



Saturday February 10th, 2024. 7.30pm
Clare Hall Dining Hall

Morgan Pearse, baritone
Amit Yahav, piano

Schubert: *Die Schöne Müllerin* op.25 D795

1. Das Wandern
2. Wohin?
3. Halt!
4. Danksagung an den Bach
5. Am Feierabend
6. Der Neugierige
7. Ungeduld
8. Morgengruß
9. Des Müllers Blumen

10. Tränenregen
11. Mein!
12. Pause
13. Mit dem grünen Lautenbande
14. Der Jäger
15. Eifersucht und Stolz
16. Die liebe Farbe
17. Die böse Farbe
18. Trockne Blumen
19. Der Müller und der Bach
20. Des Baches Wiegenlied

Of Schubert's three major song cycles, *Die Schöne Müllerin* is chronologically the first (composed in 1823), but by no means is it the least emotionally laden. The twenty settings in this cycle are of a collection of poems by Wilhelm Müller that were published as part of *Seventy-Seven Poems from the Posthumous Papers of an Itinerant Hornist*. The theme of unrequited love forms the backbone of the cycle, a theme with which both poet and composer identified strongly: Schubert, whose entire life spanned a mere 31 years and who never found love, and Müller whose love for poet Luise Hensel was never reciprocated. The cycle tells the story of an itinerant young miller, who goes off wandering. Following a brook, he comes to a mill, where he finds work. He falls in love with the master's daughter (the Müllerin from the title). As he is only an itinerant apprentice, he considers her to be beyond his reach. However, when it finally seems that she might reciprocate his love, the miller's daughter ends up choosing a hunter over the miller. The hunter is clad in green, which is the colour of the ribbon that the miller gave her as a gift. This drives the miller to despair: he has delusional fantasies about the colour green, and about flowers sprouting from his grave, expressing his love. He ends up drowning himself in the brook. Throughout the cycle, the constant presence of the brook makes it almost like a character in the story. The miller addresses it, asks it questions and, in the penultimate song, there is a dialogue between the miller and the brook. By contrast, the Müllerin, who is the title character, appears only as an object of desire. The miller never interacts with her, nor do we ever get to hear her. The earlier songs in the cycle are lighter in character, and faster flowing, which is also reflected in more virtuosic piano writing in the accompaniments. In the second half of the cycle, there is growing despair, pain, rage and helplessness. Those later songs express a fixation with death which is reminiscent of Schubert's final song-cycle *Winterreise*.

The Fair Maid of the Mill

I. Wandering

Wandering is a miller's delight,
Wandering!
He must be a bad miller,

Who never considered wandering,
Wandering.
We have learnt it from the water,
From the water!
It has no rest through day and night,
And is always thinking of wandering,

The water.
We can also see it in the wheels,
The wheels!
The do not like to stand still at all,
And tirelessly turn the whole day long,
The wheels.
The stones themselves so heavy they are,
The stones!
They dance a very merry dance,
And wish to dance even faster,
The stones.
Oh, wandering, wandering, my delight,
Oh wandering!
My master and my mistress,
Let me go forth in peace,
Oh wandering.

2. Where to?

I heard a small brook babbling,
From deep inside the rock
Babbling down to the valley,
So fresh and crystal clear.
I do not know what happened to me,
Or who gave me this advice,
But I also had to go down there
With my wanderer's staff in hand.

Down there and ever farther,
And always following the brook,
And the babbling always brighter,
And the brook clearer too.
Is this, then, my road?
Speak, brook, where to?
You have, with your babbling,
Completely messed with my senses!
For what do I speak of babbling?
It cannot be babbling:
It must be the nymphs singing,
Deep, beneath their dance.
Let them sing, friend, let them babble,
And wander carefully alongside it!
Mill wheels are always turning,
In every clear brook.

3. Halt!

I see a mill gleaming
From amid the alder trees,
Through the babbling and singing,
Breaks the roar of mill-wheels.
Oh welcome, oh welcome,
Sweet mill-wheel song!
And the house looks so cozy,

And the windows sparkle so!
And the sun, how brightly
It shines from the heavens!
My dear little brook,
Is this what you meant?

