

SCHOLA  
Cantorum of Oxford

Steven Grahl  
Conductor  
Hattie Twigger-Ross  
Conducting Scholar

# Where the bee sucks, there suck I



Frank Martin – *Songs Of Ariel*

Judith Weir – *Vertue*

Gerald Finzi – *Seven Poems of Robert Bridges*

English Song from

Patrick Keefe – Baritone

Samuel Mitchell – Piano

Monday 10th June 2024, 8.00 pm

The New Space, Mansfield Road, Oxford, OX1 3TZ

## From the Chairman of the Trustees



Welcome to the summer concert given by Schola Cantorum of Oxford, the University's premier chamber choir. Schola Cantorum provides a great musical experience for its members, but also gives audiences in Oxford access to a wonderful range of choral repertoire – both sacred and secular. The choir sets out to challenge the best young singers from across the University to perform to the highest standards, and to provide an outstanding musical performance experience.

The choir has an enviable and unbroken 60-year history and has played a pivotal role in the development of an astonishing number of singers and choral conductors of the last six decades, building an international reputation through extensive tours and recordings.

If you would like to receive regular information about its concerts, please email us at [admin@schola-cantorum.net](mailto:admin@schola-cantorum.net) or use the QR code below to sign up via our website at [www.schola-cantorum.net](http://www.schola-cantorum.net).

*Dame Hilary Boulding DBE  
Chair of the Trustees, Schola Cantorum of Oxford*

**Schola Cantorum of Oxford acknowledges with gratitude the generous support of the Roger and Ingrid Pilkington Trust.**



# PROGRAMME

Seven part songs of Robert Bridges    Gerald Finzi

King David    Herbert Howells

For life I had never cared greatly    Gerald Finzi

Vertue    Judith Weir

Tired    Ralph Vaughan Williams

The Crimson Rose    Muriel Herbert

Love Bade me Welcome    Judith Weir

Fulll Fathom Five    John Jeffreys

To Gratiana Dancing and Singing    William Denis Browne

Captain Stratton's Fancy    Peter Warlock

Songs of Ariel    Frank Martin

Please switch off mobile phones  
Photography is not permitted during the performance

## NOTES ON THE MUSIC

### *Seven part songs of Robert Bridges - Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)*

Gerald Finzi was born into a Jewish family in London on 14 July 1901. His father was of Italian origin and his mother, German. Despite his background, Finzi became one of the most characteristically English of composers as well as an agnostic who wrote heartfelt Christian choral music. Finzi's publisher describes this work as "a wide-ranging quintessentially English setting of lyrical poetry by Robert Bridges (1844-1930), resulting in some of the finest unaccompanied part songs of their period." There is a great deal of variety in the set from the simple and direct setting of *I praise the tender flower*, the omission of the basses in *I have loved flowers that fade*, through the elated emotions of *My spirit sang all day*, to the sultry summer by the river in *Clear and gentle stream*, the beautiful and ruminative *Nightingales* with its extraordinary ending, the lightness of touch in *Haste on, my joys!*, and weighty emotions expressed in the last song *Wherefore tonight so full of care*.

#### 1. I Praise the Tender Flower

I praise the tender flower,  
That on a mournful day  
Bloomed in my garden bower  
And made the winter gay.  
Its loveliness contented  
My heart tormented.

I praise the gentle maid,  
Whose happy voice and smile  
To confidence betrayed  
My doleful heart while:  
And gave my spirit deploring  
Fresh wings for soaring.  
The maid for very fear  
Of love I durst not tell:  
The rose could never hear,  
Though I bespake her well:  
So in my song I bind them  
For all to find them.

#### 2. I Have Loved Flowers That Fade

I have loved flowers that fade,  
Within whose magic tents  
Rich hues have marriage  
With sweet unmemoried scents:  
A honeymoon delight,  
A joy of love at sight,  
That ages in an hour:  
My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs, that die  
Before their charm is writ  
Along a liquid sky  
Trembling to welcome it.  
Notes, that with pulse of fire  
Proclaim that spirit's desire,  
Then die, and are nowhere:  
My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,  
And wither as a bloom:  
Fear not a flowery death,  
Dread an airy tomb!  
Fly with delight, fly hence!  
'Twas thine love's tender sense  
To feast; now on thy bier  
Beauty shall shed a tear.

