

Lydia Kakabadse

ITHAKA

choral and vocal works

A sailboat with white sails is sailing on a body of water during a golden sunset. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a bright glow and reflecting on the water. The sky is filled with soft, golden clouds. The water is dark blue with gentle ripples.

The Choir of Royal Holloway | Cecily Beer *harp* | Rupert Gough *director*
Clare McCaldin *mezzo-soprano* | Paul Turner *piano*

ITHAKA

MUSIC BY LYDIA KAKABADSE

ODYSSEY	36:12
1 Archaic	6:56
2 Classical	5:51
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8 The House where I was Born	2:39
9 As I Sat at the Café	3:01
10 Haunted Houses	4:05
11 Courage	1:58
12 Recitativo Arioso	5:15
13 I Remember *	3:01
14 The Ruined Maid	3:25
15 A Vision	2:29
16 The Way through the Woods	1:45
17 Sancte Ioseph	4:01
Total playing time	67:56

Odyssey and I Remember: The Choir of Royal Holloway, directed by Rupert Gough with Cecily Beer (harp) and *Sara Trickey (violin)

All other tracks: Clare McCaldin (mezzo-soprano) and Paul Turner (piano)

For texts, see page 10 et seq.

ITHAKA

notes by the composer

In metaphorical terms, *Ithaka* symbolises a person's journey through life – a journey whose destination is the richness of wisdom, experience and knowledge. The poem, *Ithaka*, written by the distinguished twentieth century Greek poet Constantine Cavafy, evokes Homer's account of Odysseus' journey home and suggests that we are all in search of our own *Ithaka* i.e. our own supreme goal. With its inspirational interpretation, this poem creates a fitting ending to the Hellenic journey depicted in my choral work, *Odyssey*.

ODYSSEY

To mark its 25th anniversary in 2018, the Hellenic Institute at Royal Holloway University of London commissioned me (Royal Holloway alumna) to compose a choral work, *Odyssey*, to portray a musical journey through centuries of Greek history, literature and culture. The lyrics are a synthesis of Greek poetry - selected by Dr Charalambos Dendrinou, Director of the Hellenic Institute and Senior Lecturer in Byzantine Literature & Greek Palaeography - representing successive eras from Homer through to modern Hellenism. *Odyssey* was premiered by The Choir of Royal Holloway at the College Chapel in October 2018. The Choir was conducted by Rupert Gough, Director of Choral Music and accompanied by harpist and fellow Royal Holloway alumna, Cecily Beer.

1st movement: Archaic

Archaic music, already a sophisticated art at the time of Homer, was primarily monophonic, i.e. single melodic line without harmony. Important accompanying instruments were the *kithara* (a type of lyre) and the *aulos* (similar to an oboe), which consisted of 2 pipes – one acted as a drone (long sustained notes) and the other as melody. The movement begins with a *pianissimo* drone (tenor, baritone and bass voices), over which the solo soprano delivers an introductory salutation, followed by a short bravura passage on the harp. The opening lines of *Odyssey*, Book 1, sung in Ancient Greek by male voices over a drone bass, lead to the main theme delivered by the tenors, who tell of the sufferings and hardships of Odysseus. This theme is

developed by the female voices, who depict his longing for his wife and home. The misfortunes, which befall Odysseus in Book VI, are portrayed by the solo tenor accompanied by the harp, following which a melodic phrase introduced by the harp, develops into a syncopated rhythmic passage between the male and female voices.

2nd movement: Classical

During the Classical period, a highly dramatic and emotional form of musical performance, known as the *dithyramb*, became popular and Pindar's *First Olympic Ode* is represented in *dithyramb*-like style. Beginning in dramatic fashion with a rhythmic harp strum played *con fuoco* (with fire), the voices enter with fervid energy in octave echo-like effects. In contrast, Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound* portrays the pain, suffering and misery of Prometheus, chained to a *crag at the edge of the world* as punishment by the gods for stealing fire and offering it to humanity. The special tremolo effect on the harp, together with the use of arpeggios in contrary motion, represents the rush of a winged chariot carrying the daughters of Oceanus to him. The final section relates to Sophocles' *Antigone* and is scored for female voices with harp. It depicts the argument between Antigone (sopranos) and her sister Ismene (altos) over their brother's burial, outlawed on penalty of death, which Antigone defies in order to honour him and obey the unwritten law. Despite clear discord between the sisters and the use of syncopation between the voices and harp, a feeling of tenderness pervades. The harp's remarkable versatility is displayed throughout the movement.

3rd movement: Hellenistic

There is a direct correlation between Cavafy's citizenship of Alexandria – a city which had been the great cultural centre of the Hellenistic era – and his persistent choice of Hellenistic themes as settings for his poems. Cavafy viewed this era as being more liberal, immoral and tolerant, consequently allowing him greater freedom of characterisation. The underlying sense of irony, which runs throughout *Waiting for the barbarians*, very much characterizes the music. This pseudo-historical poem, which appears to be in dialogue form, is in fact a succession of revelations depicting civic hypocrisy. No matter what questions are asked about the attire and behaviour of the statesmen, the answer is the same – *Because the barbarians are coming today*.

Whilst the first question is rendered in spoken form, the others are sung in an impassive manner without harp accompaniment. In contrast, the answers are depicted in a rhythmic staccato style performed triumphantly by the upper voices and harp.