4. Thanksgiving to the Brook

Is this what you meant,
My babbling friend,
Your singing, your ringing,
Is this what you meant?
"To the fair maid of the mill!"
This is what you mean.
Right, have I understood you?
"To the fair maid of the mill!"
Did she send you?
Or did you trick me?
This I'd still like to know,
Whether she sent you.
However it may yet be,
I submit to it:
What I seek, I have found,
However it may be.
I asked for work,
Now I have enough,
For the hands, for the heart,
More than enough!

5. After Work

Had I a thousand
Arms to wield,
I could drive
The roaring wheels!
I could blow like wind
Through all the woods!
I could turn
All of the grindstones!
So that the fair maid of the mill
Could see my true feelings!
Ah! How weak my arm is!
What I lift, what I carry,
What I cut and what I beat,
Any young man could do the same.
And I sit with everyone in a big circle,
In the quiet, cold after-work hour,
And the master says to us all:
"I am pleased with your work;"
And the sweet maid says
To all a good night.

6. The Curious One

I ask not of any flower,

I ask not of any star,
They could not tell me
That which I long to hear.
I'm not at all a gardener,
The stars are all too high,
I'd like to ask my brooklet,
Whether my heart has lied to me.
O, brooklet of my love,
How mum you keep today,
Just one thing I wish to know,
One word, again and again.
"Yes" is the one word;
The other is "no,"
The two words for me
Encompass the entire world.
O, brooklet of my love,
How wondrous you are,
I will tell no one else,
Say, brook, does she love me?

7. Impatience

I'd like to carve it in every tree,
I'd like to etch it on every pebble,
I'd like to sow it in every fresh flowerbed
With cress seeds that would quickly show,
I'd like to write it on every white scrap of
paper:
My heart is yours, and will forever be.
I'd like to train a young starling,
Until he spoke the words purely and clearly,
Until he spoke them with my own voice,
With my heart's full and ardent drive;
Then he would sing brightly through her
windowpanes:
My heart is yours, and will forever be.
I'd like to inhale the morning winds,
And then whisper them through the woods,
O, if only it shone from every flowering bud,
And carried the perfume to her from near and
far!
Ye waves, can you turn nothing by mill-wheels?
My heart is yours, and will forever be.
I thought it would have to show in my eyes,
That one could see the burning on my cheeks,
That one could read it on my silent lips,
That every breath I take would loudly
proclaim;
And yet she notices none of the worried signs:
My heart is yours, and will forever be!

8. Morning Greeting

Good morning, fair maid of the mill!

Why do you hide your face away so quickly,
As though something happened to you?
Does my greetings sadden you so much?
Does my gaze bother you so?
If so, I must go away.
O let me just stand far away,
And look towards your lovely window,
From afar, from far away!
You blonde head, come forth,
Come forth from your round gates,
Ye blue morning stars!
Ye slumber-drunken eyes,
Ye dew-heavy flowers,
Why do you shun the sun?
Has the night been so good to you,
That you close and droop and cry
For its wondrous still joy?
Now shake away the veil of dreams,
And rise up fresh and free,
In God's bright morning!
The skylark warbles in the sky,
And cries from deep inside its heart,
That love brings pain and worry.

9. The Miller's Flowers

Many little flowers grow by the brook,
And look out from bright blue eyes;
The brook is the miller's friend,
And bright blue shine the sweetheart's eyes,
Therefore these are my flowers.
Right beneath her window,
That's where I'd like to plant the flowers.
There you will call her, when all keeps mum,
When she lays her head to rest,
For you know what I mean.
And when she closes her eyes,
And sleeps her sweet, sweet rest,
Then you must whisper to her in her dream:
"Do not, do not forget me!"
That is what I mean.
And when in the morning she opens the
blinds,
Then look at her with a loving regard,
The dew in your little eyes,
Will be my own tears,
That I will weep on you.

10. Rain of Tears

We sat together so cosily
Under the canopy of alder trees,
We looked so longingly together
Down at the burbling brook.