### 3. My Spirit Sang All Day

My spirit sang all day  
O my joy.  
Nothing my tongue could say,  
Only my joy!

My heart an echo caught-  
O my joy  
And spake,  
Tell me thy thought,  
Hide not thy joy.

My eyes gan peer around,  
O my joy-  
What beauty hast thou found?  
Shew us thy joy.

My jealous ears grew whist;  
O my joy-  
Music from heaven is't,  
Sent for our joy?

She also came and heard;  
O my joy,  
What, said she, is this word?  
What is thy joy?

And I replied, O see,  
O my joy,  
'Tis thee, I cried, 'tis thee:  
Thou art my joy

### 4. Clear and Gentle Stream

Clear and gentle stream!  
Known and love so long,  
That hast hear the song  
And the idle dream  
Of my boyish day;  
While I once again  
Down thy margin stray,  
In the self-same strain

Still my voice is spent,  
With my old lament  
And my idle dream.

Clear and gentle stream!  
Where my old seat was  
Here again I sit,  
Where the long boughs knit  
Over stream and grass  
A translucent eaves:  
Where back eddies play  
Shipwreck with the leaves,  
And the proud swans stray,  
Sailing one by one  
Out of stream and sun,  
And the fish lie cool  
In their chosen pool.

Many an afternoon  
Of the summer day  
Dreaming here I lay;  
And I know how soon,  
Idly at its hour,  
First the deep bell hums  
From the minster tower,  
And then evening comes,  
Creeping up the glade,  
With her lengthening shade,  
And the tardy boon,  
Of her brightening moon.

Clear and gentle stream!  
Ere again I go  
Where thou dost not flow,  
Well does it beseech Thee to hear again  
Once my youthful song,  
That familiar strain  
Silent now so long:  
Be as I content  
With my old lament  
And my idle dream,  
Clear and gentle stream.

### 5. Nightingales

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,  
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams,  
Where-from Ye learn your song:  
Where are those starry woods?

O might I wander there,  
Among the flowers,  
Which in that heavenly air  
Bloom the year long!

Nay, barren are those mountains are spent the streams:  
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,  
A throe of the heart,  
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,  
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,  
For all our art.

Alone, aloud, in the raptured ear of men  
We pour our dark nocturnal secret; and then,  
As night is with drawn  
From these sweet springing meads and bursting boughs of May,  
Dream, while the innumerable choir  
Welcome the dawn.

## 6. Haste on, My Joys

Haste on, my joys! your treasure lies  
In swift unceasing flight.  
O haste: for while your beauty flies I  
seize your full delight.

Lo! I have seen the scented flower,  
Whose tender stems I cull,  
For her brief date and metted hour  
appear more beautiful.

O youth, O strength, O most divine  
For that so short ye prove;  
Were but your rare gifts longer mine,  
Ye scare would win my love.  
Nay, life itself the hear would spurn,  
Did once the days restore  
The days, that once enjoyed return,  
Return ah! nevermore.

## 7. Wherefore To-Night So Full of Care

Wherefore tonight of care,  
My soul, revolving hopeless strife,  
Pointing at hindrance, and the bare  
Painful escapes of fitful life?

Shaping the doom that maybe fall  
By precedent of terror past:  
By love dishonoured, and the call  
Of friendship slighted at the last?

By treasured names, the little store  
That memory out of wreck could save  
Of loving hearts, that gone before  
Call their old comrade to the grave?

O soul, be patient: thou shalt find  
A little matter mend all this;  
Some strain of music to thy mind,  
Some praise for skill not spent amiss.

Again shall pleasure overflow  
Thy cup with sweetness, thou shalt  
taste  
Nothing but sweetness, and shalt grow  
Half sad for sweetness run to waste.

O happy life! I hear thee sing,  
O rare delight of mortal stuff!  
I praise my days for all they bring,  
Yet are they only not enough.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ***King David* - Herbert Howells (1892-1983)**

Herbert Howells was a composer, organist, and teacher, most famous for his large output of choral and organ music. This song is a setting of a poem by Walter de la Mare (1873-1956).

### **King David**

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.

