



LINN

Refound

HUGH CUTTING
AUDREY HYLAND





Refound

HUGH CUTTING countertenor

AUDREY HYLAND piano

In memory of James

Piers Connor Kennedy (b. 1991)

1. Wait (No. 1 of *Rough Rhymes**) 1:27

Herbert Howells (1892–1983)

2. Come sing and dance 3:54

Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)

3. Le réveil de la mariée (No. 1 of *Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques*) 1:19
4. Quel galant m'est comparable (No. 3 of *Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques*) 1:02
5. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques (No. 4 of *Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques*) 3:13

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)

6. Fußreise (No. 10 of *Mörike-Lieder*) 2:38
7. Anakreons Grab (No. 29 of *Goethe-Lieder*) 2:51
8. Gesang Weylas (No. 46 of *Mörike-Lieder*) 1:47

Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)

9. Néère (No. 3 of *Études latines*) 3:46

Antonín Dvořák (1841–1904)

10. Hospodin jest můj pastýř (No. 4 of *Biblical Songs, Op. 99*) 2:47
11. Zpívejte Hospodinu píseň novou (No. 10 of *Biblical Songs, Op. 99*) 1:51

Piers Connor Kennedy

12. Two Worlds (No. 2 of *Rough Rhymes**) 2:48

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

13. **Linden Lea** 2:26

Mel Bonis (1858–1937)

14. **Un soir, Op. posth. 77** 2:48

Amy Beach (1867–1944)

15. **The year's at the spring** (No. 1 of *Three Browning Songs, Op. 44*) 1:01
16. **Ah, love, but a day** (No. 2 of *Three Browning Songs, Op. 44*) 3:18

Joaquín Rodrigo (1901–1999)

17. **Adela** 2:44

Gaetano Lama (1886–1950)

18. **Reginella** 3:13

Piers Connor Kennedy

19. **Trees** (No. 3 of *Rough Rhymes**) 5:43

Tom Lehrer (b. 1928)

20. **Poisoning pigeons in the park** 2:16

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

21. **World, farewell** 3:25

Total Running Time 56:21

* written for Hugh Cutting

I've always been taken with the idea of multiplicity in music; I think (as many do) that every performance is a fresh reworking of both the music and performer. To interpret is to accept the existence of various possibilities, and there are so many different lenses and lights through which to experience a melody. The revival of the male falsetto by the late greats (Alfred Deller, James Bowman) constitutes such a lens-change.

My interest in plurality applies to the songs on this album; I got obsessed with music that, in some way, is a product of two readings, two conceptions: the first is some kind of original form (e.g. an original melody from the folk tradition, an ancient text, a mythical story, a particular style) and the second is the re-working of it (e.g. turning folk music into art song, or setting an ancient text in a contemporary style, or telling an old story with a modern narrative).

A countertenor is, I'd suggest, a good vocal vehicle to examine this preoccupation with plurality/multiplicity. This voice type has only been a serious stage voice since James Bowman's portrayal of Oberon in the late sixties, but of course there was a precedent for a male singer singing in an alto range before this – namely, the castrati rockstars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries who took so many lead roles in Handel's operas and oratorios. So even the type of instrument is, relatively speaking, a recent rediscovery.

With all that in mind, we made this programme: 'Refound'. The music we chose has that duality of old and new in some respect, be it in its construction, text, or wider context. For my fellow nerds out there, these are our categorizations: the Ravel and Vaughan Williams songs are folk-adjacent; the Howells and Dvořák are rooted in ancient texts; the songs by Wolf and Hahn delve into the distant past, even when it's imagined; the section comprised of songs by Beach, Rodrigo and Lama moves through a romantic breakup, marking the various new senses of self we experience in love; Tom Lehrer's music is deliberate parody; Mel Bonis is essentially being rediscovered as a composer (Audrey deserves ample credit for this as a

big champion of Bonis' music and extraordinary life); and Piers Connor Kennedy's songs, drawn from his cycle *Rough Rhymes*, are both refound in his method of composition (Piers describes this as 'composed music for improvised performance'), and in terms of my own relationship with performing – the first recitals I did were with Piers, so recording these three early pieces of his is a personal return to those early days of experimenting with song.

