

Recital in the Round

An English Song Winterreise

Roderick Williams OBE, baritone

Christopher Glynn, piano

Friday, April 24 • 7:30 PM

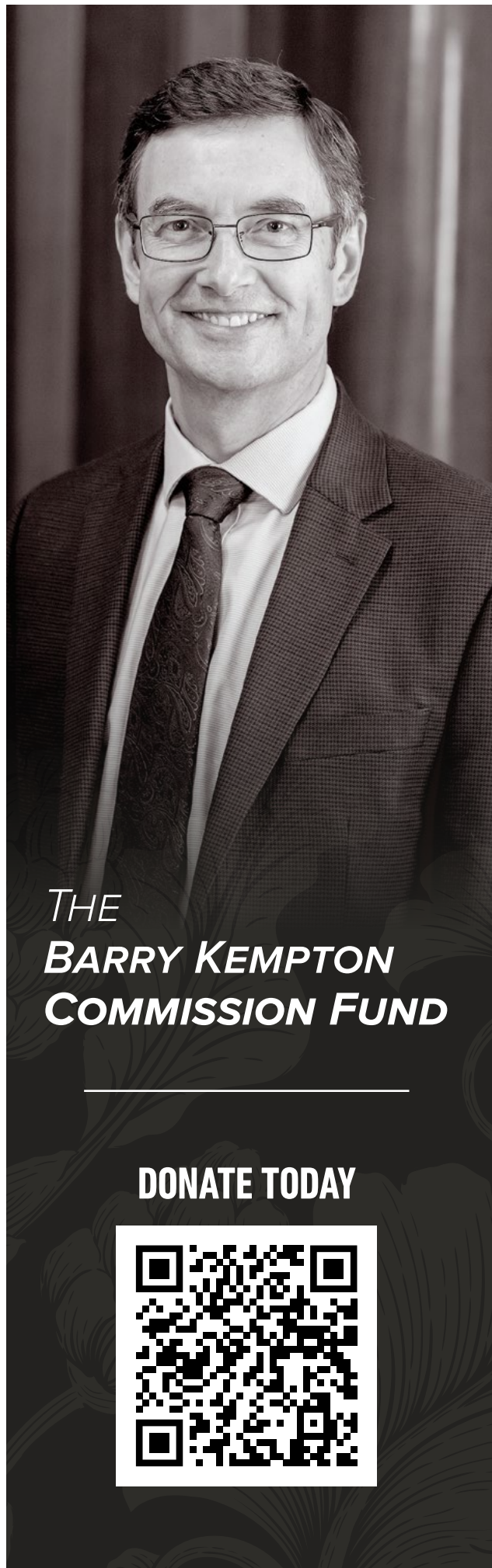
Westminster Hall, Minneapolis



This activity is made possible by the voters of Minnesota through a Minnesota State Arts Board Operating Support grant, thanks to a legislative appropriation from the arts and cultural heritage fund, and a grant from the Wells Fargo Foundation Minnesota.



Schubert Club is a recipient of Chamber Music America's Classical Commissioning: A Responsive Shift grant, funded by Chamber Music America, with generous support from the Sewell Family Foundation.



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ANNOUNCING THE **BARRY KEMPTON COMMISSION FUND**

As we prepare for Barry Kempton's departure from Schubert Club in June, we have an ambitious idea to thank him, and we would like you to join us.

Under Barry's tenure, Schubert Club has commissioned or co-commissioned more than 50 new works. To make sure Barry's passion for championing new music lives on into the future, and in recognition of his remarkable leadership, Schubert Club is establishing a special commission fund.

We invite you to contribute before June 30, 2026 to be a founding supporter of the Barry Kempton Commission Fund. Gifts of any amount are welcomed and appreciated! The total amount raised will be announced on July 1, 2027.

We hope you will join us in being a part of this new and exciting chapter at Schubert Club.

To make a donation, please contact **Amy Marret** at amarret@schubert.org or 651.292.3270, or scan the QR code to the left to donate online.

PROGRAM

FIRST HALF

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872–1958)

The Vagabond

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

ROGER QUILTER (1877–1953)

Blow, blow, thou winter wind

Text by William Shakespeare

MADELEINE DRING (1923–1977)

Weep You No More

(Text by Anonymous)

GERALD FINZI (1901–1956)

At Middle-field Gate in February

Text by Thomas Hardy

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Linden Lea

Text by William Barnes

FRANK BRIDGE (1879–1941)

Tears, Idle Tears

Text by Alfred Lloyd Tennyson

HUBERT PARRY (1848–1918)

Nightfall in Winter

Text by Langdon Elwyn Mitchell

IVOR GURNEY (1890–1937)

On the Downs

Text by John Masefield

FINZI

In the Mind's Eye

Text by Thomas Hardy

GURNEY

Lights Out

Text by Edward Thomas

INA BOYLE (1889–1967)

A Song of Enchantment

Text by Walter de la Mare

GURNEY

The Folly of Being Comforted

Text by William Butler Yeats

SECOND HALF

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913–1976)

Midnight on the Great Western

Text by Thomas Hardy

RODERICK WILLIAMS (b. 1965)

The Angel

Text by William Blake

JUDITH WEIR (b. 1954)

Written on Terrestrial Things

Text by Thomas Hardy

GERALD FINZI (1901–1956)

The Too Short Time

Text by Thomas Hardy

MICHAEL TIPPETT (1905–1998)

Come Unto These Yellow Sands

Text by William Shakespeare

ELIZABETH MACONCHY (1907–1994)

The Wind and the Rain

Text by William Shakespeare

DOREEN CARWITHEN (1922–2003)

Echo

Text by Walter de la Mare

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Whither Must I Wander?

