

18 April 2026, 7pm  
Robinson College Chapel, CB3  
9AN



# Continuum in Concert: 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Clare Hall

Continuum, directed by Harry Guthrie, presents a spring concert of British choral music by Byrd, Tallis, Morley, King Henry VIII, Ralph Vaughan Williams, Britten, Finzi and Park

With the premiere of a new work by Clare Hall's Composer-in-Residence, Lucy Walker, setting words by American poet Angier Brock honouring the College



Book tickets here!

Founded in 2018 by Harry Guthrie, **Continuum** represents the finest traditions of choral singing. Continuum's artists include some of the UK's finest young professional singers with the ensemble typically comprising eighteen singers.

The choir prides itself in offering original and dynamic interpretations of repertoire from the Renaissance to the present alongside promoting new commissions and under-performed pieces. The Composer in Residence is Lucy Walker.

Over the last seven years (with a pandemic in the middle) the choir have performed more than fifty concerts across England and Wales, building a reputation for musical excellence and creative programming. The choir performs frequently in and around London and across the South West. Many of the singers met whilst singing for the Choir of Trinity and St John's Colleges in Cambridge and the choir regularly performs in the city.

The choir has performed as part of the Brecon Choral Festival, the Lamberhurst Music Festival and as part of Music at St Mary's Perivale. In 2026, the choir will give concerts in London, Cambridge, Bedford and Sherborne as well as perform for the first time at the Salisbury International Festival. The choir returns to South Wales in July 2026 to perform a second programme for the Brecon Choir Festival. In 2026, the choir will perform for the concert series at Clare Hall, Cambridge three times.

True to our founding ambition, Continuum has commissioned thirteen new works from seven composers. These include emerging voices: Lucy Walker, Alexander Hopkins, Helena Paish, Carlos Rodríguez Otero, and Harold Thalange. New commissions in 2026 will include music by Ben Parry, Joanna Forbes-L'Estrange, Stuart Beer, and Lucy Walker.

In April 2024, Continuum launched the **Continuum Choral Library** on Spotify, Apple Music and YouTube and this extends Continuum's reach beyond live performance. Recent releases include British music from the twentieth century, music from the Tudor Renaissance and music for Christmas. Releases in 2025 focused on commissioned works and American a cappella settings. The choir recorded its debut album in August 2025.

## Programme

**William Byrd (1540 - 1623)** – *Laudibus in Sanctis*

**Thomas Tallis (1505 - 1585)** – *Loquebantur variis linguis*

**William Byrd** – *Ye sacred muses*

**Thomas Morley (1557 - 1602)** – *Sing we and chant it*

**King Henry VIII (1491 - 1547)** – *Passtime with good company*

**Thomas Morley** – *Now is the month of maying*

**Percy Grainger (1882 - 1961) after Thomas Morley** – *O Mistress Mine*

**Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872 - 1958)** – *Three Shakespeare Songs*

1. *Full fathom five*
2. *The cloud-capp'd towers*
3. *Over hill, over dale*

**Owain Park (1993 - )** – *Shakespeare Love Songs*

1. *Love is a smoke*
2. *Love, whose month is ever May*
3. *So sweet a kiss*
4. *When love speaks*

## Interval

**Benjamin Britten (1913 - 1976)** – *Five Flower Songs*

1. *To daffodils*
2. *The succession of the four sweet months*
3. *Marsh flowers*
4. *The evening primrose*
5. *Ballad of green Broom*

**Gerald Finzi (1901 - 1956)** – *Seven poems of Robert Bridges*

1. *I praise the tender flower*
2. *I have loved flowers that fade*
3. *My spirit sang all day*
4. *Clear and gentle stream*
5. *Nightingales*
6. *Haste on, my joys!*
7. *Wherefore tonight so full of care*

**Lucy Walker (1998 - )** – *Come celebrate this place*



*Credit Jason Elberts*

## **Tonight's Performers**

**Soprano:** Ailsa Campbell, Anna Grieve, Molly Noon, Laura Newey

**Alto:** Hannah Dienes-Williams, Katherine Gregory, Helena Paish

**Tenor:** Joseph Deery, Henry Laird, Joseph Hancock

**Bass:** Alex Hopkins, Oliver Morris, Jonathan Pratt, Alex Semple

**Lucy Walker** was elected Fellow Commoner of Clare Hall in October 2024 and will spend two years as the college's first Composer-in-Residence, having just completed a term in a similar post at St Martin in the Fields, London. She will write at least six new pieces of choral music during her tenure, five shorter pieces and one long work to help commemorate the 60th anniversary of the 1966 founding of Clare Hall. All these works will be premiered in performances by Continuum, with whom she maintains a similar relationship, or the Clare Hall Choir directed by Ben de Souza. Her portfolio includes choral works commissioned by the BBC Singers, VOCES8, The Sixteen, and numerous Cathedral Choirs across the UK.