Of course I'm going to say it's been a joy to work with Audrey Hyland, but really that undersells the impact she's had on me; I especially wanted to build *this* album with her because, beyond the old/new thing, the idea of re-finding a piece / text is a performative mission of hers, and it's an undertaking that she encourages in any artist. I'm not talking about finding novelty for novelty's sake, and actually there's little interest (for me) in trying to vocally impress an audience without a narrative reason. Instead, Audrey's is a process that asks a performer to find reason and cause in every aspect of a piece; 'why is this song in three? what does the A flat on that word mean? why did the composer set this bar in that part of the voice?', that sort of thing. And, obviously, there are no absolute answers for these – hooray, plurality! – but Audrey's take is that our own personal reasonings of songs help us to reach honest, powerful performances. Somehow, this reflection and questioning gets us away from our egos by giving us a job: to communicate something human and coherent, even practical, rather than simply indulging in our own sound. Yes, we need vocal beauty to aid convincing communication, but I think it makes us less inclined to be divas when we consider character and narrative first. (I'm not pretending that I'm fluent in this by any stretch, but it remains the prime directive when I'm working on a piece, thanks to this brilliant woman and mentor). Fine, I'm a Hyland-Zealot, I'm happy to die on that hill. Thank you, Audrey.

I really hope you enjoy our album, and don't feel like this theme necessarily has to be at the centre of that experience. By all means, as Fleetwood Mac say, you can go your own way ...

The following notes can be used as a listener's guide to the programme, and they detail some aspects of our interpretation of this music. They don't contain historical or contextual detail, but instead are designed to give a path through the moods, feelings, and happenings of each piece. From time to time, I've included some ideas that we had in terms of imagined backstories of the characters in the songs, as well as imagined links between numbers which would inform a live performance of the recital.

Wait throws us into the chaos of the trenches; the 'reaper's tune' pervades through the sounds of shellfire and war. The speaker finds themselves in the midst of this, acknowledging that their ultimate quest for God's peace is well-earned. **Come sing and dance** is beautifully free, dancing in the piano part; its text offers a simple, present command to celebrate (through the particularly evocative 'Eia' and 'Alleluia') Christ's birth, and the ancient text (whose author is anonymous) and Christmas message sound brilliantly modern in Howells' setting.

Ravel's *Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques* are an example of folk-inspired melodies turned into art song, their music re-worked for a different, more formalized performance context. **Le réveil de la mariée** captures the excitement and trepidation of a wedding morning; we picture a young groom calling up to the window of his bride-to-be before dawn, brandishing a 'golden ribbon' for the ceremony. We move to the party later in the day in **Quel galant** – the rustic feeling of the piano's texture and harmony evoke a celebration in full swing; we imagine the speaker as a young boy of ten, boasting and trying to impress his older crush ('Mistress Vassiliki'). **Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques** is a gorgeous outpouring of love; the musical texture evokes the heat of the fields where the lentisk is gathered. Perhaps the opiate nature of the herb plays a part in the song's slow-moving melody and spaced-out feeling. In any case, the speaker is besotted – maybe it's the couple's first moment alone on their wedding day, and it's bliss.

In **Fußreise**, the speaker extols the simple joy of walking through the woods and hills; he notes how nature, as a paradise, is 'forever new' – each of our outdoor experiences is fresh, happening for the first time. He would have it that he were always on a morning walk, perpetually discovering. One such discovery is **Anakreons Grab**; the speaker stumbles

across the poet's grave which teems with life. There's nothing morbid here, but a suggestion instead that, cradled by the earth, Anacreon's essence has transferred into the surrounding roses, insects, and birdsong. And looking up from the grave, we can spot an island rising out of the sea – Orplid, of Mörike's own invention. **Gesang Weylas** is stirring; the speaker's love for the island is clear, and there's an acknowledgement that even kings are humbled in the presence of such a divine sight.

Turning from sea to sky, Hahn's **Néère** harks back to the classical stories; the speaker both languishes for Neaera, and more broadly for a mystical past. The steady, inevitable footsteps in the left hand of the piano part give a sense of something ritualistic which reflects the 'verbena' and 'incense' of the final verse; it is both fervent and distant in atmosphere.

