] |

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|--------------------------|--------|
| 15. The Windhover | [6:38] |
|--------------------------|--------|

Garden Songs

- | | |
|--|--------|
| 16. The Garden | [3:04] |
| 17. Planting Flowers on the Eastern Embankment | [4:06] |
| 18. Planting Trees | [3:29] |
| 19. Mr Hancock's Letter | [2:45] |

Total playing time	[68:25]
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World premiere recordings made in the presence of the composer

**Through a Glass:
Songs by Martin Bussey**

The Windhover was composed at Easter, 2005 for a memorial concert in Wantage Parish Church. The poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins was an early fascination and the subject of several early compositions. This lasted until gentle persuasion by Robin Holloway during a composition lesson to put aside the metrical challenge of setting Hopkins' unique linguistic approach until having tackled word-setting in more straightforward styles. The starting point for *The Windhover* was a desire to set the text for a single voice using a large space and, because of the consequent practical challenge, without relying on any form of keyboard accompaniment. A solo violin was an instinctive choice which proved rewarding. It presented a wide range in terms of pitch; this range allowed the violin, in its lowest register, to sit alongside the baritone voice but also to soar way above in freedom. This freedom extends in the finished composition to a metrical detachment from the solo voice in the early sections of the work, originally intended to be performed with the violin at some distance from the singer. The violin's figurations are,

perhaps, bird-like, but no imitative characterisation is intended. The violin playing represents free flight, which Hopkins' poem implies is linked with the power of Christ:

in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him
steady air

The voice responds equally freely but in a more rhetorical manner. The duality between the bird and Christ explains the gradual interpolation of the plainsong melody *Christe qui lux est et dies*. As this is played the baritone melody becomes less dramatic and more meditative, often seemingly intertwined with that of the violin. This suggests the integration of the soul and the Christ/bird figure until, at the end of the piece, the solo violin drifts off into silence.

Setting the poetry of A.E. Housman is a daunting challenge for any contemporary composer because of the range of fine settings already extant. There is also the poet's well-known aversion to having the texts set and, perhaps most challenging of all, the danger of succumbing to a pastoral/elegiac style whose seams have been well-mined by others. As so often, the spark for **Blue Remembered Hills** was an experience which was strong enough to put such considerations aside. The title for the cycle comes from the third, central song, 'Into my

heart, an air that kills', which poses the question: What are those blue remembered hills? The answer, for Housman's *Shropshire Lad* is: That is the land of lost content, chosen by others for the title of sets of Housman songs. It was reading this poem, sitting on Long Mynd in Shropshire, which inspired composition; the hills appeared, indeed, blue. The melody was invented on the spot and is unaccompanied to reflect the solitary nature of those surroundings. The rest of the cycle was composed in the summer of 1997 and given its first performance in Chester in 1998 by Thomas Guthrie. The choice of the four poems either side was driven partly by a desire to avoid too much repetition of others' settings but more to include the range which is to be found in Housman's poems. The vigour of 'Reveille' stresses that the Shropshire Lad is a young man, with the world in front of him. Motor rhythms in the piano drive the music forward and accompany an operatic melodic line for the singer. The introspection of 'Because I liked you better' reduces the piano line initially to contrapuntal workings of the voice's initial line; its sparseness reflects the wistfulness of the poem. Yet the latter part of the song increases in warmth as the fidelity of the friendship, expressed as love, becomes clear. The voice is at its most

lyrical in the cycle and leads into the solo melody of the central song. The fourth setting brings much needed relief both emotionally and musically. 'Oh when I was in love with you' is scherzo-like. The irregularities in the piano part are another reminder of the vigour of youth as well as the unpredictability of love. The last song is another less-set poem, 'White in the moon'. It reflects journeying, maybe the journey of life. Thus elements of earlier songs are reflected in the setting alongside spare vocal and piano lines which give a sense of distance. This is epitomised at the words:

But 'ere the circle homeward lies,
Far, far must it remove

The second line is set to an arching phrase which recurs throughout the cycle, often encompassing a leap of a major ninth in the voice. Here is the yearning quality of Housman's *Shropshire Lad* that is one of his most captivating features; one which, even for the older reader, viewing the 'land of lost content' can be renewed and relived.

