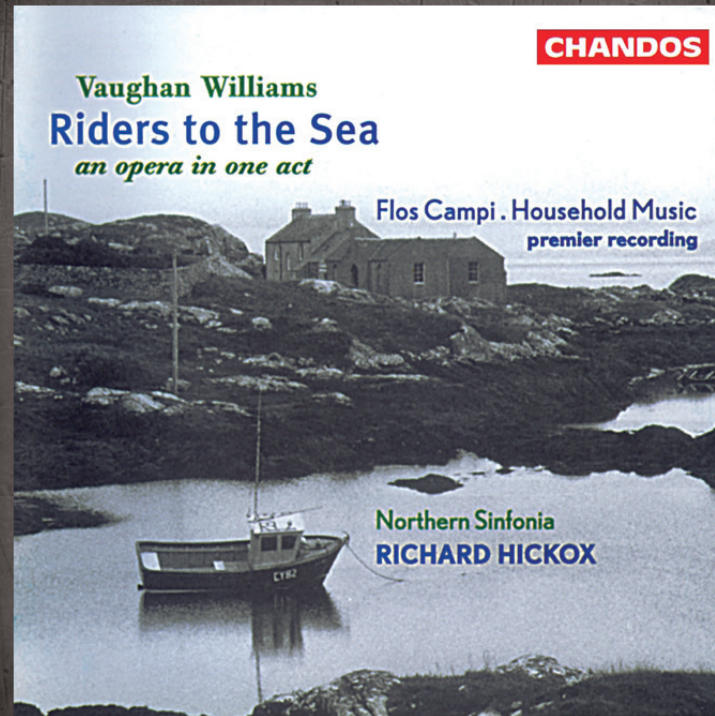


classic **CHANDOS**

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

RIDERS TO THE SEA

HOUSEHOLD MUSIC • FLOS CAMPI



Northern Sinfonia

Richard Hickox





Greg Barrett

Richard Hickox
(1948 – 2008)

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872 – 1958)

Riders to the Sea* 41:45

Opera in one act based on the play by
John Millington Synge (1871 – 1909)

1	Nora: 'Where is she?' –	5:51
2	Maurya: 'Isn't it turf enough you have for this day and evening?' –	1:38
3	Bartley: 'Where is the bit of new rope, Cathleen, was bought in Connemara?' –	4:21
4	Maurya: 'He's gone now, God spare us, and we'll not see him again' –	3:12
5	Cathleen: 'Wait, Nora, maybe she'd turn back quickly' –	4:07
6	Cathleen: 'You didn't give him his bit of bread?' –	3:00
7	Maurya: 'I went down to the spring well' –	3:10
8	Maurya: 'Bartley will be lost now' –	5:18
9	Maurya: 'They are all gone now' –	6:11
10	Maurya: 'And may he have mercy on my soul...'	5:01

Household Music† 17:01

Three Preludes on Welsh Hymn Tunes

11	I Crug-y-bar. Fantasia. Andante sostenuto	4:49
12	II St Denio. Scherzo. Allegro vivace	3:16
13	III Aberystwyth. Variations. Theme: Lento	8:57

	Flos Campi[†]	19:36
	Suite for Solo Viola, Mixed Chorus, and Small Orchestra	
14	1 Lento (senza misura). 'Sicut lilium inter spinas' –	2:39
15	2 Andante con moto. 'Iam enim hiems transiit' –	2:50
16	3 Lento (senza misura) – Allegro moderato – Allargando. '...quaesivi quem diligit anima mea' –	3:23
17	4 Moderato alla marcia. 'En lectulum Salomonis sexaginta fortes ambiunt...' –	1:50
18	5 Andante quasi lento (Largamente). 'Revertere, revertere Sulamitis' –	3:02
19	6 Moderato tranquillo. 'Pone me ut signaculum super cor tuum'	6:02
	TT 78:45	

Linda Finnie mezzo-soprano (Maurya)*
Karl Daymond baritone (Bartley)*
Lynne Dawson soprano (Cathleen)*
Ingrid Attrot soprano (Nora)*
Pamela Helen Stephen mezzo-soprano (A Woman)*
Peter Francomb obligato horn†
Philip Dukes viola†
The Sinfonia Chorus*‡
Northern Sinfonia
Bradley Creswick leader
Richard Hickox

Vaughan Williams: Riders to the Sea / Flos Campi / Household Music

Riders to the Sea

The one-act play *Riders to the Sea* by John Millington Synge (1871 – 1909) opened at the Molesworth Hall, Dublin on 25 February 1904. It was the second of his works to be performed and signalled the genius that, in the five years before his death at the age of thirty-eight, would make him one of the heroes of the Irish literary renaissance. Synge had been encouraged to settle in the far west of Ireland by W.B. Yeats, an inspired suggestion that produced works which have come to shape the image and memory of rural life there before independence. *Riders to the Sea* is a masterpiece of compression, which in a few pages of dialogue conjures up multiple layers of emotional response to the natural world; a losing battle with the sea, and with the God which rules it, for the islanders in the North Atlantic. It is a tragic story in which the women are left to manage their grief and loneliness while the men are all consumed by the sea. Yet finally it is a story of the relief which can come from the end of trouble and from the calm of resignation. Vaughan Williams did not commission a librettist either to expand or contract Synge's

lines. Instead he set the dialogue almost without alteration; indeed, he did not call the work an opera but rather a setting of the play.

It opens in a cottage kitchen on an island off the west coast of Ireland (Synge himself had settled in Co. Kerry). Cathleen and Nora, daughters of the old woman Maurya, are discussing whether the clothes that have been found on a drowned man off Donegal are those of their brother Michael. Afraid of the effect the sight of the clothes will have on their mother, Cathleen hides the clothes in the loft of the cottage, where they store the turf for the fire. Maurya comes in from the bedroom and a few moments later her other son, Bartley, follows from outside. He plans to sail to Connemara for the horse fair, despite the wind rising in the west. Maurya, sure that Michael has been lost at sea, pleads with him not to go, convinced that he will be lost, too. The girls realise after he has gone that they have forgotten to give him the bread for his voyage, which they were baking in the fire, and his mother goes after him with the food wrapped in a cloth. Once she has left, Cathleen and Nora take down the bundle of dead man's clothes and try to decide if

they indeed belonged to Michael. Nora, the younger of the girls, recognises his stocking as one she knitted for him herself, and cries. They hear their mother returning and hide their dead brother's clothes again. When Maurya comes in she still has the bread she was to give to Bartley. She is distraught, convinced that she saw the ghost of Michael, dressed in new clothes, riding on a grey pony behind Bartley's mare. Bartley is the last of the men in a house which once comprised six boys and their father and, with Michael gone, all have been drowned. As Maurya keens there is a noise of crying from the seashore. Old women begin to enter the cottage, crossing themselves. Men follow with Bartley's body on a plank. The grey pony knocked him into the sea and he was carried onto the storm-assaulted rocks. There is nothing more the sea can do to Maurya. Instead of 'crying and lamenting', as she had been for the others, she prays quietly for Bartley and Michael, Sheamus, Patch, Stephen, and Shawn. 'No man at all can be living for ever, and we must be satisfied', she says quietly as she kneels by the body.

