

St
Martin
in
the
Fields

Benson Wilson and James Baillieu

RESOUND

*Live, Saturday 5 June, 7.00pm
Recorded for broadcast on
Monday 7 June, 7.30pm*

*Available for online concert ticket holders to watch as many times
as you like and available for 30 days.*

*St Martin-in-the-Fields
Trafalgar Square
London
WC2N 4JJ
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RESOUND

PROGRAMME

King David — Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

Three Songs from Let us Garlands Bring — Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

i. Come Away Death

ii. Fear No More the Heat

iii. It was a Lover and His Lass

Lieder Eines Fahrenden Gesellen — Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

i. Wenn mein Schatz

ii. Ging heut Morgen

iii. Ich hab ein gluhend Messer

iv. Die zwei blauen Augen

Don Juan's Serenade — Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

Allerseelen — Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

O del mio amato ben — Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

'A Vucchella — Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

La Belle Jeunesse — Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Le Manu Tagi E — Traditional

PROGRAMME NOTES

by Sarah Maxted

In this richly varied and expressive programme, Benson Wilson and James Baillieu take us on a grand tour of European art song, visiting Britain, Germany, Italy, Spain, Russia and France, and concluding with a beautiful Samoan traditional song.

Herbert Howells (1892-1983) was a Gloucestershire-born organist and composer whose sacred choral and organ works remain central in the Anglican canon. His secular compositions, including art songs, have received rather less attention, perhaps with the exception of the exquisitely sculpted **King David**. First published in 1923, this song sets evocative poetry by Howells' friend Walter de la Mare; it later became the emotional climax of Howells' posthumously published song cycle *Garland for de la Mare*. The text explores the consoling power of music, echoing Old Testament stories about King David together with folklore about the magical song of the nightingale.

Let us Garlands Bring is a cycle of five Shakespeare songs for baritone and piano by British composer Gerald Finzi (1901-1956). It premiered in 1942 at the National Gallery, just over the road from St Martin-in-the-Fields, and was dedicated to the 70th birthday of Ralph Vaughan Williams. The cycle's first song is **Come Away, Death**, which sets a sombre text from Act II Scene iv of *Twelfth Night* with achingly angular lyricism and disquieting dissonance. **Fear No More the Heat** is the third song of the cycle, with text from Act IV Scene ii of *Cymbeline*. It is a poised meditation on the passage of time and quiet inevitability of death. The cycle concludes with the jaunty pastoral song **It Was a Lover and His Lass** from Act V Scene iii of *As You Like It*. Finzi infuses the music with luscious vernal foliage and dreamy nostalgia, underpinning the youthful triumph of Shakespeare's amorous text.

The renowned Romantic symphonic composer Gustav Mahler (1860-1911) wrote both the poetry and music for the four-song cycle *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (*Songs of a Wayfarer*). The cycle was composed around 1885 and is believed to have been influenced by Mahler's unhappy love affair with soprano Johanna Richter, as well as his admiration for the German folk poetry of Des Knaben Wunderhorn. The first song **Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht** establishes a bittersweet juxtaposition between personal romantic devastation and the refreshing vibrancy of nature. This enthusiasm for nature's vitality bursts forth in the radiant stanzas of **Ging heut' Morgen über's Feld**, until the very final lines, which return reluctantly to the despondency of hopeless love. The third song **Ich hab' ein glühend Messer** is a stormy outpouring of despair, pain and longing. The cycle's eponymous 'Wayfarer' seeks resolution in the final song **Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz**. Here, Mahler's harmonies shift delicately between major and minor chords, evoking the intimate relationship between love and sorrow, 'Lieb und Leid'.

Don Juan's Serenade is one of *Six Romances* published by Russian Romantic composer Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893) in 1878. Tchaikovsky wrote more than 100 of these 'romances' during his lifetime, but the characterful *Don Juan's Serenade* stands out as one of his most successful songs. With text by the literary giant Tolstoy, the serenade vividly captures a Russian vision of Spanish chivalry and passion through its charismatic vocal line and tempestuous piano part.

Richard Strauss (1864-1949) was a German composer and conductor, most famed for his harmonically advanced tone poems and operas. ***Allerseelen*** is the final song from the cycle *Acht Lieder aus Letzte Blätter*, composed in 1885 when Strauss was just 21. Each of the songs sets poetry by Austrian writer Hermann von Gilm. *Allerseelen* is a touchingly simple poem which uses the autumnal memorial blooms of All Soul's Day as a symbol of nostalgia for sweet springtime romance. Strauss' setting shimmers with sweeping piano arpeggios and a graceful arc of declamation.

