

Two Little Words

Dame Felicity Palmer mezzo-soprano

Simon Lepper piano

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Simon Lepper *piano*

Gemma Rosefield *cello track 4*

About Dame Felicity Palmer:

‘In a league of her own, the magnificent Palmer was unbelievably believable.’
The Observer

About Simon Lepper:

‘Simon Lepper, whose prowess as a pianist is fused with a real sensitivity to words and to the voice, is a rarity indeed.’
The Times

Michael Head (1900-1976)		Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)	
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Marshall Palmer (1906-1994)		16. Noch’ , Op. 73, No. 2	[3:18]
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Two Little Words

Simon Lepper and I met some ten years ago. He was sent to rehearse with me for a twenty-fifth anniversary concert in honour of the Kathleen Ferrier competition and, soon afterwards, he invited me to join him for some concert dates – and so began our association. In spite of our age difference, we ‘clicked’ as people and as musicians, which is, I think, an essential ingredient in the intimate partnership of singer and accompanist.

After several years of working together, we felt it would be very good to put something on disc, as a memory of our work and a marker, maybe, of my return after many years working in opera to the challenging, but very fulfilling, song repertoire and recitals, which Simon had enabled – and encouraged – me to do. It was he who organised a ‘residency’ at Aldeburgh Music and one crisp, sunny January weekend, installed in comfortable rented accommodation in Aldeburgh, we drove to Snape each day for sessions in the Britten/Pears School hall, which we had to ourselves, but for Tony Faulkner, our producer, in a separate room with his recording equipment.

In my experience over years of recording

sessions, that weekend ranks among the most enjoyable I can remember: leisurely, uninterrupted by extraneous noise or unwanted visitors... except, of course, for the welcome addition of our ‘cellist on Sunday morning.

The music represents, for me, pieces that hold particular memories **Foxgloves** was a very early art song I learnt as a student at the Guildhall School of Music – in my time, then, not far from Fleet Street – and which I always enjoyed. The German folksong, *In einem kühlen Grunde* (**Das zerbrochene Ringlein**) I first heard sung by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf at a Royal Festival Hall recital when I was an impressionable seventeen-year-old. I earmarked the song and must have mentioned it to my musician father when I got home. He researched it and set it to music himself. Simon likes the setting as much as I do and we have enjoyed performing it.

My father was my accompanist – at home – while I was at the Guildhall, played the organ in the local church and ran choral societies and so on. And also composed, writing several songs for me. Alas, he never heard me perform any of them live, from the audience, so I feel I have somehow put the record straight by including the folksong and a setting of Shelley’s **Music, when soft**

voices die which was composed before I was born. He is no longer alive, sadly, to hear these recordings.

The remaining repertoire is a mixture of songs I have particularly enjoyed singing over the years: the French folksongs by Benjamin Britten I have always loved; the Manuel de Falla too. The Russian repertoire, and the language itself has long appealed to me. Schubert has daunted me, in terms of singing and performing it adequately. The two songs I dared to include – at the last minute – because I think they are gems. While I feel they could never be as good as I would like them to be, I am very glad we decided to record them – and resisted the urge to fiddle around with what we had produced!

Years ago, I recorded some Victorian songs and still find that, approached honestly and straightforwardly, they ‘speak’ to people and are not just sentimental, dated pieces to be, maybe, caricatured, which is how they can sometimes be seen. So there are two of those here too...

The **Lady Macbeth** scena by Joseph Horovitz is a fairly new piece to me, and was suggested to me as part of an idea Simon had several years ago for a programme he called ‘Women on the Edge’. I enjoyed exploring

the Shakespeare play and piecing together the excerpts from Lady Macbeth’s speeches, as well as the challenge of bridging the gaps between them in this setting of her inexorable descent into madness. Simon and I went through the scena with Joseph Horovitz and learnt much about his conception of the dramatic piece and the importance of the pauses which suggest the passage of time. I enjoy trying to get at – and into – the character of whoever I am playing – and exploring the text as fully as possible – in song and, of course, in operatic work.