## ***For life I had never cared greatly* - Gerald Finzi**

Words by Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

### **For life I had never cared greatly**

For Life I had never cared greatly,  
As worth a man's while;  
Peradventures unsought,  
Peradventures that finished in nought,  
Had kept me from youth and through manhood till lately  
Unwon by its style.

In earliest years -- why I know not --  
I viewed it askance;  
Conditions of doubt,  
Conditions that leaked slowly out,

May haply have bent me to stand and to show not  
Much zest for its dance.

With symphonies soft and sweet colour  
It courted me then,  
Till evasions seemed wrong,  
Till evasions gave in to its song,  
And I warmed, until living aloofly loomed duller  
Than life among men.

Anew I found nought to set eyes on,  
When, lifting its hand,  
It uncloaked a star,  
Uncloaked it from fog-damps afar,  
And showed its beams burning from pole to horizon  
As bright as a brand.

And so, the rough highway forgetting,  
I pace hill and dale  
Regarding the sky,  
Regarding the vision on high,  
And thus re-illumed have no humour for letting  
My pilgrimage fail.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ***Vertue - Judith Weir (b.1954)***

Named in 2014 as the first female Master of the Queen's Music, Judith Weir has a longstanding relationship with the Spitalfield's Music Festival, and dedicated her setting of three poems by the sixteenth-century poet George Herbert to one of the festival's patrons, Peter Lerwill. 'Vertue', the first movement, begins simply with the upper voices, and blossoms into six parts in the fourth verse, speaking of the "sweet and virtuous soul" which Weir has said 'instantly [brought Peter] to mind'. 'Antiphon', the second movement, features choral entries followed by the voices of the angels and the men (the upper and lower voices respectively) in a reflective, hymn-like interlude before the beginning of the third movement, 'Prayer'. Here, the choir reaches its full eightpart harmony, and alto, tenor and bass solos break through the massed chords as the choir come together for the third verse, "softness and peace...", reaching a peak as the words describe Herbert's vision of heaven. The fractious nature of the earlier verses then returns, and the tenor and alto solos finish the piece in a contemplative manner.



## Vertue

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky;  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and  
brave  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and  
roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie;  
My music shows ye have your closes,  
Any all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like season'd timber, never gives;  
But though the whole world turn to  
coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

## Prayer

Prayer, the Churches banquet, Angels age,  
Gods breath in man returning to his birth,  
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,  
The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth;  
Engine against th'Almightie, sinners towre,  
Reverséd thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,  
The six-daies world transposing in an houre,  
A kinde of tune, which all things heare and fear;  
Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,  
Exalted Manna, gladnesse of the best,  
Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,  
The milkie way, the bird of Paradise,  
Church-bels beyond the starres heard, the souls blood,  
The land of spices; something understood.

## Antiphon

*Chor.* Praised be the God of love,  
*Men.* Here below,  
*Angels.* And here above:

*Cho.* Who hath dealt his mercies so,  
*Ang.* To his friend,  
*Men.* And to his foe;

*Cho.* That both grace and glorie tend  
*Ang.* Us of old,  
*Men.* And us in th'end.

*Cho.* The great shepherd of the fold  
*Ang.* Us did make,  
*Men.* For us was sold.

*Cho.* He our foes in pieces brake;  
*Ang.* Him we touch;  
*Men.* And him we take.

*Cho.* Wherefore since that he is such,  
*Ang.* We adore,  
*Men.* And we do crouch.

*Cho.* Lord, thy praises should be more.  
*Men.* We have none,  
*Ang.* And we no store.

*Cho.* Praised be the God alone,  
Who hath made of two folds one.

## **Tired - Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)**

The text for this song is a poem by Vaughan Williams' wife, Ursula, who arranged for it to be published posthumously in 1960, together with three other settings of her poems under the title 'Four Last Songs'.

### **Tired**

Sleep, and I'll be as still as another sleeper  
holding you in my arms, glad that you lie  
so near at last.

This sheltering midnight is our meeting place,  
no passion or despair or hope divide  
me from your side.

I shall remember firelight on your sleeping face,  
I shall remember shadows growing deeper  
as the fire fell to ashes and the minutes passed.

## **The Crimson Rose - Muriel Herbert (1897-1984)**

Muriel Herbert grew up in Liverpool in a musical family. She attended the Royal College of Music where she studied with Charles Stanford. She also met Roger Quilter, who was impressed with her songs and arranged for a number of them to be published. Although she continued to compose throughout her life and had given occasional broadcasts of her vocal music for the BBC, much of her music has remained rarely performed until relatively recently.

