



Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco
Shakespeare Sonnets



Ashley Riches
baritone

Emma Abbate
piano

Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco (1895-1968)

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Emma Abbate *piano*

'The outstanding all-round male performance of the afternoon came from Ashley Riches'
Opera Britannia

About Emma Abbate:
'[...] complete assurance and clear dedication'
International Record Review

1. Sonnet VIII: Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?	[2:18]
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Total playing time [55:26]

All world premiere recordings

Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Shakespeare and the sonnets

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.

Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

The Merchant of Venice, 5.1.83-88

Song was central to Shakespeare's play writing. It was intrinsic to – and yet at the same time detached from – his dramatic vision. The stages at both the Globe, the King's Company's large open-air amphitheatre, and the Blackfriars, the smaller, indoor playhouse they used for winter performances from 1608 onwards, incorporated conspicuous musicians' galleries above the stage, and music – instrumental and sung – was an integral part of the theatre-going experience for Shakespeare's audiences. In plays such as *The Tempest* – one of the particularly musical 'late plays' – songs are fully embedded in the action: the spirit Ariel's eerie, doom-laden song 'Full fathom five', for instance, draws a direct response from Miranda's future husband Ferdinand ('This ditty does remember my drowned father', he says, believing Duke Alonso to be dead), and throughout the play songs both determine emotional responses

and delineate characterisation – not least when Caliban, who is presented to us initially as an unrestrained monster, reveals a new facet to his personality through his sensitivity to music: 'Be not afeared', he tells two shipwrecked servants, 'the isle is full of noises, / Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not'.

At the same time, songs are also to a certain extent detached from Shakespeare's plays, which were by no means the wholly coherent texts we might imagine them to have been, and textual editors have long worked to impose order on material that may never have sought it. The early printed texts of the plays sometimes include the word 'song' without there being an actual song, because songs would be inserted into the playwright's text on separate sheets of paper, partly to enable the choice of song to be updated over time as musical fashion changed, and sometimes they were lost before printing took place. Shakespeare worked particularly closely with the lutenist and composer Robert Johnson, who wrote many of the songs for his plays – plays which at times can seem more akin to the musical, in our terms, than to classical theatre – and a handful of his settings have survived; far more have not, however, which leaves considerable scope for imaginings and re-imaginings of the musical

world of the plays.

Song, then, is a major feature of Shakespeare's plays, and composers have, in subsequent centuries, been drawn to writing new versions of the originals and to adapting lines from the plays to be listened to outside their original dramatic contexts, thereby taking on new life and new shapes. In particular, English composers from Arne to Stanford, from Finzi to Vaughan Williams, have repeatedly set the songs and key speeches (notably Prospero's 'Our revels now are ended' speech from *The Tempest*) to new music. And it is by no means only the English who have found in Shakespearean verse a platform for expression and experimentation: Haydn, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Verdi, Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev – to name some of the most obvious – have reimaged and reinvented the plays musically in ways that have transformed Shakespeare's achievement for later generations.

But Shakespeare was not only a playwright; he was a highly accomplished poet, and his sonnets, though not directly written to be sung, express a keen awareness of the interrelations of music and poetry. Sonnets 8 and 128, for instance – both of which are included in this recording

– engage directly with musical theory and instrumental technique in their quest for a language of desire. 'If the true concord of well-tuned sounds, / By unions married, do offend thine ear', the poetic voice tells us in Sonnet 8, 'They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds / In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear', as he seeks to persuade his lover to succumb to his ardour, turning the concept of the musical 'part' into a sexual pun and emphasising the necessity of mutuality for the creation of harmony. In Sonnet 128 it is the lutenist's technical skill that expresses the poet's urge for tactile experience: 'I envy those jacks' (that is, the keys of a virginal) 'that nimble leap / To kiss the tender inward of thy hand', he says, adding that 'Since saucy jacks' (that is, cheeky lads) 'so happy are in this, / Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss'.