## Texts and Translations

### William Byrd – *Laudibus in Sanctis*

Laudibus in sanctis Dominum celebrate  
supremum:  
Firmamenta sonent inclita facta Dei.  
Inclita facta Dei cantate, sacraque potentis  
Voce potestatem saepe sonate manus.

Magnificum Domini cantet tuba martia  
nomen:  
Pieria Domino concelebrate lira.

Laude Dei resonent resonantia tympana  
summi,  
Alta sacri resonent organa laude Dei.  
Hunc arguta canant tenui psalteria corda,  
Hunc agili laudet laeta chorea pede.

Concava divinas effundant cymbala laudes,  
Cymbala dulcisona laude repleta Dei.  
Omne quod aethereis in mundo vescitur  
auris  
Halleluya canat tempus in omne Deo.

Celebrate the Lord most high in holy praises:  
Let the firmament echo the glorious deeds of  
God.  
Sing ye the glorious deeds of God, and with holy  
voice  
Sound forth oft the power of his mighty hand.

Let the warlike trumpet sing the great name of  
the Lord:  
Celebrate the Lord with Pierian lyre.

Let resounding timbrels ring to the praise of the  
most-high God,  
Lofty organs peal to the praise of the holy God.  
Him let melodious psalteries sing with fine  
string,  
Him let joyful dance praise with nimble foot.

Let hollow cymbals pour forth divine praises,  
Sweet-sounding cymbals filled with the praise of  
God.  
Let everything in the world that feeds upon the  
air of heaven  
Sing Halleluia to God for evermore

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### Thomas Tallis – *Loquebantur variis linguis*

Loquebantur variis linguis Apostoli, Alleluia.  
Magnalia Dei. Alleluia.  
Repleti sunt omnes Spiritu Sancto, et  
cooperunt loqui  
Magnalia Dei. Alleluia  
Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto:  
Alleluia:

Ye sacred muses, race of Jove  
The Apostles spoke in many tongues, Alleluia  
Of the great works of God, Alleluia  
They were all filled with the Holy Spirit and  
began to speak in many tongues  
Of the great works of God, Alleluia  
Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the  
Holy Spirit.  
Alleluia

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**William Byrd – *Ye sacred muses***

Whom music's lore delighteth,  
Come down from crystal heavens above to earth,  
Where sorrow dwelleth in mourning weeds with tears in eyes:  
Tallis is dead, and music dies.

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**Thomas Morley – *Sing we and chant it***

Sing we and chant it, while love doth grant it,  
Fa la la la...  
All things invite us, now to delight us,  
Fa la la la...  
Not long youth lasteth, and old age hasteth,  
Now is best leisure, to take our pleasure.  
Fa la la la...  
Hence care be packing, no mirth be lacking!  
Let spare no treasure, to live in pleasure.  
Fa la la la...

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**King Henry VIII – *Passtime with good company***

Pastime with good company  
I love and shall unto I die.  
Grudge whoso will, but none deny,  
So God be pleased, this live will I.  
For my pastance  
Hunt, sing, and dance.  
My heart is set  
All godely sport  
To my comfort.  
Who shall me let?

Youth will have needs daliance,  
Of good or ill some pastance.  
Company me thinketh then best  
All thoftes and fantasies to digest.  
For idleness  
Is chief mistress  
Of vices all.  
Than who can say  
But "pass the day"  
Is best of all?

Company with honesty  
Is virtue, and vice to flee.  
Company is good or ill  
But every man hath his free will.  
The best ensue,  
The worst eschew,

My mind shall be,  
Virtue to use,  
Vice to refuse,  
I shall use me.

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**Thomas Morley – *Now is the month of maying***

Now is the month of maying,  
When merry lads are playing, fa la,  
Each with his bonny lass  
Upon the greeny grass. Fa la.