The rest of the songs are – I hope – fun, and certainly ones we have loved doing together. I like comedy and ‘playing the fool’ and a recital of any kind needs some light relief... for everyone.

I see this as a retrospective compilation, for want of a better description, with no other real theme – and it could have included much more material than is on the disc. It is hard not to reminisce at this stage in my life and career, now that I have been singing, one way or another, for the best part of fifty years. It has been especially rewarding to return to the song repertoire after being so much involved in opera for many years.

The disc is a snapshot of one weekend of music-making – in a beautiful part of Suffolk,

(with memories for me, from many years ago, of working with Benjamin Britten and Peter Pears at Snape), in a lovely hall, with ideal surroundings and conditions of work... rare enough. There were the inevitable pressures of that red light going on and getting the ambitious amount of material we had amassed on tape, but also a much more important ingredient of simply relishing the music we wanted to perform together.

I hope that comes across, in some measure, to those listening to what we did.

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Texts & Translations

Michael Head (1900-1976)

1. Foxgloves

The foxglove bells, with lolling tongue,
Will not reveal what peals were rung
In Faery, in Faery,
A thousand ages gone.

All the golden clappers hang
As if but now the changes rang;
Only from the mottled throat
Never any echoes float.

Quite forgotten, in the wood,
Pale, crowded steeples rise;
All the time that they have stood
None has heard their melodies.

Deep, deep in wizardry
All the foxglove belfries stand.
Should they startle over the land,
None would know what bells they be.

Never any wind can ring them,
Nor the great black bees that swing them
Ev'ry crimson bell, down-slanted,
Is so utterly enchanted.

The foxglove bells, with lolling tongue,
Will not reveal what peals were rung
In Faery, in Faery,
A thousand ages gone.

*Mary Gladys Meredith Webb (1881-1927),
from Poems and The Spring of Joy, 1928*

Marshall Palmer (1906-1994)

2. Music when soft voices die

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822), from
Posthumous Poems, 1824*

Alan Murray (1890-1952)

3. I'll walk beside you

I'll walk beside you through the world today,
While dreams and songs and flowers bless your way,
I'll look into your eyes and hold your hand,
I'll walk beside you through the golden land.

I'll walk beside you through the world tonight,
Beneath the starry skies ablaze with light,
And in your heart love's tender words I'll hide.
I'll walk beside you through the eventide.

I'll walk beside you through the passing years,
Through days of cloud and sunshine, joy and tears,
And when the great call comes, the sunset gleams,
I'll walk beside you to the land of dreams.

*Edward Frederick Lockton (1876-1940),
as Edward Teschemacher*

Carrie Jacobs-Bond (1862-1946)

4. When you come to the end of a perfect day

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,
And the dear friends have to part?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey, too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true.
For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
With colours that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of a friend we've made.

Carrie Jacobs-Bond

Joseph Horovitz (b. 1926)

5. Lady Macbeth

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear
thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst
be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou
wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win... Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

*William Shakespeare (1564-1616), from
Macbeth, Act I, Scene 5*

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

6. La Belle est au jardin d'amour

La belle est au jardin d'amour,
La belle est au jardin d'amour.
Il y a un mois ou cinq semaines.
Laridondon, laridondaine.

Son père la cherche partout,
Son père la cherche partout.
Son amoureux qui est en peine.
Laridondon, laridondaine.

'Berger berger, n'as tu point vu,
Berger, berger, n'as tu point vu.
Passer ici celle que j'aime?'
Laridondon, laridondaine.

'Elle est là-bas dans ce vallon,
Elle est là-bas dans ce vallon,
A un oiseau conte ses peines.'
Laridondon, landondaine.

Le bel oiseau s'est envolé,
Le bel oiseau s'est envolé,
Et le chagrin bien loin emmène.
Laridondon, laridondaine.