### **The Crimson Rose**

God set a crimson rose upon your mouth,  
And place a singing bird within your throat,  
But your soft petals for a while have drooped,  
The bird has hushed her note.

Dear heart for you the crimson rose once more will blossom,  
And the bird's note call again,  
For love will crown them both  
And touch your lips,  
That only your glad singing shall remain.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Love Bade me Welcome - Judith Weir**

In 1994, on the occasion of Aberdeen University's 500th anniversary, Judith Weir wrote two settings of 17th century English verse for choir and organ, entitled *Two Human Hymns*.

In 1997, she made an *a cappella* arrangement of the first of these 'Hymns', a setting of George Herbert's poem 'Love bade me welcome', for a choir from Orkney, the Mayfield Singers, directed by Neil Price. The choir first performed it at a Sunday morning service at Nidaros Cathedral in Trondheim, Norway, during that city's Millenium celebrations.

*Based on a note written by Judith Weir and sourced from WiseMusicClassical.com.*

### **Love Bade me Welcome**

Love bade me welcome. Yet my soul drew back  
    Guilty of dust and sin.  
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack  
    From my first entrance in,  
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,  
    If I lacked any thing.

A guest, I answered, worthy to be here:  
    Love said, You shall be he.  
I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,  
    I cannot look on thee.  
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,  
    Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, but I have marred them: let my shame  
    Go where it doth deserve.  
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?  
    My dear, then I will serve.  
You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat:  
    So I did sit and eat.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Full Fathom Five - John Jeffreys (1927-2010)**

Text by William Shakespeare from 'The Tempest'.

**Full Fathom Five**

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
Ding-dong.  
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

**To Gratiana Dancing and Singing - William Denis Browne (1888-1915)**

Text by Richard Lovelace (1618-1657).

**To Gratiana Dancing and Singing**

See! With what constant motion  
Even, and glorious, as the sun,  
Gratiana steers that noble frame,  
Soft as her breast, sweet as her voice  
That gave each winding law and poise,  
And swifter than the wings of Fame.

Each step trod out a lover's thought  
And the ambitious hopes he brought,  
Chain'd to her brave feet with such arts;  
Such sweet command, and gentle awe,  
As when she ceas'd, we sighing saw  
The floor lay pav'd with broken hearts.

So did she move; so did she sing  
Like the harmonious spheres that bring  
Unto their rounds their music's aid;  
Which she performèd such a way,  
As all th' enamoured world will say:  
The Graces danced, and Apollo play'd.

## **Captain Stratton's Fancy - Peter Warlock (1894-1930)**

Text by John Masefield (1878-1967)

### **Captain Stratton's Fancy**

Oh some are fond of red wine, and some are fond of white,  
And some are all for dancing by the pale moonlight:  
But rum alone's the tipples, and the heart's delight  
Of the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of Spanish wine, and some are fond of French,  
And some'll swallow tay and stuff fit only for a wench;  
But I'm for right Jamaica till I roll beneath the bench,  
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are for the lily, and some are for the rose,  
But I am for the sugar-cane that in Jamaica grows;  
For it's that that makes the bonny drink to warm my copper nose,  
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of fiddles, and a song well sung,  
And some are all for music for to lilt upon the tongue;  
But mouths were made for tankards, and for sucking at the bung,  
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of dancing, and some are fond of dice,  
And some are all for red lips, and pretty lasses' eyes;  
But a right Jamaica puncheon is a finer prize  
To the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some that's good and godly ones they hold that it's a sin  
To troll the jolly bowl around, and let the dollars spin;  
But I'm for toleration and for drinking at an inn,  
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are sad and wretched folk that go in silken suits,  
And there's a mort of wicked rogues that live in good reputes;  
So I'm for drinking honestly, and dying in my boots,  
Like an old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Songs of Ariel - Frank Martin (1890-1974)**