The following two Dvořák pieces are drawn from his *Biblical Songs*; he sets familiar psalm texts (**The Lord is my shepherd** and **O sing unto the Lord a new song**), bringing these Old Testament texts into the nineteenth-century Czech art song tradition. For me, This gives them a much closer, personal impact, away from the context of a religious ritual and into something much more modern and spontaneous, especially when his characteristic folk-inspired writing is at play. They are richly coloured: the green pastures, still waters and comfort of the first song can be found in the steadily intoned melody of the voice, and the 'joyful noise' of singing and playing in the second song felt in the piano's jaunty triplets and large vocal leaps.

Two Worlds articulates the disconnect felt by soldiers at the front, namely the two lives that exist before and during war. There's an assumption that, post-conflict, a new world is found for these two people; that said, the struggle to reintegrate into society is well-documented among veterans, and here we're left uncertain as to whether it's achieved. This nostalgia for home is at full force in **Linden Lea**; Vaughan Williams' deep association with folk song is widely appreciated, but this song is actually a Vaughan Williams' original that has subsequently entered the folk canon.

Un soir zooms in to a distilled moment in time; where *Linden Lea* revels in activity, this song is all about stillness and intimacy; the rains 'streams down the window panes' whilst the speaker delicately eases someone to sleep, untroubled by the outside world. Mel

Bonis herself slipped into relative obscurity despite her sharing conservatoire benches with Debussy, so we're thrilled to include this perfectly formed oasis of a song.

Amy Beach bursts through magnificently in her setting of **The year's at the spring**; exuberant, full and excited, her setting of Robert Browning's poem buffets us with springtime, and all the new possibilities of that season give boundless new hope. In **Ah, love, but a day**, this excitement melts into a realization that love, like the seasons, changes over time, and we're left with the question 'wilt thou change too?' The speaker finds themselves in uncharted territory, and a new sense of self has to be learnt. That change comes with Rodrigo's **Adela** – she knows she will eventually die of heartbreak as Juan is seduced by Dolores. Devastating as it is, Gaetano Lama's **Reginella** has a zoomed-out, worldly perspective on love. There has been a relationship that's ended, and yet that former love crosses the speaker's mind. The embers of romance are found each time they think of each other.

Trees is the reconciliation of *Wait* and *Two Worlds*; the fraught, war-torn lives are eventually made whole again in death, and the poet's vision of paradise. The trees, once 'black and bare', bloom again, a symbol for resurrection and healing reminiscent of Anacreon's grave. Piers' flair for improvisation is evident here, creating a spontaneous, evaporating texture at the end of the song. It's such a joy to sing, truly.

This is a bit left-field, I know, but we just couldn't stop having fun with Tom Lehrer's **Poisoning pigeons in the park** (any real tenors/baritones, cover your ears and indulge me for 2 minutes and 12 seconds). I spent a lot of my childhood (and adulthood ...) doing impressions and musical theatre, and this is the grotesque culmination of that. We're channelling an old eccentric, a man with little sense of animal rights but a big sense of ... fun?

We close with Jeremy Sams' English translation of Schubert's **Abschied von der Erde**; the German of the original is beautiful, I just wanted a version in my own language to finish this programme. The text speaks of learning about joy and sorrow, and how intertwined they are. Ultimately, it's about taking life's delight with us, and actively finding hope and love. I guess this is a bit of a mission statement: to be industrious in seeking out what we believe in – but, maybe more importantly, to try and find beauty, time and again.

1. **Wait**

Silver Clouds and a flying moon,
 Wail, ye winds, to the reapers' tune
 For the dead white face upturned.
 Two grey eyes, all dim with tears,
 Bleak, how bleak are the barren ears,
 When the fires of love are burned.
 Two brave souls, and the great white King.
 The end and the aim of everything
 Is the Peace of God well earned.

GEOFFREY ANKETELL STUDDERT KENNEDY (1883–1929)

2. **Come sing and dance**

From far the Angels draw near,
 Eia, Eia;
 Sweet is the Day Spring that heals our fear;
 Come sing and dance,
 Come pipe and play.
 Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Sing Jesus Christ and Mary dear.

A child this day to us is born
 Eia, Eia;
 Sing all ye shepherds, proclaim the morn.
 Come sing and dance,
 Come pipe and play.
 Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Sing Jesus Christ and Mary dear.

Now all mankind doth say and sing
 Eia! Eia!
 This is the day of Christ and King.
 Come sing and dance,
 Come pipe and play.
 Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Sing Jesus Christ and Mary dear.

ANONYMOUS

3. **Le réveil de la mariée**

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté, mon cœur en est brûlé !
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier !
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés !

