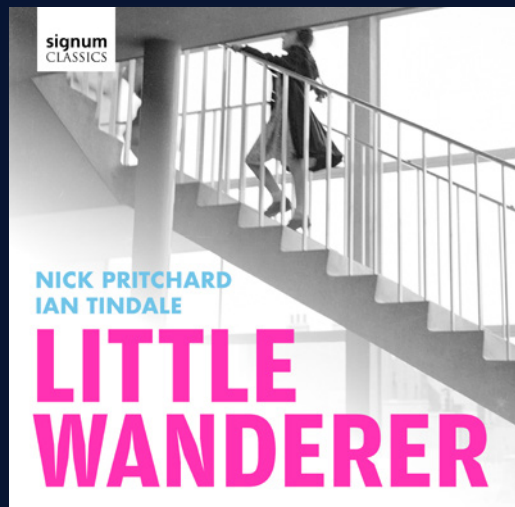




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GERALD THE FINZI: DANCE CONTINUED

Nick Pritchard & Ian Tindale

GERALD THE DANCE FINZI: CONTINUED

Nick Pritchard, Tenor & Ian Tindale, Piano

Till Earth Outwears, Op.19a

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*World Premiere Recording

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PROGRAMME NOTES

It may seem strange to begin a note about a new album of Finzi's cycles for tenor and piano with the tale of an old one; but as with Finzi himself, and his most beloved poet Thomas Hardy, this is a project with a rich past, as well as a hopeful future. In 2005, James Gilchrist and Anna Tilbrook recorded *Oh Fair to see* Op. 13b; *A Young Man's Exhortation* Op. 14 and *Till Earth Outwears* Op. 19a on one of just two albums to date that brought together these three collections. The album was recorded at Christ's Hospital School in Horsham, West Sussex. Shortly afterwards Bruce Grindlay, the head of music at Christ's, gave a copy of the newly-released disc to one of his students, thinking it might be of interest. The student in question was Nick Pritchard. 'That was a really seminal moment for me,' Nick remembers. 'Finzi's been there since I was about sixteen or seventeen. And Ian and I have

done his music together a lot. Early on, when we were both at the Royal College of Music together, we realised that we both loved his songs. So they've been in my life a long, long time.'

Ian Tindale has had a similarly long-term fascination with Finzi. 'The first complete song cycle I performed as an undergraduate was *Earth and Air and Rain*, and that was the moment when I realised just how good this partnership of Finzi and Hardy was: the poetry spoke to me, and the way Finzi responds to it is just perfect.' No wonder, then, that this duo was keen to mark the composer's 125th birthday with their own celebratory take on the three cycles, two of which similarly unite Finzi with Hardy. The two men never met, though Finzi paid a princely £9 to acquire Hardy's walking stick in 1938, when the poet's library was sold at auction a decade after his death.

We begin with *Till Earth Outwears*, edited and published by Howard Ferguson and Joy Finzi in 1958. As with several of Finzi's song collections, a posthumous assembling was needed of the many songs still unprinted as the composer wrote and revised past numbers to plan perfect sequences: Finzi cycles are frequently an act of time travel in this way.

The introduction of 'Let me enjoy the earth' unfurls its petals slowly in a manner utterly distinctive to this composer (who, as Nick and Ian observe, was not a pianist or singer – 'which is unusual in a song composer!'). Finzi's keyboard writing is built of contrapuntal lines which twist and turn like woven threads. This is a song of delight, a speaker aware of his own insignificance and yet unbowed by it – until a single aching crunch in the final line. 'In years defaced' is a sadder tale, of love and hope now over and gone. 'The Market Girl' takes us back in time a decade from these first numbers, from

1936 to 1927, and begins altogether more simply before building to a wry conclusion in its final line; while 'I look into my glass' seems to look to late Schubert, the speaker's heart throbbing painfully through the second and third stanzas of Hardy's bitter poem.

Finzi set 'It never looks like summer here' one bitter February day in 1956. Reading through old sketches that evening, he discovered a much earlier draft he'd made of the poem's first line: 'The line written today had the same shape and falls as the previous germ and was obviously the completed idea after twenty-odd years,' he observed. 'If one doesn't live long enough one can't complete the hundreds of musical lines waiting final shape.'