Not surprisingly, given the awareness they reveal of their relationship to music, the sonnets have been set to music repeatedly since Shakespeare's times: there have been over a hundred and twenty settings of Sonnet 18 ('Shall I compare thee to a summer's day') alone. The earliest surviving setting dates from 1659 ('Let me not to the marriage of true minds', set by Henry Lawes), and in the twentieth century the sonnets were reinvented by composers

as various as Igor Stravinsky, Gustav Holst, Dmitri Shostakovich, John Dankworth and John Tavener.

The twentieth-century Jewish-Italian composer Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco had an ongoing fascination – even obsession – with the works of William Shakespeare, writing a series of overtures for a range of plays from *The Merchant of Venice* to *Coriolanus* as well as a substantial number of songs based on both the plays and the sonnets. Between 1921 and 1925 he created a series of melodic, serene versions of songs from the plays – ‘Under the Greenwood Tree’ from *As You Like It*, ‘Orpheus with his Lute’ from *Henry VIII*, ‘For the rain it raineth every day’ from *King Lear*, and thirty or so others – and in 1944 and 1945 he wrote thirty-five settings for the sonnets, including the unpublished songs performed here.

Castelnuovo-Tedesco was born in Florence in 1895 into a Jewish banking family. He began writing music when he was just nine years old and in due course studied composition and acquired the patronage of the composer Alfredo Casella. He is perhaps best known as a composer for guitar, notably writing numerous pieces for Andrés Segovia, but he also wrote concertos for prominent soloists on

other instruments, including Jascha Heifetz and Gregor Piatigorsky. Many of his works emerged from literary sources – by Virgil, Cervantes, Keats, Wordsworth and, above all, Shakespeare – and in 1926 his opera *La Mandragola* (The Mandrake), based on a satirical play by Machiavelli, won the Italian Prize.

With the rise of Fascism in the 1930s, Castelnuovo-Tedesco and his work began to be subject to anti-semitic bans and cancellations, and when Mussolini’s racial laws were passed in 1938 he acquired Toscanini’s sponsorship to emigrate to the United States, leaving Italy just before war broke out. After a period in New York, he settled in Los Angeles and, with Heifetz’s encouragement, began to write film scores, producing a considerable quantity of film music over a decade and a half – eleven scores attributed, and many more uncredited – and influencing other composers for film, including Henry Mancini and André Previn. He became a US citizen in 1946 but returned regularly to Italy, where in 1952 he won the Concorso Campari for his opera version of *The Merchant of Venice*, first performed in Florence in 1961 and further evidence, if any is needed, of his lifelong engagement

with Shakespeare. He died in Los Angeles in 1968 at the age of 72.

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Texts

1. Sonnet VIII

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy:
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear:
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, 'thou single wilt prove none'.

2. Sonnet XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

3. Sonnet XCVII

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time,
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit,
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute.
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

4. Sonnet CV

Let not my love be called idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse, to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three till now, never kept seat in one.

5. Sonnet LXXIII

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed, whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
strong,
To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

6. Sonnet CIX

O never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify,
As easy might I from my self depart,
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love, if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that myself bring water for my stain,
Never believe though in my nature reign'd,
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good:
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou my rose; in it thou art my all.

7. Sonnet XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest,
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

8. Sonnet CXLVI

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
My sinful earth these rebel powers array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more,
So shall thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

9. Sonnet XXVII

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd;
 But then begins a journey in my head,
 To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd.
 For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face
 new.
 Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

10. Sonnet CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have express'd,
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

11. Sonnet XC

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in for an after-loss:
 Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe,
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,
 But in the onset come; so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortune's might;
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
 Compared with loss of thee, will not seem so.