It was a bleak subject for Vaughan Williams to set, and that, together with its brevity (it lasts only forty minutes) and, possibly, the political complication of having one of Ireland's most loved national plays

set by an Englishman, has meant that *Riders to the Sea* has had an unsatisfactory stage history. Vaughan Williams began to sketch the work in 1925 and finished it seven years later. In the meantime, he had also written his treatment of Falstaff, *Sir John in Love*, *Job* (the first ballet written for what was to become The Royal Ballet, with a scenario by Geoffrey Keynes, the Blake scholar and brother of the economist John Maynard Keynes), and his Piano Concerto, as well as several smaller works. A further five years passed before it was performed (although it was published in 1936) – an extraordinary situation for a major score by Britain's most revered living composer (Elgar, Delius, and Holst all having died in 1934). Finally, it was produced, but not professionally. Malcolm Sargent conducted the premiere on 30 November 1937, and there was another student performance, at Cambridge, the following year. It is the finest as well as the most concentrated of Vaughan Williams's works for the stage and shows a feeling for characters in desperation that has something of Janáček's intensity. Although the opera is short, the atmosphere which the combination of Synge's words and Vaughan Williams's music evokes can be more overpowering than in many operas five times its length.

Flos Campi

Flos Campi was first performed in the same year that work on *Riders to the Sea* was started: 1925. On 10 October, in the Queen's Hall, Sir Henry Wood conducted the Queen's Hall Orchestra and voices from the Royal College of Music. Lionel Tertis was the soloist, almost inevitable when a virtuosic violist was needed in London at that time. It is peculiar – Vaughan Williams labelled it a 'Suite for Solo Viola, Mixed Chorus, and Small Orchestra' but that does not really tell the story. The word 'Suite' is misleading because the sections, while distinct, follow without a significant break. It is more like an essay or a symphonic poem. Each of the six sections is prefixed with a quotation in Latin from the Song of Solomon, but while these serve to give a clue to the colour of the music they are never sung. The chorus is wordless throughout. It is the solo viola that does the most eloquent singing, the anguished chromatic writing taking the music far beyond the comfortable world of the pastoral idyll that many contemporaries assumed the work to be on the basis of its title. Some of the writing is extraordinarily spare for a composer who revelled in layers of orchestral sonority. *Flos Campi* alternates between the passionate and the tortured, its long-breathed lyricism tempered by moments of obvious pain.

Perhaps the quoted words that hold the key are those from the first section: 'quia amore languet' (for I am sick with love).

Despite the dearth of good works for viola and orchestra, *Flos Campi* has never really found itself in the mainstream concert repertoire. This may owe something to its misleading title, suggesting a jolly rustic overture, or its use of a chorus as an instrument, which, while accepted in France (Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé* being the obvious example), was rather frowned on in England, as much by Vaughan Williams's friends as by the critics. This is a pity because it is one of Vaughan Williams's most individual and emotionally complex works and deserves to be played often.

Household Music

Household Music, too, has suffered from its title, rather an off-hand one for pieces that show the brilliance of Vaughan Williams as an arranger at his best. They are better described by their sub-title: 'Three Preludes on Welsh Hymn Tunes'. However, he had already used this title for some pieces he had written for organ in 1920. *Household Music*, though, does describe well the reason for their composition. They were a practical demonstration of his belief that, in wartime, composers should write music that could

be enjoyed even when the circumstances meant that orchestras or conventional chamber ensembles could not be mustered. So the scoring is not specified; the preludes were to be played on whatever instruments were to hand at the time. Vaughan Williams suggested a string quartet with optional horn, though here they are played by string orchestra. The first and last tunes, 'Crug-y-bar' and 'Aberystwyth', are presented early on and then treated, one as a fantasia, the other as a set of variations. But the middle tune, 'St Denio', is at first transformed into a bubbling scherzo, only emerging in its hymn-like guise towards the end. The first performance was given in London by the Blech String Quartet on 4 October 1941.

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At the time of his untimely death at the age of sixty in November 2008, **Richard Hickox** CBE, one of the most gifted and versatile British conductors of his generation, was Music Director of Opera Australia, having served as Principal Conductor of the BBC National Orchestra of Wales from 2000 until 2006 when he became Conductor Emeritus. He founded the City of London Sinfonia, of which he was Music Director, in 1971. He was also Associate Guest Conductor of the London

Symphony Orchestra, Conductor Emeritus of the Northern Sinfonia, and co-founder of Collegium Musicum 90.

He regularly conducted the major orchestras in the UK and appeared many times at the BBC Proms and at the Aldeburgh, Bath, and Cheltenham festivals, among others. With the London Symphony Orchestra at the Barbican Centre he conducted a number of semi-staged operas, including *Billy Budd*, *Hänsel und Gretel*, and *Salome*. With the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra he gave the first ever complete cycle of Vaughan Williams's symphonies in London. In the course of an ongoing relationship with the Philharmonia Orchestra he conducted Elgar, Walton, and Britten festivals at the South Bank and a semi-staged performance of *Gloriana* at the Aldeburgh Festival.

Apart from his activities at the Sydney Opera House, he enjoyed recent engagements with The Royal Opera, Covent Garden, English National Opera, Vienna State Opera, and Washington Opera, among others. He guest conducted such world-renowned orchestras as the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Orchestre de Paris, Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, and New York Philharmonic.

His phenomenal success in the recording studio resulted in more than 280 recordings, including most recently cycles of orchestral

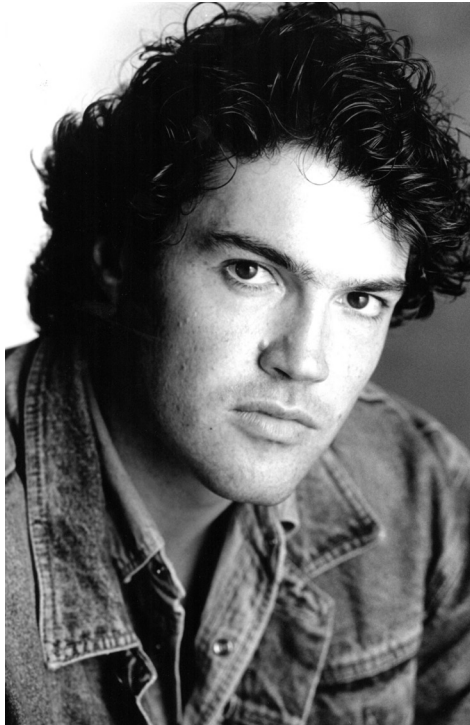
works by Sir Lennox and Michael Berkeley and Frank Bridge with the BBC National Orchestra of Wales, the symphonies by Vaughan Williams with the London Symphony Orchestra, and a series of operas by Britten with the City of London Sinfonia. He received a Grammy (for *Peter Grimes*) and five *Gramophone* Awards. Richard

Hickox was awarded a CBE in the Queen's Jubilee Honours List in 2002, and was the recipient of many other awards, including two Music Awards of the Royal Philharmonic Society, the first ever Sir Charles Groves Award, the *Evening Standard* Opera Award, and the Award of the Association of British Orchestras.