The Spring, clad all in gladness,  
Doth laugh at Winter's sadness, fa la,  
And to the bagpipe's sound  
The nymphs tread out their ground. Fa la

Fie then! why sit we musing,  
Youth's sweet delight refusing? Fa la.  
Say dainty nymphs, and speak,  
Shall we play barley-break? Fa la.

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**Percy Grainger after Thomas Morley – *O Mistress Mine***

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O stay and hear, your true love's coming  
That can sing both high and low

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;  
Journeys end in lovers' meeting  
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;  
Youth's a stuff will not endure

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**Ralph Vaughan Williams – *Three Shakespeare Songs***

**1. *Full fathom five* (from *The Tempest*)**

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.

**2. *The cloud-capp'd towers* (from *The Tempest*)**

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

**3. *Over hill, over dale* (from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*)**

Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough briar,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire  
I do wander everywhere.

Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours:  
I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear

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**Owain Park – *Shakespeare Love Songs***

**1. *Love is a smoke* (from *Romeo and Juliet*)**

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;  
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears.  
What is it else? A madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

**2. *Love, whose month is ever May* (from *Love's Labour's Lost*)**

Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair  
Playing in the wanton air:  
Through the velvet leaves the wind  
All unseen 'gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
Air, would I might triumph so!

But, alack, my hand is sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;  
Youth so apt to pluck the sweet!  
Do not call it sin in me  
That I am forsworn for thee;  
Though for whom e'en Jove would swear  
Juno but an Ethiop were;  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.

**3. *So sweet a kiss* (from *Love's Labour's Lost*)**

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not  
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote  
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:  
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright  
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:  
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep;  
No drop but a coach doth carry thee,  
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe:  
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
And they thy glory through my grief will show:  
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep  
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.  
O Queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,  
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

**4. *When love speaks* (from *Sonnet 116/Venus and Adonis/ Love's Labour's Lost*)**

Love is not love which alters it when alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove: O no!  
It is an ever fixed mark that looks on tempests and is never shaken.  
Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain  
And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods makes  
Heaven drowsy with the harmony

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## INTERVAL

### Benjamin Britten – *Five Flower Songs*

#### 1. *To daffodils*

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon:  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attain'd his noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to evensong;  
And, having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,  
We have as short a Spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or any thing  
We die,  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away  
Like to the Summer's rain;  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew  
Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591- 1674)

#### 2. *The succession of the four sweet months*

First, April, she with mellow showers  
Opens the way for early flowers.

Then after her comes smiling May  
In a more rich and sweet array.

Next enters June and brings us more  
Gems than those two that went before.

Then lastly July comes and she  
More wealth brings than all those three.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591- 1674)

#### 3. *Marsh flowers*

Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root,  
Here the dull nightshade hangs her deadly fruit:

On hills of dust the henbane's faded green,  
And pencil'd flower of sickly scent is seen.

Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,  
Grows the lavender that lacks perfume.

At the wall's base the fiery nettle springs,  
With fruit globose and fierce with poison'd stings.

In every chink delights the fern to grow,  
With glossy leaf and tawny bloom below;

The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread  
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.

These, with our sea-weeds wolling up and down,  
Form the contracted Flora of our town.

GEORGE CRABBE (1754-1832)

#### 4. *The evening primrose*

When once the sun sinks in the west,  
And dewdrops pearl the evening's breast;  
Almost as pale as moonbeams are,  
Or its companionable star,  
The evening primrose opes anew  
Its delicate blossoms to the dew  
And, hermit-like, shunning the light,  
Wastes its fair bloom upon the night;  
Who, blindfold to its fond caresses,  
Knows not the beauty he possesses.  
Thus it blooms on while night is by;  
When day looks out with open eye,  
'Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun,  
It faints and withers and is gone.

JOHN CLARE (1793-1864)

#### 5. *Ballad of green Broom*

There was an old man liv'd out in the wood,  
And his trade was a-cutting of Broom, green Broom;  
He had but one son without thought without good  
Who lay in his bed till 'twas noon, bright noon.

The old man awoke one morning and spoke  
He swore he would fire the room, that room  
If his John would not rise and open his eyes,  
And away to the wood to cut Broom, green Broom.

