

LSO ST LUKES

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LUNCHTIME CONCERTS

Thursday 26 March 1–2.05pm
Jerwood Hall, LSO St Luke's

SIR ANTONIO PAPPANO AND FRIENDS

Beethoven, Britten & Schubert

Ludwig van Beethoven

An die ferne Geliebte

Benjamin Britten

Winter Words

Franz Schubert

Schwanengesang Nos 8–14

Ian Bostridge tenor

Sir Antonio Pappano piano

Recorded for future broadcast on BBC Radio 3

LSO

Today's Programme

The Hawksmoor Space is open from one hour before the concert, selling hot and cold drinks. Please note, we can accept card payments only. Only cold drinks will be permitted inside the Jerwood Hall.

In accordance with the requirements of Islington Council, persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any gangway.

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Ludwig van Beethoven

An die ferne Geliebte

- 1 Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
- 2 Wo die Berge so blau
- 3 Leichte Segler in den Höhen
- 4 Diese Wolken in den Höhen
- 5 Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au
- 6 Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Benjamin Britten

Winter Words

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(The Journeying Boy)
- 3 Wagtail and Baby
(A Satire)
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- 5 The Choirmaster's Burial
(The Tenor Man's Story)
- 6 Proud Songsters
(Thrushes, Finches and Nightingales)
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Franz Schubert

Schwanengesang

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Programme Note

An die ferne Geliebte (To the Distant Beloved) is the only song cycle to have been written by **Ludwig van Beethoven** (1770–1827). He composed it in 1816, at the beginning of what is commonly considered to be his late period, by which time his deafness was forcing him to live as something of a recluse. Beethoven chose as his text a set of verses written the previous year by a young Vienna-based Czech poet called Alois Isidor Jeitteles.

Although the six songs that comprise the cycle are in different keys, time signatures and moods, Beethoven writes them in such a way that one flows seamlessly into the next, and the final song quotes themes from the first. Thematic connections between the songs, which are all concerned with love and nature, provide further coherence. All of the songs have a simple directness of expression, with (for the most part) a straightforward setting reminiscent of folksong. A sense of flexibility is created by frequent shifts in tempo and vocal inflection and varied piano accompaniment. The work set the blueprint for the great Romantic song cycles of the succeeding generation.

Winter Words, composed in 1953, sets a selection of poems by Thomas Hardy, whose blend of nostalgia, irony and vivid observation clearly resonated with **Benjamin Britten's** (1913–76) own sensibilities. Written for tenor and piano, the cycle comprises eight songs that juxtapose moments of childlike innocence with darker reflections on time, memory and loss.

The songs are bound together by their wintry atmosphere and highly responsive word setting, in which the piano often plays an equal role in shaping the drama. From the playful rhythms of *Midnight on the Great Western* to the haunting stillness of *Before Life and After*, Britten employs a wide harmonic palette and a range of textures, creating a sequence that is at once intimate and psychologically searching – qualities that find a natural counterpart in the expressive range of Ian Bostridge.

Published posthumously in 1829, ***Schwanengesang*** (Swan Song) is not a unified cycle in the manner of **Franz Schubert's** (1797–1828) earlier *Die schöne Müllerin* or *Winterreise*, but rather a collection of songs gathered by the publisher Tobias Haslinger. The group heard today largely sets poems by Heinrich Heine, eliciting from Schubert some of his most concentrated and dramatic writing.

In songs such as *Der Atlas* and *Der Doppelgänger*, the piano's weighty textures and stark harmonic language mirror the psychological intensity of the text, while *Die Stadt* and *Am Meer* evoke desolate, dreamlike landscapes. The set concludes with *Die Taubenpost*, a final song to a poem by Johann Gabriel Seidl, whose lighter tone provides a poignant contrast. Together, these songs offer a compelling glimpse of Schubert's late style.