Fritz Curzon

Linda Finnie



Karl Daymond

Vaughan Williams:

Riders to the Sea / Flos Campi / Household Music

Riders to the Sea

Der Einakter *Riders to the Sea* von John Millington Synge (1871 – 1909) hatte am 25. Februar 1904 in der Molesworth Hall in Dublin Premiere. Es war das zweite Werk von Synge, das aufgeführt wurde und kündete jenes Genie an, das ihn in den fünf Jahren vor seinem Tod im Alter von nur achtunddreißig Jahren zu einem der Helden der irischen literarischen Renaissance machte. W.B. Yeats hatte Synge ermuntert, sich im entlegenen Westen Irlands niederzulassen. Dies war ein lohnender Vorschlag, der zu Werken führte, welche das Bild des dortigen Landlebens vor der Unabhängigkeit und die Erinnerung daran formten. *Riders to the Sea* ist ein komprimiertes Meisterwerk, welches auf wenigen Dialogseiten vielfältige Schichten gefühlvoller Reaktionen auf die natürliche Welt heraufbeschwört; den aussichtslosen Kampf mit dem Meer und Gott, der es anstelle der Inselbewohner im Nordatlantik beherrscht. Es ist eine tragische Geschichte, in der die Frauen ihrer Trauer und Einsamkeit überlassen sind, während die Männer alle vom Meer verschlungen werden. Es ist schließlich auch die Geschichte jener Erleichterung, die sich

aus dem Ende der Sorgen und der Stille der Resignation ergibt. Vaughan Williams bestellte kein Libretto, um Synges Zeilen zu erweitern oder zusammenzufassen. Er vertonte den Dialog vielmehr fast ohne Veränderungen; er nannte das Werk denn auch nicht Oper, sondern vielmehr die Vertonung des Stücks.

Das Werk beginnt in der Küche eines Häuschens auf einer Insel vor der Westküste Irlands (Synge hatte sich selbst in Co. Kerry niedergelassen). Cathleen und Nora, die Töchter der alten Maurya, erörtern, ob es sich bei den Kleidern eines Ertrunkenen vor der Küste Donegals um die ihres Bruders Michael handelt. Cathleen, die die Reaktion der Mutter auf diese Kleidungsstücke befürchtet, versteckt sie auf dem Dachboden des Häuschens, wo sie den Torf für das Feuer lagern. Maurya kommt aus dem Schlafzimmer, und kurze Zeit später folgt ihr anderer Sohn Bartley von draußen. Er will zum Pferdemarkt nach Connemara segeln, obwohl der Wind im Westen stärker wird. Maurya, die überzeugt ist, daß Michael auf dem Meer verschollen ist, fleht ihn an, nicht zu gehen, da sie fürchtet, daß er ebenfalls untergehen

wird. Nach seinem Weggang merken die Mädchen, daß sie vergessen haben, ihm das Brot für seine Reise zu geben, das sie im Ofen gebacken haben. Seine Mutter eilt ihm deshalb mit dem eingepackten Brot nach. Nachdem sie gegangen ist, holen Cathleen und Nora das Bündel mit den Kleidern des toten Mannes wieder hervor und erörtern, ob es sich wirklich um die Michaels handelt. Nora, die jüngere Schwester, erkennt einen der Strümpfe als einen, den sie selbst für ihn gestrickt hat, und weint. Sie hören, daß die Mutter zurückkehrt und verstecken wieder die Kleider ihres toten Bruders. Als Maurya eintritt, hält sie immer noch das Brot, das sie Bartley geben wollte. Sie ist verwirrt und überzeugt, daß sie Michaels Geist sah, der in neuen Kleidern auf einem grauen Pony hinter Bartleys Mähre ritt. Bartley ist der letzte Mann im Haus, sechs Jungen und ihr Vater, einschließlich des vermißten Michael, sind ertrunken. Als Maurya klagt, hört man Weinen vom Strand. Alte Frauen betreten das Häuschen und bekreuzigen sich. Männer folgen mit Bartleys Leichnam auf einem Brett. Das graue Pony hatte ihn ins Meer geworfen, und er war auf die sturm-gepeitschten Felsen geworfen worden. Es gibt nichts, was das Meer nun Maurya noch antun kann. Anstelle des "Weinens und Klagens" um die anderen betet sie nun still für Bartley und Michael,

Sheamus, Patch, Stephen und Shawn. "Niemand lebt ewig, und wir müssen es zufrieden sein", sagt sie ruhig, als sie beim Leichnam kniet.

Vaughan Williams hatte sich ein düsteres Thema zum Vertonen ausgesucht. Seine Kürze (es dauert nur vierzig Minuten) und möglicherweise die politische Komplikation, daß eins von Irlands beliebtesten Stücken von einem Engländer vertont wurde, sorgten dafür, daß *Riders to the Sea* eine unbefriedigende Bühnenresonanz hatte. Vaughan Williams begann 1925 mit dem Entwurf des Werks und stellte es sieben Jahre später fertig. In der Zwischenzeit hatte Vaughan Williams auch seine Behandlung von Falstaff, *Sir John in Love, Job* (das erste Ballett für das spätere Royal Ballet mit einem Szenarium von Geoffrey Keynes, dem Blake-Gelehrten und Bruder des Volkswirtschaftlers John Maynard Keynes) und sein Klavierkonzert sowie zahlreiche kleinere Werke geschrieben. Es vergingen weitere fünf Jahre, ehe das Stück aufgeführt wurde (obwohl es 1936 veröffentlicht worden war), eine ungewöhnliche Situation für eine wichtige Partitur des bedeutendsten lebenden Komponisten Großbritanniens (Elgar, Delius und Holst waren alle 1934 gestorben). Schließlich wurde das Stück aufgeführt, jedoch nicht von einem

professionellen Ensemble. Malcolm Sargent leitete am 30. November 1937 die Uraufführung, und im folgenden Jahr gab es eine weitere Studentenaufführung in Cambridge. Bei dem Stück handelt es sich um das beste wie auch konzentrierteste von Vaughan Williams' Werken für die Bühne. Es vermittelt ein Gefühl für verzweifelte Personen, welches an Janáčeks Intensität erinnert. Obwohl das Stück kurz ist, vermag die Atmosphäre, die durch die Verbindung von Synges Worten mit Vaughan Williams' Musik erweckt wird, überwältigender zu sein als in vielen Opern, die fünfmal so lang sind.

Flos Campi

Flos Campi wurde 1925 uraufgeführt; *Riders to the Sea* war in diesem Jahr begonnen worden. Sir Henry Wood leitete am 10. Oktober in der Queen's Hall das Queen's Hall Orchestra und Sänger des Royal College of Music. Lionel Tertis war der Solist – fast selbstverständlich, wenn zu jener Zeit in London ein virtuoser Bratschist gesucht wurde. Vaughan Williams überschrieb das Stück eine "Suite für Viola, Chor und kleines Orchester", aber das sagt noch nicht alles. Das Wort "Suite" ist irreführend, da die Teile – obwohl sie sich unterscheiden – ohne bemerkenswerte Pause folgen. Es ist vielmehr wie ein Aufsatz oder sinfonisches Gedicht. Jedem der

sechs Teile geht ein lateinisches Zitat aus dem Lied Salomons voraus. Während diese zwar einen Anhaltspunkt bezüglich der Musikfarbe geben, werden sie nie gesungen. Der Chor singt durchgehend ohne Worte. Die Soloviola singt am beredtsten. Die qualvolle chromatische Schreibweise führt die Musik weit weg von der bequemen Welt der ländlichen Idylle, für die viele Zeitgenossen das Werk dem Titel nach hielten. Für einen Komponisten, der in orchestralen Klangschichten schwelgte, ist ein Teil des Werks äußerst sparsam. *Flos Campi* bewegt sich zwischen dem Leidenschaftlichen und dem Gequälten; seine langatmige Lyrik wird durch Momente offensichtlicher Schmerzen abgeschwächt. Möglicherweise sind es Worte aus dem ersten Teil – "quia amore langueo" (denn ich bin vor Liebe krank) –, die einen Anhaltspunkt liefern.