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

FINZI

In a Churchyard

Text by Thomas Hardy

HUMPHREY PROCTER-GREGG (1895–1980)

The Stormy Evening

Robert Louis Stevenson

FINZI

Waiting Both

Text by Thomas Hardy

ERROLLYN WALLEN (b. 1958)

Peace on Earth

Text by Errollyn Wallen

INTERMISSION

Steinway D piano generously
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An English Song Exploration of Schubert's *Winterreise*

Program Note by Roderick Williams

For many years of my recital career, I managed to dodge what many would describe as the greatest, most iconic art song cycle of them all; Schubert's *Winterreise*. Perhaps I was intimidated by its reputation, its status as the pinnacle of song-writing achievement. While the greatest Lieder recitalists of the past and present seemed happy to add to the mountain of recordings, I focused on other repertoire, especially English song.

Eventually I was challenged to rectify this omission and I set about the task of learning and absorbing the cycle into my repertoire; I gave myself a full year to achieve this. One way I thought to explore the piece at the beginning of my journey was to equate each of the originals with an English song I already knew. It would be an exercise in association, and the connection could be on any level – it could be through mood, through key or tempo relationship, a simple reference in the text, a turn of phrase. I wanted to build myself a parallel song recital that would help me to embed the original as I began my preparations.

Now that I have performed *Winterreise* many times (both in its original German and also in Jeremy Sams' extraordinary English singing translation) I feel much more at ease with the cycle and its reputation. It gives me great pleasure to return to this English song programme and re-examine it in hindsight, swapping in songs that I now feel might be more appropriate, and some English repertoire I have encountered since.

Here is the result: some connections are easy to spot: when I sing the opening song, *Gute Nacht*, it is transposed into C minor, the same key as Vaughan Williams' *The Vagabond*, and they both share the same sense of trudging in the piano part. Similarly RVW's *Linden Lea* has an obvious reference to *Der Lindenbaum*, even if the moods of the songs are quite different. Other cross-references might be more subtle. Of course different companion songs will occur to different people; building one's own playlist of twenty-four songs could become the new parlour game. Here I present my current list.

ORIGINAL SCHUBERT'S *WINTERREISE*

Gute Nacht (Good night)
Die Wetterfahne (The Weather-vane)
Gefrorne Tränen (Frozen tears)
Erstarrung (Numbness)
Der Lindenbaum (The linden Tree)
Wasserflut (Torrent)
Auf dem Flusse (On the stream)
Rückblick (Backward Glance)
Irrlicht (Will-o'-the-wisp)
Rast (Resting place)
Frühlingstraum (Spring's dream)
Einsamkeit (Solitude)
Die Post (The mail-coach)
Der greise Kopf (The hoary head)
Die Krähe (The Crow)
Letzte Hoffnung (Last hope)
Im Dorfe (In the village)
Der stürmische Morgen (The stormy morning)
Täuschung (Illusion)
Der Wegweiser (The sign-post)
Das Wirtshaus (The Inn)
Mut (Courage)
Die Nebensonnen (The mock suns)
Der Leiermann (The hurdy-gurdy player)

ENGLISH COMPANION SONG

The Vagabond • Ralph Vaughan Williams
Blow, blow, thou winter wind • Roger Quilter
Weep you no more • Madeleine Dring
At Middle-field Gate in February • Gerald Finzi
Linden Lea • Ralph Vaughan Williams
Tears, idle tears • Frank Bridge
Nightfall in winter • Hubert Parry
On the Downs • Ivor Gurney
In the Mind's Eye • Gerald Finzi
Lights Out • Ivor Gurney
A Song of Enchantment • Ina Boyle
The folly of being comforted • Ivor Gurney
Midnight on the Great Western • Benjamin Britten
The Angel • Roderick Williams
Written on terrestrial things • Judith Weir
The too short time • Gerald Finzi
Come unto these yellow sands • Michael Tippett
The Wind and the Rain • Elizabeth Maconchy
Echo • Doreen Carwithen
Whither must I wander? • Ralph Vaughan Williams
In a churchyard • Gerald Finzi
The stormy evening • Humphrey Procter-Gregg
Waiting Both • Gerald Finzi
Peace on Earth • Errollyn Wallen

An English Song Winterreise

Roderick Williams, baritone

Christopher Glynn, piano

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

The Vagabond

by Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894),
appears in *Songs of Travel and other verses*,
No. 1, first published 1896

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river -
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field -
Warm the fireside haven -
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late...