*Beauty is in the garden of love,
Beauty is in the garden of love.
There she has been laid for a month or five weeks.
Laridondon, laridondaine.*

*Her father looks for her everywhere,
Her father looks for her everywhere.
Her lover is broken-hearted.
Laridondon, laridondaine.*

*"Shepherd, o shepherd, have you seen her,
Shepherd, o shepherd, have you seen her,
Has my beloved passed by here?
Laridondon, laridondaine.*

*"She is down in the valley,
She is down in the valley,
depicting her woes to a bird."
Laridondon, laridondaine.*

*The beautiful bird has flown away,
The beautiful bird has flown away,
And sorrow carries him off.
Laridondon, laridondaine.*

Folksong

7. Quand j'étais chez mon père

Quand j'étais chez mon père,
apprenti pastoureau,
il m'a mis dans la lande,
pour garder les troupeaux.
Troupeaux, troupeaux,
je n'en avais guère.
Troupeaux, troupeaux,
je n'en avais biaux.

Mais je n'en avais guère,
je n'avais qu'trois agneaux;
et le loup de la plaine
m'a mangé la plus biau.
Troupeaux, troupeaux, ...

Il était si vorace
n'a laissé que la piau,
n'a laissé que la queue,
pour mettre à mon chapiau.
Troupeaux, troupeaux, ...

Mais des os de la bête
me fis un chalumiau
pour jouer à la fête,
à la fêt' du hamiau.
Troupeaux, troupeaux, ...

Pour fair' danser l'village,
dessous le grandormiau,
et les jeun's et les vieilles,
les pieds dan les sablots.
Troupeaux, troupeaux, ...

*When I lived with my father
as an apprentice shepherd,
he sent me to the moor
to look after the sheep.
Sheep, sheep,
I had but a few.
Sheep, sheep,
I had none that were fine.*

*No, I had but a few,
I had but three lambs;
and the wolf from the plain
ate the finest of those.
Flocks of sheep...*

*He was so hungry
he left only the wool,
he left only the tail
to put on my hat.
Flocks...*

*But the bones of the animal
made me a pipe
to play at the fair,
at the village fair.
Flocks...*

*So the village could dance
beneath the great elm,
young women and old
with clogs on their feet.
Flocks...*

Folksong

Manuel da Falla (1876-1946)

8. El Paño Moruno

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó;
Por menos precio se vende,
Porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

*On the fine cloth in the store
a stain has appeared;
It sells at a lower price,
because it has lost its value.
Alas!*

Folksong

9. Nana

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
Duerme, mi alma,
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.
Nanita, nana,
Nanita, nana.
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.

*Go to sleep, Child, sleep,
Sleep, my soul,
Go to sleep, little star
Of the morning.
Lulla lullaby,
Lulla lullaby,
Sleep, little star
of the morning.*

Folksong

10. **Polo**

¡Ay!
Guardo una, ¡Ay!
Guardo una, ¡Ay!
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,
¡Ay!
Que a nadie se la diré!

Malhaya el amor, malhaya,
Malhaya el amor, malhaya,
¡Ay!
¡Y quien me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!

Ay!
I keep an Ay!
I keep an Ay!
I keep a pain in my breast,
I keep a pain in my breast
Ay!
Of which I will not tell anyone.

Love is wretched, wretched,
Love is wretched, wretched,
Ay!
And so is the one who brought me to know it!
Ay!

Folksong

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
11. **Das Mädchen**, D. 652
Wie so innig, möcht ich sagen,
Sich der Meine mir ergiebt,
Um zu lindern meine Klagen,
Daß er nicht so innig liebt.

Will ich's sagen, so entschwebt es;
Wären Töne mir verliehen,
Flöß' es hin in Harmonien
Denn in jenen Tönen lebt es.

Nur die Nachtigall kann sagen,
Wie er innig sich mir giebt,
Um zu lindern meine Klagen,
Daß er nicht so innig liebt.

*I would like to say that he is so fervent
and gives in to my wishes
only to ease my fears
that he doesn't really love me passionately.*

*But if I try to say it, the feeling vanishes;
if I had been blessed with the gift of music,
it would flow from me in harmony
for it lives in every note.*

*Only the nightingale can say
how fervent he is
to ease my fears
that he doesn't really love me passionately.*

Friedrich von Schlegel (1772-1829)

Marshall Palmer
12. **Das zerbrochene Ringlein**
In einem kühlen Grunde
da geht ein Mühlennrad,
mein Liebsteit verschwunden,
die dort gewohnt hat.