Trotz des Mangels an guten Werken für Viola und Orchester hat *Flos Campi* niemals wirklich einen Platz im gängigen Konzertrepertoire gefunden. Möglicherweise ist der Grund sein irreführender Titel, der an eine lustige ländliche Ouvertüre erinnert, oder sein Gebrauch eines Chors als Instrument. Während dies in Frankreich akzeptiert wurde (Ravels *Daphnis et Chloé* ist das offensichtliche Beispiel), runzelte man in England darüber die Stirn, und zwar

sowohl Vaughan Williams' Freunde als auch Kritiker. Das ist sehr schade, da es eins seiner individuellsten und emotional vielschichtigsten Werke ist und es verdient, häufig gespielt zu werden.

Household Music

Household Music litt ebenfalls unter seinem Titel, welcher ziemlich nichtssagend ist für Stücke, die auf ausgezeichnete Weise Vaughan Williams' Brillanz als Bearbeiter zeigen. Ihre Untertitel beschreiben sie besser: "Three Preludes on Welsh Hymn Tunes". Er hatte diesen Titel jedoch schon für einige Stücke verwendet, die er 1920 für Orgel komponiert hatte. *Household Music* beschreibt jedoch auf anschauliche Weise den Grund für die Komposition dieser Stücke. Sie waren eine praktische Darstellung seiner Überzeugung, daß Komponisten zu Kriegszeiten Musik schreiben sollten, an der man sich selbst dann noch erfreuen konnte, wenn sich keine Orchester oder traditionellen Kammerensemble aufreiben ließen. Die Besetzung ist deshalb nicht festgelegt. Sie sollten auf jenen Instrumenten gespielt werden, die zu jener Zeit verfügbar waren. Vaughan Williams schlug ein Streichquartett mit fakultativem Horn vor; hier werden sie jedoch von einem Streichorchester gespielt. Die erste und letzte Melodie, "Crug-y-bar"

und "Aberystwyth", werden schon früh vorgestellt und dann als Fantasia und eine Reihe von Variationen behandelt. Aus der mittleren Melodie, "St. Denio", wird zunächst ein lebhaftes Scherzo, das erst gegen Ende in hymnenartiger Verkleidung erscheint. Die Uraufführung fand am 4. Oktober 1941 mit dem Blech String Quartet in London statt.

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Übersetzung: Gundhild Lenz-Mulligan

Bei seinem frühzeitigen Tod im November 2008 wirkte der sechzigjährige **Richard Hickox** CBE, einer der begabtesten und vielseitigsten britischen Dirigenten seiner Generation, als Musikdirektor an der Opera Australia. Sein Name verbindet sich vor allem auch mit der 1971 von ihm gegründeten und künstlerisch geleiteten City of London Sinfonia sowie dem BBC National Orchestra of Wales, dem er von 2000 bis 2006 als Chefdirigent vorstand und danach als Conductor Emeritus treu blieb. Außerdem war er Gastdirigent beim London Symphony Orchestra, Conductor Emeritus der Northern Sinfonia und Mitbegründer des Collegium Musicum 90.

Er dirigierte regelmäßig die namhaften Orchester Großbritanniens und gastierte vielfach bei den BBC-Proms und anderen

Festivals, wie Aldeburgh, Bath und Cheltenham. Mit dem London Symphony Orchestra gab er im Barbican Centre konzertant inszenierte Opernaufführungen, darunter *Billy Budd*, *Hänsel und Gretel* und *Salome*. Mit dem Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra brachte er zum erstenmal in London den gesamten Zyklus von Vaughan-Williams-Sinfonien zu Gehör, und im Rahmen seiner langjährigen Zusammenarbeit mit dem Philharmonia Orchestra dirigierte er Elgar, Walton und Britten gewidmete Konzertreihen im Londoner Southbank Centre sowie beim Aldeburgh Festival eine konzertante Inszenierung von *Gloriana*.

Trotz seiner Tätigkeit in Australien konnte er weiterhin Einladungen an die Royal Opera Covent Garden, English National Opera, Wiener Staatsoper und Washington Opera folgen. Weltberühmte Orchester wie das Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, das Orchestre de Paris, das Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks und die New

Yorker Philharmoniker verpflichteten ihn als Gastdirigenten.

Sein phänomenaler Erfolg im Schallplattenstudio schlug sich in mehr als 280 Aufnahmen nieder; jüngste Projekte waren Gesamteinspielungen der Orchesterwerke von Frank Bridge sowie Sir Lennox und Michael Berkeley mit dem BBC National Orchestra of Wales, die Sinfonien von Vaughan Williams mit dem London Symphony Orchestra und eine Reihe von Britten-Opern mit der City of London Sinfonia. Richard Hickox wurde mit einem Grammy (für *Peter Grimes*) und fünf *Gramophone Awards* ausgezeichnet. Neben dem britischen Verdienstorden CBE (Commander of the Order of the British Empire), der ihm 2002 verliehen wurde, erhielt er zahlreiche weitere Auszeichnungen, so etwa zwei Royal Philharmonic Society Music Awards, den ersten Sir Charles Groves Award, den *Evening Standard* Opera Award und den Association of British Orchestras Award.



Hanya Chiala

Lynne Dawson



Ingrid Attrot

Vaughan Williams: Riders to the Sea / Flos Campi / Household Music

Riders to the Sea

La pièce en un acte de John Millington Synge (1871 – 1909) *Riders to the Sea* (À cheval vers la mer) fut jouée pour la première fois à Dublin le 25 février 1904. C'était la deuxième œuvre du dramaturge à être mise en scène et elle révéla le génie qui, dans les cinq années qui précédèrent sa mort à l'âge de trente-huit ans, fit de lui l'un des héros de la renaissance littéraire irlandaise. Synge avait été encouragé à s'installer dans l'ouest de l'Irlande par W.B. Yeats, et cette suggestion inspirée favorisa la naissance d'œuvres qui exprimèrent la réalité et la mémoire de la vie rurale avant l'indépendance du pays. *Riders to the Sea* est un chef-d'œuvre d'intensité qui, en quelques pages de dialogue, évoque toute une gamme d'émotions face à la nature et, plus particulièrement, la bataille, perdue d'avance, que livrent les habitants des îles de l'Atlantique nord contre la mer et le dieu qui la gouverne. C'est un récit tragique dans lequel les femmes doivent assumer leur chagrin et leur solitude tandis que les hommes périssent en mer. Mais c'est aussi le récit du soulagement que peut apporter la fin des épreuves et le calme de la résignation.

Vaughan Williams préféra se passer d'un livret qui élargirait ou contracterait le texte du dramaturge. Il ne changea rien ou presque aux dialogues et ne qualifia d'ailleurs pas son œuvre d'opéra, mais de simple mise en musique d'une pièce.