The moon join in too,
The stars were also there,
And looked so cosily together
Down at the silver mirror.
I didn't look at any moon,
Nor at any stars,
I only looked at her image,
Only at her eyes.
And I saw them nod and look up
From the happy brook,
And the flowers on the bank, the blue ones,
Nodded and looked up to her.
And sunken in the brook
The whole sky seemed to be,
And it wanted to drag me down under
Right into its depths.
And above the clouds and stars,
The brook burred clearly,
And called in singing and ringing:
"Friend, friend, follow me!"
Then my eyes filled with tears,
And the reflection became blurred;
She said: "It's going to rain,
Farewell, I'm going home."

11. Mine!

Brook, cease your babbling!
Wheels, stop your turning!
All ye happy forest birds,
Large and small,
End your melodies!
Through the wood,
In and out,
Sing just one rhyme today:
The beloved maid of the mill is mine!
Mine!
Spring, are these all your flowers?
Sun, have you no brighter shine?
Oh, then I must be all on my own
With my own happy words,
Understood nowhere in the vast creation!

12. Pause

I've hung my lute on the wall,
And tied a green ribbon around it –
I can't sing anymore, my heart is too full,
I don't know how to force this into rhyme.
The most ardent pains of my yearning
I could breathe out in a playful love song,
And as I lamented so sweetly and softly,
I believed my suffering was more than just a
trifle.

Oh, how great is the burden of my joy,
That no sound on earth could contain it!
Now, dear lute, rest here on the nail!
And if a draught of air blows over your strings,
And if a bee strums you with its wings,
I will feel afraid and shudder.
Why did I let the ribbon hang for so long?
It often flutters on the strings with a sighing
sound.
Is this the echo of my love's sorrow,
Or is it the prelude to new songs?

13. With the Green Lute Ribbon

"What a pity for the beautiful green ribbon
To fade away here on the wall,
I love the colour green so much!"
Thus you spoke to me today, my love;
I'll quickly tie it up and send it to you:
Now enjoy the green colour!
Even when your sweetheart is all in white,
Green will still win its reward,
And I, too, love it so.
For our love is evergreen,
For green blossoms hope from afar,
That is why we are fond of it.
Now tie that green ribbon
Beautifully into your hair,
You love the colour green so much.
Then I know where hope blossoms,
Then I know where love reigns,
Then I will truly enjoy the green colour.

14. The Hunter

What does the hunter seek at the mill brook
here?
You sullen hunter, stay on your own land!
There is no game for you to hunt here,
Here is only one tame fawn for me.
And if you want to see this sweet fawn,
Then leave your guns in the forest.
And leave your barking dogs at home,
And stop that noise of your hunting horns,
And shave that messy beard on your chin,
Or the fawn will hide in the garden, frightened.
Or even better, stay in the forest,
And leave the mill and the miller in peace.
What would fish seek in the twigs of a tree?
What would a squirrel be doing in a blue pool?
So stay, you sullen hunter, in the woods,
And leave me alone with my three wheels;
And if you want to win my sweetheart's love,

Then you should know what weighs on her heart:
Wild boars come out of the woods at night,
And break into the cabbage patch,
They trample around and ruin the field:
Shoot the boars instead, you hunting hero!

15. Jealousy and Pride

Where to so fast, so ruffled and wild, ye lovely brook?
Do you hurry full of rage after the impudent hunter friend?
Turn back, turn back, and first admonish your maid of the mill,
For her light, frivolous fickleness.
Did you not see her standing by the gate last night,
Craning her neck to look at the road?
When the hunter returns gleefully from his hunt,
A good girl does not stick her head out of the window.
Go, brook, and tell her this, but don't tell her –
Do you hear? – about my sad face;
Tell her: he has cut a flute from reeds on my bank,
And he is playing nice songs and dances for the children.

16. The Lovely Colour

In green I'd like to dress,
In green weeping willows,
My beloved loves green so much.
I'd like to find a cypress grove,
A heath of green rosemary,
My beloved loves green so much.
Up and away to the merry hunt!
Up and away through the woods and the hedges!
My beloved loves hunting so much.
The game I hunt is death,
The heath I call love's distress,
My beloved loves hunting so much.
Dig me a grave in the turf,
And cover me with green grass,
My beloved loves green so much.
No black cross, no colourful flowers,
Green, everything green, all around!
My beloved loves green so much.