MICHEL-DIMITRI CALVOCORESSI (1877–1944)

4. **Quel galant m'est comparable**

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer ?
Dis, dame Vassiliki ?
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigu ...
Et c'est toi que j'aime !

MICHEL-DIMITRI CALVOCORESSI

5. **Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques**

Ô joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher ;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
Ô lorsque tu parais,
Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas ! tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent !

MICHEL-DIMITRI CALVOCORESSI

The bride's awakening

*Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge,
Spread your wings to the morning,
Three beauty spots – and my heart's ablaze.
See the golden ribbon I bring you
To tie around your tresses.
If you wish, my beauty, let us marry!
In our two families all are related.*

TRANSLATION © RICHARD STOKES

What gallant can compare with me

*What gallant can compare with me?
Among those seen passing by?
Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?
See, hanging at my belt,
Pistols and sharp sword ...
And it's you I love!*

TRANSLATION © RICHARD STOKES

Song of the lentisk gatherers

*O joy of my soul,
Joy of my heart,
Treasure so dear to me;
Joy of the soul and of the heart,
You whom I love with passion,
You are more beautiful than an angel.
Oh when you appear,
Angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a lovely, blond angel
Under the bright sun –
Alas, all our poor hearts sigh!*

TRANSLATION © RICHARD STOKES

6. Fußreise

Am frischgeschnittenen Wanderstab,
Wenn ich in der Frühe
So durch Wälder ziehe,
Hügel auf und ab:
Dann, wie's Vög'lein im Laube
Singet und sich rührt,
Oder wie die goldne Traube
Wonnegeister spürt
In der ersten Morgensonne:
So fühlt auch mein alter, lieber
Adam Herbst – und Frühlingsfieber,
Gottbeherzte,
Nie verscherzte
Erstlings-Paradieseswonne.

Also bist du nicht so schlimm, o alter
Adam, wie die strengen Lehrer sagen;
Liebst und lobst du immer doch,
Singst und preisest immer noch,
Wie an ewig neuen Schöpfungstagen,
Deinen lieben Schöpfer und Erhalter.

Möcht es dieser geben,
Und mein ganzes Leben
Wär im leichten Wanderschweisse
Eine solche Morgenreise!

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804–1875)

7. Anakreons Grab

Wo die Rose hier blüht,
wo Reben um Lorbeer sich schlingen,
wo das Turtelchen lockt,
wo sich das Grillchen ergötzt,
welch ein Grab ist hier,
das alle Götter mit Leben

A journey on foot

*When, with a freshly cut stick,
I set off early like this
Through the woods
And over the hills:
Then, as the bird in the branches
Sings and stirs,
Or as the golden cluster of grapes
Feels the rapture
Of the early morning sun:
So too my dear old Adam
Feels autumn and spring fever,
The God-inspired,
Never forfeited
Primal bliss of Paradise.*

*So you are not as bad, old
Adam, as strict teachers say;
You still love and extol,
Still sing and praise,
As if Creation were forever new,
Your dear Maker and Preserver.*

*If only He would grant it,
My whole life
Would be, gently perspiring,
Just such a morning journey!*

TRANSLATION © RICHARD STOKES

Anacreon's Grave

*Where the rose is in flower,
where vine interlaces with laurel,
where the turtle-dove calls,
where the cricket rejoices,
whose grave is this
that all the gods have decked with life*

schön bepflanzt und geziert?
Es ist Anacreons Ruh.
Frühling, Sommer und Herbst
genoß der glückliche Dichter;
vor dem Winter hat ihn endlich
der Hügel geschützt.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749–1832)

*and beautiful plants?
It is Anacreon's resting place.
The happy poet savoured spring,
summer and autumn;
this mound has at the last
protected him from winter.*

TRANSLATION © RICHARD STOKES

8. **Gesang Weylas**

Du bist Orplid, mein Land!
Das ferne leuchtet;
Vom Meere dampfet dein besonnter Strand
Den Nebel, so der Götter Wange feuchtet.

Uralte Wasser steigen
Verjüngt um deine Hüften, Kind!
Vor deiner Gottheit beugen
Sich Könige, die deine Wärter sind.