O del mio amato ben is a soaring, passionate art song by Italian composer Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925), published in his collection of *36 Arie di Stile Antico*. These songs revel in the glorious bel canto heritage of Italian opera and popular song, with intensely emotional texts and languid, expressive melodies. *O del mio amato ben* is an ardent lament for lost love and lonely sorrow.

Paolo Tosti (1846-1916) was an accomplished Italian musician who became a star of London's society salons, a professor of the Royal Academy of Music, and a British citizen knighted by King Edward VII. Tosti's enduring fame is mostly thanks to his enchantingly sentimental popular songs in Italian and Neapolitan. '***A vucchella*** is a Neapolitan song composed by Tosti in 1907 with text by nineteenth-century lyric poet Gabriele D'Annunzio. The poem compares a woman's beauty with a delicate rose, suggesting that the flower has faded and withered but perhaps could be revived with a reinvigorating kiss.

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963) was a French pianist and composer whose art song output was both prolific and varied. Although he composed some truly sublime sacred music, it is Poulenc's secular song cycles that shine especially brightly with his idiosyncratic style, rich with colourful nuance and risqué humour. ***La Belle Jeunesse*** is from *Chansons gaillardes (Ribald songs)*, a cycle of eight songs composed during the post-war 'euphoria' of the mid-1920s. The anonymous seventeenth-century text presents a witty argument in favour of love without marriage, passion without the need for a priest.

Le Manu Tagi E is a traditional song of lament from Samoa. It brings together a beautiful lilting melody with poignant poetry about love, longing and separation.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

King David was a sorrowful man:
No cause for his sorrow had he;
And he called for the music of a hundred harps,
To ease his melancholy.

They played till they all fell silent:
Played and play sweet did they;
But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King David
They could not charm away.

He rose; and in his garden
Walked by the moon alone,
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree,
Jargoned on and on.

King David lifted his sad eyes
Into the dark-boughed tree --
"Tell me, thou little bird that singest,
Who taught my grief to thee?"

But the bird in no-wise heeded;
And the king in the cool of the moon
Hearkened to the nightingale's sorrowfulness,
Till all his own was gone.

Walter de la Mare (1873-1956)

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:

A thousand, thousand sighs to save,]
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
That o'er the green corn-field did pass.
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownéd with the prime

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,

Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,
Hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,
Dunkles Kämmerlein!
Weine! wein'! Um meinen Schatz,
Um meinen lieben Schatz!

Blümlein blau! Blümlein blau!
Verdorre nicht! Verdorre nicht!
Vöglein süß! Vöglein süß!
Du singst auf grüner Heide!
„Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön!
Ziküth! Ziküth!“

Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles Singen ist nun aus!
Des Abends, wenn ich schlafen geh',
Denk' ich an mein Leid!
An mein Leide!

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Ging heut' morgen über's Feld,

Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:

*When my love has her wedding-day,
Her joyous wedding-day,
I have my day of mourning!
I go into my little room,
My dark little room!
I weep, weep! For my love,
My dearest love!*

*Blue little flower! Blue little flower!
Do not wither, do not wither!
Sweet little bird! Sweet little bird!
Singing on the green heath!
'Ah, how fair the world is!
Jug-jug! Jug-jug!'*

*Do not sing! Do not bloom!
For spring is over!
All singing now is done!
At night, when I go to rest,
I think of my sorrow!
My sorrow!*

*I walked across the fields this morning,
Dew still hung on the grass,
The merry finch said to me:*

"Ei du! Gelt?
Guten Morgen! Ei, Gelt? Du!
Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"

Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
Hat mir lustig, guter Ding',
Mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,
Ihren Morgengruß geschellt:
"Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Kling! Kling! Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"

Und da fing im Sonnenschein
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
Alles, alles, Ton und Farbe gewann!
Im Sonnenschein!
Blum' und Vogel, groß und klein!
"Guten Tag! Guten Tag!
Ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Ei, du! Gelt? Schöne Welt!"

Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?
Nein! Nein! Das ich mein',
Mir nimmer, nimmer blühen kann!