17. The Evil Colour

I'd like to go out into the world,

Out into the big, wide world,
If only it weren't so green, so green,
Out there in the forests and fields.
I'd like to pluck all the green leaves,
From every branch,
I'd like to make the green grass
Pale like death, by crying over it.
Oh green, you evil colour, you,
Why do you keep looking at me
So proud, so insolent, so gloating –
At me, a poor white man?
I'd like to lie right by her door,
In storm, and rain and snow,
And sing so softly through day and night,
The one word, farewell!
Hark, when in the forest a hunting horn sounds,
Then I can hear her window,
And even if she doesn't look out to me,
I can still look in at her.
Oh, unbind from your brow
The green, green ribbon,
Farewell, farewell! And extend to me
In parting your hand!

18. Dry Flowers

All ye flowers,
That she gave to me,
You will be laid
In the grave with me.
How you look at me
So sorrowfully,
As though you knew
What happened to me.
All ye flowers,
How withered, how pale?
All ye flowers,
Why are you so wet?
Oh, tears cannot
Make the green of May,
They cannot revive
A love which has died.
And spring will come,
And winter will pass,
And flowers will grow
In the green grass.
And flowers lie
In my grave,
All the flowers
That she gave to me.
And when she walks
Past the mound,

She'll think in her heart:
"His love was true!"
Then all ye flowers,
Come out, come out!
May is here,
The winter is gone.

19. The Miller and the Brook

The Miller:
Where a true heart
Dies in love,
The lilies wither
In every bed.
There the full moon
Disappears into the clouds,
So that its tears
Can't be seen by men.
There the angels
Keep their eyes shut,
And sob and sing
The soul to rest.
The Brook:
And when love
Breaks free of pain,
A new star
Shines in the sky.
There grow three roses,
Half red and half white,
They never wither
On their thorny stems.
And the angels cut
Their wings off,
And come every morning
Down to earth.
The Miller:
Oh brook, my beloved brook,
You mean so well:
But brook, do you know,

What love can do?
Oh, below, down there,
The cool rest!
Oh brook, my beloved brook,
Just keep singing.

20. The Brook's Lullaby

Good rest, good rest!
Close your eyes!
Wanderer, so weary, you're at home.
Constancy is here,
You shall lie with me,
Until the sea drinks up all the brooks.
I'll make you a cool bed,
With a soft pillow,
In the small blue crystal chamber.
Come, come,
All who can cradle,
Rock and lull this boy to sleep!
When the hunting horn sounds
From the green forest,
I will surge and roar around you.
Don't look in,
Little blue flowers,
You make my sleeper's dreams so hard.
Away, away,
From the mill path,
Evil girl, that your shadow doesn't stir him!
Throw to me
Your soft shawl,
That I may cover his eyes!
Good night, good night!
Until everything awakes,
Sleep away your joy, sleep away your suffering!
The full moon rises,
The fog disperses,
And the heavens above, how vast they are!

Barber: *Hermit Songs* op.29

1. At St. Patrick's Purgatory
2. Church Bell at Night
3. St. Ita's Vision
4. The Heavenly Banquet
5. The Crucifixion
6. Sea-snatch
7. Promiscuity
8. The Monk and his Cat
9. The Praises of God
10. The Desire for Hermitage

