

**Lunchtime
concerts**

at
St John's Church, Boxmoor

MUSIC AT

ST JOHN'S
a community project

Fridays at 12:30pm

24th September 2021

Soprano and piano Recital

Adrienne Walters *soprano* and **Peter Jones** *piano*

Music For a While	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
The Blessed Virgin's Epostulation	Henry Purcell
Die Nacht	Richard Strauss (1864 – 1949)
Zueignung	Richard Strauss
Das verlassene Mägdlein	Hugo Wolf (1860 – 1903)
In dem Schatten meiner Locken	Hugo Wolf
from Frauenliebe und Leben	Robert Schumann (1810 -1856) in an English translation by David Parry
Er, der Herrlichste von Allen (<i>He the noblest of all creatures</i>)	
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben (<i>Is this a dream, a delusion?</i>)	
Süsser Freund (<i>Dearest friend</i>)	
Now sleeps the crimson petal	Roger Quilter (1877 – 1953)
The Salley Gardens	arr. Benjamin Britten (1913 – 1976)
Mařenka's Aria	Bedrich Smetana (1824-1884)
from The Bartered Bride	

See over for biographical details of the performers and separate sheet for translations.

Admission by donation (suggested minimum £3).

Net proceeds from these Friday lunchtime concerts will be used to support the charitable aims of Music at St John's: promoting music in the church and the local community, including provision of bursaries for local young musicians.

Please ensure that mobile phones are silenced during the concert.

The induction loop (setting "T") will be used for programme and announcements. Applause is welcomed.

Lunches are available in the church hall after the concert (suggested minimum donation £2).

Please obtain lunch tickets before the concert starts, so that the correct number of plates can be prepared, and hand in tickets when collecting your lunch.

Next Friday's Concert will be given by the pupils of **Westbrook Hay School** and it will be followed by our Annual General Meeting (after lunch)

If not already on our mailing list, please give us your email address so that we can keep you informed – email it to us on masj@stjohnsboxmoor.org.uk

Today's performers

Adrienne Walters - Soprano

Adrienne has studied singing since a child and has sung in a variety of genres from oratorio and opera to Gilbert and Sullivan. Operatic roles include Marcellina, Cherubino and Susanna from Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, the Prince in Massenet's *Cendrillon*, Frugola in Puccini's *Il Tabarro* and Second lady, Second boy and Pamina in Mozart's *Magic Flute*. She has also sung Nanetta in Verdi's *Falstaff*, Mimi in Puccini's *La Bohème*, Dorabella in Mozart's *Così fan Tutte*, Micaëla in Bizet's *Carmen*, and Olympia in *Tales of Hoffmann*. She has recently sung the title roles in Rossini's *La Cenerentola* and Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*. She is due to sing Oscar in Verdi's *Masked Ball* in October.

She first started singing art song recitals in 2015, performing mainly with the Hungarian conductor/pianist Gergely Kaposi, though she has also performed with Graham Wheeler, David Podd and David Griffiths, in various venues in and around London. These include St Andrews Holborn, St John's Boxmoor, St John's URC Northwood, St George's Headstone, St Lawrence's Bovingdon and Charterhouse Square, London.

Peter Jones - Pianist

Peter has been surrounded by music since childhood, performing on both sides of the footlights.

His mother was the soprano soloist in many Lancastrian performances of Handel's *Messiah*, and as a youngster, Peter used to travel round with her, turning pages for the organist. He began playing for her and her friends at monthly musical evenings at home and accompanied many school concerts - he remembers very fondly playing harpsichord continuo for Bach's *B-minor Mass* and Handel's *Samson*.

Peter spent some years living in Bordeaux and Compiègne, where he became the organist of the local English churches. Christmas at St Peter's Chantilly was always entertaining - which of the six tunes to *While Shepherds Watched* would the multi-denominational congregation prefer!

Returning to the UK, he joined St Albans Operatic Society where his favourite parts included Germont (*La Traviata*) and Marcello (*La Bohème*) alongside comic baritone musical theatre roles.

Peter has performed with, and musical directed, several local companies, including Hemel Hempstead Theatre Company, Abbots Langley Gilbert and Sullivan Society, St Albans Operatic Society, St Albans Chamber Opera and Harrow Opera.

Now retired, he is the music director of *irrational theatre*, a St Albans-based opera company, performing both locally and in London fringe theatre.

This is the first recital he and Adrienne have done together, and Peter looks forward to many more.

Translations

Die Nacht - Night

From the woods steps night, from the trees it softly creeps. Looks around in an arc, now beware...
All the lights of this world, all flowers, all colours she extinguishes and steals the sheaves from the field.

She takes everything valuable, the silver from the stream and from the Cathedral roof, she takes the gold. The bushes are left stripped. Come closer soul to soul; O I fear night will also steal you from me.

Zueignung - Devotion

Well you know, dearest soul, that far from you I torment myself. Love doth make the heart grow sick. Have my thanks.

Revelling in freedom I once held the amethyst goblet and you gave that drink a blessing.
Have my thanks.

And therein you conjured bad times,
Till I, (where I had never been before)
Sank, holy, holy, into your embrace,
Have my thanks.

Das verlassene Mägdlein - The abandoned maidservant

Early, when the cocks crow, Before the tiny stars recede, I must be at the hearth, I must light the fire.

The flames are pretty, The sparks fly; I gaze at them, Sunk in sorrow. Suddenly I realise, Faithless boy, That in the night I dreamt of you. Tear after tear Then tumbles down; So the day dawns – O would it were gone again!

In dem Schatten meiner Locken - In the shadow of my tresses

In the shadow of my tresses my lover has fallen asleep. Shall I wake him up? Ah no!

I comb my curly tresses early each morning,

But my efforts are in vain, for the winds tousele them.

Shadowy tresses, sighing breezes

Have lulled my lover to sleep.

Shall I wake him up? Ah no!

I have to listen how he grieves,

How he has languished so long,

How his whole life depends

On these my dusky cheeks.

And he calls me his serpent,

And yet he fell asleep at my side,

Shall I wake him up? Ah no!