Programme Note Writers

Professor Alexandra Wilson
and Dylan Jardine

An die ferne Geliebte Op 98

Text

Translation

1 Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.
Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.
Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.
Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!
Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

I sit on the hill, gazing
Into the misty blue countryside,
Towards the distant meadows
Where, my love, I first found you.
Now I'm far away from you,
Mountain and valley intervene
Between us and our peace,
Our happiness and our pain.
Ah, you cannot see the fiery gaze
That wings its way towards you,
And my sighs are lost
In the space that comes between us.
Will nothing ever reach you again?
Will nothing be love's messenger?
I shall sing, sing songs
That speak to you of my distress!
For sounds of singing put to flight
All space and all time;
And a loving heart is reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

2 Wo die Berge so blau

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!
Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!
Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

Where the blue mountains
From the misty grey
Look out towards me,
Where the sun's glow fades,
Where the clouds scud by
There would I be!
There, in the peaceful valley,
Pain and torment cease.
Where among the rocks
The primrose meditates in silence,
And the wind blows so softly
There would I be!
I am driven to the musing wood
By the power of love,
Inner pain.
Ah, nothing could tempt me from here,
If I were able, my love,
To be with you eternally!

3 Leichte Segler in den Höhen

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.
Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.
Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.
Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.
Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

Light clouds sailing on high,
And you, narrow little brook,
If you catch sight of my love,
Greet her a thousand times.
If, clouds, you see her walking
Thoughtful in the silent valley,
Let my image loom before her
In the airy vaults of heaven.
If she be standing by the bushes
Autumn has turned fallow and bare,
Pour out to her my fate,
Pour out, you birds, my torment.
Soft west winds, waft my sighs
To her my heart has chosen
Sighs that fade away
Like the sun's last ray.
Whisper to her my entreaties,
Let her, narrow little brook,
Truly see in your ripples
My never-ending tears!

4 Diese Wolken in den Höhen

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug,
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!
Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
In den seidnen Locken wühlen.
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!
Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

These clouds on high,
This cheerful flight of birds
Will see you, O gracious one.
Take me lightly winging too!
These west winds will playfully
Blow about your cheeks and breast,
Will ruffle your silken tresses.
Would I might share that joy!
This brooklet hastens eagerly
To you from those hills.
If she's reflected in you,
Flows directly back to me!

5 Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au

Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.
Die Schwalbe, die kehret
Zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig
Ihr bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.
Sie bringt sich geschäftig
Von kreuz und von Quer
Manch weicherer Stück
Zu dem Brautbett hieher,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.
Nun wohnen die Gatten
Beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden,
Verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.
Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau;
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.
Wenn alles, was liebet,
Der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe
Kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

May returns,
The meadow blooms,
The breezes blow
So gentle, so mild,
The babbling brooks flow again.
The swallow returns
To its rooftop home,
And eagerly builds
Her bridal chamber,
Where love shall dwell.
She busily brings
From every direction
Many soft scraps
For the bridal bed,
Many warm scraps for her young.
Now the pair lives
Faithfully together,
What winter parted,
May has joined,
For May can unite all who love.
May returns,
The meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
So gentle, so mild;
I alone cannot move on.
When spring unites
All lovers,
Our love alone
Knows no spring,
And tears are its only gain.

6 Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder
Zu der Laute süßem Klang!
Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann ziehet
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;
Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
Ohne Kunstgepräg erklingen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:
Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

Accept, then, these songs
I sang for you, beloved;
Sing them again at evening
To the lute's sweet sound!
As the red light of evening draws
Towards the calm blue lake,
And its last rays fade
Behind those mountain heights;
And you sing what I sang
From a full heart
With no display of art,
Aware only of longing:
Then, at these songs,
The distance that parted us shall recede,
And a loving heart be reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

Poetry by Alois Jeitteles (1794–1858),
translated by Richard Stokes

Winter Words Op 52

Text

1 At Day-Close in November

The ten hours' light is abating,
And a late bird wings across,
Where the pines, like waltzers waiting,
Give their black heads a toss.

Beech leaves, that yellow the noontime,
Float past like specks in the eye;
I set every tree in my June time,
And now they obscure the sky.

And the children who
ramble through here
Conceive that there never has been
A time when no tall trees grew here,
That none will in time be seen.

2 Midnight on the Great Western (The Journeying Boy)

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?

3 Wagtail and Baby (A Satire)

A baby watched a ford, whereto
A wagtail came for drinking;
A blaring bull went wading through,
The wagtail showed no shrinking.

