



landscapes, real and imagined

**chamber works by  
judith bingham**

yeree suh soprano  
chamber domaine

# Landscapes, real and imagined

## Chamber works by Judith Bingham (b. 1952)

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### Yeree Suh *soprano* Chamber Domaine

Thomas Kemp *violin*  
James Boyd *viola*  
Adrian Bradbury *cello*  
Stephen de Pledge *piano*

*'... intriguing programming ... unabashed lushness'*  
The New York Times

*'... utterly magical ... a tremendous sense of vitality and commitment'*  
Gramophone

<b>Fifty Shades of Green</b> (2001) for string trio		<b>11. L'Usignolo</b> from <b>The Lost Works of Paganini</b> (2007-9) for solo violin	[4:14]
1. Exotic Forest	[6:27]		
2. The Agave	[2:14]		
3. The Shadow and... Jaguar!	[5:12]		
<b>4. The Moon over Westminster Cathedral</b> (2003) for solo piano	[5:42]	<b>Shelley Dreams</b> (1998) for violin and piano	
		13. Seeking for ghosts	[1:19]
		14. Paper boat building	[1:07]
		15. Bedtime stories	[1:17]
		16. Venice: Lagoon scene, moonlight	[1:42]
		17. Fire balloons, laden with knowledge	[1:02]
<b>5. The Cathedral of Trees</b> (1998) for solo soprano	[6:39]	<b>18. See and keep silent</b> (2009) for solo cello	[10:01]
<b>Chapman's Pool</b> (1997) for piano trio		<b>My Father's Arms</b> (2002) for soprano and string trio	
6. Sombre, vague, con rubato	[5:52]	19. Prelude – Amputation	[4:11]
7. Fossil Forest: Minuet and Trio	[3:05]	20. My Father's Arms	[5:01]
8. Flying from Lulworth to Corfe Castle	[3:19]	21. Cornerstone – Postlude	[5:17]
9. Chapman's Pool and the Hale-Bopp Comet	[5:55]		
<b>10. The Shadow Side of Joy Finzi</b> (2001) for soprano and piano	[8:58]		
		Total playing time	[91:11]

*All tracks are world premiere recordings and  
were recorded in the presence of the composer*



Judith Bingham

(Photographer: Patrick Douglas Hamilton)

### Landscapes, real and imagined

Landscapes, whether real or imagined have been a recurring theme in my music. Sometimes I have been inspired by actually visiting somewhere, but often it has been by imagining them via old maps, old photographs and out of date guide books. In fact I would much rather imagine somewhere than visit it. I have quite a collection of old Baedekers and the Ward Lock guides to Britain, as I have of old Ordnance Survey maps. Old maps are a strange and unsettling kind of time travel, they show the hidden secrets of the landscape in the same way that a piece of music reveals the subconscious of the composer. And music is itself presented in a one-dimensional set of directions in the same way as a map guides the walker: in both cases, a certain amount of interpretation is required.

Sometimes even the photos are imaginary – in *Shelley Dreams*, I tried to imagine some old black and white shots that someone might have taken of Shelley – each of the tiny movements captures just one moment. In *The Shadow Side of Joy Finzi* I was asked to set poems that I wasn't initially attracted to – poems written by Joy Finzi in grief after Gerald Finzi's death. A friend showed me a description of a seventeenth-century snow

in one of those icily cold winters – a real snowstorm but described by R. D. Blackmore in *Lorna Doone* – this landscape to me perfectly captured Joy's frozen and slightly unhinged emotional state and proved a great backdrop for her poems. I find it interesting to place real people in fictional landscapes, or to imagine myself in an imaginary landscape or a landscape no longer there. In *Fifty Shades of Green*, the music wanders through Henri Rousseau's painting 'Jungle with setting sun' in which a black central figure (or shadow!) is attacked by a jaguar. Rousseau (himself an accomplished conman) was easily able to convince nineteenth-century audiences that he had visited these jungles whereas he had only ever been as far as the Jardin des Plantes in Paris – desert, jungle and forest plants all sit side by side and are unnervingly out of scale. The landscape is surely Rousseau's subconscious – indeed he said that he had to have the window open when he painted the jungle pictures.

