



SING LEVY DEW

THE

ST CATHARINE'S GIRLS' CHOIR, CAMBRIDGE

EDWARD WICKHAM

Sing Levy Dew

A decade of The St Catharine's Girls' Choir, Cambridge

The St Catharine's Girls' Choir, Cambridge
Frederick Brown *piano*
Edward Wickham *director*

About The St Catharine's Girls' Choir & Edward Wickham:

'[...] splendidly performed by these exceptionally well-trained singers'
The Observer

'The young voices blend well, and sing with conviction and warmth'
BBC Music Magazine

Jonathan Dove (b. 1959)

It sounded as if the Streets were running

1. It sounded as if the Streets were running [3:55]
2. I saw no Way [2:28]
3. How happy is the little Stone [3:21]

Richard Rodney Bennett (1936–2012)

The Insect World

4. The Insect World [1:24]
5. The Fly [0:47]
6. Glow-worms [2:09]
7. Clock-a-clay [1:59]

The Aviary

8. The Bird's Lament [2:10]
9. The Owl [1:15]
10. The Early Nightingale [2:21]
11. The Widow Bird [1:41]
12. The Lark [1:13]

Howard Skempton (b. 1947)

Five Poems of Mary Webb

13. To Life [1:32]
14. Reflections [1:17]
15. The Spirit of Earth [1:51]
16. Safe [1:22]
17. To the World [2:14]

Sally Beamish (b. 1956)

Seven Songs

18. I have a bird [1:55]
19. Over the fence [0:52]
20. How happy is the little Stone [0:50]
21. Adrift [1:43]
22. I'm nobody [1:32]
23. I shall keep singing [1:19]
24. Sunset [1:21]

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

Friday Afternoons, Op. 7

25. Begone, dull care [0:58]
26. A Tragic Story [2:09]
27. Cuckoo! [1:53]
28. 'Ee-oh!' [2:32]
29. A New Year Carol [2:02]
30. I mun be married on Sunday [1:13]
31. There was a man of Newington [0:37]
32. Fishing Song [2:05]
33. The Useful Plough [2:38]
34. Jazz-man [0:45]
35. There was a monkey [1:20]
36. Old Abram Brown [4:36]

Total playing time [65:41]



Sing Levy Dew: Songs by Beamish, Bennett, Britten, Dove and Skempton

'I touched the Universe ... I alone – A Speck upon a Ball – Went out upon Circumference – Beyond the Dip of Bell –' Emily Dickinson's ecstatic experience of the transcendent evokes the cosmology of the Medievals, of the Spheres and their harmonies. The curvature of the bell, the rich harmonic sequence which it calls forth, and its – perhaps unwelcome – reminder of the obligations of church-going; all are summoned up in one poetic strike.

It is no surprise that the singular vision – and syntax – of the poet Emily Dickinson should be such a lure to composers. The discrete, decoupled phrases demand of a musical setting little sensitivity to grammatical coherence; but at the same time offer in concentrated form the kind of vivid yet enigmatic imagery to which music can provide a suitable partner. Put another way, it gives you a lot of bang for your buck. Nor is it a surprise that her poems should lend themselves to settings intended for children's choir. The faux-naïve fascination and occasional bluntness in the language seem particularly appropriate when voiced by children, even when the intense introspection of the poet's gaze might, by those of us with

more experience of life's catastrophes, be read in a different, more disturbing light.

With few exceptions, the texts featured on this disc – by Mary Webb, Emily Dickinson, John Clare, Walter de la Mare and several others – demonstrate this ability to communicate simultaneously in different registers. Those which are most obviously children's lyrics – as in some of Britten's choices – have the quality of playground ritual, and manage that combination of innocent and sinister which was a speciality of that composer. But it is Britten, more than anyone else in Anglophone musical culture, who reminds us that the best composers of children's music do not write childish music: they write music whose authenticity is best realised when the performers – their voices and their personae – are children.

