
CONCERTS AT THE UNIVERSITY

Autumn - Winter 2016

Tuesday 8 November 2016

1.10pm

City of Edinburgh Methodist Church

Paul Grant · baritone

Michael Pandya · piano

Programme of works by **BRAHMS, FAURÉ,**
MICHAEL HEAD and **F.G. SCOTT.**



THE UNIVERSITY of EDINBURGH
Edinburgh College of Art

Vier Ernste Gesänge Op. 121

Johannes Brahms (1833 – 1897)

1. Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh
2. Ich wandte mich und sahe
3. O Tod, o Tod, wie bitter bist du
4. Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit Engels-zungen redete

Saddened by the news of Clara Schumann's stroke and aware of his own declining health, Brahms naturally started contemplating life and completed the cycle on 7th May 1896 – his last birthday. With sacred texts from the Bible and the Apocrypha being used, Brahms explores the purpose of this life and what comes after. Although not a Christian himself, Brahms' knowledge of the Bible and specific choice of these texts display his deep understanding of their meaning. The cycle opens with a solemn piano ostinato – reminiscent of his earlier work, *Begräbnisgesang* – which the singer then joins, echoing this melody before the two parts separate and we are reminded that from dust we come, and to dust will return. After the dust settles, Brahms returns to the opening theme again and we are told that what gives man purpose in life – his work. For who shall bring him to see what comes after? Next is the darkest and bleakest song in the cycle, where the author looks around and sees horrendous oppression and injustice in the world, that he praises those who are already dead and do not suffer anymore. But not just the dead – it is better for those who have not yet been born as they have not seen the evil done in this world. For this stark message, Brahms had no music and we are left in silence. Following this, we move to the bitterness of death for people who have lived without want or worry. However, this is not the case for people who are weary and troubled. The change from minor to major is a poignant shift in Brahms' attitude towards death as something which brings release and freedom from this world, and not something to be hated and feared. The final song is significantly different in comparison to the rest of the cycle, not only by using a text from the New Testament but in content and nature. Sermon-like in structure, we are reminded several times that although man can have great faith and hope, if he does not have love then whatever is done is worthless. This echoes the opening of the cycle however highlights the importance of love – which is the greatest commandment.

Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh

Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh;
wie dies stirbt, so stirbt er auch;
und haben alle einerlei Odem;
und der Mensch hat nichts mehr denn
das Vieh: denn es ist alles eitel.

Es fährt alles an einen Ort;
es ist alles von Staub gemacht,
und wird wieder zu Staub.

For that which befalleth the sons of
men befalleth beasts;
as the one dieth, so dieth the other;
yea, they have all one breath;
so that a man hath no preeminence
above a beast: for all is vanity.

All go unto one place;
all are of the dust,
and all turn to dust again.

Wer weiß, ob der Geist des Menschen
aufwärts fahre, und der Odem des Viehes
unterwärts unter die Erde fahre?

Darum sahe ich, daß nichts bessers ist,
denn daß der Mensch fröhlich sei in
seiner Arbeit, denn das ist sein Teil.
Denn wer will ihn dahin bringen,
daß er sehe was nach ihm geschehen
wird?

Prediger Salomo Kap.3

Ich wandte mich und sahe

Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle,
die Unrecht leiden unter der Sonne;
und siehe, da waren Tränen derer,
die Unrecht litten und hatten keinen
Tröster; und die ihnen Unrecht täten,
waren zu mächtig, daß sie keinen
Tröster haben konnten.

Da lobte ich die Toten, die schon
gestorben waren, mehr als die
Lebendigen, die noch das Leben hatten;
und der noch nicht ist, ist besser,
als alle beide,
und des Bösen nicht inne wird,
das unter der Sonne geschieht.

Prediger Salomi Kap.4

O Tod, wie bitter bist du

O Tod, wie bitter bist du,
wenn an dich gedenket ein Mensch,
der gute Tage und genug hat und ohne
Sorge lebet; und dem es wohl geht in allen
Dingen und noch wohl essen mag!

O Tod, wie bitter bist du.