For me, landscape pieces are always initially a symbol of my own subconscious world, and surely this is their real attraction to the introspective English composer? It isn't hard to recognise the symbolism of mountains, forests, and above all the sea, for me always a symbol of death. *Chapman's Pool* was written throughout the decline and death

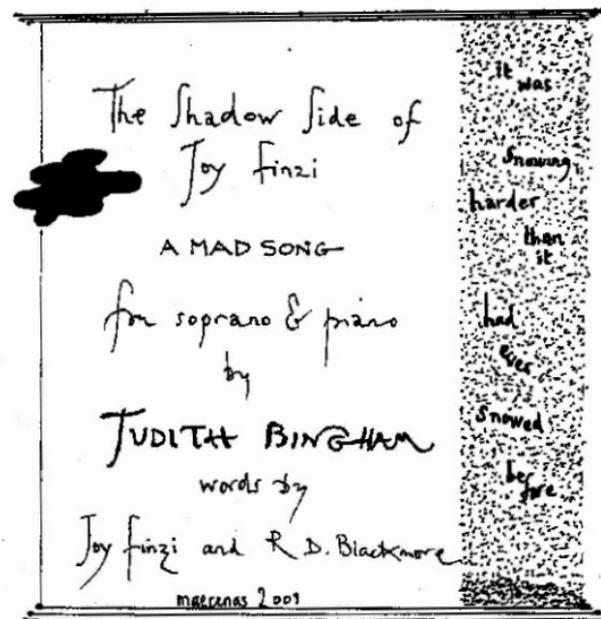
of my mother: it is ostensibly a description of The Isle of Purbeck, but as if sailed around, or flown over, as if in a dream. The sea bookends the piece and at the end seems to suggest a melancholy final journey. No piece more aptly sums up my always complex and dark relationship with my mother and the despair that comes with the end of such a relationship.

A photographer that I have come back to repeatedly is Don McCullin, who famously photographed some of the most harrowing wars and disasters. When I wrote *My Father's Arms*, I asked Martin Shaw to write me some poems about the way violence and war can define a child's character. I wanted to do this rather than write a mawkish piece about the death of children. The adult proponents of conflict so often have been presented with war as a defining moment of their childhood, even a bonding moment with their family. I had a McCullin photograph in front of me when I was writing of a bombed Beirut street: a group of children are dancing round the body of a little girl – one is even playing an oud. We turn our faces away, but McCullin walks towards such scenes.

I have not visited most of these landscapes. I did however visit Boranup, a huge forest in Western Australia. The predominant tree is the Karri Tree with its white bark and lace

canopy. The trees stretch as far as the eye can see and seem to form a single organism. Occasionally you see a kangaroo or an emu, often stationary. *The Mystery of Boranup* was written to be playable by grade three standard players, and tries to imitate the sound of a didgeridoo with only the occasional bounding movement entering the music. I like the idea of trying to capture the essence of such a vast living entity in a tiny simple piece – 'to see the world in a grain of sand.'

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Facsimile of the cover page of Judith Bingham's  
*The Shadow Side of Joy Finzi* (2001)  
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## Judith Bingham: Chamber Works

Judith Bingham is a rare combination among contemporary musicians: a composer who has had a successful parallel career as a singer: something she has in common with earlier British composers such as Tallis, Byrd and Purcell, but that is much rarer in the twenty-first century. Her experience as a performer – and her strong feeling for lyrical line – informs all her music, whether in her extensive output for voices, or in her purely instrumental works. Born in Nottingham in 1952, Bingham studied at the Royal Academy of Music where her teachers included Alan Bush and Eric Fenby, and she later took private lessons with Hans Keller. Her sessions with Keller, often spent over drinks at the BBC Club, were a revelation. As she told Mark Doran in an interview published in *Tempo* in 2004:

With Alan Bush I never got beyond him just making me do Palestrina exercises the whole time – which was a pity, because he had a real understanding of orchestration: some of his pieces are quite wonderfully scored. And other tuition was basically people saying 'Look, you can't have six flutes: you'll never get six flautists together' – which was never going to have any effect on me at all: I basically thought I was Berlioz! Keller, though, would do something that was much more like psycho-analysis: he would say 'How do you feel about this piece?', and I would start talking about it. And then gradually, in a rather cunning, backdoor

way, we'd get round to how things might be improved ... In dealing just with the pieces I brought him, he pitched it absolutely right. He was brilliant: an 'anti-teacher' teacher! He was a very paternal, totally selfless and altruistic person ... I often wish he was still alive, so I could thank him. Because he died before I could ever really say 'I now realize what you did – and how selfless it was'. But he did have a really radical effect on me.

