

Kathleen Ferrier was the voice of her generation. More than that, she captured the nation's hearts and minds with her down-to-earth manner, and her open and heartfelt singing. Following the centenary of her birth last year, this is a fitting time to celebrate her life through her letters, diaries and music. Victoria Simmonds takes us on a journey from her humble beginnings as a telephone exchange worker on the 'switch' to her appearances at Glyndebourne and internationally. Loved for her easy manner and Lancashire accent, lively, astute and ambitious, Kathleen could light up any room, and, despite her success, it seems she managed to keep her feet glued firmly to the ground. Victoria's tribute includes arias and songs from Handel through Schubert to Fauré, as well as the traditional songs for which Kathleen was famous.



Victoria Simmonds won one of the first Wessex Glyndebourne Association Awards in 1999, while still a chorus member with the Glyndebourne Festival. She went on to become a company principal at English National Opera, where she sang a wide range of leading roles, including Cherubino/*Figaro*, Mercedes/*Carmen*, Zaida/*The Turk in Italy*, Pitti-Sing/*The Mikado*, Ascanius/*The Trojans*, Rosina/*The Barber of Seville*, Dorabella/*Così fan tutte*, Hermia/*A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Zerlina/*Don Giovanni*.

Victoria created the title role in Jonathan Dove's *The Adventures of Pinocchio* and Dorabella in Tim Albery's production of *Così fan tutte*, both for Opera North. She recently played Zaida in Martin Duncan's critically acclaimed production of *Il Turco in Italia* for Garsington Opera. In July 2011 she sang Nessa in the world premiere of Julian Grant's community opera *Prophet and Loss* for Oundle International Festival, and in August, her first Charlotte in Massenet's *Werther* at Les Azuriales Opera. In 2012/13 she is taking part in the world premiere of *Written on Skin* by George Benjamin at the Aix Festival, with subsequent performances at the Netherlands Opera, Opera Comique Paris, The Royal Opera House Covent Garden, the Wiener Festwochen, the Bavarian State Opera Munich and Toulouse.

Anna Tilbrook is one of Britain's most exciting pianists, with a considerable reputation in song recitals and chamber music. She made her debut at the Wigmore Hall in 1999 and has since become a regular performer at Europe's major concert halls and festivals, as well as coaching regularly for the Royal Opera, Covent Garden.

Anna has collaborated with many leading singers and instrumentalists including James Gilchrist, Lucy Crowe, Sarah Tynan, Emma Bell, Willard White, Mark Padmore, Stephan Loges, Chris Maltman, Ian Bostridge, Barbara Bonney, Victoria Simmonds, Christine Rice, Iestyn Davies, Natalie Clein, Nick Daniel, Adrian Brendel and Jack Liebeck. For Welsh National Opera she has accompanied Angela Gheorghiu, Jose Carreras and Bryn Terfel in televised concerts.



Recent engagements have included recitals in the Anima Mundi festival in Pisa, Wroclaw Cantans, Wigmore Hall, Oxford Lieder Festival, Three Choirs, Two Moors, Derry City of Song and Machyllth Festivals, a live BBC Radio 3 lunchtime recital at LSO St Luke's, the Perth Schubertiad and concerts at Kings Place, Wiltons Music Hall and St. John's Smith Square. Anna is also in demand as a répétiteur, continuo player and vocal coach, working for companies including the Royal Opera, Royal Ballet, Aldeburgh Festival and the LSO, and conductors including Sir Charles Mackerras, Vasily Petrenko, Harry Christophers and Edward Gardner. For the 2006 Buxton Festival she made her conducting debut, directing Telemann's Pimpinone from the harpsichord.

(please turn the page quietly)

With Much Love...

The music and letters of Kathleen Ferrier (1912-1953)

Victoria Simmonds – Mezzo Soprano, Anna Tilbrook - Piano



Where'er You Walk

Che faro senza Euridice?

Ahime! Dove trascorsi,
Ove mi spinse un delirio d'amor?
Sposa... Euridice... Euridice.. consorte..
Ah! Piu non vive... la chiamo invan!
Misero me! La perdo e di nuovo
e per sempre!
Oh Legge! Oh morte! Oh ricordo crudel!
Non ho soccorso... non m'avanza consiglio...
lo veggo solo...(oh fiera vista!)
Il luttuoso aspetto dell'orrido mio stato!
Saziati, sorte rea...son disperato!

Che faro senza Euridice?
Dove andro senza il mio ben?
Euridice! Euridice!
O Dio, rispondi!
Io son pure il tuo fedele!
Euridice! Euridice!
Ah, non m'avanza piu soccorso,
Piu speranza, ne dal mondo, ne dal ciel!

Hark the Echoing Air

An die Musik

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner harf entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

Handel

Gluck

Alas! Where have I run to,
Where has the madness of love pushed me?
Wife...Eurydice... Eurydice... wife...
Ah, she lives no more... I call her in vain!
Wretched me! I have lost her again
And for ever!
O judgement! Oh death! Oh cruel memory!
I have no help...no one to advise me..
I only see (oh fierce sight!)
The mournful appearance of my terrible state!
Do your worst, evil fate... I am desperate!

What shall I do without Eurydice?
Where shall I go without my love?
Eurydice! Eurydice!
O heavens! Answer!
I am still true to you!
Eurydice! Eurydice!
Ah, there is no help,
no hope for me either on earth nor in heaven!

Purcell

Schubert

Oh lovely art, in how many grey hours,
When life's fierce orbit ensnared me,
Have you kindled my heart to warm love,
Carried me away to a better world!