O Tod, wie wohl tust du dem Dürftigen,
der da schwach und alt ist,
der in allen Sorgen steckt,
und nichts Bessers zu hoffen, noch zu
erwarten hat!

O Tod, wie wohl tust du!

Jesus Sirach Kap.41

Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth
upward, and the spirit of the beast that
goeth downward to the earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing
better, than that a man should rejoice in
his own works; for that is his portion:
for who shall bring him
to see what shall be after him?

Ecclesiastes 3:19-22, Authorised Version

So I returned, and considered all
those oppressions that are done under
the sun; and behold the tears of such
as were oppressed, and they had no
comforter; and on the side of their
oppressors there was power;
but they had no comforter.

Wherefore I praised the dead which
are already dead more than the living
which are yet alive. Yea, better is he
than both they, which hath not yet
been, who hath not seen the evil work
that is done under the sun.

Ecclesiastes 4:1-3, Authorised Version

O death, how bitter is the remembrance
of thee to a man that liveth at rest in
his possessions, unto the man that hath
nothing to vex him, and that hath
prosperity in all things: yea, unto him
that is yet able to receive meat!

O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto
the needy, and unto him whose strength
faileth, that is now in the last age,
and is vexed with all things, and to him
that despaireth, and hath lost patience!

Ecclesiasticus 41:1-2, Apocrypha

Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit Engelzungen
redete

Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit Engelzungen
redete, und hätte der Liebe nicht, so wär' ich ein
tönend Erz, oder eine klingende Schelle.

Und wenn ich weissagen könnte,
und wüßte alle Geheimnisse und alle Erkenntnis,
und hätte allen Glauben, also, daß ich Berge
versetzte, und hätte der Liebe nicht, so wäre
ich nichts.

Und wenn ich alle meine Habe den Armen gäbe,
und ließe meinen Leib brennen,
und hätte der Liebe nicht, so wäre mirs nichts
nütze.

Wir sehen jetzt durch einen Spiegel in einem
dunkeln Worte; dann aber von Angesicht zu
Angesichte. Jetzt erkenne ichs stückweise,
dann aber werd ichs erkennen,
gleich wie ich erkennt bin.

Nun aber bleibet Glaube, Hoffnung, Liebe, diese
drei; aber die Liebe ist die größte unter ihnen.

S. Pauli andie Corinther 1 Kap.13

L'horizon chimérique Op.118 (1921)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

1. La mer est infinie
2. Je me suis embarqué
3. Diane, Séléné
4. Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimé...

After retiring from teaching at the Paris Conservatoire in 1920, Fauré focussed fully on composition and, as a result, 1921 became a year in which he produced several of his finest works – the second 'cello sonata, second piano quintet and, *L'horizon chimérique*. The text for Fauré's last song cycle came from a collection of poems by Jean de La Ville de Mirmont – a young poet and soldier who died in the first year of the First World War, aged just 27. His output was not vast – forty-one in total – and was published posthumously in 1920, including a set of fourteen poems entitled *L'horizon chimérique*.

Though I speak with the tongues of
men and of angels, and have not
charity, I am become as sounding
brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of
prophecy, and understand all
mysteries, and all knowledge;
and though I have all faith, so that
I could remove mountains,
and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to
feed the poor, and though I give my
body to be burned, and have not
charity, it profiteth me nothing.

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 also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity,
these three;
but the greatest of these is charity.

1 Corinthians 13:1-3, 12-13,
Authorised Version

Over the course of the four songs, we witness the journey of a poet whose heart and dreams are with the sea, where he longs to be. Once at sea he comes to realise that he is not as satisfied as he had hoped. A hymn-tune prayer follows as he admires and yearns for the moon's clarity and peace. Finally, the poet admits that he belongs on the land, however he is still unsettled as he has a longing for more. Throughout these four songs, Fauré captures the mood and attributes of each poem very well and we hear the constant undulating of currents, the rising and falling of waves as they lap against the side of the boat and the stillness which comes during the night.

La mer est infinie

La mer est infinie et mes rêves sont fous.
La mer chante au soleil en battant les
falaises, Et mes rêves légers ne se sentent
plus d'aise, De danser sur la mer comme
des oiseaux souls.