There's perhaps something of the benign influence of Keller in Bingham's chamber music – the genre Keller revered above any other – since her musical language is marked by a strong sense of economy combined with rhythmic vitality and a gift for the skilful development of highly expressive melodic motifs.

*Fifty Shades of Green* is a string trio composed as a commission from the Royal Philharmonic Society and BBC Radio 3, and first performed by the Leopold String Trio at the Wigmore Hall on 23 April 2001. Composers have sometimes fought shy of writing string trios – or else they have risen to the challenge magnificently (Mozart and Schoenberg come to mind). Bingham has a natural feel for the medium (and it's no surprise that she later said how much she'd like to write a string quartet). Cast in three compact movements, this work also demonstrates another important feature of Bingham's work: taking her inspiration from a non-musical source. In this case it is a painting by 'Le Douanier'

Rousseau, and the work's subtitle is 'A Jungle Picture by Henri Rousseau'. In music that combines discipline with an acute ear for instrumental colour and a flair for translating the visual into sound, Bingham has produced a musical transformation of a strange and beautiful image, one of Rousseau's greatest late paintings (now hanging in the Kunstmuseum in Basel). The artist depicts a dark central figure being attacked by a jaguar within a mysterious and exotic landscape of flowers, ferns and trees, the setting sun a large disc of orange. Bingham's *Fifty Shades of Green* considers different aspects of the picture in each movement. The first, 'Exotic Forest', begins with forthright chords, played pizzicato, setting up a rhythmic framework within which new ideas can emerge: a viola melody that evolves from a three-note rising motif is then taken up by the cello, and a syncopated figure is played by all three instruments, after which violin, viola and then cello take up the melody originally introduced by the viola. The cello plays a rather questioning fragment of it, ending on a pause that gives way to a passage with shimmering strings marked 'Setting sun' in the score. The movement ends with 'Strange flowers' (a dominant feature of Rousseau's painting), in which a descending phrase in trills (with a hint of the three-note rising figure heard above it) gives way to the closing section, in which a

long viola phrase winds within a cloud of quiet arpeggios on the other instruments. The second movement is called 'The Agave' – a variety of large succulent plant – depicted through music of dancing rhythms and almost playful ambiguity, a rondo that finds a brief moment of repose (long notes, played on the fingerboard and marked *dolce*) for the 'leaves like lips'. The third movement evokes the central drama of Rousseau's painting. Its first section is headed 'The Shadow and...', beginning with a quiet soliloquy for the cello, whose melody marked by quite wide intervals is soon accompanied by the upper instruments (instructed to play with a 'very silvery sound, non legato'). The cello idea seems to fizzle out but this gives way to 'JAGUAR!' – fast, ferocious, with tremolos interrupted by a leaping syncopated motif, and driving to a crushing conclusion.

*The Moon over Westminster Cathedral*, composed in 2003, is a kind of nocturne for solo piano. It was originally intended for a series of pieces about London churches at night, but that idea was shelved. Instead, it forms part of a series of pieces in which Bingham tackles the tricky musical challenge of creating tension and resolution without using discords. The harmonic language of this piece is mobile and rich, finding points of arrival on diatonic minor, then major chords, with – as Bingham puts it – 'a tussle between the two at the end'. Though

*The Moon over Westminster Cathedral* is entirely idiomatic as piano music, its origins are surprising: according to Bingham it is 'a transcription of a piece for male voices called *The Waning Moon* (1997) – it had two poems, one by Shelley ... and one by me called *The Moon over Westminster Cathedral!*' The first performance was given by Stephen de Pledge at Barge Music in New York City on 31 July 2003.

*The Cathedral of Trees* is an unaccompanied song for high voice, written for the soprano Alison Wells and first performed by her at Trinity College, Cambridge on 27 January 1999. The poem, by David Lyons, likens thoughts to flowers and plants, and Bingham's experience as a singer allows her to produce music that explores this in a monody of considerable expressive range: from the arching opening phrases ('If thoughts were flowers'), to a pecking, then flid evocation of songbirds in a garden, and a lilting phrase (marked 'Barcarolle') to convey the poet's image of 'the petals floating for her bed'. Having presented these three ideas, the rest of the song draws on them freely, ending with a return of the 'Barcarolle' rhythm, but this time it's combined with the wide-ranging intervals of the opening.

