Songs from the Salon

Katherine Hambridge – Soprano
Sophie Horrocks – Mezzo-soprano
David Murray - Piano

Cécile Chaminade	Duo d'étoiles
Jeanette Bürde (née Milder)	Der Berghirt – 3 mins
Josephine Lang	Lebet Wohl (Op. 9, No. 3) – 2.38
	Am Flusse (Op. 14, No. 2) – 4.12
Pauline Viardot	Six melodies, No. 4, Haí Lulí, 3.57
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Clara Schumann	Lorelei, 2.40
Fanny Hensel	Duette auf *Texte von Heinrich Heine*:
	III. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai [1.04]
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Johanna Kinkel	Stürmisch Wandeln (Op. 18, No. 6) – 2.22
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Maria Malibran	La voix qui dit: je t'aime
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	From *Six melodies*, No. 7

Translations

Cécile Chaminade | Duo d'étoiles | Armand Silvestre

Étoile, ma sœur bien-aimée
Laissons monter dans l'air pur
Notre flamme rallumé
Sur notre beau chemin d'azur

Voisines, dans l'étendue
Nous pouvons échanger nos chants
Et sans que soit entendue
Notre plainte des coeurs méchants

Sans que jamais notre route
S'y rencontre, un destin cruel
A cloué nos coeurs à la voûte
Eternelle et froide du ciel

Par un étrange mystère
Et que rien, hélas, ne finit
Une force nous attire
Qui jamais ne nous réunit.

Dans notre éclat qui les charme,
Les hommes ne se doutent pas
Que souvent c'est une larme
Qui dans nos yeux brille là bas!

Etoile au coeur solitaire
Ma soeur au céleste séjour
Heureuse la terre
Oû seulement fleurit l'amour.

Star, my beloved sister,
Let us soar with our flames
Into the pure air
On our beautiful blue trail.

Neighbours in the vastness
We can exchange our songs
Without others hearing our sadness
about the cruelness of hearts.

Our paths can never cross,
a wicked destiny has pinned
our hearts to the eternal
and cold archway of the sky.

By some strange mystery,
And without, sadly, ever ending,
A force pulls us together
But can never unite us.

In our starlight that charms them,
Men do not have an inkling
That it is often a tear
That burns in our eyes so far away.

Star with a solitary heart
My sister with your celestial path
Lucky is the earth,
for only there can love flourish.

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Jeanette Bürde | "Der Berghirt" | Wilhelm Müller

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe Thal hernieder seh'
Und singe,

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Thal
Schwingt sich empor der Wiederhall
Der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wiederklingt
Von unten.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so fern von mir,
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber!

Die Wolken ruhen auf der Höh',
Und durch die Nebel glänzt der Schnee
Der Gipfel.

Je stolzer mir mein Mädchen thut,
Je höher steigt empor mein Muth
In Liebe.

Ein Glöckchen klingt im stillen Thal,
Die Essen rauchen überall
Im Dorfe.

Ach, Mädchen, Mädchen, nimm mich bald!
Es ist so öd', es ist so kalt
Hier oben.

When I stand on the highest cliff
I look down into the deep valley
And sing,

Far away out of the deep dark valley
There soars up an echo
From the ravines.

The further my voice reaches
The brighter it resounds to me
From below.

My beloved lives so far from me,
So I feel such heated longing for her
Over there.

The clouds rest on the heights,
And the snow glows through the mist
On the peaks.

The prouder my girl makes me feel
The higher my courage rises
With love.

A little bell is ringing in the quiet valley
There is a smell of food everywhere
In the village.

Oh my girl, my girl, take me quickly!
It is so barren, it is so cold
Up here.
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Josephine Lang | "Lebet Wohl" | Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Lebet wohl, geliebte Bäume,
Wachset in der Himmelsluft.
Tausend liebevolle Träume
Schlingen sich durch euren Duft.

Farewell, beloved trees;
Grow in the heavenly air.
A thousand fond dreams
Twine themselves through your scent.

Doch was steh' ich und verweile?	But what do I stand and linger?
Wie so schwer, so bang ist's mir?	How is [my heart] so heavy, how am I so anxious?
Ja, ich gehe! Ja, ich eile!	Yes, I go! Yes, I hasten [away]!
Aber ach mein Herz bleibt hier.	But, ah, my heart remains here.