4th movement: Roman

Set to the text of *Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison* (Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy), this movement incorporates a number of features which epitomise the Greek Orthodox liturgy – chanting, drone bass, antiphons & responses, open triads and responsorial singing (solo chanting alternating with the choir). The use of parallel octaves and open 5th passages give rise to a stark chordal structure and short rhythmic sections are juxtaposed against smooth flowing passages. The harp is silent throughout.

5th movement: Byzantine

This movement is made up of two hymns, which I have arranged for mixed choir (SATB) *a cappella*. Both hymns are sung in Greek. The anonymous *Hymn to the Defender Mother of God (Akathistos Hymn)* is a famous and well-loved hymn of the Byzantine Church, believed to have been written in the 6th century. *The Kontakion on the Nativity of Christ* was composed by St Romanos The Melodist, one of the greatest hymnographers of the Byzantine period. A *kontakion* is a form of thematic hymn and was significant in early Byzantine liturgical music.

6th movement: Post-Byzantine

The romance between Aretous and Erotocritos, taken from 17th century Vitzentzos Kornaros' *Erotocritos*, opens here with the solo soprano and female voices (collectively representing Aretousa) singing *teneramente con dolore* (tenderly with grief). Aretousa's longing and desire for Erotocritos is reproduced by the use of the minor key, falling augmented 2nds, repetition of the same note and sequence of notes. The mood changes when Erotocritos (represented collectively by the solo tenor and male voices) responds, admitting that he *should never have aspired* to win over Aretousa, a *high-born Princess*. In the final part, as depicted in a duet love song and then in full choir arrangement, the lovers find fulfilment *in visions and dreams*.

7th movement: Modern

The final movement is made up of two sections: *The National Anthem of Greece* (composed by Nikolaos Mantzaros) and *Ithaka*. The National Anthem, which I have arranged for mixed choir (SATB), is first sung by the choir *a cappella* in Greek and then repeated in English with the addition of soprano and alto soloists and harp. *Ithaka*, which represents the destination of a person's journey through life, suggests that it is the enjoyment of the journey, rather than the destination, which is important. Octave echo-like effects rising from basses to sopranos, reminiscent of the opening of the 2nd movement, herald the introduction to *Ithaka*. The overall joyful mood is twice interrupted by the solemn delivery – *quasi recitativo* – of the solo alto issuing salutary warnings. Bringing together rhythmic and thematic material from earlier movements, *Ithaka* ends with great fervour, in triumphant and dramatic style.

SONGS

The nine songs, scored for mezzo-soprano (or alto) and piano are, in the main, set to lyrics written in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. With the exception of *Recitativo Arioso*, the songs were composed between August 2018 and January 2019 and span a diverse range of styles such as Recitativo & arioso, ballad, folk jazz, Romantic, antiphonal and minimalistic.

THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN

The words, taken from Charlotte Brontë's poem *Regret*, are filled with nostalgia and regret. They tell of the author's sad and wretched memories in the house where she grew up and her journey through life in search of happiness. Her search ends when she finds great happiness – akin to paradise – with William. Performed *patetico* (with much feeling), the piano and voice reflect the author's dark and haunting agonies. The melancholic tone of the lyrics is reproduced by the use of minor keys, which shift between C minor and F minor. The piano accompaniment is very light throughout and could be substituted by a harp or guitar.

AS I SAT AT THE CAFE

Set to selected verses from Arthur Hugh Clough's poem *How pleasant it is to have money*, this work is written in the G Dorian mode in folk jazz style, infusing folk-based music with a jazz timbre. The poem focuses on social injustice and the many privileges that are associated with having money (as emphasized in the refrain) and highlights the conflicts between rich and poor as well as personal satisfaction and social conscience.

HAUNTED HOUSES

Somewhat minimalistic in style, the ghostly tale is taken from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem of the same name and makes much use of the piano's very low and high registers, giving rise to an eerie and mysterious effect. Despite references to *the harmless phantoms* and *quiet inoffensive ghosts*, the feeling of restlessness and unease throughout cannot be shaken off. Centring round the double harmonic scale of D minor, the piece ends as mysteriously and unexpectedly as it began.

COURAGE

This piece opens with the voice singing the first line of Amelia Earhart's poem without accompaniment. Famed for her courage, Earhart was an American aviation pioneer and author as well as the first female aviator to fly solo across the Atlantic Ocean. The poem makes the point that we have a choice of either living within our comfort zone or finding the courage to break free and challenge ourselves in uncharted waters, which has its own reward. At times, where the piano ascends in its upper register, there is a sense that it is representative of a free spirit soaring in the air.

RECITATIVO ARIOSO

Inspired by the *recitativo arioso* (a quasi-lyrical expressive recitative) and set to my own lyrics, this song has been taken from a much earlier work, which I wrote when I was 18. It tells the story of a child lying by its mother's lifeless body and how, even in death, a mother's protective bond with her child cannot be broken. The recitative, representing despair and danger, is in contrast to the arioso's two themes: the first, presented on the piano, is lyrical and flowing whilst the second is lullaby-like, representing hope and love. In the end, the recitative with stark accompaniment gives

way to the recapitulation of the lullaby-like arioso in the major key, where hope and love are triumphant. The mood, however, becomes more sombre in the closing section when this theme returns in the tonic minor. *Recitativo Arioso* has in recent years been adapted for string quartet, to which a set of variations has been added. This adaptation is included in an earlier Divine Art recording ("Concertato" - dda 25149).