Barber's Hermit Songs, perhaps his most famous song cycle, is a set of ten settings of writings attributed to Irish saints and holy characters. The original writings are in Gaelic or Latin, and the settings are of their translations into English. Of this work, Barber himself wrote: "They are settings of anonymous Irish texts of the eighth to thirteenth centuries written by monks and scholars, often on the margins of manuscripts they were copying or illuminating – perhaps not always meant to be seen by their Father Superiors. They are small poems, thoughts or observations, some very short, and speak in straightforward, droll, and often surprisingly modern terms of the simple life these men led, close to nature, to animals and to God." The texts chosen for these settings portray a wide range of emotional content, from the pain and torment of The Crucifixion to the coyly playful The Monk and his Cat. Some of the settings are epigrammatically short (Promiscuity and Sea-Snatch) and others are more extended (The Desire for Hermitage). Although a lot of the music falls naturally into recognisable metres, Barber's score includes no time signatures, allowing for a natural fluidity of interpretation. These ten brief songs were composed mainly in the winter of 1952–3, and the set is dedicated to the great American patroness of the arts Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge. Coolidge's foundation had given Barber a grant for this work, whose premiere took place in October 1953 in the Coolidge Auditorium of the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. The singer at that performance was the great American soprano Leontyne Price (at the time young and relatively unknown) with the composer at the piano.

At St. Patrick's Purgatory

Seán Ó Faoláin

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!
 O King of the churches and the bells
 Bewailing your sores and your wounds
 But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
 Not moisten an eye after so much sin!
 Pity me, O King!
 What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its
 own ease?
 O only begotten Son by whom all men were
 made,
 Who shunned not the death by three wounds,
 Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg
 And I with a heart not softer than a stone!

Save, O tiny nursling, You.

Infant Jesus at my breast,
 By my heart every night,
 You I nurse are not a churl
 But were begot by Mary the Jewess
 By Heaven's light.
 Infant Jesus at my breast,
 What King is there but You who could
 Give everlasting good?
 Wherefore I give my food.
 Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
 There is none who has such right
 To your song as Heaven's King
 Who every night
 Is Infant Jesus at my breast.'

Church Bell at Night

Howard Mumford Jones

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
 I would liefer keep tryst with thee
 Than be with a light and foolish woman.

The Heavenly Banquet

Seán Ó Faoláin

I would like to have the men of Heaven in my
 own house;
 With vats of good cheer laid out for them.
 I would like to have the three Mary's,
 Their fame is so great.
 I would like people from every corner of
 heaven.
 I would like them to be cheerful in their
 drinking.
 I would like to have Jesus sitting here among
 them.
 I would like a great lake of beer for the King of
 Kings.

St. Ita's Vision

Chester Kallman

'I will take nothing from my Lord,' said she,
 'Unless he gives me His Son from Heaven
 In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him.'
 So that Christ came down to her
 In the form of a Baby and then she said:
 'Infant Jesus at my breast,
 Nothing in this world is true,

I would like to be watching Heaven's family
Drinking it through all eternity.

The Crucifixion

Howard Mumford Jones

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

Sea Snatch

Kenneth Hurlstone Jackson

It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has
drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!
The wind has consumed us, swallowed us,
As timber is devoured by crimson fire from
Heaven.
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has
drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!

Promiscuity

Kenneth Hurlstone Jackson

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,
But I do know that fair Edan will not sleep
alone.

The Monk and his Cat

W. H. Auden

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me, study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

The Praises of God

W. H. Auden

How foolish the man who does not raise
His voice and praise with joyful words,
As he alone can, Heaven's High Kind.
To whom the light birds with no soul but air,
All day, everywhere laudations sing.

The Desire for Hermitage

Seán Ó Faoláin

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody
near me;
Beloved the pilgrimage before the last
pilgrimage to Death.
Singing the passing hours to passing Heaven;
Feeding upon dry bread and water from the
cold spring.
That will be an end to evil when I am alone
In a lovely little corner among tombs
Far from the houses of the great.
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell, to be all
alone, all alone:
Alone I came into the world,
Alone I shall go from it.

Biographies of the artists:

As one of the truly versatile and fearless baritones of his generation, Morgan Pearse has appeared on many of the world's finest opera and concert stages in a career already filled with countless highlights. These have included débuts in numerous title roles, such as the critically praised new production of *Le Nozze di Figaro* at Opernhaus Zürich, *The Barber of Seville* at English National Opera and *Don Giovanni* at the Verbier Festival. In past seasons, Morgan has enjoyed great success with performances of *Theodora* (Valens) and *Tolomeo* (Araspe) at the Karlsruhe Händelfestspiele, *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Figaro) and *Die Zauberflöte* (Papageno) at the Badisches Staatstheater, *Don Giovanni* (Masetto) and *L'Elisir d'Amore* (Belcore) for NZ Opera, the title role in *Billy Budd* for the Bolshoi Theatre, as well as *Nero* in Kaiser's *Octavia* and *Almiro* in Pasquini's *Idalma*, both for the Innsbruck Festival of Early Music.