La vaste mouvement des vagues les
emporte, La brise les agite et les roule en
ses plis: Jouant dans le sillage, ils feront
une escorte Aux vaisseaux que mon cœur
dans leur fuite a suivis.

Ivres d'air et de sel et brûlés par l'écume
De la mer qui console et qui lave des
pleurs,
Ils connaîtront le large et sa bonne
amertume; Les goëlands perdus les
prendront pour des leurs.

Text by Jean de la Ville de Mirmont

Je me suis embarqué

Je me suis embarqué sur un vaisseau
qui danse Et roule bord sur bord et tangué
et se balance. Mes pieds ont oublié la terre
et ses chemins; Les vagues souples m'ont
appris d'autres cadences Plus belles que
le rythme las des chants humains.

A vivre parmi vous, hélas! avais-je une
âme? Mes frères, j'ai souffert sur tous
vos continents. Je ne veux que la mer,
je ne veux que le vent Pour me bercer,
comme un enfant, au creux des lames.

Hors du port qui n'est plus qu'une image
effacée. Les larmes du départ ne brûlent
plus mes yeux, Je ne me souviens pas de
mes derniers adieux ... O ma peine, ma
peine, où vous ai-je laissée?

Text by Jean de la Ville de Mirmont

The sea is infinite and my dreams are
wild. The sea sings to the sun as it
beats against the cliffs, and my light
dreams are overjoyed beyond words
to dance upon the sea like tipsy birds.

The vast movement of the waves bears
them away, the breeze tosses them
and rolls the in its folds;
playing in the ship's track, they will
form an escort to the vessels whose
flight my heart has followed.

Intoxicated with air and salt, and stung
by the foam of the sea which consoles
and washes away tears,
they will know the open sea and its
salutary bitterness; the vagrant
seagulls will take them for their own.

Translation by Winifred Radford

I have embarked on a ship which
dances and rolls from side to side, and
pitches and rocks. My feet have
forgotten the earth and its paths;
the supple waves have taught me other
cadences more beautiful than the
weary rhythm of human songs.

To live among you, alas! Had I a soul?
My brothers, I have suffered on all your
shores. I want only the sea, I want only
the wind to rock me like a child in the
bosom of its waves.

Beyond the port which is no more than
a fading image the tears of departure
no longer burn my eyes, I do not
remember my last farewells...
O my suffering, my suffering, where
have I left you?

Translation by Winifred Radford

Diane, Séléné

Diane, Séléné, lune de beau
metal, Qui reflètes vers nous,
par ta face déserte,
Dans l'immortel ennui du
calme sidéral, Le regret d'un soleil
dont nous pleurons la perte.

Oh lune, je t'en veux de ta
limpidité
Injurieuse au trouble vain des
pauvres âmes,
Et mon cœur toujours las et
toujours agité,
Aspire vers la paix de ta nocturne
flamme.

Text by Jean de la Ville de Mirmont

Diana, Selene, moon of
beauteous metal,
Reflecting towards us on your
desolate surface,
in the eternal monotony of
sidereal calm, the regret for a
sun whose loss we mourn.

O moon, I begrudge you your
limpidity,
humiliating to the vain striving
of poor souls, and my heart,
ever weary and ever restless,
yearns for the peace of your
nocturnal flame.

Translation by Winifred Radford

Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés

Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés
en pure perte; Le dernier de vous
tous est parti sur la mer.
Le couchant emporta tant de voiles
ouvertes
Que ce port et mon cœur sont à j
amais déserts.

La mer vous a rendus à votre
destinée, Au delà du rivage où
s'arrêtent nos pas.
Nous ne pouvions garder vos
âmes enchaînées;
Il vous faut des lointains que
je ne connais pas.

Je suis de ceux dont les désirs
sont sur la terre. Le souffle qui
vous grise emplit mon cœur d'effroi,
Mais votre appel, au fond des soirs,
me désespère,
Car j'ai de grands départs inassouvis
en moi.