I REMEMBER (choral work)

In 2015, Forest School – an independent preparatory school based in Altrincham, Cheshire – commissioned me (a former pupil) to write a short choral work with piano & violin accompaniment to be performed at the Bellevue Education Northern Music Festival 2016. The work, *I Remember*, was premiered at the Festival in April 2016 by the Forest School choir directed by Susan Wellings. The lyrics are taken from the first 3 verses of Thomas Hood's poem "I Remember, I Remember". The piano, directed to be played *quasi harp*, has been substituted by the harp for this recording. With its solo voice passages, 3 & 4 part harmony and syncopated accompaniment, the work is quite challenging for young children. The violin makes its entry after the first verse, playing a variation of the opening theme in its high register. This is followed by frequent interplay between the violin and voices over a continuous syncopated accompaniment.

THE RUINED MAID

Thomas Hardy's satirical poem *The Ruined Maid* is full of intended irony. The poem highlights the harsh reality and judgemental society of the Victorian era regarding women, who have been morally ruined. It tells of a "fallen" woman named 'Melia who, tired of being a farm maid, sought her fortune in the city. By chance one day, she meets a farm girl she once worked with, who remarks on her finery and elocution. 'Melia's matter-of-fact responses, set out in the refrain of each verse, show that she accepts that's the way things are for a woman who has been ruined. Both girls, in effect, are ruined but in different ways. Whilst 'Melia is ruined morally but not financially, the farm girl is chaste but without money. Despite the seriousness of the subject matter, the overall mood is light-hearted in ballad style.

A VISION

The lyrics, by English poet John Clare, are representative of the Romantic era and appear to portray a visionary dream of a utopian world disrupted by a sense of loss. A sorrow, which stayed with Clare throughout his life, was his first love, Mary Joyce, whom he never forgot (referenced in the third verse). Several years before he wrote this poem, Clare was certified insane and admitted to a mental asylum. The piece is characterized by the use of minor keys and a jerky rhythmic pattern, representing a melancholic tone and an unsettled state of mind.

THE WAY THROUGH THE WOODS

This piece is set to Rudyard Kipling's poem of the same name, which tells of strange happenings that cannot be explained and also nature's power over mankind. The poem focuses on a forest path which, having been shut down *seventy years ago*, disappeared among the forest undergrowth. Yet, *the beat of a horse's feet* (depicted throughout in the piano part) can still be heard where the path once existed. In keeping with the mysterious theme, the poem ends with the words *but there is no road through the woods*, sung *sotto voce* (in an undertone).

SANCTE IOSEPH

Set to a Latin text taken from the Litany of Saint Joseph (traditional Catholic devotion prayer), this work comprises a very sparse piano accompaniment. Made up of three component sections, the first section (*miserere nobis*) is sung without accompaniment. This is followed by the piano adding an open chordal accompaniment to the *ora pro nobis* section. In the final section (*Kyrie eleison*), the piano acts as a choir substitute in a call-and-response litany form, where the voice alternates with the piano in a style known as responsorial singing.

TEXTS

ODYSSEY

1st Movement: *Archaic* (ca. 8th century – 480 BC)

Homer, *Odyssey*, Book 1, vv. 1-21, Invocation and Introduction

Ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, μοῦσα, πολύτροπον, ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη, ἐπεὶ Τροίης ἱερὸν πτολίεθρον ἔπερσεν.

[English translation is set out in first sentence below]

Tell me, O Muse, of the man of many devices, who wandered wide after he had sacked Troy's sacred citadel. Many were the men whose cities he saw and whose mind he learned, aye, and sorrows he suffered at sea, seeking to save his friends. Yet even so, he tried but could not save them, for through their own blind folly they perished – fools, devouring the cattle of Helios; so, he took from them the day of their return. Tell us these things, goddess, daughter of Zeus, beginning where thou wilt.

Now all the rest, who had escaped destruction, were at home, safe from both war and sea. But whilst he alone was longing for his fair wife and home, the Nymph Calypso kept in her hollow caves, yearning for him as her husband. Not even when the seasons changed and the year arrived when the gods had ordained that he should return to Ithaka, was he free from troubles and among friends. And so, despite Poseidon's raging wrath, he at last reached his own land.

Homer, *Odyssey*, Book VI, vv. 110-139, Odysseus on the island of the Phaeacians

When she was about to yoke the mules and fold the fine clothes ready to return home, the goddess Athena planned that Odysseus should wake and see a fair maid who would lead him to the Phaeacian city. When the princess tossed the ball to one of her maidens, she missed her and it fell in deep water. When they cried out, Odysseus woke, sat up and pondered thus: "Woe is me! To the land of what mortals have I now reached? Are they cruel and wild or do they love strangers and fear the gods? There rang in my ears a cry as of maidens, of nymphs who haunt the towering peaks of the mountains, the springs that feed the rivers and the grassy meadows. Can it be that I am somewhere near men of human speech? I will look and see".

So saying, noble Odysseus came forth from the bushes and, with his stout hand, he broke a leafy branch to hide his nakedness. He moved forth like a lion sure of his might, beaten with rain and wind, with eyes ablaze, springing into the midst of cattle and sheep or tracking the wild deer. So, Odysseus in his need, was about to face the fair-haired maidens, naked though he was. But, decked in brine, he terrified them and they ran away in fear along the jutting sand-spits.