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)
English Translation © Richard Stokes

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer,
Ein Messer in meiner Brust,
O weh! O weh!
Das schneid't so tief
In jede Freud' und jede Lust,
So tief! so tief!
Es schneid't so weh und tief!

Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!
Nimmer hält er Ruh',
Nimmer hält er Rast!
Nicht bei Tag,
Nicht bei Nacht, wenn ich schlief!

O weh! O weh! O weh!
Wenn ich in dem Himmel seh',
Seh' ich zwei blaue Augen steh'n!
O weh! O weh!

*'You there, hey –
Good morning! Hey, you there!
Isn't it a lovely world?
Tweet! Tweet! Bright and sweet!
O how I love the world!'*

*And the harebell at the field's edge,
Merrily and in good spirits,
Ding-ding with its tiny bell
Rang out its morning greeting:
"Isn't it a lovely world?
Ding-ding! Beautiful thing!
O how I love the world!'*

*And then in the gleaming sun
The world at once began to sparkle;
All things gained in tone and colour!
In the sunshine!
Flower and bird, great and small.
'Good day! Good day!
Isn't it a lovely world?
Hey, you there?! A lovely world!'*

*Will my happiness now begin?
No! No! The happiness I mean
Can never bloom for me!*

*I've a gleaming knife,
A knife in my breast,
Alas! Alas!
It cuts so deep
Into every joy and every bliss,
So deep, so deep!
It cuts so sharp and deep!*

*Ah, what a cruel guest it is!
Never at peace,
Never at rest!
Neither by day
Nor by night, when I'd sleep!*

*Alas! Alas! Alas!
When I look into the sky,
I see two blue eyes!
Alas! Alas!*

Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh',
Seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar
Im Winde wehn! O weh! O weh!
Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'
Und höre klingen ihr silbern Lachen,
O weh! O weh!
Ich wollt', ich läg' auf der schwarzen Bahr',
Könnt' nimmer die Augen aufmachen!

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)
English Translation © Richard Stokes

*When I walk in the yellow field,
I see from afar her golden hair
Blowing in the wind! Alas! Alas!
When I wake with a jolt from my dream
And hear her silvery laugh,
Alas! Alas!
I wish I were lying on the black bier,
And might never open my eyes again!*

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz,
Die haben mich in die weite Welt geschickt.
Da mußst' ich Abschied nehmen
Vom allerliebsten Platz!
O Augen blau, warum habt ihr mich angeblickt?
Nun hab' ich ewig Leid und Grämen!

*The two blue eyes of my love
Have sent me into the wide world.
I had to bid farewell
To the place I loved most!
O blue eyes, why did you look on me?
Grief and sorrow shall now be mine forever!*

Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht,
Wohl über die dunkle Heide.
Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt, Ade!
Mein Gesell' war Lieb' und Leide!

*I set out in the still night,
Across the dark heath.
No one bade me farewell, farewell!
My companions were love and sorrow!*

Auf der Straße stand ein Lindenbaum,
Da hab' ich zum ersten Mal im Schlaf geruht!
Unter dem Lindenbaum,
Der hat seine Blüten über mich geschneit,
Da wußt' ich nicht, wie das Leben tut,
War alles, alles wieder gut!
Alles! Alles!
Lieb und Leid, und Welt und Traum!

*A lime tree stood by the roadside,
Where I first found peace in sleep!
Under the lime tree
Which snowed its blossom on me,
I was not aware of how life hurts,
And all, all was well once more!
Alles! Alles!
Love and sorrow, and world and dream!*

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)
English Translation © Richard Stokes

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten A stern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.
Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.
Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,

*Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again
As once in May.
Give me your hand to press in secret,
And if people see, I do not care,
Give me but one of your sweet glances
As once in May.
Each grave today has flowers and is
fragrant,*

Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm am mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

*One day each year is devoted to the dead;
Come to my heart and so be mine again,
As once in May.*

*Hermann von Gilm (1812-1864)
English Translation © Richard Stokes*

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
sempre lo cerco e chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze?
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

*O my darling, my lost love
She is far from my sight
she who was my glory and pride!
Now the rooms are silent
I constantly search and call for her
with a painful heart.
Full of hope, but I search in vain,
I weep for my darling,
as though weeping alone would nourish
my heart.*

Mi sembra, senza lui, triste ogni loco.