L'action se situe dans la cuisine d'une maison de pêcheurs, sur la côte ouest de l'Irlande (Synge s'était installé dans le comté de Kerry). Les deux filles de la vieille Maurya, Cathleen et Nora, se demandent si les vêtements qui ont été trouvés sur le corps d'un noyé repêché sur la côte du comté de Donegal sont ceux de leur frère Michael. Soucieuse de ne pas inquiéter leur mère, Cathleen va cacher les vêtements dans le grenier, là où elles entreposent la tourbe qui sert à faire du feu. Maurya sort de la chambre et un moment plus tard, son fils Bartley entre à son tour. Celui-ci a décidé d'aller en bateau jusque dans le Connemara pour y assister à une foire équestre et il s'apprête à partir en dépit du vent qui se lève à l'ouest. Persuadée que Michael a péri en mer, Maurya le supplie de rester, convaincue qu'il va disparaître lui aussi. Les sœurs se rendent compte, un peu après son départ, qu'elles ont

oublié de lui donner le pain qu'elles faisaient cuire à son intention. Maurya se lance à sa poursuite après avoir enveloppé le pain dans un torchon. Une fois la vieille femme sortie, les sœurs vont rechercher les vêtements, qu'elles examinent soigneusement. Nora, la plus jeune, reconnaît l'une des chaussettes, qu'elle dit avoir tricotées elle-même pour son frère, et elle se met à pleurer. Mais elles entendent leur mère qui revient et se hâtent de cacher à nouveau les vêtements de leur frère disparu. Maurya reparait, portant toujours le pain destiné à Bartley. Affolée, elle explique à ses filles qu'elle a aperçu le fantôme de Michael qui, vêtu de neuf et chevauchant un poney gris, suivait la jument de Bartley. Bartley est le dernier homme de la maison; son père et ses frères ont tous été victimes de l'océan. Maurya chante une mélodie funèbre lorsque des pleurs semblent monter de la plage. Plusieurs vieilles femmes entrent dans la maison en faisant le signe de la Croix. Des hommes les suivent, portant le corps de Bartley sur une planche. Jeté dans la mer houleuse par le poney gris, le jeune homme était venu s'abîmer contre les rochers. La mer ne peut rien de plus contre Maurya. Au lieu de clamer sa détresse comme elle l'avait fait après la perte tragique de son mari et de ses autres fils, elle se met à prier paisiblement pour Bartley et

Michael, Sheamus, Patch, Stephen et Shawn. "Personne ne peut vivre éternellement et nous devons être satisfaits", dit-elle doucement en s'agenouillant près du corps.

L'œuvre de Vaughan Williams n'a malheureusement pas connu un grand succès jusqu'ici. Est-ce à cause de son sujet austère? De sa brièveté (la partition ne dure que quarante minutes)? De l'animosité due au fait qu'un Anglais ait mis en musique l'une des pièces nationales les plus admirées de la littérature irlandaise? Le compositeur entreprit *Riders to the Sea* en 1925 et l'acheva sept ans plus tard. Entre-temps, il avait écrit un traitement personnel de Falstaff, *Sir John in Love, Job* (premier ballet conçu pour ce qui allait devenir The Royal Ballet) ainsi qu'un Concerto pour piano et plusieurs œuvres plus brèves. Cinq autres années s'écoulèrent avant que la partition ne fût créée (elle fut pourtant publiée en 1936), situation peu commune pour une grande œuvre due au compositeur vivant le plus célèbre de Grande Bretagne (Elgar, Delius et Holst étaient morts en 1934). Elle fut finalement mise en scène par des amateurs. Malcolm Sargent en dirigea la première le 30 novembre 1937 et des étudiants la jouèrent à Cambridge l'année suivante. C'est la plus belle et la plus condensée de toutes les partitions que Vaughan Williams ait écrites

pour la scène, et sa peinture du désespoir ne va pas sans rappeler l'intensité des œuvres de Janáček. En dépit de sa brièveté, elle produit un effet plus puissant que bien des opéras cinq ou dix fois plus longs.

Flos Campi

Flos Campi fut jouée pour la première fois en 1925, année où Vaughan Williams entreprit *Riders to the Sea*. Sir Henry Wood la dirigea le 10 octobre au Queen's Hall de Londres; l'orchestre était celui de cet établissement et les voix provenaient du Royal College of Music. La partie soliste avait été confiée à Lionel Tertis, altiste virtuose de l'époque. C'est une œuvre étrange que le compositeur sous-titra "Suite pour alto solo, chœur mixte et petit orchestre", ce qui n'explique pourtant pas grand chose. Le terme de "Suite" porte à confusion parce que les sections, tout en étant distinctes les unes des autres, se suivent sans véritable interruption. Il s'agit plutôt d'un essai ou d'un poème symphonique. Chacune des six sections est précédée d'une citation en latin extraite du Cantique des Cantiques, qui évoque la couleur musicale de ce qui va suivre, mais n'est jamais chantée. Le chœur est sans paroles. C'est à l'alto solo que revient le chant le plus éloquent, l'écriture chromatique angoissée emportant la musique bien au-delà de l'univers tranquille

de l'idylle pastorale que semblait annoncer le titre de la composition. L'écriture est parfois extraordinairement sobre pour un compositeur qui aimait beaucoup utiliser divers niveaux de sonorité orchestrale. *Flos Campi* est tantôt passionné, tantôt torturé, et son lyrisme de longue haleine est tempéré par des moments de douleur évidente. De toutes les citations, celle qui décrit peut-être le mieux l'atmosphère de la partition est la première, où on lit notamment: "quia amore langueo" (car je me meurs d'amour).

En dépit de la rareté des bonnes œuvres pour alto et orchestre, *Flos Campi* n'est jamais véritablement entrée dans le répertoire des œuvres de concert, peut-être à cause de son titre trompeur, qui évoque une ouverture rustique divertissante, ou du rôle instrumental du chœur, admis en France (dans *Daphnis et Chloé*, par exemple), mais mal vu en Angleterre, tant par les amis de Vaughan Williams que par les critiques. On ne peut que le regretter car c'est l'une de ses œuvres les plus personnelles et les plus complexes sur le plan affectif; c'est certainement une partition qui mérite d'être souvent jouée.

Household Music

Household Music (Musique domestique) a souffert elle aussi de son titre, plutôt modeste pour un ensemble de pièces qui illustre

brillamment les talents d'arrangeur de Vaughan Williams. Elle est sans doute mieux décrite par son sous-titre, "Trois Préludes sur des hymnes gallois", mais le compositeur avait déjà intitulé de cette manière quelques pièces écrites pour orgue en 1920. Par ce titre d'*Household Music*, Vaughan Williams voulut montrer qu'en temps de guerre, les compositeurs devaient écrire des œuvres pouvant être interprétées même lorsqu'il n'était pas possible de réunir suffisamment de musiciens pour former un orchestre ou un ensemble de chambre traditionnel. Les instruments ne sont donc pas spécifiés; les pièces devaient être jouées sur les instruments disponibles à tel ou tel moment. Il suggéra un quatuor à cordes avec cor facultatif, mais l'œuvre est exécutée ici par un orchestre à cordes. Les première et dernière mélodies, "Crug-y-bar" et "Aberystwyth", sont présentées de bonne heure puis traitées, l'une en manière de fantaisie, l'autre comme une série de variations. Mais l'air central, "St. Denio", se métamorphose tout d'abord en un bouillonnant scherzo et ne prend vraiment l'aspect d'un hymne que vers la fin. La première audition d'*Household Music* fut donnée à Londres par le Quatuor à cordes Blech le 4 octobre 1941.

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Traduction: Brigitte Pinaud

Au moment de sa disparition prématurée à l'âge de soixante ans en novembre 2008, **Richard Hickox** CBE, l'un des chefs d'orchestre britanniques les plus doués et les plus complets de sa génération, était le directeur musical d'Opera Australia. Auparavant, il avait été chef principal du BBC National Orchestra of Wales de 2000 à 2006, date à laquelle il devint chef honoraire. Il était le directeur musical du City of London Sinfonia qu'il fonda en 1971. Il était également chef invité associé du London Symphony Orchestra, chef honoraire du Northern Sinfonia et co-fondateur de Collegium Musicum 90.