Roger Quilter (1877–1953)

Blow, blow, thou winter wind

by William Shakespeare (1564–1616),
appears in *As You Like It*, Act II, Scene 7

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.



Madeleine Dring (1923–1977)

Weep You no More, Sad Fountains

Anonymous

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my Sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

Gerald Finzi (1901–1956)

At Middle-field Gate in February

by Thomas Hardy (1840–1928), "At Middle-Field Gate in February", appears in *Moments of Vision and Miscellaneous Verses*, first published 1917

The bars are thick with drops that show
As they gather themselves from the fog
Like silver buttons ranged in a row,
And as evenly spaced as if measured, although
They fall at the feeblest jog.

They load the leafless hedge hard by,
And the blades of last year's grass,
While the fallow ploughland turned up nigh
In raw rolls, clammy and clogging lie
Too clogging for feet to pass.

How dry it was on a farback day
When straws hung the hedge and around,
When amid the sheaves in amorous play
In curtained bonnets and light array
Bloomed a bevy now underground!

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

Linden Lea

by William Barnes (1801 – 1886), "My Orcha'd in Linden Lea", appears in *Homely Rhymes. A Second Collection of Poems in the Dorset Dialect*, first published 1859

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 fruits 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.

Frank Bridge (1879–1941)

Tears, idle tears

by Alfred Tennyson, Lord (1809–1892), appears in *The Princess*, first published 1847

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

Hubert Parry (1848–1918)

Nightfall in winter

by Langdon Elwyn Mitchell (1862–1935)

Cold is the air,
The woods are bare
And brown; the herd
Stand in the yard.
The frost doth fall;
And round the hill
The hares move slow;
The homeward crow,
Alone and high,
Crosses the sky
All silently.

The quick streams freeze;
The moving trees
Are still; for now
No breeze will blow:
The wind has gone
With the day, down,
And clouds are come
Bearing the gloom.
The yellow grass
In the clear glass
Of the bright pool
Grows soft and dull.

The water's eye
That held the sky
Now glazes quite;
And now the light
On the cold hill
Fadeth, until
The giant mass
Doth seem to pass
From near to far;
The clouds obscure
The sky with gloom:
The night is come,
The night is come.

Ivor Gurney (1890–1937)

On the Downs

by John Masefield (1878–1967)

Up on the downs the red-eyed kestrels hover,
Eyeing the grass,
The field-mouse flits like a shadow into cover
As their shadows pass.

Men are burning the gorse on the down's shoulder;
A drift of smoke
Glitters with fire and hangs, and the skies smoulder,
And the lungs choke.

Once the tribe did thus on the downs,
on these downs burning
Men in the frame,
Crying to the gods of the downs till their brains
were turning
And the gods came.

And today on the downs, in the wind,
the hawks, the grasses,
In blood and air,
Something passes me and cries as it passes,
On the chalk downland bare.

Gerald Finzi (1901–1956)

In the Mind's Eye

by Thomas Hardy (1840–1928), "The phantom",
appears in *Time's Laughingstocks and Other Verses*,
first published 1909, rev 1916

That was once her casement,
And the taper nigh,
Shining from within there,
Beckoned, "Here am I!"

Now, as then, I see her
Moving at the pane;
Ah, 'tis but her phantom
Borne within my brain!

Foremost in my vision
Everywhere goes she;
Change dissolves the landscapes,
She abides with me.

Shape so sweet and shy, Dear,
Who can say thee nay?
Never once do I, Dear,
Wish thy ghost away.

Ivor Gurney (1890–1937)

Lights Out

by Edward Thomas (1878–1917), “Lights out”

I have come to the borders of sleep,
The unfathomable deep
Forest where all must lose
Their way, however straight
Or winding, soon or late;
They can not choose.

Here love ends –
Despair, ambition ends;
All pleasure and all trouble,
Although most sweet or bitter,
Here ends, in sleep that is sweeter
Than tasks most noble.

There is not any book
Or face of dearest look
That I would not turn from now
To go into the unknown
I must enter, and leave, alone,
I know not how.

Ina Boyle (1889–1967)

A Song of Enchantment

by Walter De la Mare (1873–1956),
“A Song of Enchantment”, appears in *Peacock Pie*:
A Book of Rhymes, in 8. Songs, No. 4,
first published 1913

A Song of Enchantment I sang me there,
In a green-green wood, by waters fair,
Just as the words came up to me
I sang it under the wild wood tree.

Widdershins turned I, singing it low,
Watching the wild birds come and go;
No cloud in the deep dark blue to be seen
Under the thick-thatched branches green.

Twilight came; silence came;
The planet of Evening’s silver flame;
By darkening paths I wandered through
Thickets trembling with drops of dew.

But the music is lost and the words are gone
Of the song I sang as I sat alone,
Ages and ages have fallen on me -
On the wood and the pool and the elder tree.