Jonathan Dove's settings of three Emily Dickinson poems were composed in 2006 for Farnham Youth Choir. In four voice parts with occasional *divisi*, they respond to the poems' provocations with virtuosic canonic counterpoint and moments of dramatic rhetoric. Dove's signature use of short musical fragments, tessellated into complex patterns, is ideally suited to the short-breathed phrases of the text, and enable us as listeners to turn over,

mantra-like, Dickinson's curious poetic devices.

The two song collections *The Insect World* and *The Aviary* date from 1966, in the midst of a hugely prolific period for Richard Rodney Bennett. Having only a few years earlier put behind him an intense and sincere relationship with the international avant-garde, Bennett was in the 1960s establishing the reputation for eclecticism, as composer and performer, which he maintained until the end of his long career. In these two anthologies one encounters one infectious tune after another; but it is as much in the piano accompaniment as in the vocal lines that one hears the real artistry and facility of Richard Rodney Bennett the creator of so many classical, jazz and film scores.

The sequence by English poet and novelist Mary Webb (1881–1927) was selected by Howard Skempton to form a chronological arc. The first two are early poems, the second addressed to her husband, Henry Webb. Her later years were marked by a deterioration in her marriage and her physical health, and the latter poems have a poignant, valedictory quality. Skempton approaches these impassioned lyrics with apparent austerity, the text declaimed through successions of simple

triads, which have the effect of magnifying any harmonic deviations or dissonances. These settings were commissioned by New Macnaghten Concerts in 1989 and first performed by the Chamber Choir of Francis Holland School in 1990. Premiered at the same occasion were Sally Beamish's selection of Emily Dickinson. By contrast with Jonathan Dove's, these are altogether more terse: line-drawings rather than full-colour images, which resemble Bartok's Choruses for Children in their use of mainly two-voice textures to create subtle but coherent harmonic worlds.

Benjamin Britten's Opus 7 *Twelve Songs for Schools*, subsequently re-named *Friday Afternoons* has justifiably become one of the best-loved anthologies for children's voices. Composed between 1933 and 1935 for use at Clive House School in Prestatyn, where Britten's older brother Robert was headmaster, and where singing classes were held on Friday afternoons. The sources of the texts are diffuse, but many were to be found in the popular schoolroom anthology edited by Walter de la Mare, *Tom Tiddler's Ground* published in 1931.

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Texts

Jonathan Dove (b. 1959)
It sounded as though the Streets were running

1. It sounded as if the Streets were running
It sounded as if the Streets were running
And then—the Streets stood still—
Eclipse—was all we could see at the Window
And Awe—was all we could feel.

By and by—the boldest stole out of his Covert
To see if Time was there—
Nature was in an Opal Apron,
Mixing fresher Air.

2. I saw no Way
I saw no Way—The Heavens were stitched—
I felt the Columns close—
The Earth reversed her Hemispheres—
I touched the Universe—

And back it slid—and I alone—
A Speck upon a Ball—
Went out upon Circumference—
Beyond the Dip of Bell—

3. How happy is the little Stone
How happy is the little Stone
That rambles in the Road alone,
And doesn't care about Careers
And Exigencies never fears—
Whose Coat of elemental Brown
A passing Universe put on,
And independent as the Sun
Associates or glows alone,

Fulfilling absolute Decree
In casual simplicity—

Emily Dickinson (1830–1826)

Richard Rodney Bennett (1936–2012)
The Insect World

4. The Insect World
The insect world amid the suns and dew
Awake and hum their tiny songs a new;
And climb the tottergrass and blossoms stem
As huge in size as mighty oaks to them;
And rushy burnets on the pasture rise
As tall as castles to their little eyes;

Each leaf's a town and the smooth meadow grass
A mighty world whose bounds they never pass;
E'en spots no bigger than the husbandman's
Or shepherd's noontide dwarf shrunk shadow spans
Or e'en the milkmaid tripping thro' the dew,
Each space she covers with her slender shoe

Seem to their view high woods in which they roam
As lorn, lost wand'ers many miles from home,
Creeping up bents and down whole weary hours
And resting oft on the soft breasts of flowers;
Till age, in minutes long as years, creeps on,
Or waning summer warns them to be gone.