*To me, without her, there is sadness
everywhere.*

Notte mi sembra il giorno;
mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero
di darmi ad altra cura,
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lui, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa
senza il mio ben.

*Night seems like day;
fire seems cold.
And sometimes I think of
Another "cure".
I am tormented by my thoughts
Without her, what will I do?
My life is in vain, without meaning
Without my love.*

Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

'A Vucchella
Sì, comm'a nu sciorillo
tu tiene na vucchella
nu poco pocorillo
appassuliatella.

A Sweet Mouth
*Yes, like a little flower,
You have got a sweet mouth
Just a little
A little bit withered.*

Meh, dammillo, dammillo,
- è comm'a na rusella -
dammillo nu vasillo,
dammillo, Cannetella!

*Please give it to me
It's like a little rose
Give me a little kiss,
Give, Cannetella!*

Dammillo e pigliatillo,
nu vaso piccerillo
comm'a chesta vucchella,
che pare na rusella

*Give one and take one,
A kiss as little
As your mouth
Which looks like a little rose*

nu poco pocorillo
appassuliatella.

*Just a little
A little bit withered.*

Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863-1938)

La belle jeunesse

Il fut s'aimer toujours
Et ne s'épouser guère.
Il faut faire l'amour
Sans curé ni notaire.

*Beautiful youth
You should love always
and seldom marry.
You should make love
without priest or notary.*

Cessez, messieurs, d'être épouseurs,
Ne visez qu'aux tirelires,
Ne visez qu'aux tourelours,
Cessez, messieurs, d'être épouseurs,
Ne visez qu'aux coeurs
Cessez, messieurs, d'être épouseurs,
Holà messieurs, ne visez plus qu'aux coeurs.

*Cease, good Sirs, to be marrying men,
only aim at the tirelires,
only aim at the tourelours,
cease, good Sirs, to be marrying men,
only aim at the hearts.
Cease, good Sirs, to be marrying men,
enough, good Sirs, only aim at the hearts.*

Pourquoi se marier,
Quand la femme des autres
Ne se font pas prier
Pour devenir les nôtres.
Quand leurs ardeurs,
Quand leurs faveurs,
Cherchent nos tirelires,
Cherchent nos tourelours,
Cherchent nos coeurs.

*Why marry,
when the wives of others
need no persuasion
to become ours.
When their ardours,
when their favours,
seek our tirelires,
seek our tourelours,
seek our hearts.*

Anonymous

English Translation © Winifred Radford, 1977

Don Zhuan serenade

Gasnut dalney Alpukhary
Zolotistiye kraya.
Na prizyvnyi zvon gitary, vydi, milaya moy!

Don Juan's Serenade

*Night falls on the golden lands
Of distant Alpujarras,
Come out, my dear, to the call of my guitar!*

Vse kto skazhet, shto drugaya,
Zdes' ravnyayetsya s toboy,
Vsekh, lyuboviyu zgoraya,
Vsekh, vsekh, vsekh zovu na smertnyy boy!

*If anybody dares to claim
That another can compare with you,
I shall fight them all, burning with love,
Fight them to the death!*

Ot lunnogo sveta zardel nebosklon,
O vyidi Nisetta, O vyidi Nisetta
Skorey na balkon!

*The sky's horizon is aglow in the moonlight,
Oh come out, Nisetta, come out, Nisetta,
Come out on to the balcony now!*

Ot Sevili do Grenady
V tikhom sumrake nochey,
Razdayutsa serenady
Razdayotsa zvon mechey.

*From Seville to Grenada,
In the quiet darkness of the night,
Comes the sound of serenading,
Comes the clatter of swords.*

Mnogo krovi, mnogo pesney,
Dlya prelesnykh lyutsa dam,
Ya zhe toy, kto vsekh prelesney,
Pesn i krov moyu otdam!

*Blood is spilt and songs flow forth,
All for the sake of beautiful ladies,
I will give my song and my blood
To the one who is loveliest of all!*

Ot lunnogo sveta zardel nebosklon,
O vyidi Nisetta, O vyidi Nisetta,
Skorey na balkon!