EDUARD MÖRIKE

Weyla's song

*You are Orplid, my land!
That shines afar;
Your sunlit shore sends up sea –
Mists, that moisten the cheeks of the gods.*

*Ancient waters climb,
Rejuvenated, child, about your waist!
Kings, who attend you,
Bow down before your divinity.*

TRANSLATION © RICHARD STOKES

9. **Néère**

Il me faut retourner aux anciennes amours :
L'Immortel qui naquit de la Vierge Thébaine,
Et les Jeunes Désirs et leur Mère inhumaine
Me commandent d'aimer toujours.

Blanche comme un beau marbre,
[avec ses roses joues,
Je brûle pour Néère aux yeux pleins de langueur ;
Venus se précipite et consume mon cœur :
Tu ris, ô Néère, et te joues !

Pour apaiser les Dieux et pour finir mes maux,
D'un vin mûri deux ans versez vos coupes pleines ;

Neaera

*I must return to the loves of old:
The Immortal One, born of the Theban Virgin,
And youthful Desires and their cruel Mother
Command me to love anew.*

*White as beautiful marble,
[with her pink cheeks,
It is Neaera I burn for with her languishing look;
Venus rushes up and consumes my heart:
You laugh, O Neaera, and frolic!*

*To appease the gods and end my woes,
Fill your goblets with two-year-old wine;*

Et sur l'autel rougi du sang pur des agneaux
Posez l'encens et les verveines.

CHARLES-MARIE-RENÉ LECONTE DE LISLE (1818–1894)

*And on the altar, stained with lambs' pure blood,
Set the incense and vervena.*

TRANSLATION © RICHARD STOKES

10. **Hospodin jest můj pastýř**

Hospodin jest můj pastýř;
Nebudu míti nedostatku.
Na pastvách zelených pase mne,
K vodám tichým mne přivodí.
Duši mou občerstvuje;
Vodí mne po stezkách
Spravedlnosti pro jméno své.
Byť se mi dostalo jíti
Přes údolí stínu smrti:
Nebudut' se báti zlého,
Nebo Ty se mnou jsi;
A prut Tvůj a hůl Tvá,
Tot' mne potěšuje.

BIBLE OF KRÁLICE (16TH CENTURY)

The Lord is my shepherd

*The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
he leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through
the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me;
thy rod and thy staff
they comfort me.*

TRANSLATION: THE KING JAMES BIBLE (PSALM 23: 1-4)

11. **Zpívejte Hospodinu píseň novou**

Zpívejte Hospodinu píseň novou,
Nebot' jest divné věci učinil;
Zvuk vydejte, prozpěvujte
A žalmy zpívejte.
Zvuč, moře, i to, což v něm jest;
Okršlek světa, i ti, což na něm bydlí.
Řeky rukama plesejte,
Spolu s nimi i hory prozpěvujte.
Plesej, pole, a vše, což na něm;
Plesej, země, zvuč i moře,
I což v něm jest.

BIBLE OF KRÁLICE (16TH CENTURY)

O sing unto the Lord

*O sing unto the Lord a new song;
for he hath done marvellous things:
Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth:
make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;
the world, and they that dwell therein.
Let the floods clap their hands:
let the hills be joyful together.
Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein:
let the sea roar,
and the fulness thereof.*

TRANSLATION: THE KING JAMES BIBLE
(PSALM 98: 1, 4/5, 7, 8 AND 96: 12/11)

12. **Two Worlds**

In the valleys down below,
Where the fairest flowers blow,
And the brook runs babbling nonsense to the sea,
Underneath the shady trees,
We two sauntered at our ease,
Just a pleasant little world for you and me.

Then the summons of the Lord,
Like a sudden silver sword,
Came and cut our little pleasant world in two,
One fierce world of strife and hate,
One sad world where women wait,
And we wander far apart, dear, I and you.

And it may be, with this breath,
There will come the call of death,
And will put another world twixt you and me.
You will stand with God above,
I will stand twixt pride and love,
Looking out through mists of sorrow o'er the sea.

For the world in God is one,
And when all our strife is done,
There will dawn the perfect world for you and me,
When we two together stand,
Looking upwards, hand in hand,
When the fires of love have burned up ev'ry sea.