So Johnny arose and slipp'd on his clothes  
And away to the wood to cut Broom, green Broom;  
He sharpen'd his knives, and for once he contrives

To cut a great bundle of Broom, green Broom.

When Johnny pass'd under a lady's fine house  
Pass'd under a lady's fine room, fine room,  
She call'd to her maid: 'Go fetch me,' she said,  
'Go fetch me the boy that sells Broom, green Broom.'

When Johnny came into the lady's fine house,  
And stood in the lady's fine room, fine room,  
'Young Johnny', she said, 'Will you give up your Trade  
And marry a lady in bloom, full bloom?'

Johnny gave his consent, and to church they both went,  
And he wedded the lady in bloom, full bloom;  
At market and fair, all folks do declare,  
There's none like the Boy that sold Broom, green Broom.

ANONYMOUS

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### **Gerald Finzi – *Seven poems of Robert Bridges***

#### **1. *I praise the tender flower***

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

I praise the gentle maid  
Whose happy voice and smile  
To confidence betrayed  
My doleful heart awhile;  
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 made  
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 the sirit'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 not 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 loved so long,  
That hast heard the song  
And the idle dream

Of my boyish day;  
While I once again  
Down thy margin stray,  
In the selfsame 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 un 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 beseem  
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, wherefrom  
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 and 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 withdrawn  
From these sweet-springing meads  
and bursting boughs of May,  
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day  
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 meted 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 scarce would win my love.

Nay, life itself the heart would spurn,  
Did once the days restore  
The days, that once enjoyed return,  
Return, ah! nevermore.

7. *Wherefore tonight so full of care*

Wherefore tonight so full of care,  
My soul, revolving hopeless strife,  
Pointing at hindrance, and the bare  
Painful escapes of fitful life?  
Shaping the doom that may befall  
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.

ROBERT BRIDGES (1844-1930)

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**Lucy Walker – *Come celebrate this place* (Angier Brock, 2026)**

Come, celebrate this place  
that opens space  
to feed on curiosity.  
Come, prize the vision!  
Let scholar and sage  
mingle freely at table  
and taste the fresh edges  
of ancient questions.  
Test new forms and equations.  
Walk in clarifying air.  
Bring in the whole spectrum  
of human yearning –  
for science is sharing,  
and the language of every mind  
speaks its own kind of love to the world.  
May all who live and labor here  
seek wisdom's precious pearl  
and savor the sweetness of learning.

Angier Brock on the composition of “Come, celebrate this place” in February 2026:

*The text of “Come, celebrate this place” honors a number of distinctive features of Clare Hall. One is the abundance of curiosity that abides here, clearly a point of pride. Another is the tradition of having students, faculty, and visiting fellows “mingle together at table,” a practice that creates space for spontaneous mealtime conversations and surprising connections. “Taste the fresh edges of ancient questions” salutes both the modernity of Clare Hall and its centuries-old roots. “Test new forms and equations” and “bring in the whole spectrum of human learning” convey the breadth of exploration and knowledge-making that go on in these rooms. Two of the Nobel Prize winners associated with Clare Hall inspired portions of the text: Seamus Heaney, literature (“walking in ... air”) and Paul Berg, chemistry (“science is sharing”). Finally, the word “clarifying” is both etymologically and aurally connected to the founder Elizabeth de Burgh, Lady of Clare; and she herself inspired the last lines, which are based loosely on her words in the founding preamble.*

## **Future Clare Hall Musical Events**

19 April 2026 (Sunday), 6pm, Queens’ College Chapel

### **Clare Hall 60th Anniversary Choral Evensong.**

Clare Hall Choir is joined by alumni and Life Members for a celebratory service. Music by Stephen Paulus, Ben de Souza, Charles Villiers Stanford, and Lucy Walker

25 April 2026 (Saturday), 7:30 pm, Clare Hall Dining Room

### **Fitzwilliam String Quartet.**

Shostakovich *String Quartet No. 7*, Carwithen *String Quartet No. 1*,  
Beethoven *String Quartet in A minor, opus 132*

9 May 2026 (Saturday), 7:30 pm, Clare Hall Dining Room

### **Exploring the Influence of Irish Folk Music.**

Beethoven *12 Irish Folk Songs WO 154*, Martin Trio *on Irish Folk Tunes*,  
Britten *Irish Folk Songs*

## **Supporting Music at Clare Hall**

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