*Chapman's Pool* was composed in 1997 as

a commission for the Gould Piano Trio who gave the first performance at the Wigmore Hall on 14 October 1997. One of Bingham's most successful pieces (receiving more than eighty performances within four years of its premiere), it is also one of her most personal. Chapman's Pool is a cove on the Isle of Purbeck in Dorset, a peninsula that has Corfe Castle at its centre, and part of England's Jurassic Coast with its profusion of fossils. Chapman's Pool can be idyllic in fine weather, but threatening in stormy conditions. It is constantly at the mercy of the sea's changing moods, and this is reflected in Bingham's musical evocation. But as the composer has pointed out in her introductory note, the work is also a more private exploration of the 'complex and dark relationship with her mother and the despair that comes with the end of such a relationship.' The first of the four movements is marked 'Sombre, vague' and it begins the steady, ceaseless motion of the sea (on violin and cello), punctuated by chords on the piano (marked 'The sea at night') before becoming more animated as the musical narrative becomes more active and less reflective, the score here marked 'Sailing on black waters'. One of the most striking geographical features of the Isle of Purbeck is Handfast Point – dominated by the Old Harry Rocks, two huge chalk stacks that emerge from the sea. Bingham sets the scene for this landscape as a towering,

unseen presence: 'Handfast Point is invisible but looms under stars obscured by cloud' and she evokes this by bringing back the oscillating idea from the opening, now with chords that are grander and more imposing. The second movement, 'Fossil Forest: Minuet and Trio' begins with an ingenious contrast of the same musical idea, marked to be played 'very calm, legatissimo, almost remote' on the strings at the same time as the piano is 'very hard, staccatissimo'. This ambiguity – the music at once jagged and other-worldly – gives way to a more fluid Trio section, headed 'Where trees once swayed on the edge of time'. A reprise of the opening material leads to a brief coda, a return to the inescapable presence of the sea. It's on the third movement, 'Flying from Lulworth to Corfe Castle', that the personal context of the work's composition and the landscape become intertwined – a kind of journey that is more symbolic than literal, described by Bingham herself as 'a dark dream'. The movement is marked 'Jagged, unruly', but Bingham provides much more detail through the poetic text that is printed above the music as an indication of the expressive framework of the music:

At dusk the rooks leave the sea behind.  
Buffeted by a north wind, they are cruel black  
hooks in the sky.  
Oh! if only I were amongst them!  
Their speed, the dizzy veering landscape beneath!

The standing stones and stone-hearted tumuli  
...are strange embellishments,  
...wisdom teeth growing from the earth,  
winter's harvest.  
And Corfe Castle...  
The sun setting behind it...  
The final graveyard at the end of the world.

The last movement, 'Chapman's Pool and the Hale-Bopp Comet' begins with a flourish of major chords on the piano, coloured by quiet tremolos on the strings. Gradually the music becomes more fluid and animated, a folk-like tune is heard, initially in the piano, accompanied by sinewy quavers. A return to the grandeur of the start is followed by a simpler, quieter recollection of the folk-like tune, the accompaniment becoming progressively more fragmented until the music seems to ebb away. Again, the score for parts of this movement is enhanced by poetry; at the opening: 'This magic visitor, sitting self-consciously among our common stars ... totally still and blurrily feminine'; and for the closing section: 'As haughty and unmoved as a sullen, slighted queen ... trailing her gauzy train across the night floor.' Bingham has described the end of the piece in terms that link the seascape her own personal tragedy at the time of composing the piece: 'as my mother died the music seemed to pull away like a ship from the shore.'

*The Mystery of Boranup* (2002) is a short

movement for piano quartet, commissioned by the Schubert Ensemble and first performed by them at Gresham College, London, on 5 February 2003. It was written with the abilities of young players in mind and is a musical representation of Boranup Forest in Western Australia – home to some of the tallest trees in the world (the Karri trees there grow up to sixty metres high). In the score, Bingham quotes a poem evoking a similar landscape, written in 1985 by the Aboriginal elder, Big Bill Neidjie (c. 1920–2002). His deep knowledge and love of the Australian landscape led to the establishment of the Kakadu National Park in Northern Australia:

I feel it with my body,  
With my blood.  
Feeling all these trees  
All this country –  
When the wind blow you can feel it.  
Same for country –  
You feel it.  
You can look,  
But feeling –  
That make you.