12. Sonnet CII

My love is strengthen'd though more weak in
 seeming;
 I love not less, though less the show appear;
 That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
 The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
 And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
 But that wild music burthens every bough,
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
 Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

13. Sonnet XXXII

If thou survive my well-contented day,
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall
 cover,
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
 Compare them with the bettering of the time;
 And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.
 O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
 'Had my friend's muse grown with this growing
 age,
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage:
 But since he died, and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love'.

14. Sonnet LIII

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit,
 Is poorly imitated after you:
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
 Speak of the spring, and foison of the year:
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear,
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

15. Sonnet XXXV

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
 (Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)
 And 'gainst my self a lawful plea commence:
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,
 That I an accessory needs must be
 To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

16. Sonnet LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
 And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

17. Sonnet CXXVIII

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers when thou gently sway'st
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
 Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap,
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest
 reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
 To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips,
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

18. Sonnet LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but tend,
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
 When you have bid your servant once adieu;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
 Save, where you are how happy you make those:
 So true a fool is love, that in your will
 (Though you do anything) he thinks no ill.

19. Sonnet XXIX

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweep my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts my self almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee – and then my state,
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate,
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

20. Sonnet LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
 The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
 And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage.
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay;
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatè –
 That Time will come and take my love away.
 This thought is as a death which cannot choose
 But weep to have, that which it fears to lose.

21. Sonnet LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless
 sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
 O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wrackful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack!
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back,
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
 O none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

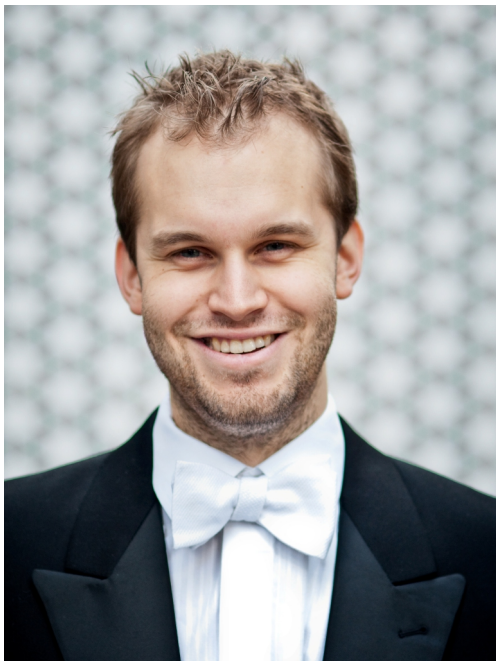
22. Sonnet LXXXVII

Farewell! Thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
 And for that riches where is my deserving?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 And so my patent back again is swerving.
 Thy self thou gav'st, thy own worth then not
 knowing,
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking,
 So thy great gift upon misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better judgement making.
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
 In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

23. Sonnet CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
 In process of the seasons have I seen;
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green.
 Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial hand,
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
 Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)



Ashley Riches (baritone)

Ashley Riches is a member of the Jette Parker Young Artists programme at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Previously he studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and English at Cambridge University, where he was a member of the King's College Chapel Choir.

Concert appearances include the UK premiere of Shostakovich's *Orango* with Esa-Pekka Salonen and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Handel's *Messiah* in Symphony Hall, Birmingham with Stephen Cleobury, Bach's Mass in B Minor with Arcangelo at Flanders Festival in Ghent, Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast* with David Temple at the Royal Festival Hall, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* with Sir Roger Norrington, Verdi's *Requiem* at the Royal Albert Hall and Winchester Cathedral, Handel's *L'Allegro* with the Gabrieli Consort at St John's, Smith Square, Britten's *War Requiem* with Jan Latham-Koenig and Novaya Opera, Moscow, Bach Cantatas with the AAM and Richard Egarr at the Wigmore Hall and Handel's *Israel in Egypt* at Dartington with Jonathan Cohen.