Text by Jean de la Ville de Mirmont

Ships, we have loved you to no
avail; the last of you all has set
sail upon the sea.
The setting sun has bourne
away so many spread sails
that this port and my heart are
for ever forsaken.

The sea has restored you to
your destiny, beyond the shore
where our steps must cease.
We could not have held your
souls captive;
you have need of distances
unknown to me.

I belong to those whose desires
are earthbound.
The breeze that elates you fills
my heart with terror, but your
call when evening falls makes
me despair, For I keel within me
an unappeased longing for great
departures.

Translation by Winifred Radford

1. **My Sword for the King**
2. **The Viper**
3. **Limehouse Reach from *Six Sea Songs***

Michael Head (1900-1976)

Michael Head was a composer, singer and pianist and was one of the last great artists of self-accompanied song – something which was widely practiced from the late eighteenth century and common among composers such as Schubert, Hahn and Barber however, fell out of fashion in the mid twentieth century.

Head toured extensively and often gave radio recitals which were very popular. He was said to not have a large voice but a very pleasant tone and was considered a great interpreter of his songs as both singer and pianist.

Although Head is conservative in his compositions, there is a beauty and charm to each song which is very accessible and pleasing to the listener. The three songs here are each different in style and character yet show Head's skill and capturing the sentiment of each poem and creating a musical setting for each. This is perhaps most obvious in *The Viper* which is almost spoken-like in its writing yet incredibly atmospheric and mysterious in musical setting.

My Sword for the King

Farewell to the feasting,
The masque and the play,
The trumpet is sounding,
To horse and away!

Farewell, ye sweet moments
Of dance and delight,
Soft silk for love's dalliance,
Hard steel for the fight!

One cup at Love's parting,
One last song to sing,
My heart for my lady,
My sword for the King!

Text: Helen Taylor (1876-1943)

The Viper

Barefoot I went and made no sound;
The earth was hot beneath:
The air was quiv'ring around,
The circling kestrel eyed the ground
And hung above the heath.

There in the pathway stretched along
The lovely serpent lay:
She reared not up the heath among,
She bowed her head, she sheathed her tongue,
And shining stole away.

Fair was the brave embroidered dress,
Fairer the gold eyes shone:
Loving her not, yet did I bless
The fallen angel's comeliness;
And gazed when she had gone.

Text: Ruth Pitter (1897-1992)

Limehouse Reach

I fell in love with a Limehouse lass,
But she has proved untrue:
She looked as fresh as a figurehead
That's just been painted new:
But she's took and married a lighterman,
So it's time for me to go,
But I would have loved you so, my dear,
I would have loved you so!

Oh, a shake o' the foresheet pays for all
That a sailor leaves behind,
For an alehouse shot, and a friend forgot,
And a sweetheart false or kind;
And the bloomin' mudhook's off the ground,
For it's time for us to go:
But I would have loved you so, my dear,
I would have loved you so!

Now a long good-bye to Limehouse Reach,
And a last good-bye to you:
A feller's a fool to die for love,
Which I don't mean to do.
There are girls as smart in every port
From here to Callao
But I would have loved you so, my dear,
I would have loved you so!

Text: Cicely Fox Smith (1882-1954)

1. **Crowdieknowe**
2. **The Eemis Stane**
3. **Wheesht, wheesht**
4. **Lourd on my Hert**

Francis George Scott (1880-1958)

In the early-to-mid twentieth century, the Scottish Renaissance was underway with a large emphasis on the incorporation of folk influences and revival of Scots language and dialect. Starting as a literary movement, it grew to include all aspects of art and included such eminent figures as C. M. Grieve (who would later write under the pseudonym Hugh MacDiarmid), Charles Rennie Mackintosh, Stanley Cursiter and F. G. Scott.

Scott's compositional output varied in quality and is numerous in styles. He is best remembered for his song settings – in particular, his settings of Hugh MacDiarmid. Having been brought up speaking Scots and after teaching English in various schools, Scott had a strong affinity with Scottish poetry. The relationship between F. G. Scott and Hugh MacDiarmid started while Scott was teaching at Landholm Academy and MacDiarmid was a pupil.