The movement begins with a quiet, throbbing cello ostinato, played on the bridge to produce a sound that imitates the didgeridoo. This dominates much of the piece, which is written entirely in low registers. A companion idea, in deep notes on the piano gradually takes on some of the rhythmic shape of the cello ostinato. The movement ends with three

bars in which the strings play ‘random pizz[icato] below the bridge’ – a highly atmospheric effect – over a last recollection of the ‘didgeridoo’ theme on the piano.

*The Shadow Side of Joy Finzi* for soprano and piano is subtitled ‘A Mad Song’. It draws on poems by Joy Finzi (1907–91), ‘set in a snowy landscape by R.D. Blackmore.’ In other words, Finzi’s texts are intercut with quotations from Blackmore’s *Lorna Doone* – a procedure that intensifies the dark, almost deranged quality of Finzi’s poems, written after Gerald Finzi’s death, when she was overcome with grief. Bingham’s setting begins with rhythmically energized triadic chords – a characteristic gesture that sets up the first vocal entry and provides the momentum for the whole opening section of the song. The mood and texture change completely for the Blackmore quotations, sung over more rapidly flowing arpeggiated figurations in the piano. The final section is a change from any of the music that has gone before. It is marked to be sung ‘freely, like a Purcellian recit[ative]’. A brief recollection of music from the slower, central Finzi setting introduces the last phrase of the song in which each syllable of the word ‘imperishable’ is set to slow rising notes, outlining a C minor triad – C, G, C, and E flat – followed by a final, enigmatic F sharp. This song was commissioned by the Finzi Friends and first

performed at their Weekend of English Song by Irene Drummond and Iain Burnside in the Assembly Rooms, Ludlow, on 2 June 2001.

*Shelley Dreams* is a set of five pieces for violin and piano composed in 1998, and described by the composer as ‘snapshots of Shelley’s life, as if you had an album of time spent with him.’ Each is based on a moment in Shelley’s life. The first, ‘Seeking for Ghosts’, unfolds over a quietly lolling piano part, with the violin playing rising figures that are often decorated with trills – it recalls Shelley as a schoolboy at Eton going out at night to try and find ghosts. The piece, ‘Paper Boat Building’, is very short, starting with sustained piano chords but then introducing a slinky theme on the violin, mirrored by the piano to evoke the poet’s fondness for making boats out of banknotes and floating them on the Serpentine in London’s Hyde Park. ‘Bedtime Stories’ is a graphic depiction of the Gothic night-time tales Shelley used to invent to scare his wife and his adored Clare Clairmont – even ending with a crash that suggests a scary surprise, or maybe things going bump in the night. ‘Venice: Lagoon scene, moonlight’ is a kind of grief-stricken barcarolle, a recollection of Shelley’s desperate trawl around the city searching for a doctor to treat a dying child whose ‘voice’ grows ever fainter towards the end of the piece. ‘Fire Balloons, laden with

knowledge’ is a dazzling conclusion to the set, a joyous virtuoso gallop for both players that shines brilliantly but briefly. Bingham has described its specific inspiration: ‘When Shelley was living in Wales, the government regarded him as a political agitator. He used to make fire balloons and fill them with political tracts – a kind of poetical yet childish and naïve act that is a great key to his character.’ The capricious energy of this movement encapsulates the spirit of Shelley’s sonnet *To a balloon, laden with knowledge*:

Bright ball of flame that thro the gloom of even  
Silently takest thine ethereal way  
And with surpassing glory dimmst each ray  
Twinkling amid the dark blue Depths of Heaven  
Unlike the Fire thou bearest, soon shall thou  
Fade like a meteor in surrounding gloom  
Whilst that unquenchable is doomed to glow  
A watch light by the patriots lonely tomb  
A ray of courage to the opprest & poor,  
A spark tho’ gleaming on the hovel’s hearth  
Which thro the tyrants gilded domes shall roar  
A beacon in the darkness of the Earth  
A Sun which o’er the renovated scene  
Shall dart like Truth where Falsehood yet has been.

The premiere of *Shelley Dreams* was given at Andover Parish Church by Ernst Kovacic and David Owen Norris on 14 January 2000. Some of the musical ideas were subsequently developed and reworked in Bingham’s trumpet concerto *The Shooting Star* (1999), subtitled ‘some scenes from Shelley’s life’.