We leap back in time to 1929 for 'At a lunar eclipse'. Here, Ian notes, 'in the stargazing numbers, the compass expands and we hear the low and the high in very exposed writing for voice and piano'. And what of the vocal writing? 'His text setting is so natural,

you never have to work at lifting it,' Nick marvels. 'That makes it all the more immediate. And he almost always sets challenging texts. When you read some of his chosen poems, you think: how can you make musical sense of this?! But he does... and it's completely magical.' This opus concludes with 'Life Laughs Onward', a bittersweet musing on the passing of time and its rightness.

Next comes our duo's unique contribution to the Finzi discography: a clutch of five early songs, written when the composer was in his teens and early twenties. These songs remain unpublished and exist in manuscript only, preserved at the Bodleian Library in Oxford. Nick and Ian had the opportunity to study and select this clutch of five, which are presented here as premiere recordings. 'These five spoke to us,' Ian explains. 'It's not Finzi in full form yet, but I think it gives us a new slant on where he started – and setting some different poets as well, which was particularly appealing.'

'Days too short' of 1925 takes a poem by Welshman W.H. Davies, and is a sprightly number with a less-than-fully metabolised sense of folksong in its leaps and bounces. This is followed by two texts from Padraic Colum, a leading figure in the Irish Literary revival of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. 'A Cradle Song' is sweetly understated, the voice rising and falling above a sequence of slow-stepping chords. Finzi was just eighteen when he wrote it. Then come 'The Terrible Robber Men', swaying and swaggering with bloodthirsty delight.

'Rondel' sets the words of Geoffrey Chaucer, and it's possible that the text also inspired Finzi's antiquated courtly writing here, full of crunching false relations. The wistful 'English Hills' is, Ian points out, 'a real sister setting to 'Only the wanderer' from *Oh fair to see*: they're very closely related, motivically and thematically.'

The first of Finzi's tenor Hardy cycles, *A Young Man's Exhortation*, was written

in the late 1920s and published in 1933, just a few months after Finzi's marriage to Joy Black. The opening number is a glowing hymn to the joy of the moment, painted with exuberant lyricism and aching dissonances at the intimations of mortality. 'Ditty', Ian and Nick agree, is a dense, knotty number that takes some untangling despite its unprepossessing title; whilst 'Budmouth Dears' is a rollicking number of smartly strutting soldiers beaming at the beauties on the town's esplanade. Hardy's obsession with the artist rendered anonymous by history is spelled out in 'Her Temple' – and thoughts of future days also dominate 'The Comet at Yell'ham', the distant comet twinkling, alien and beautiful, high in the piano.

Finzi provided Latin subtitles for the two halves of *A Young Man's Exhortation*, taken from Psalm 90. The first five are headed 'In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up'; the five still to come bear the quotation 'In the

evening it is cut down, and withereth'. The young man gives way to an older figure: a greying cidemaker who may be Finzi himself (he famously cultivated around 300 species of rare apple trees) in 'Shortening Days', and a tale of love and regret in 'The Sigh'. 'Former Beauties' has a strikingly angular, emptied-out beginning, which Finzi tenderly fills to bring memories of fair young women back to vivid life. 'Transformations' is a song of praise for all things changing, and the power and vigour of rebirth, giving way to a melody sung from beyond the grave in 'The Dance Continued.'

Our album closes with *Oh fair to see*, the cycle with the widest historical ambit of any of Finzi's published collections, taking us from the early 1920s to the very last song he wrote. And this time we hear not just from Hardy, but a raft of other poets whom Finzi admired.

Hardy has the first word in 'I say "I'll seek her side"', the account of a brash

but nervous lover; while 'Oh fair to see' itself is a poem by Christina Rossetti, whose poetry provided the inspiration for Finzi's opus one, *Ten Children's Songs*. This song dates from 1921, as does Edward Shanks's lyric of summer love, 'As I lay in the early sun'. 'Only the wanderer' is Finzi's only setting of poetry by Ivor Gurney, a man he never met but whose music and verse he adored, as this sensitive balancing of light and darkness demonstrates so clearly.