Sie hat mir Treue versprochen,
gab mir einen Ring dabei,
sie hat die Treue gebrochen,
mein Ringlein brach entzwei.

Hör' ich das Mühlrad gehen,
Ich weiß nicht, was ich will,
Ich möcht' am liebsten sterben,
Dann wär's auf einmal still.

*In a cool valley
a mill-wheel turned;
My darling is gone
who lived there.*

*She promised to be faithful
and gave me a ring to prove it;
she has broken her promise
and my ring broke in two.*

*I would like to travel as a minstrel
into the wide world out there,
and sing my tunes
going house to house.*

*I would like to dash as a horseman
into bloody battle,
to lie around a peaceful fire
in the field at darkest night.*

*When I hear the mill-wheel turning,
I don't know what I want –
most of all I wish to die,
for then the wheel would instantly be silent.*

*Josef Karl Benedikt von Eichendorff (1788-1857),
from Gedichte, in 7 Romanzen*

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
13. **Da unten im Thale**
Da unten im Tale
Läuft's Wasser so trüb,
Und i kann dir's net sagen,
I hab' di so lieb.

Sprichst allweil von Liebe,
Sprichst allweil von Treu',
Und a bissele Falschheit
Is auch wohl dabei.

Und wenn i dir's zehnmal sag,
Daß i di lieb,
Und du willst nit verstehn,
Muß i halt weitergehn.



Für die Zeit, wo du g'liebt mi hast,
Dank i dir schön,
Und i wünsch, daß dir's anderswo
Besser mag gehn.

*Down in the valley there
the water flows so wistfully
and I can't tell you
how much I love you.*

*You forever speak of love,
you forever speak of fidelity,
but a touch of falsehood
is always there too.*

*And if I tell you ten times,
that I love you,
and you do not want to comprehend,
then I will be forced to move on.*

*For the time that you have loved me,
I kindly thank you,
and I wish that in another place
Othings may go better for you.*

Franz Schubert
14. **Romanze aus Rosamunde**, D. 797
Der Vollmond strahlt auf Bergeshöhn –
Wie hab ich dich vermißt!
Du süßes Herz! es ist so schön,
Wenn treu die Treue küßt.

Was frommt des Maien holde Zier?
Du warst mein Frühlingstrahl!
Licht meiner Nacht, O lächle mir
Im Tode noch einmal!

Sie trat hinein beim Vollmondschein,
Sie blickte himmelwärts;
"Im Leben fern, im Tode dein!"
Und sanft brach Herz an Herz.

*The full moon gleams on the mountains
How I missed you so!
Oh, heart, so sweet! How lovely it is
When faithfulness kisses faithfully.*

*What good is May's sweet loveliness?
You were my ray of spring sunshine,
Light of my night, come, smile at me
in death just one more time.*

*She came into the light of the full moon
and looked up to heaven
in life forever, in death, I am yours
And peacefully two hearts broke.*

Wilhelmina Christiane von Chézy, née Klencke
(1783-1856)

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)
15. **Nyet, tol'ko tot kto znal**, Op. 6, No. 6
Nyet, tol'ko tot kto znal svedanya zhazhdoo,
Poymyot kak ya stradala ee kak ya strazhdoo,
Glyazhoo ya vdal'... nyet seel, tooskneyet
oko...
Akh, kto menya lyubeel ee znal dalyoko!

Akh, tol'ko tot kto znal s veedanya zhazhdoo,
Poymyot kak ya stradala ee kak ya strazhdoo.
Vsya grood' gareet... kto znal s veedanya
zhazhdoo,
Poymyot kak ya stradala ee kak ya strazhdoo.