Ivor Gurney (1890–1937)

The folly of being comforted

by William Butler Yeats (1865–1939),
“The folly of being comforted”, appears in
The Seven Woods, first published 1904

One that is ever kind said yesterday:
“Your well-beloved’s hair has threads of grey,
And little shadows come about her eyes;
Time can but make it easier to be wise,
Though now it’s hard, till trouble is at an end;
And so be patient, be wise and patient, friend.”

But, heart, there is no comfort, not a grain;
Time can but make her beauty over again,
Because of that great nobleness of hers;
The fire that stirs about her, when she stirs,
Burns but more clearly. O she had not these ways,
When all the wild summer was in her gaze.

O heart! O heart! If she’d but turn her head,
You’d know the folly of being comforted.

INTERMISSION

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

Midnight on the Great Western

by Thomas Hardy (1840–1928),
“Midnight on the Great Western”,
appears in *Moments of Vision and*
Miscellaneous Verses, first published 1917

In the third-class seat sat the journeying boy,
And the roof-lamp’s oily flame
Played down on his listless form and face,
Bewrapt past knowing to what he was going,
Or whence he came.

In the band of his hat the journeying boy
Had a ticket stuck; and a string
Around his neck bore the key of his box,
That twinkled gleams of the lamp’s sad beams
Like a living thing.

What past can be yours, O journeying boy
Towards a world unknown,
Who calmly, as if incurious quite
On all at stake, can undertake
This plunge alone?

Knows your soul a sphere, O journeying boy,
Our rude realms far above,
Whence with spacious vision you mark and mete
This region of sin that you find you in,
But are not of?

Roderick Williams

The Angel

by William Blake (1757 – 1827), “The angel”, appears in *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, in *Songs of Experience*, No. 11, first published 1794

I dreamt a dream! what can it mean?
And that I was a maiden Queen,
Guarded by an Angel mild:
Witless woe was ne’er beguil’d!

And I wept both night and day,
And he wip’d my tears away,
And I wept both day and night,
And hid from him my heart’s delight.

So he took his wings and fled;
Then the morn blush’d rosy red;
I dried my tears, and arm’d my fears
With ten thousand shields and spears.

Soon my Angel came again:
I was arm’d, he came in vain;
For the time of youth was fled,
And grey hairs were on my head.

Judith Weir (b. 1954)

Written on terrestrial things

by Thomas Hardy (1840–1928),
“By the century’s deathbed”, December 31st, 1899

I leaned upon a coppice gate
When frost was specter-gray,
And winter’s dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land’s sharp features seemed to be
The Century’s corpse outleant;
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervorless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,

Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

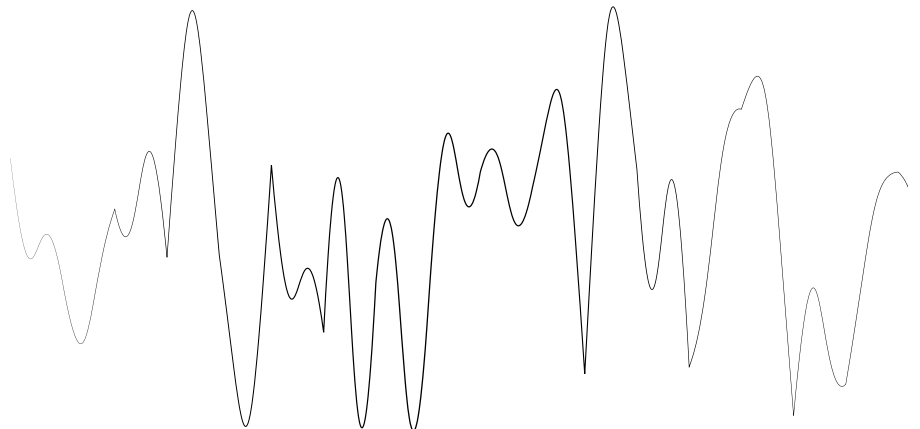
Gerald Finzi (1901–1956)

The too short time

by Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), “The Best she Could”, appears in *Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs, and Trifles*, first published 1925

Nine leaves a minute
Swim down shakily;
Each one fain would spin it
Straight to earth; but, see,
How the sharp airs win it
Slantwise away! Hear it say,
“Now we have finished our summer show
Of what we knew the way to do:
Alas, not much! But, as things go,
As fair as any. And night-time calls,
And the curtain falls!”

Sunlight goes on shining
As if no frost were here,
Blackbirds seem designing
Where to build next year;
Yet is warmth declining:
And still the day seems to say,
“Saw you how Dame Summer drest?
Of all God taught her she bethought her!
Alas, not much! And yet the best
She could, within the too short time
Granted her prime.”



Michael Tippett (1905–1998)

Come unto these yellow sands

by William Shakespeare (1564–1616),
appears in *The Tempest*, Act I, scene 2

Come unto these yellow sands,
Then take hands:
Curtsied when you have and kissed,
The wild waves whist:
Foot it feately here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.
The watch dogs bark;
Bow-wow.
Hark, hark!
I hear the strain of strutting Chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle dow.