[Trans. Augustus Taber Murray, *The Odyssey* (Loeb Classical Library: Cambridge, MA, Harvard University Press London, William Heinemann Ltd 1919). Adapted by the composer]

2nd Movement: *Classical* (480 – 323 BC)

Pindar, *First Olympian Ode*, For Hieron of Syracuse single horse race (476 BC)

Best is Water of all and Gold as a flaming fire in the night shining eminent amid lordly wealth. But if you wish to tell of prizes in the games then, as there is no star to search for brighter than the sun shining by day in the empty sky, so we shall not find any games greater than the Olympic [...] Of many kinds is the greatness of men; but the highest is to be achieved by kings. Do not look for more than this. May it be yours to walk loftily all your life and mine to be the friend of winners in the games, honoured for my art among Hellenes everywhere.

[Trans. Ernest Myers, *The Extant Odes of Pindar* (London: Macmillan and Co, 1874), pp. 3 -4. Adapted by the composer]

Aeschylus, *Prometheus Bound*, vv. 115-136, Prometheus in dialogue with the chorus

Prometheus

Ha! Behold! What murmur, what invisible scent wings to me, heavenly or human, or both? Has someone come to this crag at the edge of the world to stare at my sufferings—or with what motive? Behold me, an ill-fated god in chains. Ha! What's this? What may be this rustling stir of birds I hear again nearby? The air whirs with the light rush of wings. Whatever approaches, alarms me.

Chorus

Do not fear! We have come on swift winds as friend to you, with our father's consent. The swift-coursing breezes bore me on; for the pained sound of iron pierced the depths of our caves and drove my modesty away; unsandalled, I have hastened in a winged car.

[Trans. Herbert Weir Smyth, *Prometheus Bound* (Loeb Classical Library: Harvard University Press: Cambridge, MA, 1926). Adapted by the composer]

Sophocles, *Antigone*, vv. 44-75, Dialogue between Ismene and Antigone over the burial of their brother Polyneikes

Antigone

Will you join your hand to mine in order to lift his corpse?

Ismene

You plan to bury him—when it is forbidden?

Antigone

Yes, he is my brother, and yours too, even if you wish it otherwise. I will never be convicted of betraying him.

Ismene

Hard girl! Even when Creon has forbidden it?

Antigone

No, he has no right to keep me from my own.

Ismene

Ah, no! Think, sister, how our father died hated and in shame when, because of the crimes that he himself committed, he gouged out both his eyes; then his mother-wife, two names in one, with a twisted noose she took her own life; lastly, our two brothers in a single day, each killed the other with his own hand. And now we, in turn—we two who have been left all alone—think how bad our lives would be if we disobey the law. No, we must remember that we are women, thus not suited to battles against men. It is foolish to do what is fruitless.

Antigone

No, be the sort that pleases you. I will bury him—it would honour me to die while doing that. I shall rest with him, loved one with loved one, a pious criminal.

[Trans. Richard Jebb, *The Antigone of Sophocles* (Cambridge University Press: Cambridge, 1891). Adapted by the composer]

3rd Movement: *Hellenistic* (323 – 146 BC)

Constantine P. Cavafy, *Waiting for the barbarians*

What are we waiting for, assembled in the forum?

The barbarians are due here today.

Why isn't anything happening in the senate?

Why do the senators sit there without legislating?

Because the barbarians are coming today.

What laws can the senators make now?

Once the barbarians are here, they'll do the legislating.

Why did our emperor get up so early,
and why is he sitting at the city's main gate
on his throne, in state, wearing the crown?

Because the barbarians are coming today
and the emperor is waiting to receive their leader.
He has even prepared a scroll to give him,
replete with titles, with imposing names.

Why have our two consuls and praetors come out today
wearing their embroidered, their scarlet togas?

Why have they put on bracelets with so many amethysts,
and rings sparkling with magnificent emeralds?

Why are they carrying elegant canes
beautifully worked in silver and gold?

Because the barbarians are coming today
and things like that dazzle the barbarians.

Why don't our distinguished orators come forward as usual
to make their speeches, say what they have to say?

Because the barbarians are coming today
and they're bored by rhetoric and public speaking.

Why this sudden restlessness, this confusion?
(How serious people's faces have become).

Why are the streets and squares emptying so rapidly,
everyone going home so lost in thought?

Because night has fallen and the barbarians have not come.
And some who have just returned from the border say
there are no barbarians any longer.

And now, what's going to happen to us without barbarians?
They were, those people, a kind of solution.

[From C. P. CAVAFY: Collected Poems, Revised Edition translated by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard, ed. by George Savidis. Translation copyright © 1975, 1992 by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard. Reprinted by permission of Princeton University Press]

4th Movement: Roman (146 BC – 331 AD)

Anonymous, *Prayer to the Lord*

Κύριε, ἐλέησον

Kyrie eleison

Lord have mercy

Χριστέ ἐλέησον

Christe eleison

Christ have mercy

Κύριε, ἐλέησον

Kyrie eleison

Lord have mercy

5th Movement: Byzantine (331 – 1453)

Anonymous, *Hymn to the Defender Mother of God (Akathistos Hymn)*

Τῇ ὑπερμάχῳ στρατηγῷ τὰ νικητήρια,

ὡς λυτρωθεῖσα τῶν δεινῶν εὐχαριστήρια,

ἀναγράφω σοι ἡ Πόλις σου Θεοτόκε.

Ἄλλ' ὡς ἔχουσα τὸ κράτος ἀπροσμάχητον,

ἐκ παντοίων με κινδύνων ἐλυθέρωσον,

ἵνα κράζω σοι· Χαῖρε, Νύμφη ἀνύμφευτε.

[To thee, unconquered Queen,

I thy city from danger freed an offering of thanks inscribe.

O Forth-bringer of God!