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Josephine Lang | "Am Flusse" | Christian Reinhold

Eilende Wellen	Hurrying waves
Spielend im Licht,	Frolicking in the light,
Wenn sie zerschellen,	When they break,
Achten sie's nicht!	They do not heed it!
Sterne da schweifen	Stars rove in the river
Viel tausend im Fluß;	By the thousands;
Gleich wieder greifen	[The waves] immediately
Sie einen zum Kuß!	Catch and kiss one of them again.
In Schmerzen und Scherzen,	Thus, in pain and in jesting
Spielen mir so	Songs play,
Die Lieder im Herzen	Within my heart
Unwandelbar froh.	In unchangeable joy.
Ist eines verklungen,	If one [of the songs] fades away,
Ich denk' ihm nicht nach,	I do not hanker after it,
Kommt wieder gesprungen	For another song
Ein anderes nach.	Immediately leaps into its place,
Und fängt einen Funken	And quickly catches
Vom Lichte geschwind,	A spark from the light
Worin mir so trunken	Wherein, intoxicated,
Das Leben verrinnt.	My life flows away.
Im Lichte der Liebe	In the light of love,
Voll himmlischer Ruh',	Full of heavenly peace,
O selig Getriebe,	Oh blessed commotion,
So treibe nur zu!	Bustle onward thus!

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Pauline Viardot | "Haï luli" | Xavier de Maistre

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,
Je ne sais plus que devenir.
Mon bon ami devait venir,
Et je l'attends ici seulette.
'Hai luli, hai luli,'
Qu'il fait donc triste sans mon ami !

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,
Le fil se casse dans ma main :
Allons ! je filerai demain,
Aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine.
'Hai luli, hai luli',
Où peut donc être mon ami ?

Ah ! s'il est vrai qu'il soit volage,
S'il doit un jour m'abandonner,
Le village n'a qu'à burler
Et moi-même avec le village !
'Hai luli, hai luli,'
À quoi bon vivre sans ami ?

I am sad, I am troubled,
I no longer know what will happen!
My lover ought to come,
And I await him here alone.
'Hai luli, hai luli,'
Ah! how said it is without my love.

I sit down to spin my wool
The threads breaks in my hand
No more! I will spin tomorrow,
Today I am too much afflicted.
'Hai luli, hai luli,'
Ah! Where can my love be?

Ah! if it is true that he is faithless,
If one day he should abandon me,
The only thing is for the village to burn
And myself with the village.
Hai luli!
What use is it to live without my love?
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Viardot | "Bonjour mon Cœur" | Pierre de Ronsard

Bonjour mon cœur,
Bonjour ma douce vie,
Bonjour mon œil
Bonjour ma chere amie!

Hé! bonjour, ma toute belle,
Ma mignardise,
Bonjour, mes délices,
Mon amour,
Mon doux printemps,
Ma douce fleur nouvelle,
Mon doux plaisir,
Ma douce colombelle,
Mon passereau, ma gente tourterelle!
Bonjour ma douce rebelle.

Hail, my heart;
hail, my sweet life;
hail, my eye;
hail, my dear friend.

Hail, oh hail, my beauty,
my sweetheart;
hail, my sweet one,
my love,
my sweet spring,
my delicate new flower,
my sweet pleasure,
my gentle little dove,
my sparrow, my turtledove!
Hail, my sweet rebel.
© 2001 by Faith J. Cormier

Viardot | "Fleur desséchée" | Louis Pomey

Dans ce vieux livre l'on t'oublie,
Fleur sans parfum et sans couleur,
Mais une étrange rêverie,
Quand je te vois, emplit mon coeur.

Quel jour, quel lieu te virent naître?
Quel fut ton sort? qui t'arracha?
Qui sait? Je les connus peut-être,
Ceux dont l'amour te conserva!

Rappelais-tu, rose flétrie,
La première heure ou les adieux?
Les entretiens dans la prairie
Ou dans le boix silencieux?

Vit-il encor? existe-t-elle?
À quels rameaux flottent leurs nids!
Ou comme toi, qui fus si belle,
Leurs fronts charmants sont-ils flétris?

In this old book you lie forgotten,
Flower without scent or colour
But a strange dream fills my heart,
When I see you.