Elizabeth Maconchy (1907–1994)

The Wind and the Rain

by William Shakespeare (1564–1616),
appears in *Twelfth Night* Act V, Scene 1

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

Doreen Carwithen (1922–2003)

Echo

by Walter De la Mare (1873–1956), "Echo",
appears in *Bells and Grass: A Book of Rhymes*,
first published 1941

Seven sweet notes
In the moonlight pale
Warbled a leaf-hidden
Nightingale:
And Echo hiding
By an old green wall
Under the willows
Sighed back them all.

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

Whither must I wander?

by Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894), appears in
Songs of Travel and other verses, No. 16, to the tune of
Wandering Willie, first published 1896

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather:
Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust.

Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door -
Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight,
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.

Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees
and flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours.

Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood -
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney -
But I go for ever and come again no more.

Gerald Finzi (1901–1956)

In a churchyard

by Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), “While drawing in a churchyard”, appears in *Moments of Vision and Miscellaneous Verses*, first published 1917

“It is sad that so many of worth,
Still in the flesh,” soughed the yew,
“Misjudge their lot whom kindly earth
Secludes from view.

“They ride their diurnal round
Each day-span’s sum of hours
In peerless ease, without jolt or bound
Or ache like ours.

“If the living could but hear
What is heard by my roots as they creep
Round the restful flock, and the things said there,
No one would weep.”

“Now set among the wise,”
They say: “Enlarged in scope,
That no God trumpet us to rise
We truly hope.”

I listened to his strange tale
In the mood that stillness brings,
And I grew to accept as the day wore pale
That view of things.

Humphrey Procter-Gregg (1895–1980)

The stormy evening

by Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894),
“The Stormy Evening”, appears in *Songs of Travel and other verses*, No. 18

The stormy evening closes now in vain,
Loud wails the wind and beats the driving rain,
While here in sheltered house
With firey-painted walls,
I hear the wind abroad,
I hark the calling squalls -
‘Blow, blow,’ I cry, ‘you burst your cheeks in vain!
Blow, blow,’ I cry, ‘my love is home again!’

Yon ship you chase perchance but yesternight
Bore still the precious freight of my delight,
That here in sheltered house
With firey-painted walls,
Now hears the wind abroad,
Now harks the calling squalls.
‘Blow, blow,’ I cry, ‘in vain you rouse the sea,
My rescued sailor shares the fire with me!’

Gerald Finzi (1901–1956)

Waiting Both

by Thomas Hardy (1840–1928), “Waiting both”

A star looks down at me,
And says: “Here I and you
Stand, each in our degree:
What do you mean to do, -
Mean to do?”

I say: “For all I know,
Wait, and let Time go by,
Till my change come.” - “Just so,”
The star says: “So mean I: -
So mean I.”

Errollyn Wallen

Peace on Earth

And snow falls down on me.
Peace on earth.
The night is dark and soft.
Peace on earth.
The lights that sparkle in the square,
The smoke that lingers in the air.

Peace on earth.
And grace falls down on me.
Peace on earth.
The dark will turn aside.
Peace on earth.
The fires that burn in every hearth
Do sing our praise of Christmas past.
Peace on earth.

Hear them singing.

Peace on earth.





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Roderick Williams

Roderick Williams is one of the UK's most sought-after baritones and is constantly in demand on the concert platform and in recital, encompassing repertoire from the baroque to world premieres.

Opera engagements have included major roles at leading opera houses worldwide including the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, English National Opera, Dutch National Opera, Dallas Opera, the Bregenz Festival and Oper Köln. He has been involved in many world premieres including Alexander Knaifel's *Alice in Wonderland*, several operas by Michel van der Aa, the title role in Robert Saxton's *The Wandering Jew*, and the UK premiere of Sally Beamish's *Judas Passion* with the Orchestra of the Age of the Enlightenment.

Notable operatic engagements have included Oronte in Charpentier's *Medée*, Toby Kramer in van der Aa's *Sunken Garden*, Don Alfonso / *Così fan Tutte* and Sharpless / *Madam Butterfly* and baritone in a staging of Britten's *War Requiem* for English National Opera, the title role in *Eugene Onegin* for Garsington Opera, the title role in *Billy Budd* for Opera North, van der Aa's *After Life* at Melbourne State Theatre and at Opera de Lyon, and van der Aa's *Upload* for Dutch National Opera, the Bregenz Festival, Oper Köln and at the Park Avenue Armory in New York. He has also appeared as Papageno and as Ulysses / *Il Ritorno di Ulisse* in *Patria* for the Royal Opera House, Toby Kramer for Dallas Opera, and Christus / *St John Passion* in staged performances with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, both under Sir Simon Rattle. In 2023 he sang Germont in *La Traviata* at the St Endellion Festival and recorded the role for a new film by Opera Glassworks which was released on Sky Arts in January 2025. Future engagements include Yeletsky / *Pique Dame* for Garsington Opera.