The **Two Hardy Songs**, written in 2010, were a challenge born out of interest in the overlapping references to different wars in the poetry of Housman and the music of



Marcus Farnsworth and Martin Bussey
in St Augustine's Church, Kilburn

those who have set it. It is well known that Housman's poetry reflects the South African wars at the end of the nineteenth century (not least of all since the memorable scene in Alan Bennett's *The History Boys* where the origins and implications of 'Drummer Hodge' are explained). However, the texts have become indelibly associated with the First World War, not least of all through the settings of George Butterworth who died in that conflict. It seemed that this blurring of poetic intention and musical experience was worth exploring further in a new work. To set Housman's words would be almost paradoxical but Hardy's work (also the subject of two as yet unrecorded cycles) provided two ideal poems: 'Drummer Hodge' from the Boer War and 'In Time of "The Breaking of Nations"', written in January 1916, in the midst of the First World War. These texts combine with musical ideas from settings by Butterworth, taken as musical 'jumping-off' points rather than as direct quotes (which are few). The super-imposed triads of E major and F sharp minor which form the first accompanying idea in 'Drummer Hodge' take their starting point from the harmonic implications of the opening phrases of Butterworth's *Loveliest of trees*. They then gain a life of their own, as is proper, but their presence means that inflections are heard every so

often in the vocal line which bring the ear back to Butterworth's melody. The starting point for 'In Time of the Breaking of Nations' is one of Butterworth's lesser-known settings, *With rue my heart is laden*. Again, it is a harmonic relationship which dominates rather than anything overtly melodic. In the latter half of this song Butterworth's harmonies often move in unrelated progressions, for example a chord of B minor followed by one of G sharp minor and this uncharacteristic relationship informs many bars of the setting. The two songs are described as 'paraphrases' of Butterworth; in many ways they are a homage, this confirmed by a direct quote in the last two bars of the second setting.

Garden Songs, composed in 2006, are a more relaxed set of songs harmonically and emotionally. They reflect a love of gardens and gardening, their starting point being the gift of an anthology of writings about gardening. This yielded 'Mr Hancock's Letter', the lamenting epistle of an eighteenth century gardener let down by his supplier – nothing comes up that he plants. In this quasi-operatic *scena* both piano and voice stomp about with growing frustration, sometimes almost *parlando* and at other times, particularly in a number of upward scales, giving full vent to the gardener's fury. This was the ideal closing

song for a set where the three other songs reflect the consolations and joys of gardens. The first song sets Andrew Marvell; the vocal line is lyrical, supported by the piano's reflective quavers. 'Planting Flowers' is, like the final song of the set, a monologue, in translation from the Chinese. The Governor-General finds solace in his garden, which he has planted but in which the people show little interest. The piano part is minimalist in approach, creating a static harmonic backdrop to the voice which means that, although the accompaniment gathers complexity, the song never seeks to reach anything suggesting a harmonic or emotional climax. This reflects the calm mood of the Governor-General. John Aubrey's 'Planting Trees' takes a different path. Through an extended vocal line built over a chorale-like chordal accompaniment, the song builds to a climax which is both measured and affecting in its expression of hope. Ulysses, returning from the wars, comes upon an old man planting trees which he will never see fully grown. The old man, unaware to whom he speaks, describes his intention to plant them against the time when Ulysses will return.