Born to a Swiss pastor in 1890, Frank Martin studied physics and maths, in accordance with his parents' wishes, while continuing the study of music and composition which he had begun in childhood. In 1933, Martin founded the Technicum Moderne de Musique and encountered Schoenberg's twelve-tone technique, aiming to release music from traditional tonality. Martin adapted the technique to create 'tonal dodecaphony' - writing music that retained its tonal roots while looking forward, away from the expected resolutions found in earlier music. In his *Songs of Ariel*, five pieces taken from Shakespeare's 'The Tempest', Martin uses his tonal dodecaphony to create the rich and strange world Ariel inhabits, while rooting the end of each piece in a more comfortable tonal environment. The fourth movement, 'You are three men of sin', is the only one of the texts that was not intended by Shakespeare to be a song in its own right, and features an alto solo, which displays Martin's particular use of the twelve-tone technique - each note of the chromatic scale is explored sequentially, and only infrequently repeated.

### **I. Come unto these yellow sands**

Bow-wow...  
Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands;  
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd, -  
The wild waves whist -  
Foot it featly here and there,  
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.  
Hark, hark!  
(Bow-wow !)  
The watch-dogs bark.  
(Bow-wow !)  
Hark, hark, I hear  
The strain of strutting Chanticleer  
Cry, "cock-a-doodle-doo".

### **II. Full fathom five**

Full fathom five thy father lies.  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes;  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
(Ding-dong). Hark, now I hear them.  
Ding-dong, bell.

### **III. Before you can say**

Before you can say, "Come" and "Go",  
And breath twice, and cry, "So, so",  
Each one tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mow,  
Do you love me, master ? No ?

### **IV. You are three men of sin**

You are three men of sin, whom destiny -  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in't, - the never surfeited sea  
Hath caused to belch up you, and on this island  
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad,

And even with suchlike valour men hang and drown  
Their proper selves. You fools ! I and my fellows  
Are ministers of fate. The elements  
Of whom your swords are tempered may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowl that's in my plume. My fellow ministers  
Are like invulnerable, if you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths  
And will not be uplifted. But remember,  
For that's my business to you, that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;  
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him and his innocent child for which foul deed,  
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft, and do pronounce by me  
Ling'ring perdition – worse than any death  
Can be at once – shall step by step attend  
You and your ways ; whose wraths to gard you from –  
Which here in this most desolate isle else falls  
Upon your heads – is nothing but heart's sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing.

#### **V. where the bee sucks**

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry,  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily:  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

\* \* \* \* \*

## BIOGRAPHIES

### Steven Grahl (Conductor)



Steven Grahl is a sought-after conductor and keyboard player, and has been Conductor of Schola Cantorum of Oxford since 2017. Since January 2024, he has also been Director of Music at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Steven served as Organist and Tutor in Music at Christ Church, Oxford, and Associate Professor of Music at Oxford University from 2018 to 2023. He was also Musical Director of Benson Choral Society. From 2014 to 2018 he was Director of Music at Peterborough Cathedral, where he was responsible for training the Cathedral Choir, and for the re-pitching of the Hill Organ,

on which instrument he has recorded a solo CD. Peterborough Cathedral Choir's recording of Cheryl Frances-Hoad's *EvenYouSong*, made under Steven's direction, was released to critical acclaim in December 2017. He also held positions as Assistant Organist at New College, Oxford, and as Organist and Director of Music at St Marylebone Parish Church, London.

Steven was an interpretation finalist in the International Organ Competitions at St Albans (UK) in 2011, and in Dudelange (Luxembourg) in 2013, and completed his term as President of the Incorporated Association of Organists in 2019. He is a prize-winning graduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, and the Royal Academy of Music. He gained the top prizes in the FRCO examination, and is also a holder of the Worshipful Company of Musicians' Silver Medallion. In 2010, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music.

### Hattie Twigger-Ross (Conducting Scholar)



Hattie is in her second year studying music at The Queen's College. She grew up as a chorister at Holy Trinity Church, Guildford, which gave her a love of choral music. This was where she first had the opportunity to conduct, going on to conduct her school's junior and senior choirs in sixth form, and completing conducting courses with Sing for Pleasure.

Active as a soprano, she sings as a choral exhibitor at Merton College and made her opera debut in Oxford Opera Society's production of *Le nozze di Figaro* in May 2023. She is also president of the Eglesfield Musical Society, musical director of the university a capella group, The Oxford Alternatives, and a previous member of the National Youth Choir of Great Britain.