Edmund Blunden and Finzi were colleagues, who collaborated on a choral work in the late 1940s. Here we find a heartbroken Blunden in 'To Joy': the song's title, so perfect for Finzi's wife (the song was written shortly after their first meeting), is a reference to Blunden's baby daughter, who died at just forty days old. The poet was present to hear both this song and 'Harvest' at the Finzis' home in July 1957, at the first soirée to be held there – ten months after the composer's death.

Last of all comes Gerald Finzi's final song, 'Since we loved'. As Finzi helped Gurney's music find its way into the world after his death – and as Howard Ferguson and Joy Finzi would do the same for Gerald – so the poet Robert Bridges, author of this text, worked to publish posthumously the poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins. His is a song of love burning brightly, and the joy such a transformation might bring. A new generation, then, goes forward with youth and life and hope as the cycle closes... and so the dance continues.

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Till Earth Outwears, Op.19a

Words by Thomas Hardy (1840–1928)

1 Let me enjoy the Earth

Let me enjoy the earth no less
Because the all-enacting Might
That fashioned forth its loveliness
Had other aims than my delight.
About my path there flits a Fair,
Who throws me not a word or sign;
I'll charm me with her ignoring air,
And laud the lips not meant for mine.
From manuscripts of moving song
Inspired by scenes and dreams
unknown
I'll pour out raptures that belong
To others, as they were my own.

And some day hence, towards Paradise
And all its blest – if such should be –
I will lift glad, afar-off eyes,
Though it contain no place for me.

2 In years defaced

In years defaced and lost,
Two sat here, transport-tossed,

Lit by a living love
The wilted world knew nothing of:
Scared momentarily
By gain-givings,
Then hoping things
That could not be.

Of love and us no trace
Abides upon the place;
The sun and shadows wheel,
Season and season sereward steal:
Foul days and fair
Here, too, prevail,
And gust and gale
As everywhere...

But lonely shepherd souls
Who bask amid these knolls
May catch a faery sound
On sleepy noon-tides from the ground:

“O not again
Till Earth outwears
Shall love like theirs
Suffuse this glen!”

3 The Market-Girl

Nobody took any notice of her as she
stood on the causey kerb,
All eager to sell her honey and apples
and bunches of garden herb;
And if she had offered to give her
wares and herself with them too
that day,

I doubt if a soul would have cared to
take a bargain so choice away.

But chancing to trace her sunburnt
grace that morning as I passed nigh,
I went and I said, “Poor maidy dear! –
and will none of the people buy?”
And so it began; and soon we knew
what the end of it all must be,
And I found that though no others had
bid, a prize had been won by me.

4 I look into my glass

I look into my glass,
And view my wasting skin,
And say, “Would God it came to pass
My heart had shrunk as thin!”

For then, I, undistrest
By hearts grown cold to me,
Could lonely wait my endless rest

With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, lets part abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide.

5 It never looks like summer here

‘It never looks like summer here
On Beeny by the sea.’
But though she saw it look as drear,
Summer it seemed to me.

It never looks like summer now
Whatever weather’s there;
But ah, it cannot anyhow,
On Beeny or elsewhere!

6 At a lunar eclipse

Thy shadow, Earth, from Pole to
Central Sea,
Now steals along upon the Moon’s
meek shine
In even monochrome and curving line
Of imperturbable serenity.
How shall I link such sun-cast symmetry
With the torn troubled form I know
as thine,
That profile, placid as a brow divine,
With continents of moil and misery?

And can immense Mortality but throw
So small a shade, and Heaven's high
human scheme
Be hemmed within the coasts yon arc
implies?

Is such the stellar gauge of earthly show,
Nation at war with nation, brains that teem,
Heroes, and women fairer than the skies?

7 Life laughs onward

Rambling I looked for an old abode
Where, years back, one had lived I knew;
Its site a dwelling duly showed,
But it was new.

I went where, not so long ago,
The sod had riven two breasts asunder;
Daisies throve gaily there, as though
No grave were under.

I walked along a terrace where
Loud children gambolled in the sun:
The figure that had once sat there
Was missed by none.

Life laughed and moved on unsubdued,
I saw that Old succumbed to Young:
'Twas well. My too regretful mood
Died on my tongue.