*L'Usignolo* – The Nightingale – was written in 2009. It is one of five unaccompanied violin pieces with the collective title *The Lost Works of Paganini*, a composer who intrigues Bingham: 'For me Paganini is fascinating; he has long arms reaching both into the past and his future, our present. He stands as part of the long line of northern Italian violinists, Vivaldi, Tartini, Locatelli; at the same time he was incredibly influential on the new music of his day. Virtually everybody made an effort to hear him; the list of people – not just musicians and composers, but people like Goethe, like Mary Shelley, who heard Paganini play, is quite extraordinary. I like to think about comparing him to equivalent figures of more recent times, such as Jimi Hendrix.' These pieces are not pastiches of Paganini's music, but instead each one is an entirely original piece that takes an aspect of Paganini's life. In the case of *L'Usignolo* it recalls Paganini's guitar playing, and his death in Nice. Through pizzicato chords, Bingham depicts Paganini strumming, and introduces fragments of a Genovese folksong called 'L'Usignolo', and this is intercut with the 'real' song of a nightingale. The first performance was given by Peter Sheppard Skaerved at Wilton's Music Hall, London, on 5 August 2009.

*My Father's Arms* for soprano and string trio

is a cycle of songs composed in 2002 to poems by Martin Shaw that are a reflection on the involvement of children in war – whether as child soldiers or as other participants in their parents' conflict. This disturbing and unusual subject matter has inspired Bingham to write music of great poignancy and emotional power. The Prologue is haunting, with the soprano humming against gently flowing quavers and sustained notes of the strings. This gives way to the 'The Amputation', more specifically the 'amputation of loves and place.' It is marked 'Edgy', and is uneasy and propulsive, driven by a constant, spiky movement in quavers in the strings. The second song, 'My Father's Arms' is marked 'Expressionistic'. Its militaristic, threatening momentum, coupled with the anguished lyricism of the voice part, seems almost to suggest a latter-day Alban Berg. Perhaps the expressive high-point of this song comes once anger is spent: after rage comes emptiness – a moment of melancholy stillness on the words 'Your fear seeps cold and despairing into me.' The third song, 'Cornerstone', begins with stabbing chords that become more insistent later in the song, seeming to dash the singer's quest for shreds of hope. The Postlude returns to the mood of the opening, the wordless singer and slightly lopsided string arpeggios working towards an ever-more-questioning conclusion as the harmonies become increasingly remote

and ambiguous. *My Father's Arms* was commissioned by Chamber Domaine, who gave the premiere with soprano Helen Meyerhoff at the City of London Festival on 4 July 2002.

*See and Keep Silent* was a BBC commission for tenor solo, mixed choir and cello, first performed in King's College Chapel on Good Friday 2009 by the BBC Singers and Guy Johnston, conducted by Stephen Cleobury. The present recording includes the three meditations for solo cello from this work, here performed as a continuous sequence. Each is headed by a passage of scripture from the story of Christ's Passion. The first meditation sets the scene in the Garden of Gethsemane. The second starts with resonant pizzicato chords that soon lead into a dotted passage marked to be played 'with the timbre of a viol', punctuated by more plucked chords and ending at the bottom of the cello's register in a mood of dry desolation. This meditation concerns Christ's interrogation by the Chief Priests in which he refuses to defend himself and remains silent. In the last meditation, the cello reflects on the carrying of Christ's body to the tomb and the lamentation of his mother. Here, the instrument takes on a more song-like quality, with fragments of arching melody and a plucked chordal refrain with which the piece ends. In the rests before the last

G major chord, the score is marked 'the final silence'.

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*Nigel Simeone is a musicologist and writer. His books include Paris: A Musical Gazetteer (Yale University Press), Leonard Bernstein: West Side Story (Ashgate); he co-authored Messiaen (Yale University Press), and Janáček's Works (Oxford University Press). He is a frequent contributor to International Record Review and is currently editing Bernstein's letters for Yale University Press, due to be published in Autumn 2012.*

## Texts

### 5. The Cathedral of Trees

If thoughts were flowers, and words could heal our pain,  
I would give my friend a garden filled with songbirds  
Where tree leaves whisper to a stream  
And summer evenings hang with the scent of warm gold sun  
The petals floating for her bed, soft as heather wine.