GEOFFREY ANKETELL STUDDERT KENNEDY

13. **Linden Lea**

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gladed,
By the oak trees' mossy moot,
The shining grass blades, timber shaded,
Now do quiver underfoot;
And birds do whistle overhead,

And water's bubbling in its bed;
And there for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were a-springing,
Now do fade within the copse,
And painted birds do hush their singing,
Up upon the timber tops;
And brown leaved fruit's a-turning red,
In cloudless sunshine overhead,
With fruit for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster
In the air of dark-room'd towns;
I don't dread a peevish master,
Though no man may heed my frowns.
I be free to go abroad,
Or take again my homeward road
To where, for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

WILLIAM BARNES (1801–1886)

14. **Un soir**

Pose ton front sur mes genoux.
Dors.
La pluie avec un bruit doux
Ruisselle aux vitres.
Parfois elle frappe.
On dirait sous le couvert de la forêt un vol d'élytres.
Du toit, de moment en moment,
Des gouttes tombent lentement qui sonnent
l'heure interminable
Tout bas.
Oh ! dors bien, tu n'entendras pas le ciel qui pleure.

ANNE OSMONT (1872–1953)

One evening

*Lay your head on my knees.
Sleep.
The rain, with a sweet sound,
Streams down the window panes.
Sometimes it knocks –
Like a flight of beetles beneath the forest canopy.
From the roof, intermittently,
Drops fall slowly, sounding
the interminable hour
Very softly.
Ah! Sleep well, you will not hear the sky weep.*

TRANSLATION © RICHARD STOKES

15. **The year's at the spring**

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven –
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING (1812–1889)

16. **Ah, love, but a day**

Ah, love, but a day,
And the world has changed!
The sun's away,
And the bird estranged;
The wind has dropped,
And the sky's deranged;
Summer has stopped.

Look in my eyes!
Wilt thou change too?
Should I fear surprise?
Shall I find aught new
In the old and dear,
In the good and true,
With the changing year?

Thou art a man,
But I am thy love.
For the lake, its swan;
For the dell, its dove;
And for thee – (oh, haste!)
Me, to bend above,
Me, to hold embraced.

ROBERT BROWNING

17. **Adela**

Una muchacha guapa,
llamada Adela, llamada Adela,
Los amores de Juan
la lleva enferma, y ella sabía,
Que su amiga Dolores lo entretenía.
El tiempo iba pasando,
Y la pobre Adela, y la pobre Adela,
Más blanca se ponía
Y más enferma; y ella sabía
Que de sus amores se moriría.

ANONYMOUS

18. **Reginella**

Te sî fatta na vesta scullata,
Nu cappiello cu 'e nastre e cu 'e rrose.
Stive 'mmiez' a tre o quatto sciantose
E parlave francese. È accussì?

Fuje ll'autriere ca t'aggio 'ncuntrata,
Fuje ll'autriere a Tuleto, 'gnorsì.

T'aggio vuluto bbene a tte!
Tu m'hê vuluto bbene a mme!
Mò nun ce amammo cchiù,
Ma ê vvote tu,
Distrattamente, pienze a me.

Reginè, quanno stive cu mmico,
Nun magnave ca pane e ccerase.
Nuje campavamo 'e vase, e che vase!
Tu cantave e chiagnive pe' mme.

E 'o cardillo cantava cu ttico:
'Reginella 'o vò bbene a 'stu rre!'

Adela

*There once was a pretty girl,
Called Adela, called Adela.
The love affairs of Juan
Drove her to distraction, and she knew
That her friend Dolores entertained him.
Time was passing,
And poor Adela, and poor Adela,
Her complexion blanched
And she sickened; and she knew
That due to her love, she would die.*

TRANSLATION © LIEDERNET ARCHIVE

Regina

*You had bought a low-cut dress
And a hat with ribbons and roses.
You were with three or four chansonettes
And spoke french. Is it so?*

*It was long time ago when I met you,
It was long time ago at Toledo Street.*

*I loved you!
You loved me!
Now we don't love each other anymore,
But sometimes,
Carelessly you think of me.*

*Regina, when you were with me,
You were satisfied with the little.
We lived by kisses, and what kisses!
You sang and cried for me.*

*And your goldfinch sang with you:
'Regina loves his king!'*

T'aggio vuluto bbene a tte!
Tu m'hê vuluto bbene a mme!
Mò nun ce amammo cchiù,
Ma ê vvote tu,
Distrattamente, parle 'e me.

Oje cardillo, a chi aspiette stasera?
Nun 'o vvide? Aggio aperta 'a cajola.
Reginella è vulata, e tu, vola!
Vola e canta, nun chiagnere ccà!