8 Days too short

Words by WH Davies (1871–1940)

When primroses are out in Spring,
And small, blue violets come between;
When merry birds sing on boughs green,
And rills, as soon as born, must sing;

When butterflies will make side-leaps,
As though escaped from Nature's hand
Ere perfect quite; and bees will stand
Upon their heads in fragrant deeps;

When small clouds are so silvery white
Each seems a broken rimmed moon—
When such things are, this world too soon,
For me, doth wear the veil of night.

9 A Cradle Song

Words by Padraic Colum (1881–1972)

O men from the fields,
Come gently within.
Tread softly, softly
O men coming in!

Mavourneen is going
From me and from you,
Where Mary will fold him
With mantle of blue!

From reek of the smoke
And cold of the floor
And the peering of things
Across the half-door.

O men from the fields,
Soft, softly come thro'
Mary puts round him
Her mantle of blue.

10 The Terrible Robber Men

Words by Padraic Colum (1881–1972)

O! I wish the sun was bright in the sky,
And the fox was back in his den, O!
For always I'm hearing the passing by
Of the terrible robber men, O!
The terrible robber men.

O! what does the fox carry over the rye
When it's bright in the morn again, O!
And what is it making the lonesome cry
With the terrible robber men, O!
The terrible robber men.

11 Rondel

Words by Geoffrey Chaucer (c. 1343–1400)

Your eyën two wol slee me sodenly,
I may the beaute of hem not sustene,

So woundeth it through-out my hertë
kene.

And but your word wol helen hastily
My hertës woundë, whyl that it is grene,
Your eyën two wol slee me sodenly;
may the beaute of hem not sustene.

Upon my trouthe I sey yow feithfully,
That ye ben of my lyf and deth the
quene;
For with my deth the trouthe shal be
sene.

Your yën two wol slee me sodenly,
I may the beaute of hem not sustene,
So woundeth it through-out my hertë
kene.

12 English Hills

Words by John Freeman (1880–1929)

O that I were
Where breaks the pure cold light
On English hills,
And peewits rising cry,
And gray is all the sky.

Or at evening there
When the faint slow light stays,
And far below

Sleeps the last lingering sound,
And night leans all round.

O then, O there
'Tis English haunted ground.
The diligent stars
Creep out, watch, and smile;

The wise moon lingers awhile.
O that I were
Again on English hills,
Seeing between
Laborious villages
Her cool dark loveliness.

A Young Man's Exhortation, Op.14

Words by Thomas Hardy (1840–1928)

13 A young man's exhortation

Call off your eyes from care
By some determined deftness; put
 forth joys
Dear as excess without the core that cloy,
And charm Life's lourings fair.
Exalt and crown the hour
That girdles us, and fill it full with glee,
Blind glee, excelling aught could ever be,
Were heedfulness in power.
Send up such touching strains
That limitless recruits from Fancy's pack
Shall rush upon your tongue, and
 tender back
All that your soul contains.

For what do we know best?
That a fresh love-leaf crumpled soon
 will dry,
And that men moment after moment die,
Of all scope dispossessed.
If I have seen one thing
It is the passing preciousness of dreams;
That aspects are within us; and who seems
Most kingly is the King.

14 Ditty

Beneath a knap where flown
Nestlings play,
Within walls of weathered stone,
Far away
From the files of formal houses,

By the bough the firstling browses,
Lives a Sweet: no merchants meet,
No man barter, no man sells
Where she dwells.

Upon that fabric fair
'Here is she!'
Seems written everywhere
Unto me.
But to friends and nodding neighbours,
Fellow wights in lot and labours,
Who descry the times as I,
No such lucid legend tells
Where she dwells.

Should I lapse to what I was
Ere we met;
(Such will not be, but because
Some forget
Let me feign it) – none would notice
That where she I know by rote is
Spread a strange and withering change,
Like a drying of the wells
Where she dwells.

To feel I might have kissed –
Loved as true –
Otherwhere, nor Mine have missed
My life through,
Had I never wandered near her,

Is a smart severe – severer
In the thought that she is nought,
Even as I, beyond the dells
Where she dwells.

And Devotion droops her glance
To recall
What bond-servants of Chance
We are all.
I but found her in that, going
On my errant path unknowing,
I did not out-skirt the spot
That no spot on earth excels –
Where she dwells!

