

COUNTERPARTS
music theatre arts

The Highwayman & Other

Songs from the Shadows

Music by Helen Porter
Conducted by Paul Searle-Barnes
Shadow animation by Joe Gladwin

PROGRAMME

THE HIGHWAYMAN & OTHER SONGS FROM THE SHADOWS

Music by Helen Porter

for eight voices with string quintet, tuned & untuned percussion, and piano

PERFORMANCES

Thur 5 Oct 2006 (Premiere) Salisbury Arts Centre
Fri 6 Oct Olivier Theatre, Bedales School, Petersfield
Sat 7 Oct Centenary Hall, Port Regis, Shaftesbury
Wed 11 Oct Tacchi-Morris Arts Centre, Taunton
Fri 13 Oct Arc Theatre Trowbridge
Mon 30 Oct Poole Lighthouse
Thur 9 Nov Digby Hall, Sherborne

Counterparts Music Theatre Arts

THE HIGHWAYMAN & OTHER SONGS FROM THE SHADOWS

Music: Helen Porter
Conductor: Paul Searle-Barnes
Artistic Director: Helen Porter
Shadow Animation: Joe Gladwin

Harriet Fraser, soprano
Jessica Sherman, soprano
Kathy Taylor-Jones, mezzo-soprano
Philippa Forrest, alto
Andrew Morton, tenor
Robert Gildon, baritone
Jeremy Birchall, bass
Charles Hetherington, bass (Oct 13th)

Peter Baldwin, narrator

violin I: Russell Dawson
violin II: Lucy-Anne Allen
viola: Aidan Fisher
violoncello: David Norton
double bass: Valdon Mizen
percussion: Mark Whitlam
piano: Paul Searle-Barnes

Assistant shadow animation: Sarah Stretton
Lighting design: Ricky da Fonseca
Light: Darren Jones

Production: Catherine Sandbrook, Peter Ursem
Cover image: Heather Mitchell

We gratefully acknowledge The Society of Authors as the Literary Representative of the Estate of Alfred Noyes.

'The Highwayman & other Songs from the Shadows' is made possible with generous support from



PROGRAMME

Songs from the Shadows

Dedicated to the memory of Nigel Carver

The Mistletoe Bough - Thomas Haynes Bayly

Harriet Fraser, Andy Morton, Jeremy Birchall and ensemble

The Enchanted Shirt - Colonel John Hay

Andy Morton, Robert Gildon and ensemble

Bishop Hatto and the Rats - Robert Southey

Peter Baldwin

A Trampwoman's Tragedy - Thomas Hardy

Kathy Taylor-Jones, Andy Morton, Philippa Forrest, Jeremy Birchall

The Spider and the Fly - Mary Howitt

Jessica Sherman, Robert Gildon

Price of a Drink? - Josephine Pollard

Ensemble

Interval

The Highwayman - Alfred Noyes

Ensemble

The first half of the programme will be approximately 45 minutes. The second half of the programme, after the interval, is approximately 35 minutes.

'Though hell should bar the way.....'

The boundless passion of Alfred Noyes' Highwayman still sparks the imagination - he will get to his love Bess whatever, *'though hell should bar the way'*. A less romantic but equally strong determination brought tonight's Counterparts' production 'The Highwayman & other Songs from the Shadows' into being. The idea for this staged concert was found easily in the creative alliance of Helen Porter and Joe Gladwin. Turning it into live music and shadow animation was however a journey of years and only through the creative conviction of Helen and Joe and the determined efforts of the Counterparts team and support of many friends throughout the last three years has it been possible to bring this musical event to you tonight.

Before the music starts you should know that Helen Porter is not one for sweet tales, and - as if the story of The Highwayman and Bess isn't dramatic enough - she included in this concert new settings of six moral tales. Helen says: *"These ballads were selected from reading literally hundreds during chilly winter evenings. I chose to set them for various combinations of singers in order to achieve a variety of vocal colour and expression, combined with the versatility and intensity of a string quintet, piano and percussion. With this combination I have tried to capture the tenderest moments of the stories through to the most brutal, and reveal the landscape and the passing of time through music. It's my wish that this, in The Highwayman heightened further still with the use of shadow animation, will create an atmosphere which will have the audience sitting on the edge of their seats!"*

On behalf of Counterparts MTA I wish you a very enjoyable evening.