Through a Glass, Darkly is the longest

work on the disc and the most ambitious musically and thematically. The cycle was composed for Marcus Farnsworth when still a student at Manchester University and first performed in 2005. In creating a cycle with texts from different authors the choice of texts is an exciting but also daunting challenge. The inscription on the title page from St Paul is not intended to give the cycle a particular religious focus but acts as a starting point for a philosophical consideration of dreams, reality, and the human striving to perceive the difference, particularly when in love: 'For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I am known'. (Corinthians 1:13)

The six instruments comprise a string trio together with oboe, bassoon and trumpet. Each instrument takes a central role at some point. Some of these roles are very obvious, as in the solo viola which accompanies the voice in the second movement. Other roles persist throughout the work, such as the solo trumpet's opening fanfare. There are also instrumental textures which serve as recurring ideas, some with associated harmonies: the chordal textures which open the third movement reappear to start the fifth movement. Such linking

devices are supplemented by recurring melodic ideas, for example a twisting melody in the viola accompaniment of the second movement which returns frequently, at varying speeds. Structurally, the work builds to the substantial final movement, preceded by a short setting of Byron whose first line 'Deep in my soul that tender secret dwell' epitomises the cycle's focus. The final movement reaches, through Auden's devastating realism, a form of resolution at the words 'But from this night' which acts as the climax to the whole work expressed in an unadulterated chord of C major. Having acknowledged the frailty of human emotion through the poem's opening line 'Lay your human head, faithless, upon my sleeping arm' the message is to take the moment we have now as the only certainty, and to make the most of it. Various themes from earlier movements appear and are eventually resolved in tranquillity.

1. 'The Mask' (W.B.Yeats) – Fanfares shared between the instruments frame a dialogue between lovers in contrasting rhetorical and lyrical melodic lines.

2. 'Never seek to tell thy love' (William Blake) – Voice and solo viola interweave in a desolate landscape where open declaration of love ends in disappointment.

3. 'Young and gold haired' (St Remy at Rheims) – Static chords in all the instruments provide a background for the introduction of the concept of dreams. The singer, anguished, begs sleep that, if waking will mean losing the kisses he receives in his dreams, he may never wake.

4. 'The Secret Sits' (Robert Frost) – A largely instrumental, scherzo-like compound time movement introduces humour as the singer contemplates the enigma of 'the secret'.

5. 'Dreams' (Petronius Arbitr) – An extended movement exploring dream worlds. The dreams of judges, hunters, lovers and others are characterised instrumentally in the fast, metrically changing middle section, framed by slower outer sections in which the voice and solo cello meditate on the nature of dreams. The movement ends with the solo violin taking up the cello's theme and ascending out of the dream world.

6. 'Deep in my soul' (Lord Byron) – Again the voice is accompanied sparsely, mirroring the texture of the second song and leading without a break into the final movement.

7. 'Lay your sleeping head' (W.H.Auden) – A rocking rhythm in the accompaniment suggests

some form of lullaby. Thematic ideas and textures from earlier movements return, build in strength with the singer to the climax and are gradually subsumed into the opening, rocking idea, with the high violin line of the fifth movement's texture bringing some form of resolution.

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Marcus Farnsworth & James Baillieu

Texts

Blue Remembered Hills

1. Reveille

Wake: the vaulted shadow shatters,
Trampled to the floor it spanned,
And the tent of night in tatters
Straws the sky-pavilioned land.

Up, lad, up, 'tis late for lying:
Hear the drums of morning play;
Hark, the empty highways crying
'Who'll beyond the hills away?'

Towns and countries woo together,
Forelands beacon, belfries call;
Never lad that trod on leather
Lived to feast his heart with all.

Up, lad: thews that lie and cumber
Sunlit pallets never thrive;
Morns abed and daylight slumber
Were not meant for man alive.

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover;
Breath's aware that will not keep.
Up, lad: when the journey's over
There'll be time enough to sleep.

2. Because I liked you better

Because I liked you better
Than suits a man to say,
It irked you, and I promised
To throw the thought away.

To put the world between us
We parted, stiff and dry;
'Good-bye,' said you, 'forget me.'
'I will, no fear', said I.