A stallion splashed his way across,
The birdie nearly sinking;
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,
And held his own unblinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot
A mongrel slowly slinking;
The wagtail gazed, but faltered not
In dip and sip and prinking

A perfect gentleman then neared;
The wagtail, in a winking,
With terror rose and disappeared;
The baby fell a-thinking.

4 The Little Old Table

Creak, little wood thing, creak,
When I touch you with elbow or knee;
That is the way you speak
Of the one who gave you to me!

You, little table, she brought,
brought me with her own hand,
As she looked at me with a thought:
That I did not understand.

Whoever owns it anon,
And hears it, will never know
What a history hangs upon
This creak from long ago.

5 The Choirmaster's Burial (The Tenor Man's Story)

He often would ask us
That, when he died,
After playing so many
To their last rest,
If out of us any
Should here abide,
And it would not task us,
We would with our lutes
Play over him
By his grave-brim
The psalm he liked best:
The one whose sense suits
'Mount Ephraim'
And perhaps we should seem
To him, in death's dream,
Like the seraphim.

As soon as I knew
That his spirit was gone
I thought this his due,
And spoke thereupon.
'I think' said the vicar,
'A read service quicker
That viols out-of-doors
In these frosts and hoars.
That old-fashioned was
Requires a fine day,
And it seems to me

It had better not be'.
Hence, that afternoon,
Though never knew he
That his wish could not be,
To get through it faster
They buried the master
Without any tune.

But t'was said that, when
At the dead of next night
The vicar looked out,
There struck on his ken
Thronged roundabout,
Where the frost was graying
The headstoned grass,
A band all in white
Like the saints in church-glass,
Singing and playing
The ancient stave
By the choirmaster's grave.

Such the tenor man told
When he had grown old.

6 Proud Songsters (Thrushes, Finches and Nightingales)

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,
And as it gets dark loud nightingales
In bushes
Pipe, as they can when April wears,
As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand-new birds of
twelve months' growing,
Which a year ago, or less than twain,
No finches were, nor nightingales,
Nor thrushes,
But only particles of grain,
And earth, and air, and rain.

7 At the Railway Station, Upway

'There is not much that I can do,
For I've no money that's quite my own!'
Spoke up the pitying child,
A little boy with a violin
At the station before the train came in:
'But I can play my fiddle to you,
And a nice one 'tis, and good in tone!'

The man in the handcuffs smiled;
The constable looked,
and he smiled, too,
As the fiddle began to twang;
And the man in the handcuffs
Suddenly sang
With grimful glee:
'This life so free
Is the thing for me!'

And the constable smiled,
and said no word,
As if unconscious of what he heard;
And so they went on till the train came in,
The convict, and boy with the violin.

8 Before Life and After

A time there was, as one may guess
And as, indeed, earth's testimonies tell,
before the birth of consciousness,
When all went well.

None suffered sickness, love, or loss,
None knew regret, starved
hope, or heart-burnings;
None cared whatever crash or cross
Brought wrack to things.

If something ceased, no tongue bewailed,
If something winced and waned,
no heart was wrung;
If brightness dimmed, and dark prevailed.
No sense was stung.

But the disease of feeling germed,
And primal rightness took
the tinct of wrong:
Ere nescience shall be reaffirmed
How long, how long?

Poetry by Thomas Hardy (1840–1928)

Schwanengesang D 957

Text

Translation

8 Der Atlas

Ich unglücksel'ger Atlas, eine Welt,
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen
muss ich tragen,
Ich trage Unerträgliches, und brechen
Will mir das Herz im Leibe.

I am miserable Atlas! a world,
I have to bear the whole world of pain,
I bear the unbearable, and my
heart wants to break:
My heart wants to break in my body.

Du stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt,
Du wolltest glücklich sein,
Unendlich glücklich,
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,
Und jetzt bist du elend.

You proud heart! actually it
is what you wanted,
You wanted to be happy, endlessly happy
Or endlessly suffering, proud heart,
And now you are suffering.

9 Ihr Bild

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen
Und starrt' ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

In dark dreams I was standing
And I was staring at a picture of her,
And the beloved face
Secretly started to come to life.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln, wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Around her lips there appeared
An amazing smile,
And as if lit up by tears of melancholy
Her two eyes were shining.

Auch meine Thränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab:
Und ach, ich kann es nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab.