Peter Ursem
Director Counterparts MTA

About the poets

The lives of the poets of the ballads in this concert are as rich and varied as the themes within the works themselves, and take us from boating in Oxford to the American civil war, from scholars to hymn-writers, and from urban New York to rural Dorset. The local connections are there not only with Hardy (whose Casterbridge is Dorchester); but also with Alfred Noyes. He wrote 'The Highwayman' while he was staying in the Bagshot area (there's a story about a highwayman roaming Bagshot Heath) and he settled on the Isle of Wight and is buried there. Another local connection, albeit more tenuous, is with the tragic bride of 'The Mistletoe Bough', whose ghost is said to haunt a Hampshire stately home.

Alfred Noyes (1880 – 1958)

Alfred Noyes was born in Wolverhampton. His father taught him Greek and Latin. In 1898 he went to Exeter College, Oxford where he excelled at rowing but failed to take his degree. His first volume of poems, 'The Loom Years', was published in 1902. In the ensuing years he published five other books of poetry. Among the best known poems of this time were 'The Highwayman'; 'The Barrel-organ'; and 'Drake', a two hundred page epic poem about life at sea. Today, 'The Highwayman' remains one of Noyes' most popular and best-loved works. In 1907 Noyes married Garnett Daniels. They had three children. From 1914 to 1923, Noyes taught English Literature at Princeton University, although returning to Britain for military service in 1916. In 1918 he was made a CBE. His wife died in 1926 and this led to his conversion to Roman Catholicism in 1927. Noyes later remarried and from 1929 made the family home at St Lawrence on the Isle of Wight. He spent much of World War II in the United States and Canada, returning to Britain in 1949. By now he was suffering increasing blindness, and all his subsequent works were dictated. Noyes published around sixty books in all, including poetry volumes, novels, short stories, biographies of William Morris and Voltaire, an autobiography 'Two Worlds for Memory', and theological works. His later writings, amongst them the epic work 'The Torch-bearers', explore the links between science and religion and turn increasingly to the themes of Catholicism and religion. Noyes is buried in the Roman Catholic

cemetery in Freshwater, Isle of Wight and his descendants still live on the island.

Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797 – 1839)

Bayly was educated at Winchester and St Mary Hall, Oxford. He produced songs, ballads and dramatic pieces including 'She wore a Wreath of Roses', and the successful farce 'Perfection'.

The source for his tragic ballad 'The Mistletoe Bough' is thought to be the account in 'Italy', a verse tale by Samuel Rogers (1763-1855), of Ginevra, daughter of indulgent father Orsini, who on the day of her wedding to Francesco Dorio, hid in a richly carved Venetian chest, a family heirloom. The chest was removed by strangers fifty years later and the skeleton discovered.

However, the ghost story is also associated with several mansions and stately homes in England, in particular in Hampshire, including Marwell Old Hall, near Winchester, and Bramshill near Hartley Wintney, said to be haunted by the ghost of the bride, waiting to be released.

Colonel John Hay (1838 – 1905)

John Milton Hay was an American statesman, author, journalist and private secretary to Abraham Lincoln. He served as US Secretary of State from 1898 to 1905 under presidents McKinley and Roosevelt. He was born in Indiana, raised in Illinois and educated at Brown University after which he studied for the bar. He served and became a colonel in the Civil War. Later he was positioned abroad in Paris and Vienna and became US Ambassador to the UK in 1897.

He published 'Abraham Lincoln, a History' in 1890 with co-author John G. Nicolay. From the age of 22 Hay was friend, confidant and companion to Lincoln and portions of his diaries and letters show Lincoln in an affectionate and intimate light. In 1890, 'Pike County Ballads and Other Poems' was published and included 'The Enchanted Shirt'. In 1904, Hay was one of the first seven chosen for membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Robert Southey (1774 – 1843)

Robert Southey, poet and literary scholar, was the son of a Bristol linen-draper. After being expelled from Westminster for writing an essay against flogging, he went to

Balliol College, Oxford, later saying that all he learnt there was 'a little swimming and a little boating'.

Southey was a poet of the Romantic school with contemporaries and friends Wordsworth and Coleridge. He published his first collection of poems in 1794. He married Edith Fricker, whose sister was to become Coleridge's wife, and they set up house in the Lake District. In 1813 he was appointed Poet Laureate.