John Clare (1793–1864)

5. The Fly
Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me and drink as I:
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away.

Just alike, both mine and thine
Hasten quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore.
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

William Oldys (1696–1761)

6. Glow-worms
Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate;

Ye country comets, that portend
No war nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Than to presage the grass's fall;

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wand'ring mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray;

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since Juliana here is come,
For she my mind hath so displac'd
That I shall never find my home.

Andrew Marvell (1621–1676)

7. Clock-a-Clay
In the cowslip pips I lie,
Hidden from a buzzing fly,
While green grass beneath me lies,
Pearled with dew like fishes eyes
Here I lie, a clock-a-clay,
Waiting for the time of day.

While grassy forest quakes surprise,
And the wild wind sobs and sighs,
My home rocks as like to fall,
On its pillar green and tall,
While the patt'ring rain drives by,
Clock-a-clay keeps warm and dry.

Day by day and night by night,
All the week I hide from sight,
In the cowslip pips I lie,
In rain and dew still warm and dry,
Day and night and night and day,
Red, black-spotted clock-a-clay.

My home shakes in wind and showers,
Pale green pillar topped with flowers,
Bending at the wild wind's breath,
Till I touch the grass beneath;
Here I live, lone clock-a-clay,
Watching for the time of day.

John Clare (1793–1864)

Richard Rodney Bennett
The Aviary

8. The Bird's Lament
Oh, says the linnet, if I sing,
My love forsook me in the spring
And nevermore will I be seen
Without my satin gown of green.

Oh, says the pretty feathered jay,
Now my love is gone away
And for the memory of my dear
A feather of each sort I'll wear.

Oh, says the rook and eke the crow,
The reason why in black we go
Because our love has us forsook,
So pity us poor crow and rook!

Oh, says the pretty speckled thrush
That changes its note from bush to bush,
My love has left me here alone,
I fear she never will return.

John Clare

9. The Owl
When cats run home and light is come
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.
When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his round-e-lay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)

10. The Early Nightingale
When first we hear the shy-come nightingales,
They seem to mutter o'er their songs in fear,
And, climb we e'er so soft the spinney rails,
All stops as if no bird was anywhere.
The kindled bushes with the young leaves thin
Let curious eyes to search a long way in,
Until impatience cannot see or hear
The hidden music; gets but little way
Upon the path – when up the songs begin,
Full loud a moment and then low again.

But when a day or two confirms her stay
Boldly she sings and loudly half the day;
And soon the village brings the woodman's tale
Of having heard the new-come nightingale.

John Clare

11. The Widow Bird
A widow bird sate mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough,
The frozen wind crept on above;
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flow'r upon the ground
And little motion in the air,
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)

12. The Lark
Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow, the Dove,
The Linnet and Thrush say, 'I love and I love!'
In the winter they're silent – the wind is so strong;
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms,
and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving – all come back together.
But the Lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings; and forever sings he,
'I love my Love, and my Love loves me!'

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834)

Howard Skempton (b. 1947)

Five Poems of Mary Webb

13. To Life

Fair, fierce Life! What will you do with me?
What will you make me?
Take me and break me,
Hurt me, or love me,
But throne me not lonely and safely above thee,
Sweet Life!

Radiant, terrible Life! See now, I offer thee
Body and spirit.
Let me inherit
Agony-wonder:
But leave me not icily, numbly asunder,
Dear Life!

14. Reflections

No beauty is mine, and yet I saw today
A lovely face within my mirror glassed;
For you had looked upon me as you passed,
And still there lingered, as you went away,

Reflections of your grace in mouth and eye –
Like those rare dawns that paint the eastern sky
And mirror forth their beauty
Even in the hueless north.