Yet for thy unconquerable might

free me from all hurt

that I may sing to thee: Hail! Bride Unbrided].

[Trans. by Vincent McNabb, *The Akathistos Hymn* (Blackfriars Publications: Oxford, 1934)]

St Romanos the Melodist, *Kontakion on the Nativity of Christ*

Ἡ Παρθένος σήμερον, τὸν ὑπερούσιον τίκτει,

καὶ ἡ γῆ τὸ σπήλαιον, τῷ ἀπροσίτῳ προσάγει.

Ἄγγελοι μετὰ ποιμένων δοξολογοῦσι,

μάγοι δὲ μετὰ ἀστέρος ὁδοιποροῦσι.

Δι' ἡμᾶς γὰρ ἐγεννήθη,

Παῖδιον νέον, ὁ πρὸ αἰώνων Θεός.

[The Virgin today gives birth to Him, who is beyond essence

And the earth delivers a cave to Him, who cannot be approached

Angels with shepherds exult in the glory of God

While Wise Men journey with the star.

For us there has been born

A young child, God before the ages].

[Trans. Lydia Kakabadse and Charalambos Dendrinis (2017)]

6th Movement: *Post-Byzantine* (1453 – 1821)

Vitcentzos Kornaros, *Erotocritos*

Canto 1, Aretousa (vv. 853-866)

Why does he wait?

Why have I not heard his sweet voice of late?

Alas! the more I sit and long in vain,

The more I burn to hear those songs again.

When through the dark I heard their love – notes steal,

They seemed to soothe my spirit and to heal;

I felt at peace, my every wish fulfilled,

And for the singer my desire was stilled.

But now that, bird-like, he has flown away,

My urge for him increases day by day;

I yearn to meet him and to learn his name,

I writhe in torment – and he is to blame!

Erotocritos (vv. 2179-2186)

I grant, I know

That I, who stand in such a gulf below,

Should never have aspired or asked of fate

To gain a high-born Princess for my mate.

It should suffice that, as she passes by,

She deigns to scan me with a kindly eye;

This is the dream that I shall ever clutch,

It is enough – let me not ask too much.

The Poet (vv. 2187-2194)

All lovers find a solace to their sighs

By gazing deeply in each other's eyes;

In this they know such pleasure and delight

That Eros-dazed, they seek no other sight.

Thus with these two. Forgetful of their schemes,

They found content in visions and in dreams;

They moved with care, though their ingenuous youth

Had never dealt before with Love's own truth.

[Trans. Theodore Ph. Stephanides, *Vitcentzos Kornaros, Erotocritos*.

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7th Movement: *Modern* (1821 – present day)
Dionysios Solomos, *Hymn to Liberty* (National Anthem of Greece)

Σε γνωρίζω από την κόψη
Του σπαθιού την τρομερή,
Σε γνωρίζω από την όψη,
Που με βιά μετράει τη γη.

Απ' τα κόκκαλα βγαλμένη
Των Ελλήνων τα ιερά,
Και σαν πρώτα ανδρειωμένη,
Χαίρε, ω χαίρε ελευθεριά!

We knew thee of old,
Oh, divinely restored,
By the lights of thine eyes
And the light of thy Sword.

From the graves of our slain
Shall thy valour prevail
As we greet thee again –
Hail, Liberty! Hail!

[Trans. Rudyard Kipling, 'Hymn to Liberty', in *The Daily Telegraph* (17 October 1918)]

Constantine P. Cavafy, *Ithaka*

As you set out for Ithaka
hope the voyage is a long one,
full of adventure, full of discovery.
Laistrygonians and Cyclops,
angry Poseidon—don't be afraid of them:
you'll never find things like that on your way
as long as you keep your thoughts raised high,
as long as a rare excitement
stirs your spirit and your body.
Laistrygonians and Cyclops,
wild Poseidon—you won't encounter them
unless you bring them along inside your soul,
unless your soul sets them up in front of you.
Hope the voyage is a long one.
May there be many a summer morning when,
with what pleasure, what joy,
you come into harbors seen for the first time;
may you stop at Phoenician trading stations
to buy fine things,

mother of pearl and coral, amber and ebony,
sensual perfume of every kind—
as many sensual perfumes as you can;
and may you visit many Egyptian cities
to gather stores of knowledge from their
scholars.

Keep Ithaka always in your mind.
Arriving there is what you are destined for.
But do not hurry the journey at all.
Better if it lasts for years,
so you are old by the time you reach the
island,
wealthy with all you have gained on the way,
not expecting Ithaka to make you rich.

Ithaka gave you the marvelous journey.
Without her you would not have set out.
She has nothing left to give you now.

And if you find her poor, Ithaka won't have
fooled you.

Wise as you will have become, so full of
experience,
you will have understood by then what these
Ithakas mean.

[From C. P. CAVAFY: Collected Poems, Revised Edition translated by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard, ed. by George Savidis. Translation copyright © 1975, 1992 by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard. Reprinted by permission of Princeton University Press]

THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN

Long ago I wished to leave
"The house where I was born;"
Long ago I used to grieve,
My home seemed so forlorn.
In other years, its silent rooms
Were filled with haunting fears;
Now, their very memory comes
O'er charged with tender tears.

Farewell, dark and rolling deep!
Farewell, foreign shore!
Open, in unclouded sweep,
Thou glorious realm before!
Yet, though I had safely pass'd
That weary, vexed main,
One loved voice, through surge and blast,
Could call me back again.