*The sky's horizon is aglow in the moonlight,
Oh come out, Nisetta, come out, Nisetta,
Come out on to the balcony now!*

Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy (1817- 1875)
English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

Le manutagi e ua tagi ta'amilo
Pei ose ta mai ose logo fa'ailo
Ma'imau pe ana iai se televise
Po'o pea nei o iloa atu lou tino

*The weeping pigeon circles
Like the sound of a warning bell
If only there was a television
For then I would see you*

Amuia le lupe e fai ona apa'au
Pe ana o a'u e lele atu ma toe sau
Se'i ou asia le atu Fiti ma Makogai
Aue Tasi e, ta fia alu nei iai

*Oh blessed is the pigeon who has wings
For if I could, I would fly to you
Just to visit Fiji and Mokogai
Oh Tasi e, if only I could visit you*

Matua e se'i ala maia po'o fea le tama
Po'o moe po'o tafao i le taulaga?
Saili ane ma su'e atu i Vaitele
Ae leai ua te'a ese ma Ae

*Dear parents awaken and find the boy
Is he sleeping or has he gone to town?
Search for him at Vaitele
For he has gone from Ae*

Traditional

For translations by Richard Stokes:

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder, published by Faber, provided
courtesy of Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

PERFORMERS

Baritone Benson Wilson

Piano James Baillieu

Benson Wilson (c. Nick Rutter)



New Zealand-born Sāmoan baritone **Benson Wilson** is the winner of the prestigious 64th Kathleen Ferrier Award. That same year he was awarded the Most Outstanding Overseas Performer of the Royal Overseas League Competition, the Worshipful Company of Musicians Award, and was the 2018 winner of the Joan Sutherland & Richard Bonyngé Foundation Award and the People's Choice Award. He is a Samling and a former National Opera Studio Young Artist.

In 20/21 Benson joins English National Opera as a Harewood Artist, opening the season as Schaunard *La bohème* for their Drive & Live production at Alexandra Palace. His UK recitals this season include Brighton, Oxford Lieder and Leeds Lieder Festivals, and at Wigmore Hall and St Martin-in-the-Fields. He will appear in concert with the Orchestra of Opera North, and for Auckland Opera Studio.

Further ahead, engagements include recitals for King's Lynn and Ludlow Song Festivals, his house debut in the title role of Orpheus (*Orpheus and Eurydice*) for New Zealand Opera, as well as further roles for Welsh National Opera and ENO. Previous operatic roles include Marullo *Rigoletto* for Glyndebourne on Tour, John Shears *Paul Bunyan* (ENO), Mirza *Der Gesang Der Zauberinsel* at the Salzburger Festspiele as a 2019 Salzburg Young Singer, Guglielmo *Così fan tutte* and Count Almaviva *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Bloomsbury Opera), Schabernack *Le Grand Macabre* with London Symphony Orchestra and Guglielmo, Demetrius *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Assan *The Consul* as a scholar on the Guildhall School of Music & Drama Opera Course.

Born in South Africa, **James Baillieu** studied in Cape Town and London. He was a Borletti-Buitoni Trust and Young Classical Artist Trust artist and was shortlisted for the Royal Philharmonic Society Outstanding Young Artist Award and the Chamber Music and Song Award. He is an International Tutor in Piano Accompaniment at the Royal Northern College of Music and head of the Song Programme at the Atelier Lyrique of the Verbier Festival Academy.



James Baillieu (c. Kaupo Kikkas)

An accomplished chamber musician, soloist and accompanist, his partnerships include Lawrence Power, the Heath Quartet, Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Kiri te Kanawa, Angel Blue and Pretty Yende. Venues include Wigmore Hall, Carnegie Hall, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Berlin Konzerthaus, Vienna Musikverein, Bridgewater Hall, National Concert Hall Dublin and the Bergen, Aldeburgh, Cheltenham, Edinburgh, Brighton, Verbier and Aix-en-Provence Festivals. As a soloist, he has appeared with the Ulster Orchestra, the English Chamber Orchestra and the Wiener Kammerphilharmonie.

James Baillieu has presented his own series at the Wigmore Hall with Adam Walker, Jonathan McGovern, Ailish Tynan, Tara Erraught, Henk Neven, Iestyn Davies, Allan Clayton and Mark Padmore amongst others. This series was shortlisted for the Royal Philharmonic Society's Chamber Music and Song Award for an outstanding contribution to the performance of chamber music and song in the UK during 2016.