Il dirigea régulièrement les plus grands orchestres du Royaume-Uni et participa souvent aux Proms de la BBC ainsi qu'aux festivals d'Aldeburgh, de Bath et de Cheltenham entre autres. Avec le London Symphony Orchestra, il dirigea au Barbican Centre à Londres plusieurs mises en scène partielles d'opéras dont *Billy Budd*, *Hänsel und Gretel* et *Salome*. À la tête du Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, il donna la première intégrale des symphonies de Vaughan Williams à Londres. Dans le cadre de son association avec le Philharmonia Orchestra, il dirigea des festivals Elgar, Walton et Britten au South Bank de Londres et une mise en scène partielle de *Gloriana* au Festival d'Aldeburgh.

Outre ses activités avec l'Opéra de Sydney, il avait récemment travaillé entre autres avec le Royal Opera de Covent Garden, l'English National Opera, l'Opéra d'état de Vienne et le Washington Opera. Il fut invité à diriger des orchestres de renom mondial tels le Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, l'Orchestre de Paris, l'Orchestre symphonique de la Radio bavaroise et le New York Philharmonic.

Connaissant un succès phénoménal en studio, il réalisa plus de 280 enregistrements, dont dernièrement des cycles d'œuvres orchestrales de Sir Lennox Berkeley, Michael

Berkeley et Frank Bridge avec le BBC National Orchestra of Wales, les symphonies de Vaughan Williams avec le London Symphony Orchestra ainsi qu'une série d'opéras de Britten avec le City of London Sinfonia. Il obtint un Grammy (pour *Peter Grimes*) et cinq *Gramophone Awards*. Créé Commandeur de l'Ordre de l'empire britannique (CBE) en 2002, Richard Hickox remporta de nombreux autres prix, dont deux Music Awards de la Royal Philharmonic Society, le tout premier Sir Charles Groves Award, l'*Evening Standard* Opera Award et l'Association of British Orchestras Award.



Robert Carpenter Turner

Pamela Helen Stephen



Keith Saunders

Philip Dukes

Riders to the Sea

Scene: A cottage kitchen on an island off the west coast of Ireland

Time: Late afternoon

(Cathleen alone, busy in the room – finally sits down by her spinning wheel. The door opens and the sound of the sea is heard. Enter Nora. She stands in the door and looks around anxiously.)

Nora *(in a low voice)*

1 Where is she?

Cathleen

She's lying down, God help her, and maybe sleeping; if she's able.

(Nora shuts the door and comes forward and takes a bundle from under her shawl.)

Cathleen

What is it you have?

Nora

The young priest is after bringing them. It's a shirt and a plain stocking were got off a drowned man in Donegal. We're to find out if it's Michael's they are, sometime herself will be down looking by the sea.

Cathleen

How would they be Michael's, Nora? How would he go the length of that way to the far North?

Nora

The young priest says he's known the like of it. 'If it's Michael's they are', says he, 'you can tell herself he's got a clean burial by the grace of God: and if they're not his, let no-one say a word about them, for she'll be getting her death', says he, 'with crying and lamenting.'

(The door blows open. Cathleen looks out anxiously and shuts the door.)

Cathleen

Did you ask him would he stop Bartley going this day with the horses to the Galway fair?

Nora

'I won't stop him', says he; 'but let you not be afraid. Herself does be saying prayers half through the night, and the Almighty God won't leave her destitute', says he, 'with no son living.'

Cathleen

Is the sea bad by the white rocks, Nora?

Nora

Middling bad, God help us. There's a great roaring in the west, and it's worse it'll be getting when the tide's turned to the wind.

(She shuts the door and goes over to the table with the bundle.)

Shall I open it now?

Cathleen

Maybe she's wake up on us, and come in before we'd done.

(approaching the table)

It's a long time we'll be, and the two of us crying.

(Nora goes to the inner door and listens.)

Nora

She's moving about on the bed. She'll be coming in a minute.

Cathleen

Give me the ladder, and I'll put them up in the turf loft, the way she won't know of them at all, and maybe when the tide turns she'll be going down to see could he be floating from the east.

(They hide the bundle in the turf loft.)

(Enter Maurya.)

Maurya

² Isn't it turf enough you have for this day and evening?

Cathleen

There's a cake baking at the fire for a short space, and Bartley will want it when the tide turns if he goes to Connemara.

(Maurya sits down by the fire.)

Maurya

He won't go this day with the wind rising from the south and west. He won't go this day, for the young priest will stop him surely.

Nora

He'll not stop him, mother; and I heard Eamon Simon and Stephen Pheety and Colum Shawn saying he would go.

Maurya

Where is he himself?

Nora

He went down to see would there be another boat sailing in the week, and I'm thinking it won't be long till he's here now, for the tide's turning at the greenhead, and the hooker's tacking from the east.

Cathleen

I hear someone passing the big stones.

Nora

He's coming now, and he in a hurry.

(Enter Bartley.)

Bartley

3 Where is the bit of new rope, Cathleen, was bought in Connemara?

Cathleen

Give it to him, Nora; it's on a nail by the white boards.

Nora

Is that it, Bartley?

Maurya

You'd do right to leave that rope, Bartley, hanging by the boards. It'll be wanted in this place, I'm telling you, if Michael is washed up tomorrow morning, or the next morning, or any morning in the week; for it's a deep grave we'll make him, by the grace of God.

Bartley

I've no halter the way I can ride down on the mare, and I must go now quickly. This is the one boat going for two weeks or

beyond it, and the fair will be a good fair for horses, I heard them saying below.

Maurya

It's a hard thing they'll be saying below if the body is washed up and there's no man in it to make the coffin.

Bartley

How would it be washed up, and we after looking each day for nine days, and a strong wind blowing a while back, from the west and south?

Maurya

If it isn't found itself, that wind is raising the sea, and there was a star up against the moon, and it rising in the night. If it was a hundred horses, or a thousand horses, you had itself, what is the price of a thousand horses against a son where there is one son only?

Bartley (to Cathleen)

Let you go down each day, and see the sheep aren't jumping in on the rye, and if the west wind holds with the last bit of the moon let you and Nora get up weed enough for another cock for the kelp. It's hard set we'll be from this day with no-one in it but one man to work.

Maurya

It's hard set we'll be surely the day you're drowned with the rest. What way will I live and the girls with me, and I an old woman looking for the grave?

Bartley

Is she coming to the pier?

Nora

She's passing the green head and letting fall her sails.

(Nora opens the window.)

Bartley

I'll have half an hour to go down, and you'll see me coming again in two days, or in three days, or maybe four days, if the wind is bad.

Maurya

Isn't it a hard and cruel man won't hear a word from an old woman, and she holding him from the sea?

Cathleen

It's the life of a young man to be going on the sea, and who would listen to an old woman with one thing and she saying it over?

Bartley

I must go now quickly. I'll ride down on the red mare, and the grey pony will run behind me. The blessing of God on you.

(Bartley exits, shutting the door.)

Maurya

⁴ He's gone now, God spare us, and we'll not see him again. He's gone now, and when the black night is falling I'll have no son left me in the world.

Cathleen

Why wouldn't you give him your blessing and he looking round in the door? Isn't it sorrow enough is on this house without your sending him out with an unlucky word behind him, and a hard word in his ear?

(Maurya sits by the fire.)

Nora (to Maurya)

You're taking away the turf from the cake.