My tears too flowed
And fell from my cheeks:
And, alas, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

10 Das Fischermädchen

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
Treibe den Kahn ans Land
Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

Leg an mein Herz dein Köpfchen
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr,
Vertraust du dich doch sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

You beautiful fisher girl,
Push the boat onto the land;
Come to me and sit yourself down,
We shall have a loving chat holding hands.

Lay your little head on my heart
And do not be too afraid,
After all you fearlessly take risks
Every day on the wild sea.

My heart is just like the sea,
It has storms, it ebbs and flows,
And lots of beautiful pearls
Are resting in its depths.

11 Die Stadt

Am fernen Horizonte
Erscheint, wie ein Nebelbild,
Die Stadt mit ihren Türmen,
In Abenddämmerung gehüllt.

Ein feuchter Windzug kräuselt
Die graue Wasserbahn;
Mit traurigem Takte rudert
Der Schiffer in meinem Kahn.

Die Sonne hebt sich noch einmal
Leuchtend vom Boden empor
Und zeigt mir jene Stelle,
Wo ich das Liebste verlor.

On the distant horizon
There appears, as a hazy image,
The town with its towers
Shrouded in evening twilight.

A damp current of wind ruffles
The grey watery track;
Rowing with a mournful rhythm is
The sailor in my boat.

The sun lifts itself up once again
Casting light from the ground upwards,
And it shows me that spot
Where I lost what I most love.

12 Am Meer

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus
Im letzten Abendscheine,
Wir saßen am einsamen
Fischerhaus,
Wir saßen stumm und alleine.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,
Die Möwe flog hin und wieder;
Aus deinen Augen, liebevoll,
Fielen die Tränen nieder.

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand
Und bin auf's Knie gesunken,
Ich hab von deiner weißen Hand
Die Tränen fortgetrunken.

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt
sich mein Leib,
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen;
Mich hat das unglückseel'ge Weib
Vergiftet mit ihren Tränen.

The sea was glistening far into distance
In the last of the evening glow;
We were sitting by a solitary
fisherman's house,
We were sitting mute and alone.

The mist rose, the water swelled,
The seagull flew back and forth;
From your eyes, full of love,
Tears fell down.

I saw them fall onto your hand,
I sank onto my knees;
From your white hand I
Drank up your tears.

Since that moment my body
has been decaying,
My soul is dying from longing;
The unhappy woman has
Poisoned me with her tears.

13 Der Doppelgänger

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz,
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus
auf demselben Platz.

Da steht auch ein Mensch
und starrt in die Höhe
Und ringt die Hände vor
Schmerzensgewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe,
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigene Gestalt.

Du Doppelgänger, du bleicher Geselle,
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?

The night is quiet, the alleyways are at rest,
My treasure used to live in this house;
She left the town long ago,
But the house is still standing
in the same place.

There is a man standing there
too and he is staring up high,
And he is wringing his hands as a
result of overwhelming pain;
I feel terrified when I see his face,
The moon shows me my own form.

You doppelgänger, you pale guy!
Why are you aping my love agony,
The pain that tormented me on this spot,
So many nights in the old days?

14 Die Taubenpost

Ich hab eine Brieftaub in meinem Sold,
Die ist gar ergeben und treu;
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

Ich sende sie viel tausendmal
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster
heimlich hinein,
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,
Gibt meine Grüße scherzend ab
Und nimmt die ihren mit.

Kein Briefchen brauch' ich
zu schreiben mehr,
Die Träne selbst geb' ich ihr,
Oh, sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,
Ihr gilt das alles gleich,
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,
Dann ist sie überreich.

Sie wird nicht müd, sie wird nicht matt,
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu,
Sie braucht nicht Lockung,
braucht nicht Lohn,
Die Taub' ist so mir treu.

Drum heg ich sie auch so
treu an der Brust,
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;
Sie heißt: die Sehnsucht
– kennt ihr sie? –
Die Botin treuen Sinns.

I have a carrier pigeon working for me,
Which is totally devoted and faithful,
It never comes short of the
destination for me
Nor does it ever fly beyond it.

I send it many thousands of times
A day, off on reconnaissance missions,
Past many a dear spot
Until it comes to my beloved's house.