Southey wrote an immense amount of both poetry and prose including biographies, histories, ecclesiastical writings, and political and moral essays. He was an excellent letter-writer.

His poems have enduring popularity. 'Bishop Hatto and the Rats' (also known as 'God's Judgement on a Wicked Bishop') was first published in the *Morning Post* in 1799. It comes from a 10th century legend relating that Hatto, archbishop of Mainz (891-913), at a time of famine assembled a group of poor people in a barn and burnt them to death, so that there might be more food for the rich. He was pursued by an army of mice, took refuge in a tower on the Rhine still known as the *M userturm*, and was there devoured by them. The historical Bishop Hatto was not guilty of this atrocity.

Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928)

Thomas Hardy is now regarded throughout the world as one of the greatest of English writers. Among his fourteen published novels have been such successes as 'Far from the Madding Crowd', 'The Return of the Native', 'The Mayor of Casterbridge', 'The Woodlanders' and 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles'. Seven volumes of his lyrics were published between 1898 and 1928, then brought together in his 'Complete Poems', which has been continuously in print ever since. Among its 948 poems are a number that have been anthologized many times. The reasons for this lasting appeal are many – a tremendous honesty to his own deep and sensitive experience of life, immense scholarship, astonishing powers of observation and wide-ranging technical skills being just some of them. But above all there is his compassion and ability to empathise with suffering human-kind – man's struggle against the indifferent force that rules the world and inflicts on him the ironies and disappointments of life and love.

'A Trampwoman's Tragedy' was written in 1902. Despite initial rejection by the *Cornhill Magazine* as unsuitable for a family periodical, it was eventually published

in the *North American Review* in 1903. The 'true case' is based on the story of Mary Ann Taylor, who had already been dead some 50 years when Hardy wrote this poem.

Mary Howitt (1799 -1888)

Mary Howitt was born in Coleford, the daughter of Samuel Botham, a land-surveyor. She was brought up as a strict Quaker, and in 1809 she and her sister were sent to a Quaker school in Croydon. At the age of 22 she married William Howitt, a reluctant chemist who shared her interest in natural history and literature, and who was co-writer on much of her published poetry. After their marriage they lived in Nottingham. Their social circle grew and they travelled widely, meeting and mixing with many other writers including Dickens, Mrs Gaskell, Tennyson, Wordsworth and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In 1840 they went to live in Heidelberg where Mary undertook some translation work. She was the first English translator of Hans Christian Anderson. The family moved between London and continental Europe several times. In 1869 they were living in Rome, writing for a range of publications. In 1879 William died. In 1882 Mary converted to Roman Catholicism at the tender age of 83. Apart from her poetry Mary also wrote a number of works for children. 'The Spider and the Fly' was written in 1821.

Josephine Pollard (c 1840 - ?)

Josephine Pollard was born in New York City in about 1840 and was educated there. She devoted herself to literature from an early age, and acquired a reputation as a hymn-writer, her best-known production being 'Outside the Gate'. Her prose writings include sketches that were published in *Harper's Magazine* and other periodicals. She wrote 'The Gipsy Books' (1873-4) and 'A Piece of Silver' (1876). She contributed the text to 'Decorative Sisters' (1881); 'Elfin Land' (1882); 'Boston Teaparty' (1882); 'Songs of Bird Life' (1885); 'Vagrant Verses' (1886); and, with John H. Vincent, 'The Home Book' (1887).

Helen Porter

Born in Dorset, Helen Porter studied music and drama at Bristol University, and on graduating in 1985 co-founded the SW touring Public Parts Theatre Company. She composed music for seven productions, mainly for a capella voices. She also worked as a freelance musical director and composer for a variety of established company's and theatres across the UK. Working on small scale productions with Public Parts, however, with an emphasis on improvisation and imaginative, collaborative work shaped her ideas about music in theatre, and fostered a deep passion for the singing voice. In 1992 she moved to the Netherlands, and co-founded with her husband, the artist Peter Ursem, Counterparts Theatre Company. Her first production with the company, *Moll Flanders*, won the 'Public's Choice' prize at the NCA theatre festival, and subsequently toured the Netherlands. Helen also worked as assistant director with the Netherlands Opera. On returning to England in 1998 she took up a three year post with Common Ground as music animateur on the Confluence project, and was responsible for forming a number of singing groups. She also facilitated, together with writer Paul Hyland, the much loved choral work 'Otter - lutra lutra on the Stour,' and founded the Stourhead 'Festival of the Voice'. Recently she has worked on a variety of commissions and produced a number of larger-scale works including *Silk* (Whitchurch Silk Mill) 'The White Book of Winter' for double chorus and soprano, and 'Back In Time For School', a commission from Bedales junior School. She is the vocalist with the jazz cabaret quartet *Misbehavin'*.