Though the soul's bright morning rose
O'er Paradise for me,
William! Even from Heaven's repose
I'd turn, invoked by thee!
Storm nor surge should e'er arrest
My soul, exulting then:
All my heaven was once thy breast,
Would it were mine again!

Charlotte Brontë (1816 – 1855) *Regret*

AS I SAT AT THE CAFÉ

As I sat at the café, I said to myself,
They may talk as they please about what
they call pelf,
They may sneer as they like about eating and
drinking,
But help it I cannot, I cannot help thinking,
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
How pleasant it is to have money.

It was but last winter I came up to Town,
But already I'm getting a little renown;
I make new acquaintance where'er I appear
I am not too shy and have nothing to fear.
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
So pleasant it is to have money.

We sit at our tables and tippie champagne;
Ere one bottle goes, comes another again;
The waiters they skip and they scuttle about,
And the landlord attends us so civilly out.
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
So pleasant it is to have money.

A gondola here, and a gondola there,
'Tis the pleasantest fashion of taking the air.
To right and to left; stop, turn, and go yonder,
And let us repeat, o'er the tide as we wander,
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
How pleasant it is to have money.
Arthur Hugh Clough (1819 – 1861)
How Pleasant It Is to Have Money

HAUNTED HOUSES

All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty
hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours
dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807 – 1882)

COURAGE

Courage is the price that Life exacts for
granting peace.
The soul that knows it not
Knows no release from little things:
Knows not the livid loneliness of fear,
Nor mountain heights where bitter joy can
hear the sound of wings.

How can life grant us boon of living,
compensate
For dull gray ugliness and pregnant hate
Unless we dare the soul's dominion?
Each time we make a choice,
We pay with courage to behold the restless
day, and count it fair.

Amelia Earhart (1897 – 1937)

RECITATIVO ARIOSO

In darkness, in a place deserted
A child cries so pitifully,
Huddled by his mother's lifeless form.

Hush my child hush,
Sleep my precious sleep.
Close your swollen eyes
Round you I shall keep.
I watch o'er you, day and night
And whilst you're sleeping tight.
Dream my angel dream,
Playing by the stream.
I'll take care of you
all night through.

But Hunger beckons to the child
It heeds not his suffering.
Darkest thoughts threaten to surround him,
But the child is protected
And his mother looks on nigh
Oh, how he longs to hear her voice,
To hear her sing, to hear her sing,
Just one more time.
I will guide you life's perils through.
I will guide you life's perils through.
Lydia Kakabadse

I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday -
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

Thomas Hood (1799 - 1845)
I Remember, I Remember

THE RUINED MAID

"O 'melia, my dear, this does everything crown!
Who could have supposed I should meet you in
Town?
And whence such fair garments, such prosperity?"
"O didn't you know I'd been ruined?" said she.

"You left us in tatters, without shoes or socks,
Tired of digging potatoes and spudding up docks;
And now you've gay bracelets and bright feathers
three!" -
"Yes: that's how we dress when we're ruined," said
she.

"At home in the barton you said 'thee' and 'thou'
And 'thik oon' and 'theäs oon' and t'other but now
Your talking quite fits 'ee for high compa-ny" -
"Some polish is gained with one's ruin," said she.

"Your hands were like paws then, your face blue
and bleak
But now I'm bewitched by your delicate cheek,
And your little gloves fit as on any la-dy!" -
"We never do work when we're ruined," said she.

"You used to call home-life a hag-ridden dream,
And you'd sigh and you'd sock; but at present you
seem
To know not of megrims or melancho-ly!" -
"True. One's pretty lively when ruined," said she.

"I wish I had feathers, a fine sweeping gown,
And a delicate face and could strut about Town!" -
"My dear - a raw country girl, such as you be,
Cannot quite expect that. You ain't ruined" said she.

Thomas Hardy (1840 - 1928)

A VISION

I lost the love of heaven above
I spurned the lust of earth below
I felt the sweets of fancied love
And hell itself my only foe.

I lost earth's joys but felt the glow
Of heaven's flame abound in me
Till loveliness and I did grow
The bard of immortality.

I loved but woman fell away
I hid me from her faded fame
I snatched the sun's eternal ray
And wrote till earth was but a name.

In every language upon earth
On every shore o'er every sea,
I gave my name immortal birth,
And kept my spirit with the free.
John Clare (1793 – 1864)

THE WAY THROUGH THE WOODS

They shut the road through the woods
Seventy years ago.
Weather and rain have undone it again,
And now you would never know
There was once a road through the woods
Before they planted the trees.
It is underneath the coppice and heath
And the thin anemones.
Only the keeper sees
That, where the ring-dove broods,
And the badgers roll at ease,
There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods
Of a summer evening late,
When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed
pools
Where the otter whistles his mate,
(They fear not men in the woods,
Because they see so few)
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,
Steadily cantering through
The misty solitudes,
As though they perfectly knew
The old lost road through the woods....
But there is no road through the woods.
Rudyard Kipling (1865 – 1936)

SANCTE IOSEPH

Pater de caelis Deus, Miserere nobis.
Fili Redemptor mundi Deus, Miserere nobis.
Spiritus Sancte Deus, Miserere nobis.
Sancta Trinitas unus Deus, Miserere nobis.
Sancta Maria, Ora pro nobis.
Sancte Ioseph, Ora pro nobis,
Proles David inclita, Ora pro nobis,
Lumen Patriarcharum, Ora pro nobis.
Dei Genitricis sponse, Ora pro nobis.
Custos pudice Virginis, Ora pro nobis.