T'hê 'a truvà 'na padrona sincera
Ca è cchiù degna 'e sentirte 'e cantà.

T'aggio vuluto bbene a tte!
Tu m'hê vuluto bbene a mme!
Mò nun ce amammo cchiù,
Ma ê vvote tu,
Distrattamente, chiamme a me.

LIBERO BOVIO (1883–1942)

*I loved you!
You loved me!
Now we don't love each other anymore,
But sometimes,
Carelessly you talk about me.*

*Oh, goldfinch, who are you waiting for?
Don't you see? I've opened the cage.
Regina flew away, and you, fly!
Fly and sing, don't cry here!*

*You have to find another sincere owner,
More worthy of listening you to sing.*

*I loved you!
You loved me!
Now we don't love each other anymore,
But sometimes,
Carelessly you call me.*

TRANSLATION © NATALIA CHERNEGA

19. **Trees**

Once glistening green,
With dewy sheen,
And summer glory round them cast.
Now black and bare,
The trees stand there,
And mourn their beauty that is past.

Look, leaf by leaf,
Each leaf a grief.
The hand of autumn strips them bare.
No sound nor cry,
As they fall and die,
Because they know that life is there.
So stiff and strong,
The winter long,

All uncomplaining stand the trees.
God make my life,
Through all its strife,
As true to spring, as one of these.

So would I stand,
Serene and grand,
While age strips off the joys of youth,
Because I know
That, as they go,
My soul draws nearer to the Truth.

He is the Truth,
In very sooth,
The Word made flesh who dwelt with men,
And the world shall ring
With the song of Spring,
When thy soul turns to its Lord again.

When God's soft breath,
That men call death,
Falls gently on thy closing eyes.
Thy youth, that goes
Like the red June rose,
Shall burst to bloom in Paradise.

GEOFFREY ANKETELL STUDDERT KENNEDY

20. **Poisoning pigeons in the park**

Spring is here, spring is here
Life is skittles and life is beer
I think the loveliest time of the year
Is the spring, I do, don't you? Course you do!
But there's one thing that makes spring complete for me
And makes every Sunday a treat for me:
All the world seems in tune
On a spring afternoon
When we're poisoning pigeons in the park.

Every Sunday you'll see
My sweetheart and me
As we poison the pigeons in the park.

When they see us coming,
The birdies all try an' hide,
But they still go for peanuts
When coated with cyan-hide.
The sun's shining bright
Everything seems all right
When we're poisoning pigeons in the park.

We've gained notoriety
And caused much anxiety
In the Audubon Society
With our games.
They call it impiety
And lack of propriety
And quite a variety of unpleasant names.
But it's not against any religion
To want to dispose of a pigeon.

So, if Sunday you're free,
Why don't you come with me,
And we'll poison the pigeons in the park.
And maybe we'll do
In a squirrel or two
While we're poisoning pigeons in the park.

We'll murder them all amid laughter and merriment
Except for the few we take home to experiment.
My pulse will be quickenin'
With each drop of strychnine
We feed to a pigeon
It just takes a smidgin
To poison a pigeon in the park.

TOM LEHRER (B. 1928)

21. **World, farewell**

As I bid this lovely world farewell
At once it all seems clear.
I see what Joy and Sorrow are,
As I glide away from here.

Both have brought tears to my eyes
They are sweetly intertwined
But Joy I'll take with me, to the skies
And Sorrow I'll leave behind.

This is the lesson we all must learn
As we soar to heaven above
Even the darkest nights will turn
To the glowing dawn of love.

The world must learn, that Love alone
Can silence all our fears
This will be greeted, once it's known,
With joyful, grateful tears.

Sorrow then will fade away
And vanish like a dream.
Love will spread throughout the world
And Joy will reign supreme.

TRANSLATION © JEREMY SAMS

HUGH CUTTING

Praised by *The Times* for his ‘exceptional voice, lustrous and rounded with power in reserve’, and for programming that ‘confounds expectation’, British countertenor Hugh Cutting is rapidly establishing an international career at the highest level across opera, concert, and recital. He is the first countertenor to win the Kathleen Ferrier Award (2021) and the first to be named a BBC New Generation Artist (2022–25). A graduate of St John’s College, Cambridge, and the Royal College of Music’s International Opera Studio, he was awarded the Tagore Gold Medal, personally presented by King Charles III.