And on the top of the hills, around where the garden lies,  
I would gather wood in piles, and set a ring of fires  
To destroy the frosts of winter and singe the storm clouds  
With their dragon tongues.

And if flowers were thoughts, the blue of the gentian  
Would humble my words for ever, and, in the cathedral of trees,  
Peace would descend like pollen motes upon our hair.

*David Lyons*

### 10. The Shadow Side of Joy Finzi

Sweet the lily,  
Sweet the rose,  
Sweet my love whom nobody knows.

Stay the cuckoo  
Stay the moon  
Away, my love, the dial's past noon.

Down to the river  
So swift its flow  
To show to my love the way to go.

Bright the water  
Dark the tide  
Sharp the wound within my side

But lo, in the night, such a  
storm of snow began as never  
have I heard nor read of.  
The wind was moaning sadly,  
and the sky as dark as a wood.

There was a wound  
It would not heal  
It was both wide and deep

I sought to bind -  
It could not be  
The waiting earth received its blood.

There was a cry  
It would not cease  
It echoed throughout sleep.

Where is the balm  
I sought to find?

### 10. The Shadow Side of Joy Finzi (cont.)

It was snowing harder than  
it had ever snowed before  
and the leaden depth of the sky  
came down. The snow drove  
in, a great white billow, rolling  
and curling beneath the violent  
blast, tufting and combing with  
rustling swirls. And all the while  
from the smothering sky came the  
pelting pitiless arrows, winged  
with murky white and pointed with  
barbs of frost.

A world without ending  
Into a vast similitude withdrawn.

O dear heart,  
Throughout this bright world  
Immense mystery, our searchings,  
The darkness and the light, and  
That end to which we go  
Imperishable...

*Joy Finzi and  
R.D. Blackmore (from Lorna Doone)*

## My Father's Arms

### 19. Amputation

The gusts and the heat  
Converted the sand's driving  
To blunt needles on skin.  
The street was vacant save  
The charred cars strewn  
And the scattering rubbish,

Trapped in craters.

Standing there startled;  
Locked in alarm,  
This child's nine springs  
Have passed each with  
Its own amputation  
Of loves and place.

Too late for fear!

No reference, no image  
Stimulates this despair,  
[No fallback to a certainty  
Encourages hope of a hope.]  
For this struck staring child  
Has had all presence erased.

[No chasm even. No absence.]

My Father's Arms (cont.)

## 20. My Father's Arms

They rumble shrill  
And the street crumbles under tanks' tracks.  
Their exhaust soils the air;  
Shrouding me and your face  
From their harsh progress.  
Their protection is meaningless  
But I thrill at the machines!  
In the distance, soon, their thundering ordnance  
Will scar the forest with eternal wounds.  
Do not, father, hide this from me.  
Hold me in it!

[The plaster is pocked  
And the baker is breadless.]  
Sleep has gone from our cellar's haven.  
Your firm arms do not comfort,  
And your eyes? Devoid of solace!  
The catch in your breathing, cues  
Your memory of mother's speechless pleading,  
And her death in the crossfire.  
Your fear seeps cold and despairing into me.  
But you have not, father, hid this from me.  
You hold me in it!

My Father's Arms (cont.)

## 21. Cornerstone

[I lie as I did then, prostrate,  
Surrounded now by the unknowable.  
My senses do not associate with anything  
Are they at one perhaps? Indivisible?  
My memory is lived now, strangely.  
All that I was, am and will be  
Is brought into this blessed interstice.]

My face had cracked with midday's heat,  
One of the roaming children, left dead,  
Refuse of a passing bloody raid.  
In the calm, a spade completed my darkness,  
My fist clutching my stone that bound me  
To aeons of matter. I am smiling  
In the face of death's terror and end.

I [look,] know[ing] that at some time  
Another spade will hit the earth.  
There my stone still with traces  
Of my love for it, another hand may be.  
A cornerstone or just a pocketing?  
A building of hope or a handing on?  
I shall always be one with it.

A. Martin Shaw

*Passages, words and portions of words in  
[brackets] are not set in the music.*



Chamber Domaine during a collaboration with the Turner Prize-winning artist  
Anish Kapoor at the Brighton Festival (*The Disembowelment of Joan of Arc*)

Photographer: Sebastian Allen

**Yeree Suh** *soprano*

Soprano Yeree Suh trained at the National University in Seoul before furthering her studies in Europe at Berlin's Universität der Künste, with Regina Werner-Dietrich in Leipzig and with Gerd Türk at the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis. In 2003, she made her professional debut with René Jacobs at the Innsbrucker Festwochen as Ninfa in Monteverdi's *Orfeo*.