Although Scott was fiercely nationalistic, his musical style was greatly influenced by several European composers such as Faure, Ravel, Debussy and Bartok (who he was introduced to by Erik 'MacBartok' Chisholm, a composer who would later go on to marry Scott's daughter, Lilies).

In each of these four songs – all settings of Hugh MacDiarmid – we see different aspects of Scott's composition style and hear the various influences on his music, from the French harmonic nuances to the inclusion of folk-like tunes as inspired by Bartok. Above all, Scott captures the meaning and integrity of each poem and communicates this through his music.

PDG

Crowdieknowe

Oh to be at Crowdieknowe
When the last trumpet blows,
An' see the deid come loupin' owre
The Auld grey wa's.

Muckle men wi' tousl'd beards,
I grat at as a bairn
'll scramble frae the croodit clay
Wi' feck o' swearin'.

An' glow'r at God an' a' his gang
O' angels i' the lift
- Thae trashy bleezin' French-like folk
Wha gar'd them shift!

Fain the weemun-folk'll seek
To mak' them haud their row
- Fegs, God's no blate gin he stirs up
The men o' Crowdieknowe!

Text: Hugh MacDiarmid

Oh to be at Crowdieknowe Graveyard
when the last trumpet blows,
and see the dead come jumping over
the old grey walls.

Great big men with tangled beards
that made me cry when I was a child
will scramble from the crowded clay
with lots of swearing,

and glower at God and all his gang
of angels in the sky,
those trashy, gaudy, French-like folk
who have ordered them to get up.

Anxiously, the women will try
to make them keep quiet.
Indeed, God is not afraid or cautious if he
dares to stir up the men of Crowdieknowe.

Translation: Alan Riach

The Eemis Stane

In the how-dumb-deid o' the cauld
hairst nicht
The warl' like an eemis stane
Wags i' the lift;
An' my eerie mem'ries fa'
Like a yowdendrifi.

Like a yowdendrifi so's I couldna
read
The words cut oot i' the stane
Had the fug o' fame
An hist'ry's hazelraw
No' yirdit thaim.

Text: Hugh MacDiarmid

In the darkest time of the cold harvest
night,
the world, like an precariously-poised
stone, is unsteadily rocking in the sky,
and my strange memories are coming
down onto it like a snowfall.

Like a snowfall so that I could not read
the words cut out in the stone,
had the mossy overgrowth of gossip
and chatter and the lichen or moss of
history not already buried them.

Translation: Alan Riach

Wheesht, wheesht

Wheesht, wheesht, my foolish hert,
For weel ye ken
I widna ha'e ye stert
Auld plays again.

It's guid to see her lie
Sae snod an' cool,
A' lust o' lovin' by –
Wheesht, wheesht, ye fule!

Text: Hugh MacDiarmid

Hush, my foolish heart,
for well you know
that I would not have you start
old tricks again.

It's good to see her lie
so snug and cool,
all lust of loving over –
Hush, you fool!

Translation: Alan Riach

Lourd on my Hert

Lourd on my hert as winter lies
The state that Scotland's in the day.
Spring to the North has aye come slow
But now dour winter's like to stay
For guid,
And no' for guid!

O wae's me on the weary days
When it is scarce grey licht at noon;
It maun be a' the stupid folk
Diffusin' their dullness roon and roon
Like soot,
That keeps the sunlight oot.

Heavy on my heart as winter lies
the state that Scotland is in today.
Spring to the North has always
come slow but now miserable
winter looks like it's going to stay
forever – and not for good!

O woe is me on the weary days
when it is scarcely grey light at
noon; it must be all the stupid folk
diffusing their dullness round and
round like soot,
keeping the sunlight out.

Nae wonder if I think I see
A lichter shadow than the neist
I'm fain to cry: "The dawn, the dawn!
I see it brak'in' in the East."
But ah –
It's juist mair snaw!

Text: Hugh MacDiarmid

No wonder if I think I see
a lighter shadow than the next –
I'm eager to cry, 'The dawn! The dawn!
I see it breaking in the East!' –
But ach,
it's just more snow!