Recent and future concert engagements include performances with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic, BBC National Orchestra of Wales, BBC Philharmonic, BBC Symphony, Royal Scottish National Orchestra, the Hallé, Britten Sinfonia, City of London Sinfonia, Scottish Chamber Orchestra, Gabrieli Consort, The Sixteen, The King's Consort, Le Concert Spirituel, Ensemble Orchestral de Paris, Berlin Philharmonic, RIAS Kammerchor, Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin, Netherlands Radio Philharmonic, St Paul Chamber Orchestra, Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra, Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, Bayerische Rundfunk,

San Francisco Symphony, Music of the Baroque Chicago, New York Philharmonic, Utah Symphony, Cincinnati Symphony, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, Sao Paulo Symphony, Bach Collegium Japan, and Singapore Symphony. He is a regular performer at the BBC Proms, featuring as the soloist in the Last Night in 2014, and most recently appearing in the *St Matthew Passion* in 2021, and the world premiere of Matthew Kaner's 'Pearl' in 2022. Other recent engagements included tours of Japan with the BBC SO, of Europe with the RIAS Kammerchor, and of North America with Bach Collegium Japan.

He is an accomplished recital artist who can be heard regularly at venues and festivals including Wigmore Hall, Kings Place, LSO St Luke's, the Perth Concert Hall, Ludlow Song Festival, Oxford Lieder Festival, Howard Assembly Room in Leeds, Bath International Festival, Three Choirs Festival, Aldeburgh Festival, Edinburgh International Festival, the Concertgebouw and the Musikverein. In 2019 he performed all three Schubert cycles at Wigmore Hall. His recital programmes often feature repertoire by British composers, including many new works. He appears frequently on BBC Radio 3 and Radio 4 as both performer and presenter.

His numerous recordings include Vaughan Williams, Berkeley and Britten operas for Chandos, and an extensive repertoire of English song with pianist Iain Burnside for Naxos. Other recent recordings include an award-winning disc of French song with Roger Vignoles for Champs Hill Records, the three Schubert Cycles with Iain Burnside for Chandos, and recordings of Stanford and Somervell with Susie Allan for Somm. He has also recorded Schubert's *Winter Journey* in a new translation by Jeremy Samms with Christopher Glynn for Signum. He sang Captain Balstrode / *Peter Grimes* with the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra for Chandos (*Gramophone* Recording of the Year 2021). He has also recorded his own arrangement of Butterworth's *A Shropshire Lad* and other English repertoire with the Hallé and Sir Mark Elder, also for Chandos.

He is an established composer and has recently taken up the role of Composer in Association of the BBC Singers. Commissions include a major work, *World without End*, for the RIAS Kammerchor and BBC Singers, as well as a commission to celebrate the centenary of the RAF. He was Artistic Director of Leeds Lieder + in April 2016 and Artist in Residence with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra 2020-2022. Currently he is 'singer-in-residence' for Music in the Round in Sheffield, presenting concerts and leading on dynamic and innovative learning and participation projects that introduce amateur singers, young and old, to performing classical song repertoire. In 2023 he was Artistic Director of the St Endellion Summer Festival, and Artist in Residence at the Aldeburgh Festival.

In 2016 he won the Royal Philharmonic Society's Singer of the Year award, and in June 2017 was awarded an OBE for services to music. He also performed at the Coronation of King Charles III in 2023.



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Christopher Glynn

Christopher Glynn is a Grammy award-winning artist and one of the UK's foremost collaborative pianists. Praised for his 'breathtaking sensitivity' (Gramophone), 'irrepressible energy, wit and finesse' (The

Guardian) and 'revelatory performances' (BBC Music Magazine), he performs with leading singers, instrumentalists and ensembles throughout the world and has made many acclaimed and ground-breaking recordings.

His recital partners have included Sir Thomas Allen, John Mark Ainsley, Benjamin Appl, Fleur Barron, Sophie Bevan, Julian Bliss, Claire Booth, Ian Bostridge, Allan Clayton, Dame Sarah Connolly, Hugh Cutting, Sophie Daneman, Bernarda Fink, Steven Isserlis, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Christiane Karg, Jonas Kaufmann, Dame Emma Kirkby, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Mark Padmore, Ian Partridge, Rowan Pierce, Joan Rodgers, Kate Royal, Kathryn Rudge, Nicky Spence, Bryn Terfel, Sir John Tomlinson, Robin Tritschler, Ailish Tynan, Adam Walker, Elizabeth Watts, Roderick Williams and many others.

Chris also performs with many leading chamber ensembles; with choirs including The Sixteen and VOCES8; and on historic pianos with artists including Rachel Podger, with whom he has recorded Mozart and Beethoven sonatas ('performances of supreme eloquence and style' – The Scotsman).