There it looks through the window secretly
Observing her glances and
listening to her steps,
It jokingly passes on my greetings
And brings hers back with it.

I no longer need to write any notes,
I just give it my tears themselves:
Oh it will definitely not lose those,
So eagerly does it serve me.

During the day, at night, awake, dreaming,
It does not matter:
So long as it is travelling,
that it is able to travel,
Then it has riches aplenty!

It does not become tired,
it does not become faint,
The route is always new to it;
It does not need bribes,
it does not need wages,
That pigeon is so faithful to me!

In return I therefore cherish it
faithfully at my breast,
Assuring it of the finest reward;
It is called – longing! Do you know it?
The messenger of the most
faithful devotion.

Poetry by Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)
and Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804–75),
translated by Malcolm Wren and
sourced at schubertsong.uk

Ian Bostridge

Tenor



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Ian Bostridge CBE's extraordinary international career has taken him to the foremost concert halls, orchestras and opera houses in the world. Synonymous with the works of Schubert and Britten, his recital career has taken him to the Salzburg, Edinburgh, Munich, Vienna, Aldeburgh and Schwarzenberg Schubertiade festivals, and to the main stages of Carnegie Hall, the Bayerische Staatsoper, La Monnaie and Teatro alla Scala. In opera, Ian has received particular praise for his interpretation of Aschenbach in Britten's *Death in Venice* at the Deutsche Oper Berlin and Peter Quint in *The Turn of the Screw* for Teatro alla Scala. His recordings have won all the major international record prizes and have been nominated for 15 Grammys.

An internationally celebrated author and academic, Ian Bostridge's *Schubert's Winter Journey: Anatomy of an Obsession* was published by Faber and Faber in the UK and Knopf in the US in 2014, and his most recent book *Song and Self* was published in 2023.

Sir Antonio Pappano

Piano / LSO Chief Conductor



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One of today's most sought-after conductors, Sir Antonio Pappano is renowned for his charismatic leadership and inspiring performances across both symphonic and operatic repertoires. He is Chief Conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra, Conductor Laureate of the Royal Ballet and Opera Covent Garden and Music Director Emeritus of the Orchestra dell'Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia in Rome, having held the position of Music Director at both institutions from 2002–24 and 2005–23, respectively. He was previously Music Director of Norwegian Opera and Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, Brussels, and Principal Guest Conductor of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra.

Pappano is in demand as an opera conductor at the highest international level, including with the Metropolitan Opera, New York, the State Operas of Vienna and Berlin, the Bayreuth and Salzburg Festivals, Lyric Opera of Chicago and the Teatro alla Scala.

FUTURE CONCERTS

Friday 10 April 2026 1–2.05pm
Jerwood Hall, LSO St Luke's

SIMON CRAWFORD-PHILLIPS AND FRIENDS

Vers la vie nouvelle

Nadia Boulanger

Vers la vie nouvelle

Lili Boulanger

Nocturne and Cortège

Gabriel Fauré

Les berceaux

Camille Saint-Saëns

Violons dans le soir

Gabriel Fauré

Mandoline

Francis Poulenc

Sonata for Violin and Piano

Jeanne Landry

Mort quand tu me viendras prendre

Charlotte Sohy

Chants de la lande Op 4 No 3, 'Anathème'

Lili Boulanger

Le retour

Nadia Boulanger

D'un matin de printemps;

Soleils couchants

Simon Crawford-Phillips piano

Mary Bevan soprano

Malin Broman violin

Recorded for future broadcast on BBC Radio 3

Thursday 16 April 2026 1–2.05pm
Jerwood Hall, LSO St Luke's

THOMAS DUNFORD AND FRIENDS

Thomas Dunford & Keyvan Chemirani

John Dowland

A selection of works for solo lute

Keyvan Chemirani

To Bandégui; Improvisation

Zarb; Shérazade; Dawar

Thomas Dunford

She is a mystery; Now I see you;

Trust the wind

The Beatles

A better love

Marin Marais

L'amériquaine

J S Bach

Prelude, Sarabande and Minuets

from Cello Suite No 1 BWV 1007

Thomas Dunford lute

Keyvan Chemirani percussion

Recorded for future broadcast on BBC Radio 3