15 Budmouth dears

When we lay where Budmouth Beach is,
O, the girls were fresh as peaches,
With their tall and tossing figures and
 their eyes of blue and brown!
And our hearts would ache with longing
As we paced from our sing-singing,
With a smart Clink! Clink! up the
 Esplanade and down.
They distracted and delayed us
By the pleasant pranks they played us,
And what marvel, then, if troopers,
 even of regiments of renown,

On whom flashed those eyes divine, O,
Should forget the countersign, O,
As we tore Clink! Clink! back to camp
above the town.

Do they miss us much, I wonder,
Now that war has swept us sunder,
And we roam from where the faces
smile to where the faces frown?
And no more behold the features
Of the fair fantastic creatures,
And no more Clink! Clink! past the
parlours of the town?

Shall we once again there meet them?
Falter fond attempts to greet them?
Will the gay sling-jacket glow again
beside the muslin gown? –
Will they archly quiz and con us
With a sideway glance upon us,
While our spurs Clink! Clink! up the
Esplanade and down?

16 Her temple

Dear, think not that they will forget you:
– If craftsmanly art should be mine
I will build up a temple, and set you
Therein as its shrine.

They may say: ‘Why a woman such
honour?’

– Be told, ‘O so sweet was her fame,
That a man heaped this splendour
upon her;
None now knows his name.’

17 The comet at Yell’ham

It bends far over Yell’ham Plain,
And we, from Yell’ham Height,
Stand and regard its fiery train,
So soon to swim from sight.

It will return long years hence, when
As now its strange swift shine
Will fall on Yell’ham; but not then
On that sweet form of thine.

18 Shortening days

The first fire since the summer is lit,
and is smoking into the room:
The sun-rays thread it through, like
woof-lines in a loom.

Sparrows spurt from the hedge, whom
misgivings appal
That winter did not leave last year for
ever, after all.
Like shock-headed urchins, spiny-haired,

Stand pollard willows, their twigs
just bared.

Who is this coming with pondering pace,
Black and ruddy, with white embossed,
His eyes being black, and ruddy his face
And the marge of his hair like morning frost?
It’s the cider-maker,
And appletree-shaker,
And behind him on wheels, in readiness,
His mill, and tubs, and vat, and press.

19 The sigh

Little head against my shoulder,
Shy at first, then somewhat bolder,
And up-eyed;
Till she, with a timid quaver,
Yielded to the kiss I gave her;
But, she sighed.

That there mingled with her feeling
Some sad thought she was concealing
It implied.

– Not that she had ceased to love me,
None on earth she set above me;
But she sighed.

She could not disguise a passion,
Dread, or doubt, in weakest fashion
If she tried:

Nothing seemed to hold us sundered,
Hearts were victors; so I wondered
Why she sighed.

Afterwards I knew her thoroughly,
And she loved me staunchly, truly,
Till she died;
But she never made confession
Why, at that first sweet concession,
She had sighed.

It was in our May, remember;
And though now I near November
And abide
Till my appointed change, unfretting,
Sometimes I sit half regretting
That she sighed.

20 Former beauties

These market-dames, mid-aged, with
lips thin-drawn,
And tissues sere,
Are they the ones we loved in years ago,
And courted here?

Are these the muslined pink young
things to whom
We vowed and swore
In nooks on summer Sundays by the
Froom,

Or Budmouth shore?
Do they remember those gay tunes
we trod
Clasped on the green;
Aye; trod till moonlight set on the
beaten sod
A satin sheen?

They must forget, forget! They cannot know
What once they were,
Or memory would transfigure them,
and show
Them always fair.

21 Transformations

Portion of this yew
Is a man my grandsire knew,
Bosomed here at its foot:
This branch may be his wife,
A ruddy human life
Now turned to a green shoot.
These grasses must be made
Of her who often prayed,
Last century, for repose;
And the fair girl long ago
Whom I often tried to know
May be entering this rose.

So, they are not underground,
But as nerves and veins abound
In the growths of upper air,
And they feel the sun and rain,
And the energy again
That made them what they were!

22 The dance continued ('Regret not me')

Regret not me;
Beneath the sunny tree
I lie uncaring, slumbering peacefully.

Swift as the light
I flew my faery flight;
Ecstatically I moved, and feared no night.