If here, where clover whitens
The dead man's knoll, you pass,
And no tall flower to meet you
Starts in the trefoiled grass,

Halt by the headstone naming
The heart no longer stirred,
And say the lad that loved you
Was one that kept his word.

3. Into my heart on air that kills

Into my heart on air that kills
From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again.



Thomas Kemp

4. Oh, when I was in love with you

Oh, when I was in love with you,
Then I was clean and brave,
And miles around the wonder grew
How well did I behave.

And now the fancy passes by,
And nothing will remain,
And miles around they'll say that I
Am quite myself again.

5. White in the moon

White in the moon the long road lies,
The moon stands blank above;
White in the moon the long road lies
That leads me from my love.

Still hangs the hedge without a gust,
Still, still the shadows stay:
My feet upon the moonlit dust
Pursue the ceaseless way.

The world is round, so travellers tell,
And straight though reach the track,
Trudge on, trudge on, 'twill all be well,
The way will guide one back.

But ere the circle homeward lies
Far, far must it remove:
White in the moon the long road lies
That leads me from my love.

A. E. Housman (1859-1936)

Through a Glass, Darkly

6. The Mask

"Put off that mask of burning gold
With emerald eyes."
"O no, my dear, you make so bold
To find if hearts be wild and wise,
And yet not cold."

"I would but find what's there to find,
Love or deceit."
"It was the mask engaged your mind,
And after set your heart to beat,
Not what's behind."

"But lest you are my enemy,
I must enquire."
"O no, my dear, let all that be;
What matter, so there is but fire
In you, in me?"

W.B. Yeats (1865-1939)

7. Never seek to tell thy love

Never seek to tell thy love
Love that never told could be;
For the gentle wind does move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears –
Ah, she doth depart.

Soon as she was gone from me
A traveller came by
Silently, invisibly –
O, was no deny.

William Blake (1751-1827)

8. Young and gold haired

Young and gold-haired, fair of face,
Thou gav'st me tender kisses in my sleep.
If waking I may never look upon thee,
O Sleep, I pray you, never let me wake!

St Remy at Rheims (c.437-553)
(tr. Helen Waddell)

9. The Secret Sits by Robert Frost (1874-1963)

10. Dreams

Dreams, dreams that mock us with their
flitting shadows,
They come not from the temples of the gods,
They send them not, the powers of the air.

Each man makes his own dreams. The body lies
Quiet in sleep, what time the mind set free
Follows in darkness what it sought by day.
He who makes kingdoms quake for fear and sends
Unhappy cities ruining in fire,
Sees hurtling blows and broken fighting ranks
And death of kings and sodden battle fields.
The lawyer sees the judge, the crowded court,
The miser hides his coin, digs buried treasure,
The hunter shakes the forests with his hounds,
The sailor rescues from the sea his ship,
Or drowning, clings to it. Mistress to lover
Writes a love-letter: the adulteress
Yields in her sleep, and in his sleep the hound
Is hot upon the traces of the hare.
The wounds of the unhappy in the night
Do but prolong their pain.

Petronius Arbitr (c.21-66 AD)
(tr. Helen Waddell)

11. Deep in my soul

Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
Then trembles into silence as before.

Lord Byron (1788-1824)

12. Lay your sleeping head by W. H. Auden (1907-1973)

Two Hardy Songs

13. Drummer Hodge

They throw in Drummer Hodge, to rest
Uncoffined – just as found:
His landmark is a kopje-crest
That breaks the veldt around;
And foreign constellations west
Each night above his mound.

Young Hodge the Drummer never knew
Fresh from his Wessex home
The meaning of the broad Karoo,
The Bush, the dusty loam,
And why uprose to nightly view
Strange stars amid the gloam.

Yet portion of that unknown plain
Will Hodge for ever be;
His homely Northern breast and brain
Grow to some Southern tree,
And strange-eyed constellations reign
His stars eternally.