What day, what place saw your birth?
What was your fate? Who plucked you?
Who knows? Perhaps I knew them,
The one who through love preserved you

Do you remember, wilted rose,
The first hour, or the farewell?
The encounters in the fields
Or in the silent wood?

Does he still live? Is she still here?
Have their nests turned to straw?
Or, like you who was once to beautiful,
Do their charming faces now show their age?

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Clara Schumann | *Lorelei* | Heinrich Heine

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet
Sie kämmt ihr gold'nes Haar.

I'm looking in vain for the reason
That I am so sad and distressed;
A tale known for many a season
Will not allow me to rest.

Cool is the air in the twilight
And quietly flows the Rhine;
The mountain top glows with a highlight
From the evening sun's last shine.

The fairest of maiden's reposing
So wonderously up there.
Her golden treasure disclosing;
She's combing her golden hair.

Sie kämmt es mit gold'nem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei;
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewaltige Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan.

She combs it with comb of gold
And meanwhile sings a song
With melody strangely bold
And overpoweringly strong.

The boatman in his small craft
Is seized with longings, and sighs.
He sees not the rocks fore and aft;
He looks only up towards the skies.

I fear that the waves shall be flinging
Both vessel and man to their end;
This is what, with her singing,
The Lorelei did intend.
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Fanny Hensel | "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai" | Heinrich Heine

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,

Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,

Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May
When all the buds are bursting open,
There, from my own heart,
Bursts forth my own love.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May
When all the birds are singing,
So have I confessed to her
My yearning and my longing.
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Fanny Hensel | "Aus meinen Tränen sprießen" | Heinrich Heine

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

From my tears sprout forth
Many blooming flowers,
And my sighing become joined with
The chorus of the nightingales.

And if you love me, dear child,
I will send you so many flowers;
By your window should sound
The song of the nightingale
© Paul Hindemith

Johanna Kinkel | "Stürmisch Wandeln" | Gottfried Kinkel

Felsen steigen herauf, herab,
Fliegt es zum Himmel? Steigt es ins Grab?
Über die Felsen hinab, hinauf,
Geht ungehalten mein steter Lauf.

Oben umwandelt der Sturm mich rund,
Los mich zu reißen vom festen Grund.
Unten aber der Ströme Grausen,
Die grimmig schwellend zum Meere brausen;
Schnee auf den Höhn, Regen im Tal,
Grausen und Schrecken allzumal.

Nimmer verzagt, nimmer geklagt und gejammert
Sprung da gewagt, fest an den Fels dich geklammert.
Und dem Sturm zuwider mit trotziger Lust
Jauchz ich aus wild arbeitender Brust.
Und dem brausenden Gießbach,
dem eisigen Regen,
Ruf ich ein fröhliches Lied entgegen!

Rocky cliffs and steep slopes,
Am I on the way up or on the way down?
My steady ramble leads
Over the rocks, down and up.

On top of the mountain there is a strong storm
That makes me stumble.
But in the valley there are terrifying rivers
That bluster to the sea;
Snow on the top, rain in the valley,
Horror and fright everywhere.

I never gave up, I never complained,

I risked a jump, holding onto the rocks.

Against the storm, with bold happiness,
I am cheering wildly.
I sing a happy song as a response to
The icy rain,
And the roaring stream!
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Johanna Kinkel | "Blaue Augen" | Gottfried Kinkel

In ahnungsvollem Glanze
Ruht still Neapels tiefes Meer,
Es ziehn im dunklen Kranze
Die Berge schweigend rings umher.

Drin liegt, so sagt die Kunde,
Ein unbekannter Edelstein,
Drum bricht aus seinem Grunde
Ein zauberhafter heller Schein.

Und wenn du scheidest
Von dem süßen Lande,
Bleibt dir das Herz, ach,

Surrounded by ominous brightness
Naples's deep sea rests quietly,
The dark mountain range
Embraces the sea silently.

According to mythology,
An unknown jewel lies in the sea,
That's why a magic bright light
Is reflected from its ground.

And if you leave
The sweet land,
Your heart is caught, oh,

Gefesselt dort am Strande.