Translation: Alan Riach

Born and raised in Edinburgh, **Paul Grant** is currently studying at the Royal Academy of Music with Glenville Hargreaves and Jonathan Papp. He was Highly Commended in the 2016 Marjorie Thomas Art of Song Prize and Commended in the Elena Gerhardt Lieder Prize.

Recent performances include recitals in Edinburgh, Glasgow and London singing Finzi's *Let Us Garland's Bring*, Schumann's *Liederkries Op.39* and *Spanisches Liederspiel* as well as Ravel's *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*.

Operatic roles include: Frank (*Die Fledermaus*, Strauss); Cadmus (*Semele*, Handel) and Keeper of the Madhouse (*The Rake's Progress*, Stravinsky), all with Edinburgh Studio Opera. In opera scenes: Baldassare (*L'arlesiana*, Cilea); Frédéric (*Lakmé*, Delibes) with The Royal Academy of Music and Count Almaviva (*Le Nozze di Figaro*, Mozart), Henry Kissinger (*Nixon in China*, Adams), Sid (*Albert Herring*, Britten) and Marco (*Gianni Schicchi*, Puccini), with Edinburgh Studio Opera.

Before starting at the Royal Academy of Music, Paul studied Music at the University of Edinburgh and was awarded the Eileen Cameron Music Prize for his contribution to the musical life of the Music Department, the University of Edinburgh and the wider Edinburgh community.

Upcoming concerts include Handel's *Messiah* with Halifax Choral Society, a concert in Oxford with the group *three parts vied* celebrating the Feast of St. Cecilia as well as performing as a soloist for the RAM/Kohn Foundation Bach Cantata Series.

Paul is very grateful to the generous support from The Dewar Arts Awards, The Robertson Scholarship Trust, The Leverhulme Charitable Trust, The McGlashan Charitable Trust, The Michael Shea Scholarship and The University of Edinburgh Bucher-Fraser Scholarship

Michael Pandya is a London-based pianist specialising in song and chamber music. He currently studies at the Royal Academy of Music where his teachers are Michael Dussek, James Baillieu and Ian Brown. He has appeared in performance alongside Graham Johnson, Jonathan Lemalu, Anna Huntley, Robin Tritschler, Eamonn Dougan and other leading artists, and his recital schedule has taken him across the UK and into Europe.

In 2016 Michael won the Joan Chissells/Rex Stephens Schumann Lieder Prize, the Vivian Langrish Piano Prize and the Pianist Prize at the Rosenblatt North London Singing Competition. In recital, recent appearances include at the KlavierFestRuhr in Germany, the Oxford Lieder Festival, the Royal Overseas-League London and the House of Bob Boas. Highlights of the 2016/17 season include a Wigmore Hall debut, Oxford Lieder Festival, three concerts with Academy Song Circle and recitals in Edinburgh, Birmingham and Leeds. He has given recitals for the Park Lane Group and the Concordia Foundation and is a Samling Artist.

Previously Michael studied The Queen's College, Oxford, where he was an Instrumental, Academic and Choral Scholar. He graduated with First Class Honours in 2015.

Michael is also experienced in opera and oratorio work, having been Répétiteur Scholar for New Chamber Opera from 2013-2015. With NCO he directed six productions, and also worked as a harpsichordist for two summer productions under the direction of Steven Devine.

Michael's studies have been generously supported by the Countess of Munster Musical Trust, Help Musicians UK, the Leverhulme Trust, the Clumber Studio Trust and the Winifred Christie Trust.

FORTHCOMING CONCERT:

Friday 11 November

1.10pm

Greyfriars Kirk

Marciana Buta (violin), Amira Bedrush-McDonald (violin),

Aisling O'Dea (violin) and Emily Dellit Imbert (violin)

BACEWICZ Quartet for 4 violins

DANCLA The Carnival of Venice for 4 violins, Op.119

KREISLER Prelude and Allegro in the style of Pugnani

SEONAI AITKEN Niel Gow's High Drive to the Wizard's Walk

Admission Free