14. In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

15. The Windhover: To Christ our Lord

I caught this morning morning's minion,
kingdom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-
dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air,
and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a
wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a
bow-bend: the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird, - the achieve of, the
mastery of the thing!
Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air,
pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee
then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O
my chevalier!

No wonder of it: shèer plòd makes plough
down sillion
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold vermilion.

Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889)

Garden Songs

16. The Garden

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays;
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men:
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious solitude.

Andrew Marvell (1621-1678)

17. Planting Flowers on the Eastern Embankment

I took money and bought flowering trees
And planted them out on the bank to the
east of the Keep.
I simply bought whatever had most blooms,
Not caring whether peach, apricot, or plum.
A hundred fruits, all mixed up together;
A thousand branches, flowering in due rotation.
Each has its season coming early or late;
But to all alike the fertile soil is kind.
The red flowers hang like a heavy mist;
The white flowers gleam like a fall of snow.
The wandering bees cannot bear to leave them;
The sweet birds also come there to roost.
In front there flows an ever-running stream;
Beneath there is built a little flat terrace.
Sometimes I sweep the flagstones of the terrace;
Sometimes, in the wind, I raise my cup and drink.
The flower-branches screen my head from the sun;
The flower-buds fall down into my lap.
Alone drinking, alone singing my songs,
I do not notice that the moon is level with the steps.
The people of Pa do not care for flowers;
All the spring no one has come to look.
But their Governor-General, alone with his cup of wine.
Sits till evening and will not move from the place!

Po Chu-i (772-846 AD)
(tr. A. Waley)

18. Planting Trees

Men seldom plant trees till they begin to be Wise,
Till they grow Old and find by Experience the
Prudence and Necessity of it.
When Ulysses was returned from Troy, after
a ten year's absence,
And coming home found his aged Father in
the field planting Trees,
He asked him, why (being so now advanced
in years) he would put himself to the
Fatigue and Labour of planting that which he
was never likely to enjoy?
The good old man, taking him for a stranger,
gently replied:
I plant, says he, against my Son Ulysses
comes home.

John Evelyn (1620-1706)

19. Mr Hancock's Letter

Sir,
I receiv'd your letter and basket of flowers
per Captain Morris, and have desired
Francis Wilks Esquire to pay you Twenty Six
Pounds for them
Though they are Ev'ry one Dead!
The Trees I receiv'd last year are above
half dead too,
The Hollys all Dead but one, and worse than
all is the Garden Seeds

and Flower Seeds which you sold Mister Wilks
for me and charged me
Six Pounds Four Shillings and Tuppence (Sterling)
Were not worth one farthing.
None of the seeds came up,
So that my Garden is Lost for me this Year.
I tried the seeds both in Town and Country
and all proved alike bad.
I spared Mister Hubbard part of them and they
All served him the Same.
I think Sir you have not done well by me in
this thing, for me to send
One Thousand leagues and Lay out my money
and be so used and
Disappointed is very hard to Bare and so no
doubt but you will consider the matter and
Send me over Some more of the Same sort
of Seeds that are Good and
Charge me nothing for them, if you don't I shall
think you have imposed upon me very much
And t'will discourage me from Sending again
for Trees or Seeds from you.

I conclude Your Humble Servant

Thomas Hancock.

P.S. The Tulip Roots you were pleased to make
a present of to me are all Dead as well!

Thomas Hancock (1737)

Marcus Farnsworth

Marcus Farnsworth was awarded first prize in the 2009 Wigmore Hall International Song Competition, and the Song Prize at the 2011 Kathleen Ferrier Competition.