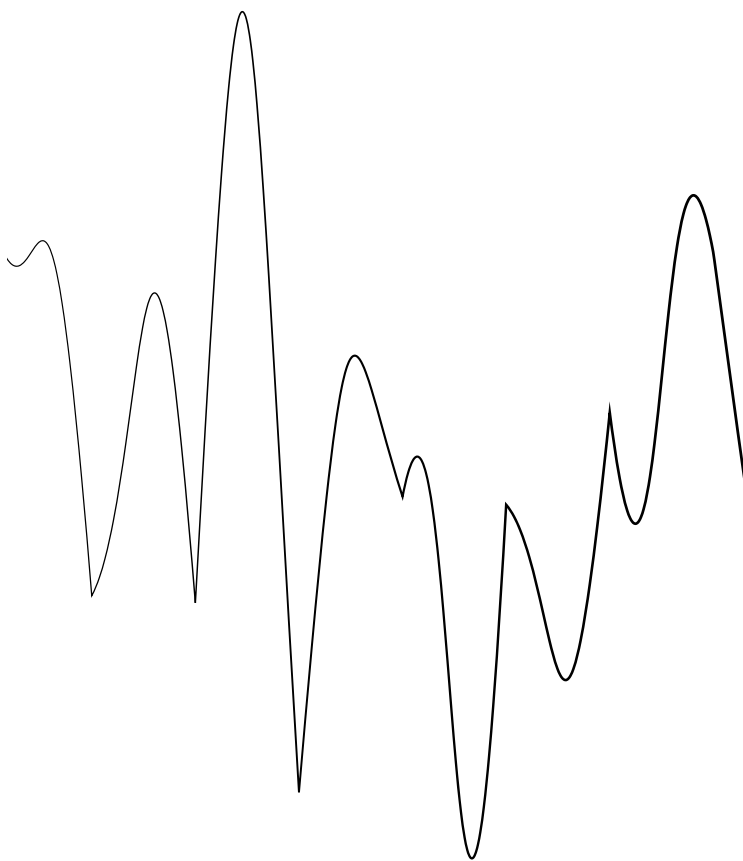
Highlights include performances at the BBC Proms, Wigmore Hall, Carnegie Hall, Aldeburgh Festival, Royal Opera House, Barbican, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Vienna Konzerthaus and tours to Japan, USA, Canada, Brazil, China and South Asia. Chris has also collaborated with a wide range of organisations, from the Richard Alston Dance Company to Streetwise Opera, and is often heard on Radio 3 and Classic FM.

Recognised by The Times as a 'visionary' and 'inspired programmer', Chris combines his performing life with the role of Artistic Director at the Ryedale Festival, where he

programmes around 70 events every year in beautiful and historic venues across North Yorkshire. He has also been invited to curate several concert series for the Wigmore Hall, and to guest-direct projects at the National Portrait Gallery, Royal Academy of Music, King's Place and several international festivals.

In 2015, Chris founded Polyhymnia to bring classical song to a wider audience, initially by commissioning Jeremy Sams to create new English versions of song cycles by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Wolf. These new translations have been performed widely (including on a nationwide schools tour with Roderick Williams) and recorded for Signum Records. The Telegraph described the project as 'quietly daring yet superbly accomplished', while The Scotsman praised it for having 'done more to make music accessible than any number of Arts Council initiatives.'

In 2021, Chris was elected a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music. Future plans include the world premiere of a new song cycle by Gavin Higgins, and recitals and recording projects with Roderick Williams, Claire Booth, Eric Whitacre, Hugh Cutting, Harriet Burns, Nick Pritchard, Rowan Pierce, Tamsin Waley-Cohen, Mathilde Mildowsky, VOCES8 and Rachel Podger.



Reflections On My Tenure

Barry Kempton *Artistic & Executive Director, 2012-2026*



At the beginning of the season, I announced that 2026–27 would be my final one as Director of the Schubert Club. Back in September, the end of this season seemed a long way off, but it is fast approaching. I am beginning to reflect on the extraordinary privilege I have enjoyed of leading Schubert Club for the past fourteen-plus years.

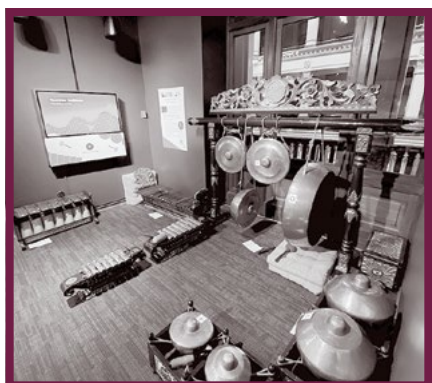
With our collective passion for music channeled into concert presenting, music education, scholarship awards, and a Museum, Schubert Club is quite unusual—if not unique. We’re no longer a club with membership (that structure was abandoned some 100 years ago), but we value the concept of belonging; we focus on music performed on a smaller scale—recitals and chamber music where a musician’s voice and virtuosity are on full display; and throughout the organization—staff, board members, donors and ticket buyers - we are blessed with people who care about music, music education and the Schubert Club.

So, what have been the highlights? It’s hard to choose favorites, of course! But knowing that I am excluding many extraordinary performances and experiences, I will offer the following five “forever memories.”