Doch mich riß los vom Wehe
Der Liebsten Auge wunderbar,
Und wenn hinein ich spähe,
Wird mir der große Zauber klar:

Es strahlt, als ob drin schliefe,
Des Zauberdemants Wunderschau,
Und wie des Meeres Tiefe,
Blau ist das Aug' der holden Frau.

And kept at the beach.

But my beloved's eyes
Pulled me away from the pain,
And if I look into her eyes,
Then I understand the powerful magic:

Her eye is as bright as if
The magic jewel slept in it,
And the graceful woman's eye
Is as blue as the depth of the sea.
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Johanna Kinkel | "Die Müllerin Nachbar" | Adelbert von Chamisso

Die Mühle, die dreht ihre Flügel,
Der Wind, der sauset darin:
Ich wollte, ich wäre der Müller,
Von wegen der Müllerin.

Der Müller ist gestorben,
Gott schenk ihm die ewige Ruh!
Ich wollte, es holte der Henker
Den Flegel von Knecht noch dazu.

Am Sonntag in der Kirche,
Da glaubt ich, sie schiele nach mir;
Sie schielte an mir nur vorüber,
Der Knecht, der stand an der Tür.

Und als es ging zum Tanze,
Da kam sie eben mir recht,
Sie grüßte mich freundlich und fragte –
Und fragte mich gar nach dem Knecht.

Der Knecht, der Knecht! – Ich wollte...
Mir kocht in den Adern das Blut –
Ich wollte an ihm mich rächen,
Ich wollte, ich hätte den Mut.

The mill turns its wings,
The wind whistles through it:
I wish I were the miller,
Because of the miller's maid.

The miller has died,
God grant him eternal rest!
I wish the hangman would take
The boorish servant as well.

On Sunday in church,
I thought she was glancing at me;
But she only glanced past me,
The servant stood by the door.

And when it was time to dance,
She came right to me,
She greeted me kindly and asked –
And asked me about the servant.

The servant, the servant! – I wished…
My blood boils in my veins –
I wanted to take revenge on him,
I wished I had the courage.

Ich wollte... Nun, was weiß ich?
Ich weiß nicht, wo ich bin. –
Die Mühle, die dreht ihre Flügel,
Der Wind, der sauset darin.

I wished… Well, what do I know?
I don't know where I am. –
The mill turns its wings,
The wind whistles through it.
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Johanna Kinkel | "Die Mandoline" | Wilhelm Seibt

Ich bin der Mandoline gleich,
Die dort im Saal vergessen steht;
An wunderbaren Klange reich,
Der tief zu Herzen geht.

I feel like a forgotten mandolin
That has been left in the hall;
Rich in wonderful sounds
Reaching the heart.

Doch alles bleibt in ihrer Brust,
Der Lieder reiche Zauberglut,
Und alles Weh, und alle Lust,
Denn ach, ihr Meister ruht.

But all the sounds stay in its body,
The rich magic of the songs,
And all pain, and all desire,
Ah, its player rests.
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Maria Malibran | "La voix qui dit: je t'aime" | Sylvain Blot

Petits rossignols n'ayez peur,
Rassemblez-vous sous ma fenètre:
Dans vos chants je crois reconnaitre
La voix qui parlait à mon coeur;
Abusez-moi toujours de même,
Chantez l'amour, suivez ses lois!
Ah rien n'est doux comme la voix
Qui dit: je t'aime.

Little nightingales, do not be afraid;
Gather below my window.
In your songs I think I can hear
The voice that spoke to my heart.
Deceive me thus always!
Sing of love, follow its laws!
Ah, nothing is as sweet as the voice
That says, I love you.

Autour de moi, je crois toujours
Entendre soupirer Marie,
Et comme une voix qui me crie:
Bien-aimé songe à nos amours!
Prolongez ce charme suprême,
Oiseaux fixez-vous dans ces bois!
Ah rien n'est doux comme la voix
Qui dit: je t'aime.

All around me, I still think
I can hear Marie's sighs,
Like a voice that cries out:
Beloved, think of our love!
Prolong this sublime spell,
Birds, settle here in these woods!
Ah, nothing is as sweet as the voice
That says, I love you.

Mais l'aquilon de tous cotés
Souffle en grondant sur ce rivage,
Pour éviter un temps d'orage,
Eh quoi? déjà vous me quittez!