## Patrick Keefe (Baritone)



Winner of Glyndebourne's John Christie Award 2022, First Prize in the 2021 Richard Lewis-Jean Shanks Award, Second Prize in the 2021 Pavarotti Prize, and The Musicians' Company Prudi Hoggarth Audience Prize, Patrick is an emerging British-Irish baritone. From September 2023 he joins English National Opera as a Harewood Artist. In 2022-2023 he was a Jerwood Young Artist at Glyndebourne Festival Opera and recently graduated from the Opera course at the Royal Academy of Music. He has been supported by The Countess of Munster Trust, the Josephine Baker Trust, the John Baker Award for Opera, and D'Oyly Carte Memorial/Fordyce Awards. He was a Help Musicians Sybil Tutton Award holder for 2021-2022, and is both a Musician's Company Young Artist and an Opera Prelude Young Artist. Before Royal Academy Opera, he studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and the University of Oxford, where he was a member of Schola Cantorum of Oxford. Patrick recently performed *Il Conte in Le Nozze di Figaro* on the Glyndebourne Tour, following on from his debut singing The Notary and covering Dottore Malatesta in *Don Pasquale* during the 2022 Festival. He maintains a busy choral and oratorio schedule alongside operatic singing, with recent highlights including the bass solos in the opening gala of the Vache Baroque Festival, bass solos in Bach's *B Minor Mass* at St. John's Smith Square, *Christus (St. John Passion)* for Shrewsbury Abbey and *Zebul (Jeptha)* at Oxford University Church.

## Samuel Mitchell (Piano)



Samuel Mitchell is an Australian, Oxford-based pianist and singer. As a pianist, he is a founding member of the contemporary music group, Nonsemble. With the acclaimed septet, he has presented at TEDx, featured on the influential "I Care if You Listen" mixtape and has been played on New York's WNYC show "New Sounds" on multiple occasions. Samuel currently teaches piano at Radley College and is acting Head of Keyboard at St Helen and St Katherine. Performance highlights include John Adams' *Phrygian Gates* at MoMA in Tasmania, a recital as part of the Orchestra VOX spotlight series, and opening the 2019 Extended Play Festival at the City Recital Hall, Sydney. Samuel commissioned and recorded a set of new pieces by Piers Connor Kennedy, Connor D'Netto and Madeleine Cocolas which was released in March through Corella Records. As a singer, he has worked with groups such as Tenebrae, Ex Cathedra, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, The Norwegian Soloists' Choir, the Oxford Bach Soloists, and the Mogens Dahl Kammerkor. For six years, he was a Lay Clerk in the choir of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford. Solo performance highlights include Handel's *Messiah* with the Hanover Band, Bach's *St Matthew Passion* with Eboracum Baroque, and Haydn's *Nelson Mass* with Instruments of Time and Truth.

## Schola Cantorum of Oxford

Schola Cantorum of Oxford is the University of Oxford's premier chamber choir. Schola's mission is to share the joy of choral music with our singers, our community of alumni and supporters, and with audiences in Oxford and around the world. We challenge ourselves to perform to the highest standards, providing outstanding musical training for young singers and conductors.

The choir was founded by László Heltay in 1960 at a point when there were few opportunities for men and women to sing together to a high standard. Times have changed and Schola's role has changed too. We've now built a reputation as Oxford's premier concert choir – engaging deeply with complex repertoire, and providing a space for performance outside religious services.

Schola has worked with many of the foremost musicians of the last six decades and has built an international reputation through extensive tours and recordings. We are proud of our alumni who have gone on to lead successful musical careers such as John Mark Ainsley, Emma Kirkby, Christine Rice, Susan Gritton, Ian Bostridge and Roderick Williams – many came to Oxford to study other subjects but developed their musical talents during their time in Schola.

In April 2022 the choir joined with c.100 alumni, including several founder members, for a belated 60th anniversary celebration culminating in an outstanding performance of Bach's B Minor Mass with Instruments of Time & Truth in Oxford Town Hall. Recent concerts include Brahms - *Liebeslieder Walzer* in the de Jager Auditorium at Trinity College and a programme featuring Schönberg - *Friede auf Erden*, Ginastera - *Lamentations of Jeremiah* and Bach - *Komm, Jesu, komm* in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford and St Margaret Pattens, London.