*No, only the heart that has ached with longing
Will understand how I have grieved,
how I grieve now.
I stare into the distance.
I have no more strength, my eyes grow dim.
Ah, the one who loved me and knew me is
far away!
Ah, only the heart that has ached with longing
Will understand how I have grieved,
how I grieve now.
My heart is burning; only the heart that's
ached with longing
Will understand how I have grieved,
how I grieve now.*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

16. **Noch'**, Op. 73, No. 2
Merknet slabyy svet svechee...
Brodeet mrak oonylyy,
Ee taska szheemayet grood'
S neyponyatnoy seeloy...

Na pecha' nyie glaza
Teekho son neeskhodeet...
Ee s prashedsheem v etot meeg
Rech' doosha zavodeet

Eestameelasya ana,
Gorestyu gloobokoy,
Payavees' zhe, khot' va sne
O moy droog dalyokeey!

*The frail candlelight is faded,
Around me is sombre darkness,
Agony torments my heart
With an incomprehensible power.*

*Sleep softly shuts
My sad eyes.
Then my soul
Crys out to the past.*

*My soul is so weary
With deep sorrow;
Appear, if only in my dreams,
Oh my distant friend!*

Daniil Maximovich Rathaus (1868-1937)

17. **Atchevo?**, Op. 6, No. 5
Atchevo pablednela vesnoy
pyshno tsvetnaya rosa sama?
Atchevo pod zelaynoy travoy
galoobaya fealka nema?
Atchevo tak pechal'no zvoocheet
pesnya pteechkee nesyas' v nebesa?
Atchevo nad loogamee veeseet
pagrebal' nym pakrovom rasa?

Atchevo v nebe solntse s ootra
kholodna ee temno kak zeemoy?
Atchevo ee zemlya vsya syra ee
oogryumey mageely samoy?
Atchevo ya sama vsyo groostney ee
balezneney den' a to dnya?
Atchevo, o skazhee mne skarey,
tyy pakeenov, zabyla menya?

*Why does the full-blown rose fade in the spring?
Why is the blue violet silent in the grass?
Why does the bird's soaring song sound
so sorrowful?
Why is the dew like a veil on the meadows?*

*Why is the sun as bleak and dark as in winter?
Why is the earth more dank and overcast than
the grave?
Why do I despair and sicken more each day?
Why, having abandoned me, have you
forgotten me?*

Madeleine Dring (1923-1977)
18. **Song of a Nightclub Proprietress**

Text by John Betjeman (1906-1984)

Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930)
19. **Losing my Mind**

Text by Stephen Sondheim

John Pritchett (dates unknown)
20. **Siren Song**

Text by David Climie (1920-1995)

May H. Brahe (1884-1956)
21. **Two Little Words**
Two little words, we use them ev'ry day,
Sometimes in earnest, sometimes half in play,
Two little words, often so hard to say,
Goodbye, goodbye.

Time will not stay for all our fond entreating,
And life's made up of parting and of meeting,
We laugh and jest awhile and then we sigh,
"It's time to say Goodbye".

Two little words, so full of love and pain,
Oh what a world of meaning they contain;
God be with you until we meet again,
Till then Goodbye, Goodbye.

Helen Taylor (1876-1943)

Felicity Palmer (mezzo-soprano)

Felicity Palmer is renowned for her incisive and powerful interpretations across a remarkably varied repertoire, ranging from Monteverdi to Messiaen. Equally at home on the operatic stage, concert platform and in the recital hall, she brings a musical and dramatic fidelity to every performance, which has earned her a reputation as one of the outstanding British singers of her generation.

Her pioneering emphasis on text, and its capacity to transform music, has defined her success as an artist throughout her career. In recent years she has been working to bring this approach to the opera rehearsal process, and her work has contributed to award winning productions at English National Opera and Glyndebourne.

As an operatic mezzo-soprano, her credits includes regular appearances at the Royal Opera House, (*Elektra*, *Katya Kabanova*, *Sweeney Todd*), The Metropolitan Opera, New York (*Ring Cycle*, *Dialogues des Carmélites*, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, *The Queen of Spades*), Bayerische Staatsoper (*Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*) as well as work with Zurich, Toulouse, Chicago, San Francisco, Paris and English National Opera. She has collaborated with many conductors, including

James Levine, Antonio Pappano, Riccardo Mutti and Zubin Mehta. She has been a regular guest at the BBC Proms and with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, New York Philharmonic, Philharmonia and London Symphony.