Cathleen

The son of God forgive us, Nora, we're after forgetting his bit of bread. And it's destroyed he'll be going till dark night, and he after eating nothing since the sun went up.

Nora

It's destroyed he'll be surely. There's no sense left on any person in a house where an old woman will be talking for ever.

(Maurya sways on her stool. Cathleen gives bread to Maurya.)

Cathleen

Let you go down now to the spring well and give him this and he passing. You'll see him then and the dark word will be broken, and you can say, 'God speed you'. The way he'll be easy in his mind.

Maurya

Will I be in it as soon as himself?

Cathleen

If you go now quickly.

Maurya

It's hard set I am to walk.

Cathleen

Give her the stick, Nora, or maybe she'll slip on the stones.

(Maurya opens the door and stands in the doorway.)

Maurya

In the big world, the old people do be leaving things after them for their sons and children, but in this place it is the young men do be leaving things behind for them that do be old.

(Maurya goes out slowly. Nora shuts the door and goes to the ladder.)

Cathleen

5 Wait, Nora, maybe she'd turn back quickly. She's that sorry, God help her, you wouldn't know the thing she'd do.

Nora

Is she gone round by the bush?

Cathleen

She's gone now. Throw it down quickly, for the Lord knows when she'll be out of it again.

Nora *(getting the bundle)*

The young priest said he'd be passing tomorrow, and we might go down and speak to him if it's Michael's they are surely.

Cathleen

Did he say what way they were found?

Nora

'There were two men', says he, 'and they rowing round with poteen before the cocks crowed, and the oar of one of them caught the body, and they passing the black cliffs of the North.' I've heard tell it's a long way to Donegal.

Cathleen

It is surely. There was a man in here a while ago and he said if you set off walking from the rocks beyond, it would be in seven days you'd be in Donegal.

Nora

And what time would a man take, and he floating?

(They open the bundle.)

Nora

It's Michael, Cathleen, it's Michael; God spare his soul, and what will herself say when she hears this story, and Bartley on the sea.

Cathleen

It's a plain stocking.

Nora

It's the second one of the third pair I knitted, and I put up three score stitches, and I dropped four of them.

Cathleen *(counting)*

It's that number is in it. Ah, Nora, isn't it a bitter thing to think of him floating that way to the far north, and no-one to keen him but the black hags that do be flying on the sea.

Nora

And isn't it a pitiful thing when there's nothing left of a man who was a great rower and fisher but a bit of an old shirt and a plain stocking?

Cathleen

Tell me is herself coming, Nora? I hear a little sound on the path.

(Nora opens the door.)

Nora

She is, Cathleen. She's coming up to the door.

Cathleen

Put these things away before she'll come in. Maybe it's easier she'll be after giving her blessing to Bartley, and we won't let on we've heard anything the time he's on the sea.

Nora

We'll put them here in the corner. Will she see it was crying I was?

Cathleen

Keep your back to the door the way the light'll not be on you.

(Enter Maurya. The door shuts. She sits by the fire.)

Cathleen

6 You didn't give him his bit of bread?
Did you see him riding down?

Maurya

Ah –

Cathleen

God forgive you: isn't it a better thing to tell what you seen, than to be making lamentation for a thing that's done. Did you see Bartley, I'm saying to you?

Maurya

My heart is broken from this day.

Cathleen

Did you see Bartley?

Maurya

I seen the fearfulest thing.

(Cathleen looks out of the window.)

Cathleen

God forgive you; he's riding the mare now over the green head, and the grey pony behind him.

(Maurya starts.)

Maurya

The grey pony behind him.

Cathleen

What is it ails you at all?

Maurya

I've seen the fearfulest thing any person has seen since the day Bride Dara seen the dead man with the child in his arms.

Nora

Ah –

Cathleen

Tell us what it is you seen.

Maurya

7 I went down to the spring well, and I stood there saying a prayer to myself. Then Bartley came along, and he riding on the red mare with the grey pony behind him. The Son of God spare us, Nora!

Nora

Ah –

Cathleen

What is it you seen?

Maurya

I seen Michael himself.

Cathleen

You did not, mother. It wasn't Michael you seen, for his body is after being found in the far north, and he's got a clean burial, by the grace of God.

Maurya

I'm after seeing him this day, and he riding and galloping. Bartley came first on the red mare, and I tried to say, 'God speed you', but something choked the words in my throat. He went by quickly; and 'the blessing of God on you', says he, and I could say nothing. I looked up then, and I crying, at the grey pony, and there was Michael upon it with fine clothes upon him, and new shoes on his feet.

Cathleen

It's destroyed we are from this day. It's destroyed, surely.

(Maurya rises.)

Maurya

⁸ Bartley will be lost now, and let you call in Eamon and make me a good coffin out of the white boards, for I won't live after them. I've had a husband, and a husband's father, and six sons in this house, six fine men, though it's a hard birth I had with every one of them and they coming into the world. Some of them were found and some of them were not found, but they're gone now, the lot of them. There were Stephen and Shawn were lost in the great wind, and found after in the bay, and carried up the two of them on one plank, and in by that door.

Chorus

Ah!

Nora *(opening the window)*

Did you hear that, Cathleen? Did you hear a noise in the north-east?

Cathleen

There's someone after crying out by the sea-shore.

Maurya

There was Sheamus and his father, and his own father again, were lost in a dark night, and not a stick or sign was seen of them when the sun went up. There

was Patch after was drowned out of a curragh that turned over. I was sitting here, and I seen two women, and three women, and four women coming in, and they crossing themselves and not saying a word. I looked out then, and there were men coming after them, and they holding a thing in the half of a red sail, and water dripping out of it and leaving a track to the door.

(Maurya stretches her hand out to the door. The door opens. Old women begin coming in, one by one.)

Is it Patch, or Michael, or what is it at all?

Cathleen

It's Michael, God spare him, for they're after sending us a bit of his clothes from the far north.

(She gives the clothes to Maurya.)

Nora *(looking out)*

They're carrying a thing among them, and there's water dripping out of it and leaving a track by the big stones.

(Heavy footsteps are heard outside.)

Cathleen

Is it Bartley it is?

A Woman

It is surely, God rest his soul.

Cathleen

What way was he drowned?

Woman

The grey pony knocked him over into the sea, and he was washed out where there is a great surf on the white rocks.

(The body is brought in and laid on the table. The door is shut. They all kneel. Maurya kneels at the head of the table. A long pause. Maurya stands up slowly.)

Maurya

⁹ They are all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. I'll have no call now to be crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other.

Chorus

Ah –

Maurya

I'll have no call now to be going down and getting Holy Water in the dark nights, and

I won't care what way the sea is when the
other women will be keening.

Chorus

Ah –

Maurya

Give me the Holy Water, Nora.

(Maurya sprinkles the Holy Water.)

It isn't that I haven't pray'd for you,
Bartley, to the Almighty God. It isn't that
I haven't said prayers in the dark night
till you wouldn't know what I'd be saying;
but it's a great rest I'll have now, and it's
time surely.

Nora

She's quiet now and easy. But the day
Michael was drowned you could hear her
crying out from this to the spring well. It's
getting old she is, and broken.

Maurya

They are all together this time, and the
end is come. May the Almighty God have
mercy on Bartley's soul, and on Michael's
soul, and on the souls of Sheamus and
Patch, and Stephen and Shawn.

^[10] And may he have mercy on my soul
and on the soul of every one is left living
in the world.