I did not know
That heydays fade and go,
But deemed that what was would be
always so.

I skipped at morn
Between the yellowing corn,
Thinking it good and glorious to be born.

I ran at eves
Among the piled-up sheaves,
Dreaming, 'I grieve not, therefore
nothing grieves'.

Now soon will come
The apple, pear, and plum,
And hinds will sing, and autumn insects
hum.

Again you will fare
To cider-makings rare,
And junketings; but I shall not be there.
Yet gaily sing
Until the pewter ring

Those songs we sang when we went
gipsying.

And lightly dance
Some triple-timed romance
In coupled figures, and forget mischance;
And mourn not me
Beneath the yellowing tree;
For I shall mind not, slumbering peacefully.

Oh Fair to See, Op.13b

23 I say "I'll seek her"

Words by Christina Rossetti (1830–1894)

I say "I'll seek her side
Ere hindrance interposes;"
But eve in midnight closes
And here I still abide.
When darkness wears I see
Her sad eyes in a vision:
They ask, 'What indecision
Detains you, Love, from me?—

'The creaking hinge is oiled,
I have unbarred the backway,
But you tread not the trackway
And shall the thing be spoiled?

'Far cockcrows echo shrill,
The shadows are abating,
And I am waiting, waiting;
But O, you tarry still.'

24 Oh fair to see

Words by Edward Shanks (1892–1953)

Oh fair to see
Bloom-laden cherry tree,
Arrayed in sunny white,
An April day's delight;
Oh fair to see!

Oh fair to see
Fruit-laden cherry tree,

With balls of shining red
Decking a leafy head;
Oh fair to see!

25 As I lay in the early sun

Words by Edward Shanks (1892--1953)

As I lay in the early sun,
Stretched in the grass, I thought upon
My true love, my dear love,
Who has my heart forever,
Who is my happiness when we meet,
My sorrow when we sever.
She is all fire when I do burn,
Gentle when I moody turn,
Brave when I am sad and heavy
And all laughter when I am merry.
And so I lay and dreamed and dreamed,
And so the day wheeled on,
While all the birds with thoughts like mine
Were singing to the sun.

26 Only the wanderer

Words by Ivor Gurney (1890-1937)

Only the wanderer
Knows England's graces,
Or can anew see clear
Familiar faces.

And who loves joy as he
That dwells in shadows?
Do not forget me quite,
O Severn meadows.

27 To Joy

Words by Edmund Blunden (1896-1974)

Is not this enough for moan
To see this babe all motherless –
A babe beloved – thrust out all alone
Upon death's wilderness?
Out tears fall, fall, fall – I would weep
My blood away to make her warm,
Who never went on earth one step,
Nor heard the breath of the storm.
How shall you go, my little child,
Alone on that most wintry wild.

28 Harvest

Words by Edmund Blunden (1896-1974)

So there's my year, the twelvemonth
duly told
Since last I climbed this brow and
gloated round
Upon the lands heaped with their
wheaten gold,
And now again they spread with wealth
imbrowned –

And thriftless I meanwhile,
What honeycombs have I to take, what
sheaves to pile?

I see some shrivelled fruits upon my tree,
And gladly would self-kindness feign
them sweet;
The bloom smelled heavenly, can these
stragglers be
The fruit of that bright birth and this
wry wheat,
Can this be from those spires
Which I, or fancy, saw leap to the spring
sun's fires?

I peer, I count, but anxious is not rich,
My harvest is not come, the weeds run high;
Even poison-berries, ramping from the ditch
Have stormed the undefended ridges by;
What Michaelmas is mine!
The fields I sought to serve, for sturdier
tillage pine.

But, hush – Earth's valleys sweet in
leisure lie;
And I among them wandering up and down
Will taste their berries, like the bird or fly,
And of their gleanings make both feast
and crown.

The Sun's eye laughing looks.
And Earth accuses none that goes
among her stooks.

29 Since we loved

Words by Robert Bridges (1844-1930)

Since we loved,—(the earth that shook
As we kissed, fresh beauty took)—
Love hath been as poets paint,
Life as heaven is to a saint;
All my joys my hope excel,
All my work hath prosper'd well,
All my songs have happy been,
O my love, my life, my queen.

