

A man with short dark hair and a light blue button-down shirt is holding a dark wood acoustic guitar. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a blurred stone wall.

RUBICON

Love's Philosophy

**CRAIG
OGDEN**

Music by Brian Knowles

Craig Ogden is one of the world's great guitar virtuosos, and his albums have consistently been bestsellers. He is regularly heard on Classic FM, where he is a firm favourite with the station's many millions of listeners.

Craig's new album is devoted to the music of Belfast-born composer Brian Knowles, whose romantic and passionate Spanish-infused guitar concerto will appeal to anyone who is a fan of the famous concerto by Rodrigo. *Poco Rondo* is a fiendishly challenging solo work written for Craig, and the Eight Songs are wonderful settings of poems by Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron, De la Mare and Burns. The wistful *A Fond Farewell* is a touching tribute to all musicians on the road and away from loved ones for long periods.

Brian Knowles (b.1946)

Guitar Concerto

'Visiones de Andalucia' **

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|----|-----|-----------------------------------|------|
| 1. | i | Allegro con brio | 7.07 |
| 2. | ii | Larghetto | 8.22 |
| 3. | iii | Finale: Allegro scherzando | 6.43 |
| 4. | | Poco Rondo for solo guitar | 3.00 |

Eight Songs from Poetry Serenade*

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| 5. | Love's Philosophy (Shelley) | 3.46 |
| 6. | Let me not to the marriage of
true minds (Shakespeare) | 4.29 |

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| 7. | O Mistress Mine!
(Shakespeare) | 1.32 |
| 8. | Shall I compare thee to a
summer's day (Shakespeare) | 5.31 |
| 9. | When icicles hang by the wall
(Shakespeare) | 2.14 |
| 10. | She walks in beauty (Byron) | 3.51 |
| 11. | The Listeners (De la Mare) | 3.02 |
| 12. | A Red, Red Rose (Burns) | 2.07 |
| 13. | A Fond Farewell
for guitar & orchestra ** | 7.45 |

CRAIG OGDEN *guitar*

Orchestra of Opera North **, David Angus *conductor*

James Gilchrist* *tenor*

My guitar concerto '*Visiones de Andalucia*' was written for my son Stephen, who is a skilful exponent and teacher of that instrument. It is in the conventional three movements with Spanish influences. Originally consisting of just one movement, I was drawn into writing two more through sheer enjoyment! The themes are developed in the true classical style. The climax of the first movement occurs when the two main themes are repeated simultaneously, a somewhat unusual feature. The second movement is based almost entirely on one theme as stated by the guitar at the opening. The third movement has a playful quality reminiscent of the classical scherzo tradition. *A Fond Farewell* is a melody that formed in my mind in a hotel room, when I was touring musical director for Roger Whittaker, the famous singer-songwriter. It has a wistful quality reflecting the yearning for home suffered by all travelling musicians. *Poco Rondo*, for solo guitar, was written at the request of Craig Ogden and is appropriately technically very demanding. It has jazz influences, and thus provides a stylistic strand of contrast to the other tracks. The eight songs for tenor are taken from *Poetry Serenade*, a collection of fifty poems I have set to music over many years. It has been a joy to explore these masterpieces in depth and to reflect as faithfully as possible their sentiments and emotions. It includes my setting of *A Red, Red Rose*, the earliest piece by far on the album, written when I was just sixteen. It also includes four more recent settings of poems by Shakespeare at a time when we celebrate four hundred years since his death – one poem for each hundred years.

I am very privileged to have secured the internationally acclaimed virtuoso guitarist Craig Ogden as soloist and accompanist throughout the album. His knowledge and mastery of the instrument is immense. He is frequently to be heard on Classic FM. I am also delighted to have engaged James Gilchrist, a well known and loved tenor with many accomplished recordings to his credit. He and Craig have worked together in concert and have a most impressive rapport.

Finally my thanks to the excellent Orchestra of Opera North so expertly conducted by David Angus and to my producer Chris Hazell.

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Love's Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle
Why not I with thine?—

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Let me not to the marriage of true minds

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

*William Shakespeare
Sonnet 116*

O Mistress Mine!

O Mistress mine where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweetening;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

*William Shakespeare
Twelfth Night*

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

*William Shakespeare
Sonnet 18*

When icicles hang by the wall

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl, Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who: a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl, Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who: a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

William Shakespeare
Love's Labour's Lost

She walks in beauty

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

Lord Byron

The Listeners

'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
'Is there anybody there?' he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the
dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
'Tell them I came, and no one answered,

That I kept my word,' he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the
still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

Walter de la Mare

A Red, Red Rose

My Luve is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
My Luve is like a melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns



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Executive producer for RUBICON: Matthew Cosgrove

Executive producer Patrick Garvey

Producer: Chris Hazell

Sound engineer: Mike Hatch, Floating Earth

Mixing & Mastering: Mike Hatch

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