How often has a sigh, escaping from your harp,
A sweet, sacred chord of yours
Opened up for me the heaven of better times,
Oh lovely art, for that I thank you!

(please turn the page quietly)

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt ist mir vergällt.
Mein armer Kopf ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau ich zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich aus dem Haus.
Sein hoher Gang, sein' edle Gestalt,
Seine Mundes Lächeln, seiner Augen Gewalt,
Und seiner Rede Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck, und ach, sein Kuß!

Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt sich nach ihm hin.
Ach, dürft ich fassen und halten ihn,
Und küssen ihn, so wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen vergehen sollt!

Der Musensohn

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
Mein Liedchen wegzupfeifen,
So geht's von Ort zu Ort!
Und nach dem Takte reget
Und nach dem Maß beweget
Sich alles an mir fort.

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,
Die erste Blum' im Garten,
Die erste Blüt' am Baum.
Sie grüßen meine Lieder,
Und kommt der Winter wieder,
Sing ich noch jenen Traum.

Ich sing ihn in der Weite,
Auf Eises Läng' und Breite,
Da blüht der Winter schön!
Auch diese Blüte schwindet,
Und neue Freude findet
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.

Denn wie ich bei der Linde
Das junge Völkchen finde,
Sogleich erreg ich sie.
Der stumpfe Bursche bläht sich,

Schubert

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I will find it never, and nevermore.

Where I do not have him, that is the grave,
The whole world is bitter to me.
My poor head is crazy to me,
My poor mind is torn apart.

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I will find it never, and nevermore.

For him only I look out of the window,
Only for him I go out of the house,
His tall walk, his noble figure,
His mouth's smile, his eyes' power,
And his mouth's magic flow,
His handclasp, and ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I will find it never, and nevermore.

My bosom urges itself toward him.
Ah, might I grasp and hold him,
And kiss him, as I would wish,
At his kisses I would die!

Schubert

Roaming through field and wood,
Piping along my little song,
So I go from place to place!
And to my beat
And to my measure
Everything moves with me.

I can hardly wait for them,
The first blooms in the garden,
The first blossoms on the tree.
My songs greet them,
And when winter returns
I still sing of that dream.

I sing them far and wide,
Through the ice's realm,
Then winter blossoms beautifully!
That bloom disappears too,
And new joy is found
In the hilltowns.

For when I, beside the linden,
Encounter young folks,
I rouse them at once.
The swaggering youth puffs up,

(please turn the page quietly)

Das steife Mädchen dreht sich
Nach meiner Melodie.

Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel
Und treibt durch Tal und Hügel
Den Liebling weit von Haus.
Ihr lieben, holden Musen,
Wann ruh ich ihr am Busen
Auch endlich wieder aus?

The naïve maiden twirls
To my melody.

You give my feet wings
And drive through vale and hill
Your favourite, far from home.
You dear, kind muses,
When on her bosom
Will I finally again find rest?



INTERVAL

Après un Rêve

Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux,
ta voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais
comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous
entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues,
lueurs divines entrevues,

Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des songes
Je t'appelle, ô nuit,
rends moi tes mensonges,
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!

Fauré

In a slumber which held your image spellbound
I dreamt of happiness, passionate mirage,
Your eyes were softer,
Your voice pure and sonorous,
You shone
Like a sky lit up by the dawn;

You called me and I left the earth
To run away with you towards the light,
The skies for us
Opened up their clouds,
Unknown splendours,
Divine flashes glimpsed,

Alas! Alas! Sad awakening from dreams
I call you, oh night,
give me back your lies,
Return, return radiant one,
Return, o mysterious night!

(please turn the page quietly)

Lydia

Lydia sur tes roses joues
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,
Roule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu dénoues;

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur,
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers de colombe
Chanter sur tes lèvres en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein;
Les délices comme un essaim
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours.
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie!
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir toujours!

Nell

Ta rose de pourpre à ton clair soleil,
Ô Juin, étincelle enivrée,
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe dorée:
Mon coeur à ta rose est pareil.

Sous le mol abri de la feuille ombreuse
Monte un soupir de volupté:
Plus d'un ramier chante au bois écarté.
Ô mon coeur, sa plainte amoureuse.

Que ta perle est douce au ciel enflammé
Étoile de la nuit pensive!
Mais combien plus douce est la clarté vive
Qui rayonne en mon coeur charmé!

La chantante mer. Le long du rivage,
Taira son murmure éternel,
Avant qu'en mon coeur, chère amour.
Ô Nell, ne fleurisse plus ton image!

Down By the Salley Gardens Silent Noon

Sleep

Ca' the Yowes

Blow the Wind Southerly

Fauré

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and white,
Flow sparkingly
The fluid golden tresses which you loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance on your breast;
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love;
Kisses have carried away my soul!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
That I may die, forever die!

Fauré

Your purple rose in your brilliant sun,
Oh June, sparkles as if intoxicated,
Bend toward me, too, your golden cup:
My heart and your rose are alike.

Under the soft shelter of shady boughs
Sound a voluptuous sigh;
And turtle doves coo in the spreading wood,
Oh my heart, their amorous lament.

How sweet is your pearl in the flaming sky,
Star of the pensive night!
But sweeter still is the vivid light
Which shines in my heart, my charmed heart!

The singing sea, along the shore,
Will silence its everlasting murmur,
'Ere in my heart, dear love, oh Nell,
Your image will cease to bloom!

Traditional Vaughan Williams

Warlock

Traditional arr. Britten

Traditional