Operatic appearances include the title roles in *Eugene Onegin* (Ryedale Festival) and *Don Giovanni*; Marcello and Schaunard

(*La Bohème*), Aeneas (*Dido and Aeneas*), Father (*Hansel and Gretel*), Tarquinius (The Rape of Lucretia for BYO; Sid (*Albert Herring*), Demetrius (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) and Ibn-Hakia (*Iolanta*) at the Guildhall; The Drunken Poet, Winter, Corydon and Sleep in *The Fairy Queen* with Paul McCreesh and the Gabrieli Consort; Polyphemus (*Acis and Galatea*) with Paul McCreesh and Claudio (*Beatrice and Benedict*) with Robin Ticciati and the Scottish Chamber Orchestra. In November 2012 he made his debut at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden singing with Roberto Alagna in a Gala Concert and appeared as Salieri in Rimsky Korsakov's *Mozart and Salieri* with the Jette Parker Young Artists at the Linbury Studio Theatre, Covent Garden.

He has given recitals at Wigmore Hall, Barbican Hall, the City of London Festival, Chelsea Schubert Festival and Ludlow Festival and has recorded Poulenc *Chansons Gaillardes* with Graham Johnson for Hyperion. He recently sang several Handel arias for a David Starkey TV series *Monarchy and Music* and has recorded Pilate St John Passion with AAM and Richard Egarr and Mercury in Daniel Purcell's *The Judgment of Paris*. His roles at Covent Garden in the 2013/14 season include Morales (*Carmen*), Mandarin (*Turandot*), Baron Douphol (*La Traviata*), and Officier in *Les Dialogues des Carmelites*.



Emma Abbate (piano)

The Neapolitan pianist Emma Abbate pursues a varied career as a chamber musician and vocal coach, working with some of the finest singers and instrumentalists of her generation. She has performed in duo recitals for international festivals and concert societies in Salzburg, Lisbon, Naples, Ischia, Koscierzyna and Sorrento, and at many prestigious UK venues such as the Wigmore Hall, St George's in Bristol and for the Aldeburgh Festival.

Described as '[...] an amazingly talented pianist' by the leading Italian magazine *Musica*, this recording is the latest in a series devoted to twentieth century Italian vocal chamber music. Devised by Emma, it follows *L'Infinito* for Urania Records with the mezzo-soprano Kamelia Kader. Emma's discography also includes world-premières of works for cello and piano by Krzysztof Meyer and Algernon Ashton with the cellist Evva Mizerska. Published by Toccata Classics, their performances have been praised by *The Strad* for their '[...] great expressive range and impressive authority'.

Based in London, Emma is a professor

at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama. Following her graduation from the S. Pietro a Majella Conservatoire in Naples at the age of only nineteen and an Advanced Diploma from the S. Cecilia Conservatoire in Rome, Emma studied in London with Yonty Solomon. She completed her studies with Geoffrey Pratley and Patsy Toh as a scholar at the Royal Academy of Music, from where she was awarded the Postgraduate Diploma in Accompaniment with Distinction. Her many prizes have included the Anglo-Czechoslovak Trust Award, the International Ibla Grand Prize as Distinguished Musician, the Grover Bennett Prize and the AMA Calabria Award. She was also awarded an Italian Literature and Culture degree cum laude from the Federico II University in Naples.

www.emmaabbate.com

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Recorded in St John the Evangelist, Iffley Road, Oxford on 30 – 31 May 2014
Producer & Engineer: Michael Ponder
Executive Producer & Editor: Adam Binks
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Recorded at 24-bit / 96kHz resolution
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With thanks to Sally Doyle and Michele Smith of SJE Arts.

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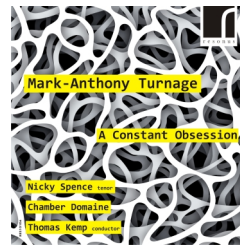
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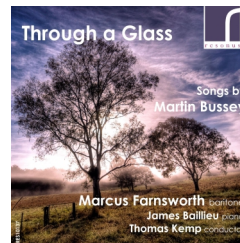
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