1. The Danish String Quartet’s Beethoven Quartet cycle

Originally scheduled in May 2020 as a Beethoven anniversary project, the event was postponed twice due to COVID-19. We succeeded on our third attempt in November 2021. Live concerts had just returned, and we still had COVID protocols in place. Despite that, some 240 Beethoven fans attended the whole cycle—six performances in seven days. Hundreds more single ticket buyers joined for one or more concerts. Most importantly, we got to hear one of today’s great string quartets share unforgettable interpretations of the fifteen quartets. These were performances of an extraordinary musical and technical standard. *(As an aside, the Shostakovich quartet cycle by the Jerusalem Quartet last season was similarly revelatory.)*



2. The Schubert Club Music Museum Reopening

Our Museum Committee, Kate Cooper, Gweni Caine, and I spent a long time imagining a Museum that invited visitors to interact with exhibits and featured more musical instruments from around the world. The pandemic slowed us down, but it didn’t ultimately affect the major transformation that led to today’s Music Museum at Landmark Center. Instruments to play, buttons to push, keyboards to learn on—I really believe there is something there for every music lover.



3. The 140th Anniversary Celebration

There was quite a buzz when we announced the 2019-20 season. Royal wedding cellist Sheku Kanneh-Mason would play a recital with his sister Isata. A year or so later, as we thought about a Gala event to celebrate Schubert Club's 140th anniversary, I wondered whether there was any chance at all of inviting Sheku and Isata back to perform with their five sisters and brother - equally talented siblings. It seemed unlikely, but somehow we found a date that worked for those seven amazing young musicians, Schubert Club, and the Ordway. Our friends at Minnesota Opera even built their set so they could withdraw sections between performances, allowing us, Schubert Club, to squeeze a concert in on an Opera rest day. (That is the Arts Partnership at its best!) Hearing the extraordinary family of Kanneh-Masons playing together was the best way I can imagine to celebrate Schubert Club's most recent milestone!



4. The Hamburg Steinway Piano Selection

A small Schubert Club delegation, including me, visited Hamburg, Germany to go shopping. Just one item on the shopping list: a Steinway concert grand piano! These hand-crafted instruments are so much in demand that we had to wait nine months from paying our deposit to getting an appointment at the piano showroom. The icing on the cake was the coincidence that Leif Ove Andsnes had a recital in Hamburg right after our appointment day and agreed to travel to Hamburg a day early to select a piano for us. We had a choice of eight magnificent Steinway Model Ds. And we got to hear one of the world's great pianists put all eight through their paces. Of course, the eight pianos were remarkable instruments, but for Leif Ove, one had a special character. And that piano now lives backstage at the Ordway. I'm filled with joy every time we hear it.

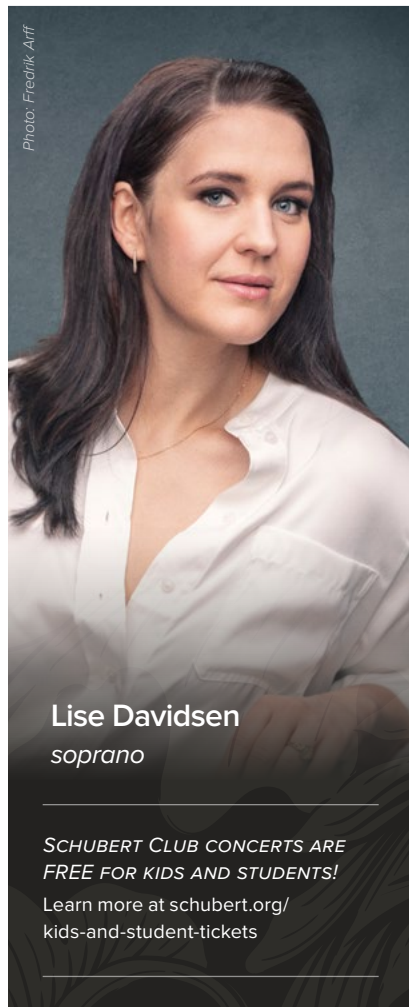


5. The Human Voice

Am I cheating by including multiple unforgettable vocal recitals over the past 14-plus years? Maybe just a little, but so what? Joyce DiDonato, Dmitri Hvorostovsky, Jessye Norman, Bryn Terfel, Susan Graham, Renée Fleming, Golda Schultz and many others graced our stage during my tenure and I get a chill just thinking about them. I also have special memories of sitting alone in the Ordway Concert Hall, listening to recitals by Jamie Barton and Lawrence Brownlee that we live-streamed during the pandemic. The circumstance might have been unwelcome, but experiencing artistry of that quality alone in our world-class concert hall is something I'll never forget.

Gary Kuyper

As the Brits would say in cricketing parlance, I've had a good innings. I also know how lucky I've been. Even though most of you already know this, it doesn't hurt to reiterate that Schubert Club is a truly special organization with an incredible history and a bright future. Please cherish it and support it, so that Schubert Club continues to create musical memories we—and future generations of audiences—will never forget.



Lise Davidsen
soprano

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