Recitals in the 2013/14 season include debuts at the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam and La Monnaie, Brussels; concerts for the Australian Chamber Music Festival; a recital for Opéra de Lille with Simon Lepper and an appearance at the Wigmore Hall. Recent highlights have included appearances at the Wigmore Hall Britten Festival with Malcolm Martineau and Julius Drake; a recital for the Lammermuir Festival and BBC Radio Three; appearances at the Oxford Lieder Festival, with the Carducci Quartet and further recitals with Simon Lepper, Iain Burnside, and Graham Johnson and James Baillieu.

Opera plans this season and beyond include further performances of Eddy in Mark-Anthony Turnage's *Greek* for Music Theatre Wales, including at ROH 2; Guglielmo in a new production of Mozart's *Così fan tutte* for English National Opera; in concert, Sid in Britten's *Albert Herring* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra and appearances at Théâtre des Champs Élysées, Paris, Opéra de Lille and Opéra de Lausanne.

Recent opera highlights include English Clerk in Britten *Death in Venice* and Novice's Friend in *Billy Budd* for ENO; the title role in Britten *Owen Wingrave* for the International Chamber Music Festival, Nuremberg and in concert, Kilian *Der Freischütz* with the LSO and Sir Colin Davis and Aeneas in Purcell *Dido and Aeneas* for the Early Opera Company and Christian Curnyn at Wigmore Hall.

Marcus has also recently sung Son, in the world première of David Sawer *Flesh and Blood* with the BBCSO; Thomas Larcher *Die Nacht der Verlorenen* on a European tour and recording; Dvorak *Te Deum* with the RLPO; Monteverdi *Vespers* in a European tour with Emmanuelle Haïm; Haydn *Paukenmesse* with the BBC SSO and Bernard Labardie; Nielsen Symphony No 3 with the LSO and Davis; Bach *Ich habe Genug* and *St John Passion* (arias) with the Academy of Ancient Music; *Eight Songs for a Mad King* with the Wermlands Opera Orchestra, Karlstad, and Bach *St John* and *St Matthew Passions* (Christus and bass arias) with the Gabrieli Consort.

Marcus was a chorister at Southwell Minster and read music at the University of Manchester, graduating with a first class honours degree. He completed his studies at the Royal Academy of Music in July 2011.

www.marcusfarnsworth.com



Marcus Farnsworth
(Photography: Benjamin Ealovega)

James Baillieu

Described by *The Daily Telegraph* as 'in a class of his own', in 2012 James won a Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship Award and a Geoffrey Parsons Memorial Trust Award.

Sought after as an accomplished chamber musician, soloist and accompanist, during 2012/13 James curated a series exploring the chamber music and songs of Poulenc and Hahn at Brighton Festival, worked with Thomas Quastoff at the Verbier Festival, appeared as soloist with the Ulster Orchestra (broadcast by BBC Radio 3), took part in the Cardiff Singer of the World Competition, and recorded for BBC Radio 3 with Ben Johnson and Robin Tritschler. He gave recitals at Wigmore Hall with Lisa Milne, Sophie Bevan, Ian Bostridge, Ailish Tynan, Kathryn Rudge, Mark Padmore and Adam Walker and released two CDs: Britten Canticles with Ben Johnson for Signum, and Vocalise with Adam Walker for Opus Arte. As a soloist he appeared in the Nottingham and Leeds International Series.

Engagements in the 2013/14 season include a Mozart Concerto with the English Chamber Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall, a recital at Wigmore Hall with Mark Padmore,

recordings for BBC Radio 3 with the Signum Quartet and Ruby Hughes, and performances of Schubert's *Winterreise* with Marcus Farnsworth. He also takes part in the Leeds Lieder Festival and records two new CDs for Champs Hill with Katherine Broderick, Kathryn Rudge and the Heath Quartet.

James has been the prize-winner of the Wigmore Hall Song Competition, Das Lied International Song Competition, Kathleen Ferrier and Richard Tauber Competitions. He was selected for representation by Young Classical Artists Trust (YCAT) in 2010. Born in South Africa, James studied at the University of Cape Town and the Royal Academy of Music, London where he is now a Professor.