NICK PRITCHARD

Tenor Nick Pritchard is fast gaining recognition for his performances of the music of Bach and, in particular, his interpretation of the Evangelist in the Passions. Described as a 'Masterly Evangelist' in *The Guardian*, he has sung the role in Bach's *St John Passion* and *St Matthew Passion* around the world, and his recording of the *St John Passion* for Deutsche Grammophon with Sir John Eliot Gardiner was nominated for a Grammy® Award for Best Choral Performance (2023).

Also highly regarded as a recitalist, Nick has been Artist in Residence with the Temple Music Foundation, performing concerts including *Die schöne Müllerin* with Julius Drake, a lute song recital with Elizabeth Kenny, and Handel's *Acis and Galatea* with the Early Opera Company. He has given recitals at Wigmore Hall, the Oxford International Song

Festival, and at the Ryedale, Aldeburgh, Tetbury, Lammermuir and Edinburgh International Festivals, working with pianists including James Baillieu, Joseph Middleton, Malcolm Martineau, and Sholto Kynoch.

His debut recital album *Little Wanderer* was released on the Signum label with his long-term collaborative partner Ian Tindale, commissioned for him by Leeds International Song.

He has performed with ensembles including Ensemble Pygmalion, Concerto Köln, Les Talens Lyriques, Les Violons du Roy, L'Orchestre de Chambre de Paris, the English Concert, BBC National Orchestra of Wales, Gabrieli Consort, Britten Sinfonia (BBC Proms debut, Mozart *Requiem*), Les Arts Florissants, the Tonkünstler Orchestra, the Monteverdi Choir and Orchestra, Arcangelo, and the Academy of Ancient

Music, as well as at the Thomaskirche Leipzig. He has worked under conductors including Raphaël Pichon, Emmanuelle Haïm, Christophe Rousset, Harry Bicket, Ryan Wigglesworth, David Bates, Paul Agnew, Stefan Gottfried, Peter Whelan, Jonathan Cohen, Laurence Cummings, Andreas Reize, and Václav Luks.

Equally at home on the operatic stage, he has performed for the Royal Ballet and Opera, Opera North, Glyndebourne on Tour, Irish National Opera and Opera Holland Park, and created the role of Matthew in Mark Simpson's *Pleasure*.

www.nickpritchard.co.uk



IAN TINDALE

‘A wonderfully responsive and assured pianist’ (The Telegraph), Ian Tindale is increasingly in demand as a specialist in song repertoire, with recital partners including Roderick Williams, Helen Charlston and Benjamin Appl. Recent highlights include performances at the Aldeburgh Festival, London’s Fidelio Cafe, and at the Elgar Concert Hall in Birmingham for BBC Radio 3.

Ian frequently collaborates with established song interpreters including Julien Van Mellaerts, Soraya Mafi, and Robin Tritschler. He has performed in the UK at the Edinburgh International Festival and the Royal Opera (Covent Garden), broadcast for BBC Radio 3 and the BBC World Service, and internationally at Salle Bourgie (Montréal), Palau de la Música (Barcelona), and Het Concertgebouw (Amsterdam). Ian has gained

recognition for his performances of new works by leading composers and he has collaborated with Daniel Kidane, Cheryl Frances-Hoad, Freya Waley-Cohen and, most recently, Emily Hazrati at the Oxford International Song Festival. His ‘symbiotic duo’ (The Scotsman) with soprano Harriet Burns has been celebrated following the release of their recent album ‘A Short Story of Falling’ on Delphian, which features two world premieres by Christopher Churcher and Derri Joseph Lewis.

This season sees the release of Ian’s second album with tenor Nick Pritchard on Signum, and a return to the Wigmore Hall with BBC New Generation Artist Santiago Sanchez in April. Further appearances include concerts at the Ludlow English Song Weekend, a UK recital tour with Clara

Osowski, and performances at Shipston Song in May and September, which Ian founded in 2022. Ian is a Samling Artist and he lives in Oxford with his partner, organist Richard Moore.

www.iantindale.com



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Dedicated to the memory of Christian Kwek, who always showed us both such love, generosity and support, and adored Finzi's music.

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Finally, thanks also to Lilla Grindlay for her much-needed expert help with the medieval pronunciation in Rondel.

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