Equally at home in concert repertoire, Morgan's engagements have included appearances with ensembles including the Academy of Ancient Music, London Philharmonic Orchestra, Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, King's College Choir Cambridge, The Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Netherlands Radio Philharmonic, The Philharmonia Orchestra, CBSO, English Chamber Orchestra, Gabrieli Consort, Australian String Quartet, the Australian Brandenburg Orchestra, Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, RTVE Madrid, Russian National Orchestra, as well as La Scintilla and the Philharmonia Orchestra of Opernhaus Zürich.

His engagements have also led him to prestigious international venues such as Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Royal Festival Hall, Queen Elizabeth Hall, Sydney Opera House, and Wigmore Hall, Palau de la Música Catalana Barcelona, Konserthuset Copenhagen, Melbourne Recital Centre, Hamer Hall, St John's Smith Square, among many others.

An active recording artist, Morgan Pearse appears on several recent recordings, including the Gramophone Award-winning Dussek Messe Sollemnelle and Händel's Brockes Passion, both with the Academy of Ancient Music on the ensemble's own AAM label. Other recordings include the critically acclaimed performance of Pasquini's *Idalma* (from the Innsbruck Festival of Early Music) on the CPO label, and the world premiere recording of Eleanor Alberga's *The Soul's Expression* for Lyrita with the BBC NOW. Most recently, he has recorded the world premiere of Dame Ethyl Smyth's *Der Wald* with the BBC Concert Orchestra and the BBC Singers

First prize winner of the prestigious Cesti Competition in 2016, Morgan Pearse is also the recipient of the Lies Askonas Prize from the Royal College of Music, and the Gold Medal of the Royal Overseas League's Music Competition.

Multi-award-winning pianist **Amit Yahav** is much in demand as a recitalist, chamber musician and concerto soloist, having earned his reputation for interpretations that grip and move audiences with passion and intellectual insight. His interpretations of the music of Chopin and Schumann, in particular, have received high praise. Alongside his performing career, Amit has also conducted research into Chopin with the generous support of the Royal College of Music's Polonsky Award.

In performance, Amit's interpretations are historically informed, and often made accessible to the audience by spoken introductions which place the works in a historical, social and cultural context. Amit is keen to programme well-known and loved repertoire along lesser-known works.

Amongst Amit's success are the Anthony Lindsay Piano Prize, the Special Jury Prize at the Northwood-Ruislip Concerto Competition, the György Solti Award for Professional Development, and the Brooks-van der Pump Pianist Prize at the Royal College of Music. Amit also won the 1st International Israeli Music Competition in London and consequently performed Zvi Avni's *On the Verge of Time* in London's Southbank Centre in the presence of the composer.

Amit's debut CD "Amit Yahav Plays Chopin", containing the four Ballades alongside the 2 Polonaises op.26 and the C# Minor Scherzo op.39 attracted much positive attention upon release. This followed Amit's tour showcasing the four Ballades in an explained recital, which was selected by the Royal College of Music as part of their Insight Series of soirees offered to their donors. In 2018, he earned a Doctor of Music degree for his thesis investigating interpretation in the music of Chopin. Most recently, his latest CD "Fantasies" showcasing works by Chopin, Mendelssohn and Schumann appeared on the GENUIN label.

Forthcoming concerts:

- February 24th, 7.30pm, Clare Hall Dining Hall: Gabriel Cano, flute, Guillaume Moix, piano.
Music by Poulenc, Sancan, Martin, Schumann, Reinecke

-March 2nd: Fitzwilliam Quartet, Clare Hall Dining Hall: Beethoven: Quartet opus 135, Haydn: The Seven Last Words of Christ

-March 16th, 7.30 pm, Clare College Chapel: Continuum Choir, Harrie Guthrie, music by Victoria, Guerrero, Morales, and more