Kyrie eleison,
Kyrie eleison,
Christe eleison,
Christe eleison,
Kyrie eleison,
Kyrie eleison,
Christe audi nos,
Christe audi nos,
Christe exaudi nos,
Christe exaudi nos.

English translation:

*God the Father of Heaven, have mercy on us.
God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us.
God the Holy Spirit, have mercy on us.
Holy Trinity, One God, have mercy on us.
Holy Mary, pray for us.
Saint Joseph, pray for us.
Illustrious Son of David, pray for us.
Light of the Patriarchs, pray for us.
Spouse of the Mother of God, pray for us.
Chaste Guardian of the Virgin, pray for us.*

*Lord, have mercy on us,
Lord, have mercy on us,
Christ, have mercy on us,
Christ, have mercy on us,
Lord, have mercy on us
Lord, have mercy on us,
Christ, hear us,
Christ, hear us,
Christ, graciously hear us,
Christ, graciously hear us.*



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THE COMPOSER



A “very gifted and accessible composer” with “a mastery of counterpoint and a richness of ideas” (*MusicWeb International*), British born Lydia Kakabadse started composing at the age of thirteen and writes mainly choral, vocal and chamber music. Her works include string quartets, string duet, songs, musical dramas, cantata, concert Requiem Mass and sacred/secular choral works for mixed choir (SATB), male voices and children’s choir. Beginning piano lessons at the age of five and then studying the double bass under the late Ida Carroll OBE, Lydia read

music at Royal Holloway University of London. Her works have been released on CD under the Naxos and Divine Art labels and have been widely broadcast and performed. BBC Radio 3 featured her string quartet *Russian Tableaux* to mark International Women’s Day in 2015 and 2017.

Of Russian/Georgian and Greek/Austrian parentage, Lydia was brought up in the Greek Orthodox & Russian Orthodox traditions, from where she draws inspiration – “Kakabadse’s talent at writing in the Greek Orthodox music style is supreme” (*Thomas Tamvakos – Tamvakos Archive*). An avid Latin enthusiast and inspired also by medieval music, she has written original texts in Latin for her vocal works. Her unique distinctive style incorporates tonal and modal harmonies with Middle Eastern traits and rich melody. Both Lydia’s recent choral commissions, *I Remember* and *Odyssey*, feature in her album *Ithaka*. Excerpts from her highly acclaimed choral album, *Cantica Sacra* – “Kakabadse is a phenomenon” (*GappleGate Classical Modern Music*) - have been included in the Three Choirs Festival (Eucharist) 2019.

Lydia has been included as a Greek heritage classical composer in the “Archive of Classical Greek Composers.” She also holds a master’s degree in Law (distinction) and, in the past, worked as a solicitor to fund her many music projects.

www.lydiakakabadse.com

THE PERFORMERS

Clare McCaldin is a lyric mezzo-soprano of outstanding quality who has appeared on the dramatic stage and concert platform at The Salzburg Easter Festival, The Royal Opera, The BBC Proms, BBC Radio 3, Oxford Lieder, The Three Choirs Festival and The Edinburgh International Festival. She has appeared as a soloist with Oliver Knussen, Claudio Abbado, Esa Pekka-Salonen, Sir Antonio Pappano, CHROMA and the Brodsky Quartet. She is known for her recital work and has appeared in partnership with Libby Burgess, Paul Turner, Andrew West, Simon Lepper and Iain Burnside. She has a significant solo discography of contemporary song repertoire.

Clare is noted for her advocacy of new music. Through her company McCaldin Arts, she has produced a number of solo shows. These range from narrated entertainments using existing repertoire - *Haydn's London Ladies* (about the composer's visits to London) and *Over My Shoulder* (the lives of Elisabeth Schumann and Jessie Matthews) - to brand new works for the stage. The critically-acclaimed *Vivienne* (about TS Eliot's first wife) was written for Clare in 2013. Her latest solo opera, *Mary's Hand* (on the life of Queen Mary I) was first performed in 2018 and given ★★★★★ by The Independent, who described it as "a modest gem of a show" and Clare as "an outstanding singing-actress." claremccaldin.com mccaldinarts.com

Pianist Paul Turner specialises in chamber music, having worked with eminent musicians throughout his career, such as Michael Collins, Nicholas Daniel, Caroline Dale, Sarah Walker, Alexander Baillie, Sarah Markham, Patricia Rozario, Ruggero Raimondi, Jack Brymer, Jane Eaglen, Barry Tuckwell and Elizabeth Watts.

He enjoyed a prize-winning studentship, culminating in the Queen's Commendation for Excellence and the Peter Pears Accompaniment Prize, adjudicated by Pears himself. He studied with John Streets and Geoffrey Parsons and is an elected Associate of the Royal Academy of Music (ARAM), a discretionary award given to past students in recognition of their contribution to the music profession. His early professional experience included working for organisations such as Live Music Now, the Young Concert Artists Trust and the Countess of Munster Recital Scheme. A widely experienced recitalist, his work has taken him to Buenos Aires, Amsterdam, Stuttgart, Berlin, Valencia and Paris, as well as London's leading venues and UK Festivals. Renowned for his sensitive playing, he excels in a wide range of genres.

www.paulturner-accompanist.com



Clare McCaldin



Rupert Gough



Cecily Beer



Paul Turner



Sara Trickey

Cecily Beer leads a varied musical career in London as both professional singer and harpist. As a harpist, she has taken lessons with some of the most prominent harpists of the day including Alison Nicholls, Gabriella Dall' Olio and Hugh Webb. She studied at Trinity College of Music and also Royal Holloway University of London, where she was a member of the internationally renowned chapel choir and performed regularly as a harp soloist.