15. The Spirit of Earth

Love me – and I will give into your hands
The rare, enamelled jewels of my lands,
Flowers red and blue,
Tender with air and dew.

From far green armouries of pools and meres
I'll reach for you my lucent sheaves of spears –
The singing falls,
Where the lone ousel calls.

When, like a passing light upon the sea,
Your wood-bird soul shall clap her wings and flee,
She shall but nest
More closely in my breast.

16. Safe

Under a blossoming tree
Let me lie down,
With one blackbird to sing to me
In the evenings brown.
Safe from the world's long importunity –
The endless talk, the critical, sly stare,
The trifling social days – and unaware
Of all the bitter thoughts they have of me,
Low in the grass, deep in the daisies,
I shall sleep sound, safe from their blames and praises.

17. To the World

You took the rare blue from my cloudy sky;
You shot the one bird in my silent wood;
You crushed my rose – one rose alone had I.
You have not known. You have not understood.

I would have shown you pictures I have seen
Of unimagined mountains, plains and seas;
I would have made you songs of leafy green,
If you had left me some small ecstasies.

Now let the one dear field be only field,
That was a garden for the mighty gods.
Take you its corn. I keep its better yield –
The glory that I found within its clods.

Mary Webb (1881–1927)

Sally Beamish (b. 1956)

Seven Songs

18. I have a Bird

I have a bird in spring
Which for myself doth sing–
The spring decoys.
And as the summer nears–
And as the Rose appears,
Robin is gone.

Yet do I not repine
Knowing that Bird of mine
Though flown–
Learneth beyond the sea
Melody new for me
And will return.

Fast in a safer hand
Held in a truer Land
Are mine–
And though they now depart,
Tell I my doubting heart
They're thine.

In a serener Bright,
In a more golden light
I see
Each little doubt and fear,
Each little discord here
Removed.

Then will I not repine,
Knowing that Bird of mine
Though flown
Shall in a distant tree
Bright melody for me
Return.

19. Over the fence

Over the fence
Strawberries-grow
Over the fence
I could climb–if I tried, I know
Berries are nice!

But–if I stained my Apron
God would certainly scold!
Oh, dear–I guess if He were a Boy
He'd–climb–if He could!

20. How happy is the little Stone
How happy is the little Stone
That rambles in the Road alone,
And doesn't care about Careers
And Exigencies never fears—
Whose Coat of elemental Brown
A passing Universe put on,
And independent as the Sun
Associates or glows alone,
Fulfilling absolute Decree
In casual simplicity—

21. Adrift

Adrift! A little boat adrift!
And night is coming down!
Will no one guide a little boat
Unto the nearest town?

So Sailors say—on yesterday—
Just as the dusk was brown
One little boat gave up its strife
And gurgled down and down.

So angels say—on yesterday—
Just as the dawn was red
One little boat—o'erspent with gales—
Retrimmed its masts—redecked its sails—
And shot—exultant on!

22. I'm Nobody
I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you—Nobody—too?
Then there's a pair of us!
Don't tell! they'd advertise—you know!

How dreary— to be—Somebody!
How public—like a Frog—
To tell one's name—the livelong June—
To an admiring Bog!

23. I shall keep singing
I shall keep singing!
Birds will pass me
On their way to Yellower Climes—
Each—with a Robin's expectation—
I—with my Redbreast—
And my Rhymes—

Late—when I take my place in summer—
But—I shall bring a fuller tune—
Vespers—are sweeter than Matins—Signor—
Morning—only the seed of Noon—

24. Sunset
Blazing in gold and quenching in purple,
Leaping like leopards to the sky,
Then at the feet of the old horizon
Laying her spotted face, to die;

Stooping as low as the kitchen window,
Touching the roof and tinting the barn,
Kissing her bonnet to the meadow—
And the juggler of day is gone!

Emily Dickinson

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)
Friday Afternoons

25. Begone, Dull Care!
Begone, dull care! I prithee begone from me!
Begone, dull care! you and I shall never agree.
Long time hast thou been tarrying here
And fain thou would'st me kill,
But, i' faith, dull care,
Thou never shall have my will.