This season's engagements include a Met Live streamed recital with Lise Davidsen, and appearances with Allan Clayton, Tim Ridout, Jess Gillam, Julian Bliss, Benjamin Appl, and Pumeza Matshikiza, at venues including London's Wigmore Hall, Aldeburgh, the Konzerthaus Dortmund and the Palau de les Arts Valencia.

Our thanks to The National Lottery Heritage Fund, for supporting the ReSound concert series at St Martin-in-the-Fields.

The performers and technical crew carefully adhere to all current government regulations for COVID-19.

ReSound

ReSound is a brand new concert series from St Martin-in-the-Fields, aiming to put St Martin's at the heart of music-making in the capital. The series is focused around an exciting range of online concerts, some of which can also be attended in-person.

The concerts are streamed through our online platform, StMartins.Digital, and are available to watch as many times as you like for 30-60 days. We also have the opportunity for you to be a part of the audience for some of our concert recordings. Explore our range of in-person and online events by visiting the links below.

Voices in the Crypt, available [online](#) until Wednesday 21 July

St Martin's Voices with Simon Russell Beale



Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day

Love bade me welcome

Long live fair Oriana

Paddington Bear's First Concert

Available [online](#) until Wednesday 21 July



Rachel Podger: The Guardian Angel

Available [online](#) until Wednesday 23 June

St Martin's Voices: Brahms Requiem

Available [online](#) until Thursday 24 June



**Will Todd Ensemble and St Martin's Voices:
Songs of Love**

Available [online](#) until Sunday 27 June

The Wind in the Willows

Available [online](#) until Friday 30 July





Benson Wilson and James Baillieu
Available online until Wednesday 7 June

Academy of St Martin in the Fields: Miniatures
Available online until Saturday 10 July



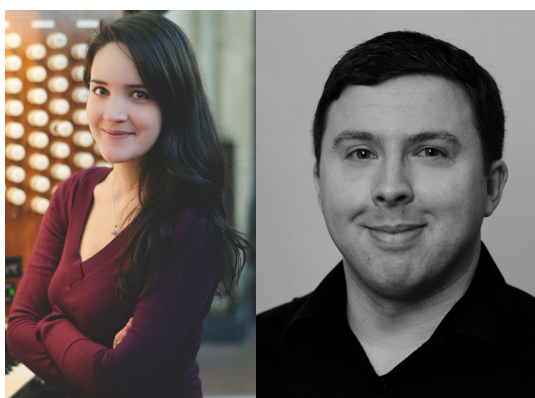
St Martin's Voices: Brahms Liebeslieder Waltzes
Available online from Tuesday 15 June,
Attend in-person, Friday 11 June, 7.00pm

**Academy of St Martin in the Fields Chamber
Concert: Duets, Trios and Quartets**
In-person only, Saturday 12 June, 12.30pm



**Quartet for the End of Time:
Melvyn Tan and Friends**
Available online from Tuesday 22 June
Attend in-person, Saturday 19 June, 7.00pm

**St Martin's Voices with Anna Lapwood:
Upon your heart**
Available online from Wednesday 23 June
Attend in-person, Monday 21 June, 7.00pm



Organ Recital: Rachel Mahon
Available online from Saturday 26 June

Organ Recital: Ben Giddens
Available online from Saturday 26 June

The Hermes Experiment

Available online from Monday 28 June
Attend in-person, Friday 25 June, 7.00pm



Vivaldi and the Osperia del Pieta

Available online from Tuesday 29 June
Attend in-person, Saturday 26 June, 7.00pm

I Fagiolini: The ache, the bite and the banger

Available online from Wednesday 30 June
Attend in-person, Thursday 24 June, 7.00pm



Free, non-ticketed events

The Song and The Story, in-person only, Sundays, 3.30pm



Choral Miniatures, Sunday 6 June

Innocence and Experience, Sunday 13 June

The Passing of the Year, Sunday 20 June

In youth is pleasure, Sunday 27 June

St Martin's Chorus:
Music for joy and living
In-person only, Saturday 26 June, 12.30pm








**Festival Evensong with the
Choir of St Martin-in-the-Fields**
*In-person, Sunday 27 June, 5.00pm,
and live-streamed*

As the impact of COVID-19 continues, we need people like you to keep supporting us
and helping the musicians we work with.

To help us keep playing on, please consider making a donation today: www.smitf.org/donate

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St Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, London, WC2N 4JJ



RESOUND