Highlights of her considerable catalogue of recordings include *Elektra* with the WDR Orchestra and Semyon Bychkov, and with the London Symphony Orchestra and Valery Gergiev, as well as *Dialogues des Carmélites* with English National Opera and Paul Daniel. She recorded three celebrated disks of French song for Argo Records with John Constable and the Nash Ensemble, directed by Sir Simon Rattle, and recorded and toured Messiaen's *Poemes pour Mi* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra and Pierre Boulez, in collaboration with the composer.

She was made a Dame of the British Empire in 2011.



Photography: Robert Workman



Photography: Robert Workman

Simon Lepper (piano)

Simon read music at King's College, Cambridge before studying collaborative piano with Michael Dussek at the Royal Academy of Music in London.

Specialising in song accompaniment, he has regularly collaborated with singers including Benjamin Appl, Karen Cargill, Stéphane Degout, Angelika Kirchschlager, Sally Matthews, Mark Padmore, Christopher Purves, Elizabeth Watts and Lawrence Zazzo. He performs extensively in venues around the world including Carnegie Hall, the Concertgebouw, the Frick Collection, New York, La Monnaie, Frankfurt Opera and the Wigmore Hall as well as at festivals throughout the UK and in Ravinia, Edinburgh and Verbier.

He is a committed teacher and is currently professor of piano accompaniment and a vocal repertoire coach at the Royal College of Music, London where he also co-ordinates the collaborative piano course. Since 2003 he has been the official accompanist for the BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition.

His discography includes Mahler songs with Karen Cargill, two volumes of Debussy Songs and a Strauss disc with Gillian Keith, the

complete songs of Jonathan Dove with Kitty Whately and Schubert Songs with Ilker Arcayürek.

www.simonlepper.com

Gemma Rosefield

Winner of the prestigious Pierre Fournier Award at Wigmore Hall in 2007, cellist Gemma Rosefield made her concerto debut at the age of sixteen with the Norwegian Radio Symphony Orchestra. She has been described by *The Strad* on her 2003 Wigmore Hall debut as 'a mesmerising musical treasure', and featured in *BBC Music Magazine* as 'one to watch' in 2007. In 2011, Hyperion released a CD of Gemma playing the Complete Works for Cello and Orchestra of Sir Charles Stanford with the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra and Andrew Manze.

Gemma plays widely throughout the UK, in the USA, Russia, Japan, Mexico, Kenya, New Zealand, and throughout Europe. She played Michael Ellison's Concerto for Cello and Turkish Instruments with the BBC Symphony Orchestra, broadcast on Radio 3, performed the premiere of a new work for Cello and Choir by Cecilia McDowall at Westminster Abbey, gave the UK Premiere of Concello, for Cello and Orchestra, by Maciej Zielinski at the Presteigne Festival. She was subsequently invited to perform Concello in Krakow with Sinfonietta Cracovia. In August 2017 Gemma will perform Edward Gregson's concerto *A Song For Chris*, as well as giving

the world premiere performance of Robert Peate's *Knuckles Arches* for Cello and Piano at the Presteigne Festival of Music and the Arts. Other recent engagements include the Dvořák Concerto with the Estonian National Orchestra and Vello Pähn, and the Elgar Cello Concerto at the Royal Festival Hall with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Christopher Warren-Green. Works have been written for Gemma by David Matthews, Cecilia McDowall, James Francis Brown, Julian Dawes, Rhian Samuel, David Knotts and Michael Kamen.

As well as the Leonore Trio, Gemma gives some fifty performances a year as cellist of Ensemble 360, Royal Philharmonic Society Medal Winners, 2013.

Gemma studied with David Strange at the Royal Academy of Music and with Ralph Kirshbaum at the RNCM. She has also studied with Johannes Goritzki, Gary Hoffman, Bernard Greenhouse and Zara Nelsova. She plays on a cello made in Naples in 1704 by Alessandro Gagliano, formerly owned and played by the Prince Regent.

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