Too much care will make a young man turn grey,
And too much care will turn an old man to clay.
My wife shall dance and I will sing
And merrily pass the day
For I hold it one of the wisest things
To drive dull care away.

Anonymous, seventeenth century

26. A Tragic Story
There liv'd a sage in days of yore
And he a handsome pigtail wore
But wonder'd much and sorrow'd more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mus'd upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face
Not dangling there behind him

Says he, 'The mystery I've found, –
I'll turn me round,' – he turn'd him round,
(He turn'd him round, he turn'd him round,)
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain – it matter'd not a pin –
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,
And up and down, and in and out,
He turn'd, but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and take,
Alas, still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

William Makepiece Thackeray (1811–1863)

27. Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, Cuckoo, what do you do?
'In April I open my bill;
In May I sing night and day;
In June I change my tune
In July Far-far I fly;
In August away I must.'
Cuckoo, Cuckoo!

Jane Taylor (1783–1824)

28. 'Ee-Oh!
The fox and his wife they had a great strife,
They never eat mustard in all their whole life;
They eat their meat without fork or knife,
And lov'd to be picking a bone, ee-oh!

The fox jump'd up on a moonlight night;
The stars they were shining, and all things bright;
'O-ho!' said the fox, 'It's a very fine night,
For me to go through the town, ee-oh!'

The fox, when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his lugs and he listen'd a while!
'Oh, ho!' said the fox, 'it's a very short mile
From this unto yonder wee town, ee-oh!'

The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake;
'I love you well for your master's sake
And long to be picking your bone, ee-oh!'

The grey goose she ran round the farmer's stack,
'Oh, ho!' said the fox, 'you are plump and fat;
You'll grease my beard and ride on my back,
From this into yonder wee town, ee-oh'

The farmer's wife she jump'd out of bed,
And out of the window she popp'd her head!
'Oh, husband! oh, husband! The geese are all dead,
For the fox has been through the town, ee-oh!'

The farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,
And shot the old rogue of a fox through his head;
'Ah, ha!' said the farmer, 'I think you're quite dead,
And no more you'll trouble the town, ee-oh!'

Anonymous

29. A New Year Carol
Here we bring new water from the well so clear
For to worship God with, this happy New Year.
Sing levy dew, sing levy dew, the water
and the wine;
The seven bright gold wires and the bugles
that do shine.

Sing reign of Fair Maid, with gold upon her toe,
Open you the West Door, and turn the Old Year go.
Sing levy dew, sing levy dew ...

Sing reign of Fair Maid, with gold upon her chin,
Open you the East Door, and let the New Year in.
Sing levy dew, sing levy dew ...

30. I mun be married on Sunday
I mun be married on Sunday,
Whosoever shall come that way,
I mun be married on Sunday.

Roister Doister is my name,
A lusty brute I am the same,
I mun be married on Sunday.

Christian Custance have I found,
A widow worth a thousand pound,
I mun be married on Sunday.

Custance is as sweet as honey,
I her lamb and she my coney;
I mun be married on Sunday.

When we shall make our wedding feast,
There shall be cheer for man and beast;
I mun be married on Sunday.

Nicholas Udall (1504–1556)

31. There was a man of Newington
There was a man of Newington,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jump'd into a quickset hedge,
And scratch'd out both his eyes.

But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jump'd into another hedge,
And scratch'd them in again.

Anonymous

32. Fishing Song
Oh, the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any!
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis below'd of many;
Other joys, are but toys;
Only this lawful is,
For our skill breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise,
'Ere Aurora's peeping.
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
Leave the sluggard sleeping;
Then we go to and fro,
With our knacks at our backs,
To such streams as the Thames
If we have the leisure.

If the sun's excessive heat,
Makes our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get
For a friendly shelter:
Where in a dyke, perch or pike,
Roach or dace we go chase;
Bleak or gudgeon without grudging;
We are still contented.