Chorus

Ah –

Maurya

Michael has a clean burial in the far north,
by the grace of the Almighty God.

Chorus

Ah –

Maurya

Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the
white boards, and a deep grave surely.

Chorus

Ah –

Maurya

What more can we want than that? No
man at all can be living for ever, and we
must be satisfied.

*(The stage gradually darkens. Maurya
kneels down. A sudden gust of wind blows
the door open and the sea is again heard.)*

Chorus

Ah –

John Millington Synge (1871–1909)

Flos Campi

(14) 1

Sicut liliū inter spinas, sic amica mea
inter filias... Fulcite me floribus, stipate
me malis: quia amore languēo.

Canticum Canticorum Salomonis 2: 2, 5

(15) 2

Iam enim hiems transiit, imber abiit, et
recessit. Flores apparuerunt in terra
nostra, tempus putationis advenit: vox
turturis audita est in terra nostra.

Canticum Canticorum Salomonis 2: 11, 12

(16) 3

...quaesivi quem diligit anima mea:
quaesivi illum, et non inveni... "Adiuro
vos, filiae Hierusalem, si inveneritis
dilectum meum, ut nuntietis ei quia
amore languēo"... "Quo abiit dilectus
tuus, O pulcherrima mulierium? quo
declinavit dilectus tuus, et quaeremus
eum tecum?"

Canticum Canticorum Salomonis 3: 1; 5: 8, 17

Flower of the Field

1

As the lily among thorns, so is my love
among the daughters... Stay me with
flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am
sick of love.

The Song of Solomon 2: 2, 5

2

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over
and gone; the flowers appear on the
earth; the time of the singing of birds is
come, and the voice of the turtle is heard
in our land.

The Song of Solomon 2: 11, 12

3

...I sought him whom my soul loveth...
but I found him not... 'I charge you,
O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my
beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick
of love'... 'Whither is thy beloved gone,
O thou fairest among women? whither
is thy beloved turned aside? that we may
seek him with thee.'

The Song of Solomon 3: 1; 5: 8, 17

(17) 4
En lectulum Salomonis sexaginta fortes
ambiunt... omnes tenentes gladios, et
ad bella doctissimi.
Canticum Canticorum Salomonis 3: 7, 8

(18) 5
Revertere, revertere Sulamitis:
Revertere, revertere ut intueamur
te... Quam pulchri sunt gressus tui in
calceamentis, filia principis.
Canticum Canticorum Salomonis 6: 12; 7: 1

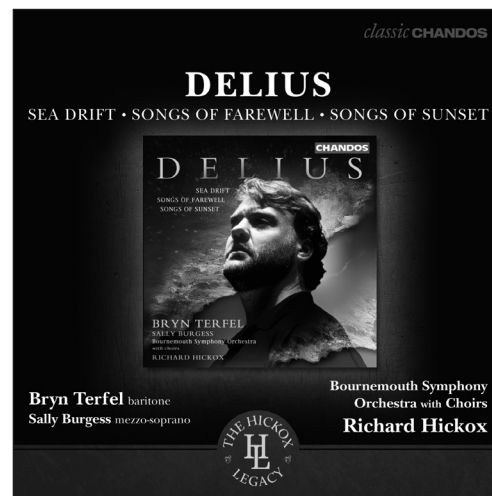
(19) 6
Pone me ut signaculum super cor tuum.
Canticum Canticorum Salomonis 8: 6

4
Behold his bed, which is Solomon's;
threescore valiant men are about it...
They all hold swords, being expert in war.
The Song of Solomon 3: 7, 8

5
Return, return, O Shulamite; return,
return, that we may look upon thee...
How beautiful are thy feet with shoes,
O prince's daughter!
The Song of Solomon 6: 12; 7: 1

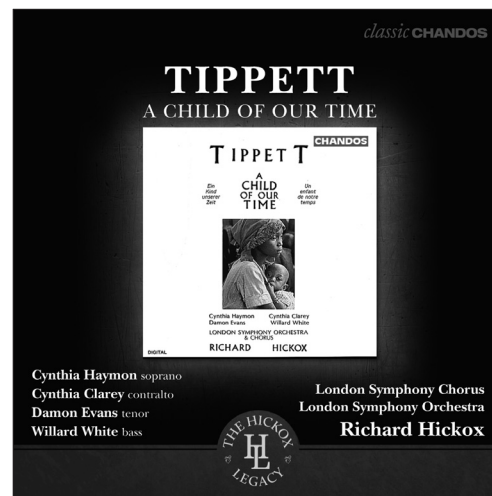
6
Set me as a seal upon thine heart.
The Song of Solomon 8: 6

Also available



Delius
Sea Drift • Songs of Farewell • Songs of Sunset
CHAN 10868 X

Also available



Tippett
A Child of Our Time
CHAN 10869 X



The premature death of Richard Hickox on 23 November 2008, at the age of just sixty, deprived the musical world of one of its greatest conductors. The depth and breadth of his musical achievements were astonishing, not least in his remarkable work on behalf of British composers. An inspiring figure, and a guiding light to his friends and colleagues, he had a generosity of spirit and a wonderful quality of empathy for others.

For someone of his musical achievements, he was never arrogant, never pompous. Indeed there was a degree of humility about Richard that was as endearing as it was unexpected. He was light-hearted and, above all, incredibly enthusiastic about those causes which he held dear. His determination to make things happen for these passions was astonishing – without this energy and focus his achievements could not have been as great as they were. He was able to take others with him on his crusades, and all in the pursuit of great music.

Richard was a completely rounded musician with a patience, kindness, and charisma that endeared him to players and singers alike. His enthusiasm bred its own energy and this, in turn, inspired performers. He was superb at marshalling

large forces. He cared about the development of the artists with whom he worked and they repaid this loyalty by giving of their best for him.

An unassuming man who was always a delight to meet, Richard was a tireless musical explorer who was able to create a wonderful sense of spirituality, which lifted performances to become special, memorable events. For these reasons, Richard was loved as well as respected.

The Richard Hickox Legacy is a celebration of the enormously fruitful, long-standing collaboration between Richard Hickox and Chandos, which reached more than 280 recordings. This large discography will remain a testament to his musical energy and exceptional gifts for years to come. The series of re-issues now underway captures all aspects of his art. It demonstrates his commitment to an extraordinarily wide range of music, both vocal and orchestral, from the past three centuries. Through these recordings we can continue to marvel at the consistently high level of his interpretations whilst wondering what more he might have achieved had he lived longer.

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Tyne Tees Television

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Sound engineer Ben Connellan

Assistant engineer Richard Smoker

Editor Peter Newble

Mastering Robert Gilmour

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Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

- | | | |
|---------|---|-------------------|
| 1 - 10 | Riders to the Sea*
Opera in one act based on the play by
John Millington Synge (1871–1909) | 41:45 |
| 11 - 13 | Household Music†
Three Preludes on Welsh Hymn Tunes | 17:01 |
| 14 - 19 | Flos Campi‡
Suite for Solo Viola, Mixed Chorus, and Small Orchestra | 19:36
TT 78:45 |

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Linda Finnie mezzo-soprano (Maurya)*
Karl Daymond baritone (Bartley)*
Lynne Dawson soprano (Cathleen)*
Ingrid Attrot soprano (Nora)*
Pamela Helen Stephen mezzo-soprano (A Woman)*
Peter Francomb obligato horn†
Philip Dukes viola‡
The Sinfonia Chorus*‡
Northern Sinfonia
Bradley Creswick leader
Richard Hickox