A prolific concert performer, Yeree has performed a wide range of repertoire with, among many others, Andreas Sperring, Andrea Marcon and the Venice Baroque Orchestra, Philippe Herreweghe, Ton Koopman and the DSO, Masaaki Suzuki, the Münchner Symphoniker and with the Freiburg Bachorchester.

Particularly renowned for her exceptional interpretations of contemporary music, Yeree sang the European premiere of Matthias Pintscher's "*with lilies white*" with Kent Nagano at the Berliner Philharmonie and the Konzerthaus Dortmund, and has performed in contemporary projects with the Ensemble Modern, the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at the Estoril Festival, with the Nieuw Ensemble at La biennale di Venezia, the London Sinfonietta, Baldur Brönnimann at Settembre Musica, and with the BBC

Scottish Symphony Orchestra.

Recent seasons have seen Yeree perform with Andrea Marcon at Theater Basel (*Orfeo*), a debut as Almirena in Handel's *Rinaldo* at the National Theatre of Prague and her New York debut with the Ensemble Intercontemporain and Susanna Mälkki at the Lincoln Centre performing Ligeti's *Mysteries of the Macabre*. Further highlights have included performances of Bach Cantatas with the Akademie für Alte Musik Berlin throughout South Korea, a European tour of Bach's Easter Oratorio, Bach's Christmas Oratorio with the Spanish Radio Orchestra, as well as a return to Theater Basel in Wolfgang Rihm's *Ariadne Monologue* and revivals of Handel's *Rinaldo* at the Grand Théâtre de la Ville de Luxembourg and the Opéra de Rennes.

More recent highlights include Pierre Boulez's *Pli selon Pli* with the Bamberg Symphoniker and Jonathan Nott at Berlin's Musikfest as part of the composer's 85th birthday celebrations, Hanspeter Kyburz's choreographed opera *Outis* with the Ensemble Intercontemporain in Paris's Cite de la Musique, the world premiere of Torsten Rasch's *Le Serpent Rouge* and Unsuk Chin's *Akrostichon-Wortspiel* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra at the Barbican and Handel's *Semele* at the 2010 Beijing Festival.



Yeree Suh

(Photographer: Arsys Bourgogne/Zuidberg-Weiler François)

## Chamber Domaine

Chamber Domaine is at the cutting edge of music making in the 21st century. Its excellence and dynamism have received widespread acclaim both in the United Kingdom and abroad.

Under its artistic director, Thomas Kemp, the ensemble has become renowned for its virtuosity and its ambitious and distinctive programming that range from the Baroque through to the Contemporary. Chamber Domaine focus on instrumental chamber music and song in programmes that illuminate the music of today with the music of three centuries: the ensemble brings passion and commitment to a diverse repertoire that makes music come alive whilst placing it into its cultural context.

The ensemble are committed to performing and recording contemporary music and give world premieres by leading composers including Judith Bingham at the City of London Festival, Piers Hellawell at the Cheltenham International Festival and Arvo Pärt at the Edinburgh Festival. The ensemble has a commission from the brilliant young composer, Matthew Sergeant for the 2012 Cultural Olympiad and a major work for soprano and chamber orchestra by Judith Bingham for her sixtieth birthday.

Chamber Domaine have a distinguished and highly acclaimed discography. Their recordings regularly receive five star reviews and have been picked as Editor's Choice in *Gramophone*. A recent disc of music by Henryk Górecki received universal acclaim. Forthcoming recordings include a disc of world premiere recordings of Mark-Anthony Turnage, as well as recordings of Mahler and Barber. The ensemble recently recorded the all Mozart sound track to *First Night* – a film starring Richard E. Grant, which will be released on Sony Classics.

In addition to their recording activities, the ensemble has broadcast regularly on BBC Radio 3; ORF, Austria; SR, Sweden; and WNYC, New York.

Chamber Domaine has a busy schedule of concerts and consistently proves itself as one of the most dynamic and versatile ensembles of its kind.

[www.chamberdomaine.com](http://www.chamberdomaine.com)

*'... an extraordinary performance ... with a fluency that came over brilliantly under the baton of Thomas Kemp'*  
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