But the north wind blows from all sides,
Rumbling along the shore.
To avoid the storm -- how can it be? --
Already you are leaving me!

Ingrats, je reviens à moi-même,
Ah rien au monde, je le vois,
N'est passager comme la voix
Qui dit: je t'aime
Ah! Rien n'est doux comme la voix
Qui dit: je t'aime.

Ungrateful ones! I come to my senses.
Oh, nothing in the world, I can see,
Is as fleeting as the voice that says I
love you,
Is as sweet as the voice that says,
I love you.

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Chaminade | "Ronde d'amour - Ah! si l'amour prenait" | Charles Fuster

Ah ! si l'amour prenait racine,
J'en planterais dans mon jardin
Pour que ma petite voisine,
Respirant la fleur assassine,
Sentît son coeur battre soudain.
Ah ! si l'amour prenait racine,
J'en planterais dans mon jardin.

If love could take root,
I would plant it in my garden.
And my little neighbor,
smelling the dangerous flower,
would feel her heart beating suddenly.
Ah! If love could take root,
I would plant it in my garden.

J'en planterais le long des routes,
J'en mettrais pour tous et pour toutes,
J'en mettrais assez pour chacun,
Et je resterais aux écoutes,
Attendant qu'il passât quelqu'un.

I should plant it along the road
I'll put it there for men and for women.
I should put enough for everyone
And I will lie and wait
for someone to pass by!

Ah ! J'en planterais le long des routes,
J'en mettrais assez pour chacun.

I should plant it along the road
I shall put enough for everyone.

Les garçons cueilleraient la plante,
Les filles souriraient mieux ;
Avec une douceur brûlante,
Les doigts unis, la voix tremblante,
Ils s'embrasseraient sur les yeux.
Les garçons cueilleraient la plante,
Les filles souriraient mieux.

The boys would pick the plant
The girls would give their best smiles.
with a gentle passion.
Fingers would unite and voice tremble.
They would embrace with their eyes
The boys would pick the plant
The girls would give their best smiles.

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Chaminade | "Mignonne" | Pierre de Ronsard

Mignonne, allons voir si la rose,
Qui ce matin avait desclose
Sa robe de pourpre au soleil,

Sweetheart, let us see if the rose
that only this morning unfolded
its scarlet dress in the sun

N'a point perdu cette vesprée
Les plis de sa robe pourprée
Et son teint au vôtre pareil.

Las! voyez comme en peu d'espace,
Mignonne, elle a, dessus la place,
Las! Las! ses beautés laissé cheoir!
Ô vraiment marâtre nature,
Puisqu'une telle fleur ne dure,
Que du matin jusques au soir!

Or donc, écoutez-moi, Mignonne,
Tandis que votre âge fleuronne
En sa plus verte nouveauté,
Cueillez, cueillez votre jeunesse:
Comme à cette fleur la vieillesse
Fera ternir votre beauté.

has lost, at vesper-time,
the folds of its scarlet dress
and its colour, so like yours.

Alas! See how rapidly,
Sweetheart, she has let
her beauty fall all over the place!
Nature is truly a cruel stepmother
when such a flower only lasts
from dawn to dusk!

So if you hear me, Sweetheart,
while your age flowers
in its greenest newness,
gather, gather your youth.
Age will tarnish your beauty
as it has faded this flower.
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Chaminade | "Espoir" | Charles Fuster

Ne dis pas que l'espoir à tout jamais t'a fui,
Ni que, cet amour mort, l'amour ne peut renaitre.
Rien ne doit s'en aller, rien ne doit disparaître,
Demain voit revenir ce qui passe aujourd'hui.

Pour une heure de vide, et d'angoisse, et d'ennui,
Tu peux maudire en paix le destin lâche et traître;
Désespéré d'un jour, tu peux pleurer peut-être:
L'aurore d'un bonheur va monter dans ta nuit!

Elle grandit, l'ardente et lumineuse aurore!

Do not say that hope has fled from you forever,
Nor that this dead love can never reflower
Nothing needs to fade, nothing disappear
Tomorrow you will see again the things that vanish today

In an hour of emptiness, anxiety and fear,
Alone, you curse destiny, traitorous and spineless
Despairing of the day, you can cry:

Yet the dawn of joy will rise during the night.

The dawn grows, glowing and bright!