Izaak Walton (1593–1683)

33. The Useful Plough
A country life is sweet,
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair,
In ev'ry field of wheat.
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers
And ev'ry meadow's brow;
So that, I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in grey,
And follow the useful plough.

They rise with the morning lark,
And labour till almost dark,
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep,
While ev'ry pleasant park,
Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing,
On each green tender bough;
With what content and merriment,
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent,
To follow the useful plough.

Anonymous

34. Jazz–man

Text by Eleanor Farjeon (1881–1965)

35. There was a monkey
There was a monkey climb'd up a tree,
When he fell down, then down fell he.
There was a crow sat on a stone
When he was gone, then there was none.
There was an old wife did eat an apple,
When she'd ate two, she'd ate a couple.
There was a horse a-going to the mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.
There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, the blood did come.
There was a lackey ran a race

When he ran fast, he ran apace.
There was a cobbler clouting shoon
When they were mended, they were done.
There was a chandler making candle
When he them strip, he did them handle
There was a navy went into Spain,
When it return'd it came again.

Anonymous

36. Old Abram Brown
Old Abram Brown is dead and gone,
You'll never see him more.
He used to wear a long brown coat
That button'd down before.

Anonymous

St Catharine's Girls' Choir, Cambridge

Joanna Barrett
Susanna Beale
Annabel Butler
Olivia Cleobury
Grainne Dignam
Sian Ellis
Teresa Garcia-Ribeiro
Beatrice Greenhalgh
Jasmine Hunt
Abbie Keegan
Anna Morris
Anna Mullock
Sophie O'Sullivan
Rebecca Peacock
Agatha Pethers*
Isabella Rigatti Luchini
Maya Ruocco
Francesca Stevenson
Audrey Suryadarma
Sofia Swenson-Wright
Isabella Wickham
Gabriella Zailer-Fletcher

*soloist in 'I shall keep singing' (track 27)

Frederick Brown (piano)
Edward Wickham (director)

The St Catharine's Girls' Choir

The St Catharine's Girls' Choir – the only college-based girls' choir in the UK – was founded in 2008. The choir sings weekly in the College Chapel, as well as giving regular concerts and its repertoire extends from the early Middle Ages to the twenty-first century, with several works written specially for it. The choir is made up of twenty girls, aged between eight and fifteen, drawn from local schools; and for this recording is augmented by former choristers. The choir has performed in some of the UK's leading venues including London's St John's, Smith Square, and St David's Hall, Cardiff. It has performed live on Radio 3's *The Choir* and toured to Poland and Hungary.

Edward Wickham

Edward Wickham is a Fellow and Director of Music at St Catharine's College, Cambridge. He combines his duties in Cambridge with performing engagements throughout the world. He came to St Catharine's College in 2003, and in 2008 established the first college-based children's girls' choir.

With The Clerks, the vocal ensemble he formed in 1992, he has made a series of ground-breaking recordings, principally of Franco-Flemish Renaissance music. In

2001 the ensemble completed an award-winning survey of the music of Jean Ockeghem and more recent projects have included first-time recordings of polyphony by composers such as Josquin, Barbireau and Regis.

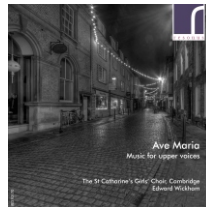
In recent years, Dr Wickham has been exploring, through collaborative and experimental projects, modes of performance which break out of the traditional Western classical tradition. With multi-media sound installations, partnerships with singers from the Middle East, and ground-breaking educational and outreach programmes, he is committed to pursuing an idiosyncratic agenda of artistic innovation and social participation.

His most recent projects, funded by Arts Awards from The Wellcome Trust, explore issues of cognition and intelligibility in musical lyrics and libretti.



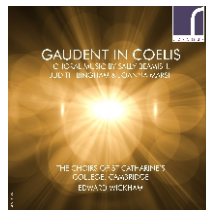
Edward Wickham

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