Opera debuts include Teatro alla Scala (Corindo / *L’Oroneta*), Deutsche Oper Berlin (The Boy/Angel 1 / *Written on Skin*), Santa Fe Opera (Unulfo / *Rodelinda*), Bayerische Staatsoper (Voice of Apollo / *Death in Venice*), English National Opera (Arsace / *Partenope*), The Dallas Opera (Orfeo / *Orfeo ed Eurydice*), Garsington Opera (Unulfo / *Rodelinda*), Opernhaus Zürich, and Pinchgut Opera (Tolomeo / *Giulio Cesare in Egitto*).

Some concert highlights include Bach’s St Matthew Passion with Collegium Vocale Gent / Philippe Herreweghe; Orchestra of St. Luke’s / Bernard Labadie; Finnish Radio Symphony Orchestra / Nicholas Collon; Wiener Symphoniker / Matthew Halls; Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra / Jonathan Cohen; Bach’s B minor Mass with Rundfunk-Sinfonieorchester Berlin / Vladimir Jurowski; Bach’s Weihnachtsoratorium with Monteverdi Choir / Sir John Eliot Gardiner; Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment / Masaki Suzuki; Handel’s *Partenope* and *Ariodante* with Les Arts Florissants / William Christie; Handel’s *Amadigi* with The English Concert / Kristian Bezuidenhout; Handel’s *Theodora* with Jupiter; Purcell’s *Dido and Aeneas* with il Pomo d’Oro / Maxim Emelyanychev; Handel’s *Deborah* with NDR Radiophilharmonie / Nicholas McGegan; Benjamin’s *Written on Skin* with Stavanger Symfoniorkester / George Benjamin; Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia / Lawrence Renes.

Recital is central to Hugh’s ambition, and he seeks to expand the possibilities of countertenor repertoire in this sphere. He has given recitals with orchestra at Carnegie Hall, Paris Philharmonie and St Martin-in-the-Fields with conductors including Bernard Labadie, William Christie, and Peter Whelan. Recitals with pianists have included those broadcast live

on BBC radio at the Edinburgh Festival, Oxford International Song, the Brighton Festival, the Cheltenham Festival, and the Ryedale Festival. In 2025/26, Hugh has curated a residency at London's Wigmore Hall. He is represented internationally by Askonas Holt.

AUDREY HYLAND

Audrey studied at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama, winning all the major awards for accompaniment and chamber music. She completed further study at the Banff Centre in Canada, and at the Britten Pears School in Aldeburgh.

Audrey joined the coaching staff at the Royal Academy of Music where she was awarded an honorary ARAM in recognition of her outstanding contribution to the opera department, and was subsequently appointed Head of their prestigious Song Circle. Audrey is currently Head of the Vocal and Opera Faculty at the Royal College of Music.

In great demand at home and internationally, she has given masterclasses at the Britten/Pears school, the Royal Danish Academy of Music, North Sea Vocal academy in Denmark, University of Seoul and Hochschule für Musik Karlsruhe. As a visiting coach, she has worked for the Jette Parker Artists Programme, Royal Ballet & Opera, Samling Foundation and the Solti course in Italy.

A passionate advocate for music education in schools, Audrey is Vice President for Jackdaws Music Education Trust, and has been Music Director for their award winning OperaPLUS project, delivering opera workshops and performances to children for over a decade.

She founded the recital group Songsmiths featuring Nicky Spence, Elizabeth Watts, Jonathan Lemalu and Mary Bevan among others. With her reputation for innovative programming, they received great critical acclaim for their Wigmore Hall debut. Recitals included appearances at Musée d'Orsay, St John's Smith Square, The Sage Gateshead and at the Haddo, Lyddington and Buxton International Festivals.

In 2024 Audrey was Music Director for Britten's *Curlew River* for the Aldeburgh Festival and BBC Four. Directed by Deborah Warner, with Ian Bostridge, it was nominated for a RPS Award. She was also delighted to be appointed as Artistic Director of a new venture, Grasmere Song, in 2025.

A feature throughout Audrey's career is her commitment to developing and nurturing emerging artists, and many of the finest British singers and pianists of today have benefited from her experience and guidance.

She was appointed Head of Vocal and Opera at the Royal College of Music in June 2025.



Some Thanks

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