Toi qui niais l'amour, tu vas aimer encore!
L'aurore va venir, l'aurore va monter!
Et, toujours saluant chaque bonheur qui passe,
Tu sentiras toujours, sous ta poitrine lasse,
Quelque tendresse battre et quelque espoir chanter.

You who denied love, will love again!

The dawn will come, the dawn will rise!
And, forever hailing each joy that passes,
You will always feel, under your drooping chest,

Some tenderness beating there and the singing of some small joy.
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Viardot | *Havanaise* |Louis Pomey

Sur la rive le flot d'argent
En chantant brise mollement,
Et des eaux avec le ciel pur
Au lointain se confond l'azur.
Quel doux hymne la mer soupire!

Viens c'est nous que sa voix attire,
Sois, ô belle! moins rebelle,
Sois, ô belle! moins cruelle,
Ah! Ah! A ses chants laisse-toi charmer!

Viens, c'est là que l'on sait aimer.
O ma belle, la mer t'appelle.
A ses chants laisse-toi charmer,
C'est en mer que l'on sait aimer,
oui c'est là que l'on sait aimer

Silvery foam on the river
sings as it breaks through the surface,
And the azure blue of the waters meld with the far away sky
What a sweet hymn the sea sighs!

Come, its voice calls us,
Beauty, be less wild!
Beauty, be less cruel!
Ah! Ah! Let yourself be charmed by its song

Come, it's there that we learn how to love.
Oh my beloved, the sea calls you.
Let yourself be charmed by its song
It's in the sea that we know how to love,
Yes, it's there that we know how to love!
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Biographies

Katherine Hambridge

Formerly an organ scholar at Worcester Cathedral and Girton College, Cambridge, Katherine trained and performed as an organist, choral conductor and singer for many years, ultimately focusing on conducting and singing. At Cambridge, where she studied music for both undergraduate and postgraduate degrees, she had many opportunities to perform in East Anglia, with consorts and as a soprano soloist across a range of oratorio and operatic repertoire, including a live solo broadcast on Radio 3's In Tune programme with the Caius Consort. As an organist, she gave recitals across the UK, including at Westminster Abbey, and toured internationally with Girton College Choir.

Since arriving in the North East, Katherine has conducted the Durham University Choral Society, Northern Spirit Singers and examines conducting for the Music Department. For her day job, she works as an Associate Professor of Music History at Durham University, specialising in German and French musical culture and thought in the nineteenth century. As a singer, she specialises in early music and German song.

Sophie Horrocks

Sophie started singing with the National Youth Choir of Scotland. She studied music at the University of Cambridge, where she sang with Clare College Choir, participating in worldwide tours including performing in Syndey Opera House. She studied for a Master's at King's College, London and, after some time working in arts administration, completed a PhD at Durham University researching French nineteenth century touring opera troupes.

Sophie has been an active member of amateur opera companies during her studies, including performing as Nurse Fillipyvna in *Eugene Onegin*, Siebel in *Faust*, Charlotte in *A Little Night Music* and Zerlina in *Don Giovanni.* Recently, she sung with the Dunedin Consort as part of the 'Bridging the Gap' scheme, as alto soloist for Mendelssohn's *Elijah* in Durham Cathedral, and for services in York Minster. Futher afield, she has sung as an extra chorister with Opéra de Dijon and Opéra National du Capitôl in *La traviata, A Jazz Christmas*, Beethoven's 9th Symphony, and at the Seine Musicale Festival.

David Murray

David Murray has been recognized as one of the North East's most acclaimed pianists, and is in constant demand as a soloist, accompanist and chamber music partner. He has been a regular accompanist for David Haslam, Sir Thomas Allen, Ian Partridge, Bradley Creswick, and Alison Pearce, with whom he has appeared in recitals all over the world. He is also well known as a choral trainer and conductor, and is permanent conductor of Bishopwearmouth Choral Society and Hexham Abbey Festival Chorus.

On an educational front David has been lucky enough to have helped many young pianists who are now starting to make their way in the musical world, especially through his work at the Weekend School at the Sage Gateshead, where he was Head of Keyboard Studies from 2004 - 2013. He continues to teach privately and is Head of Keyboard Studies at the University of Newcastle Upon Tyne, a post which he has held since 2001.