Cecily currently holds the position of Resident Harpist at The Waldorf Hilton Hotel in Covent Garden, as well as being in high demand for private events. At the age of 18 she was chosen to play for Prince Charles' 60th birthday celebrations at The Royal Opera House. She has performed all over the world, including as guest recitalist in Kuwait City. She has taken part in broadcasts on BBC Radio 3, BBC Radio London, Classic FM, and several television musical appearances. As a soloist she has performed Mozart's *Concerto for Flute and Harp* in The Shipley Festival, Debussy's *Danses Sacrée et Profane* for harp solo and strings at St Martin in the Fields, Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty* and *The Nutcracker* at Cadogan Hall, and made her Royal Festival Hall debut during December 2018.

Sara Trickey enjoys an exciting and diverse career as a solo violinist and chamber musician. Noted for her "fiery and passionate" performances (*The Strad*) and her "beautifully refined tone" (*Musical Opinion*), she performs at many of the major UK festivals and venues, including in recent months the Presteigne, Alwyn, Oxford May Music, York, and Wye Valley Chamber Music festivals. She plays regularly with pianist Dan Tong with whom she has recorded the Schubert Sonatinas to critical acclaim ("Irresistible!" – *Barry Millington*). A CD of Fauré and David Matthews has recently been released by Deux-Elles. She also made a world premiere recording of Mathias' violin sonatas with Iwan Llewelyn Jones.

Sara has performed most of the repertoire for violin and orchestra, with orchestras that include the City of London Sinfonia and the Orchestra of St John's ("The Beethoven violin concerto was quite simply perfection" – *Seen and Heard International*).

The Choir of Royal Holloway is considered to be one of the finest mixed-voice collegiate choirs in Britain. Their recordings on the Hyperion label have attracted top reviews from all major music publications. Equally at home on the concert platform, the choir gives 50-plus concerts a year with a particular specialism in music from the late renaissance and contemporary music, especially from the Baltic states. The choir also regularly collaborates with other ensembles such as the King's Singers, London Mozart Players and Fretwork, and

in 2019 toured with the Britten Sinfonia with Thomas Adès in performances of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*.

Created at the time of the foundation of Royal Holloway in 1886, the choir was originally only for women's voices. The mixed choir now comprises 24 Choral Scholars which are generously funded as a part of the Santander Universities Scheme. These choral scholars undertake a busy schedule of weekly services, as well as concerts, international tours, recordings and broadcasts. In addition to these, Royal Holloway is also the only university that still maintains a tradition of daily sung morning services

The choir has toured the USA, Canada, most European countries, appeared in Beijing and has been broadcast on regional and national radio and television all over the world. In the UK, BBC Radio 3 has produced live broadcasts of both services and concerts.

The choir has been fortunate to sing at a number of high-profile events including the 2014 Festival of Remembrance at the Albert Hall (live on BBC TV), an awards ceremony at Buckingham Palace and performing a new John Rutter commission for the Magna Carta 800th anniversary in front of HM The Queen, the Prime Minister and Archbishop of Canterbury.

Recent festival engagements have included the Spitalfields Festival, the Three Choirs Festival, the Windsor and Swaledale festivals, the Cheltenham Festival (with Dame Felicity Lott and the City of London Sinfonia), and residencies at the Presteigne Festival in 2011, 2015 and 2018. Recent recording projects have included a collaboration with Ola Gjeilo (Winter Songs: DECCA), which topped the UK and US classical chart, and forthcoming releases include music by Ben Parry, Joanna Marsh and James Francis Brown.

Rupert Gough has been director of Choral Music and College Organist at Royal Holloway, University of London since 2005. He is also Organist and Director of Music at London's oldest surviving church, Saint Bartholomew the Great, which maintains a professional choir. At Royal Holloway Rupert has developed the choral programme to include weekly choral recitals, choral conducting courses for undergraduates, many new choral commissions and transformed the Chapel Choir into an elite group of 24 choral scholars. The Choir has particularly come to prominence through their series of recordings for Hyperion Records.

Rupert was a chorister at the Chapels Royal, St. James's Palace, and won a scholarship to the Purcell School. He received (with distinction) a master's degree in English Church Music from the University of East Anglia whilst Organ Scholar at Norwich Cathedral. For 11 years he was Assistant Organist at Wells Cathedral during which time he made around 30 CD recordings as accompanist and director. Rupert has worked with a variety of professional ensembles including the BBC Singers, King's Singers, Britten Sinfonia, London Mozart Players and Tallinn Chamber Orchestra. As an organist he has performed widely as an organ soloist and as part of a violin and organ duo. Highlights include the Saint-Saëns *Organ Symphony* with the Hong Kong Philharmonic and recitals in Moscow and across the USA.



Cantica Sacra DDA 25135



"An instantly enjoyable CD which will give much pleasure. A mastery of counterpoint and a richness of ideas, and there is a distinctive voice." - *MusicWeb*

"The singing by the Choir is outstanding. This disc is highly recommended." - *Music for Several Instruments*

Concertato DDA 25149



"A distinctive sound world. Performances throughout are admirable, and there is tremendous pleasure to be gained from this music." - *MusicWeb*

"This music is magnificent and goes straight to the heart. All in all, an exceptional album of heavenly music. I highly recommend it as one of the best CDs of the decade." - *Tamvakos Archive*

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