## Schola Cantorum of Oxford

<b>Soprano</b>	Joanna Barrett Maddy Bellotti Ashlynn Chan Jemima Price Phoebe Smith Anna Sutton Hattie Twigger-Ross	<b>Alto</b>	Elizabeth Dallosso Pete Dockrill Georgia Dunn Rosanna Farthing Beth 'Fitz' Fitzpatrick Thomas Galea Sòlas McDonald
<b>Tenor</b>	Jerric Chong Håvard Damm-Johnsen Jack Edis Sebastian Evans Quinton Lee	<b>Bass</b>	Luke Barron Nathaniel Best Bastian Bohrmann Christopher Churcher Andrew Hannaford Madeleine Lay Iris Oliver

### Patrons of Schola

John Mark Ainsley, Dame Liz Forgan DBE, Dame Emma Kirkby DBE,  
Stephen Maddock OBE, Andrew Parrott, Christine Rice,  
Roderick Williams OBE

### Trustees of Schola

Dame Hilary Boulding DBE - Chairman  
Dr Archie Bott, Mr Nicholas Cleobury, Dr Mike Geary,  
Prof Cameron Hepburn, Dr Felix Leach, Mr Nigel Press,  
Mr Richard Savage, Ms Annabel Williams  
Mr Jim Mirabal - Hon. Treasurer  
Ms Abigail Ellison - Secretary to the Trustees

### Professional Administration

Julia Stutfield - Artistic Administrator

### Choir Chair

Joanna Barrett

### Front Cover Design

Andrew Hannaford

# Friends, Benefactors and Life Friends of Schola Cantorum of Oxford

## Life Friends

Anne Blevins, Peter Brock, Robert Charlesworth, John K Davies,  
Anne Deighton, Mike Geary, Tim and Jane Hands, Rosalind Hedley-Miller,  
Cameron and Sylvia Hepburn, Judy Hildesley, Gordon K Johns, Nigel Jones, Ian Karet,  
Richard Kennedy, Derek Morris, Isabel Nisbet, Elizabeth Norman, Jill Pellew,  
Sir Jonathan Phillips, Nigel and Julia Press, Richard Savage,  
David and Andrea Thomas, Madeleine and Henry Wickham, Sally Woof

## Benefactors

Robert Charlesworth, Philip Cheung, Peter Craven, Rosemary Dixon,  
Susannah Edwards, Liz Forgan, Emily Jones, Sally Mears,  
Isabel Nisbet, Carol O'Brien, Hilary Pearson, Jill Pellew,  
James Sadler, Kate Saunders, Gareth Thomas, Zoe Thomas,  
Josie Walledge, Derek Wood, Jennifer Youde

## Friends

Elizabeth Baigent, Peter Bates, Eleanor Broomhead, Christopher Bryan, Gillian Burton,  
Harriet Caddick, Stephen and Helen Clarke, Nicholas Cleobury, Janet Coldstream,  
Robert de Newtown, Sally Dunkley, Elena Dunn, Claire Eadington, Abigail Ellison,  
Susie Evershed, Peter and Susie Furnivall, James Graham, Lydia Gregory,  
Dorothea Harris, Rachel Hicks, Mary Hill, George Holloway,  
Benjamin and Alice Hulett, Claire Hunter, Jennifer Isaacs,  
Richard and Anne Paul Jones, Jennifer Kelly, Felix Leach, Cressida Legge,  
Paul Lewis, Stephen Maddock, Jane Morris, Andrew Morris, Jenny Pedley,  
Anna Poole, Helen Powers, Jeremy Pritlove, Susannah Riley, Paul Roberts,  
Tim Robson, Sam Roots, Wendy Smith, Graham Steele, Alison Thomas,  
Heather Thomas, Pippa Thynne, Emma Tristram, Henrietta Vercoe, Philip Waddy,  
Alice Ward, Hilary Weale, Elinor White, Eve and David White, Paul White,  
Annabel Williams, Spike Wilson, Julia Winter, Mary Wolf, and anonymous donors

Registered Charity No. 272382

To become a Friend of Schola Cantorum or to make a donation,  
please contact [admin@schola-cantorum.net](mailto:admin@schola-cantorum.net).