Thomas Kemp

Thomas Kemp is a highly acclaimed musician and one of the most versatile and eclectic conductors of his generation acclaimed for his innovative programming and passionate advocacy in concerts and opera. *The Guardian* recently commented '[...] an extraordinary performance [...] with a fluency that came over brilliantly under the baton of Thomas Kemp.' *Gramophone* praised his conducting for '[...] a wealth of timbral subtlety [...] utterly magical [...] a tremendous sense of vitality and commitment.'

Thomas is the Music Director of the internationally acclaimed ensemble Chamber Domaine, which is at the forefront of ensembles focusing on 20th and 21st century music. He made his conducting debut in a series of concerts celebrating Sigmund Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams* at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, which the *Financial Times* described as '[...] exceptional musical events.' He has directed Chamber Domaine in festivals and concert series in the UK, Europe and North America and has an acclaimed discography with the ensemble.

He is Artistic Director of Music@Malling – an

international festival that promotes the works of contemporary composers alongside masterworks from the classical and romantic periods.

In 2012, he made his operatic debut in a new production of *Così fan tutte* for Opera Holland Park with the City of London Sinfonia to widespread praise. *Così fan tutte* was conducted with real shape and nuance by Thomas Kemp [...] Altogether this was the most original and idiomatic attempt on this ungraspable work London has seen in a long time.' (*Opera Now*).

Thomas is a recording artist for the world's first solely-digital classical record label, Resonus Classics. The first two recordings of music by Judith Bingham and Mark-Anthony Turnage have received much acclaim. In January 2012, *The Times* praised his collaboration with Turnage for its '[...] superb artistry and superb sound too, with pungent playing from Chamber Domaine conducted by Thomas Kemp.'

Thomas read music at St Catharine's College Cambridge and studied violin and chamber music at The Royal Northern College of Music. He won a Swedish Academy Scholarship to study conducting at the Royal Academy of Music, Stockholm where he studied with Jorma Panula and Alan Gilbert.

www.thomaskemp.eu

Martin Bussey

Martin Bussey is a musician and educationist, combining the roles of composer, singer and conductor with his work for the Independent Schools Inspectorate. A Choral Scholar at King's College, Cambridge, he studied composition with Robin Holloway and singing with John Carol Case before continuing postgraduate singing study at the RNCM. He taught at Chetham's School of Music in from 1988 to 2013, including as Head of Music in the Curriculum and Director of Choirs, performing on disc and at the BBC Proms. Martin sings regularly with the BBC Daily Service Singers, and is a vocal tutor at Manchester University. His work over more than twenty-five years with Chester Bach Singers has seen the development of a chamber choir with a wide repertoire of music, both unaccompanied and repertoire for orchestra and small choir.

Recent performances of Martin's compositions have included the July 2014 premiere of *Hereford Windows*, given by Tom Bell on the organ of Hereford Cathedral, songs at the 2013 Ludlow English Song Weekend, including *Mr Hancock's Letter*, broadcast on BBC Radio 3's *In Tune*, and *The*

Windhover at the launch of the Southwell Festival of the Arts and, once again, on *In Tune*. In March 2014 CBS performed his setting of Browning's *The Pied Piper*.

Recently released recordings have received enthusiastic reviews, including *The Song of the Nuns of Chester* by Chester Cathedral Choir on Priory Records and *Done is a battle* by Southwark Cathedral Girls' Choir on Regent records.

August 2014 has been commissioned by the Douglas Steele Trust to commemorate the centenary of the First World War in August 2014.

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Recorded in St Augustine's Church, Kilburn, London on 17-18 September 2014
and St John The Evangelist Church, Oxford on 20-21 September 2014

Producer, Engineer & Editor: Adam Binks

Steinway Model D piano maintained by Joseph Taylor

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RESONUS LIMITED – LONDON – UK

info@resonusclassics.com

www.resonusclassics.com