Paul Searle-Barnes

is well-known in Dorset and beyond as a pianist. He studied at Selwyn College, Cambridge and at the Royal College of Music, London. In 1975 he won the National Piano Concerto Competition and various other prizes followed. He



has performed all over the UK, in France, Germany, Spain, Poland, Finland and Canada, appearing frequently on television and radio in this country and abroad. He has played as soloist with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra and Sinfonietta, the English Chamber Orchestra and with the London Symphony Orchestra in the Barbican, London. While at Cambridge he studied conducting with Sir Adrian Boult and then, at the RCM, with Norman del Mar and Richard Austin in the Opera School. Since then he has conducted the Bournemouth Gilbert and Sullivan Society, the Dorset Guild of Singers, the Milton Abbey Festival, the Dorset County Orchestra, Blandford Festival Chorus and various other choruses including the Bryanston Choral Society. His stage conducting includes performances of *West Side Story*, *Kiss Me Kate*, *Fiddler on the Roof*, *The Magic Flute*, *The Yeomen of the Guard* and the world premiere of *Don't Live There Anymore*. Since 2003 he has been Director of Music at Bryanston.

Joe Gladwin

has been a puppeteer since 1973 when he trained with seminal puppeteer, Barry Smith. He lived and worked for many years in Australia, where he built a reputation as a solo puppeteer and puppet theatre director. He also designed puppets for theatre companies, and in particular enjoyed several seasons with the creative teams at Sydney Dance Company and The Marionette Theatre of Australia. He toured extensively in South East Asia and Australia as well as performing in festivals in Jerusalem, Hong Kong and Japan. Joe was the recipient of two Australia Council awards. Joe returned to London in 1990 and has since divided his time between teaching, directing and creating his own productions. Joe has collaborated with Helen Porter on theatre projects both here and abroad since 1989, including most recently his version of 'Bluebeard' performed with great success at festivals this year in Germany and France, and *The Hound of The Baskervilles*, performed at Salisbury International Arts Festival and Chard Festival of Women in Music. Joe runs his own company 'Paperplays Puppet Theatre' which is now based in Wiltshire.



Harriet Fraser performs a wide breadth of repertoire, from Baroque to Contemporary, in concert and on the stage. Harriet sang in the first performance of Handel's Messiah in English in China, at the Forbidden City Concert Hall in Beijing. Her many solo appearances include two World Premieres of song cycles at the Cheltenham International Music Festival with pianist William Hancox, some of which they also performed on BBC Radio 4's 'Front Row', as well as concerts at the Bridgewater Hall in Manchester and the Huddersfield Contemporary Music Festival. Harriet's concerts have included performances of Haydn's Missa Cellensis, Fauré's Requiem and Carissimi's Jephtha at St John's Smith Square, Purcell's Dido and Aeneas and oratorios at Exeter, Norwich, Guildford and Hereford Cathedrals. Harriet has also performed with the City of London Sinfonia and at the Three Choirs Festival. Harriet's South Bank debut at the Purcell Room last year met with great critical acclaim, and included two song cycles by renowned composers Richard Blackford and Roxanna Panufnik written especially for what the press described as her "ravishing, resonant voice".



Jessica Sherman holds a BA Hons in Acting from Central School of Speech and Drama, and a BMus Hons from the University of Western Ontario. Roles in Britain include Millie in The Hot L Baltimore, Colombe in The Speculator and Marie-Ange in the musical version of Les Belles Soeurs. Canadian roles include the Sandman in Glöck's Hansel and Gretel, Rosie Alvarez in Bye Bye Birdie, Anita in West Side Story and Mrs. Johnstone in Blood Brothers. She is thrilled to have the opportunity to sing in this exciting new project.



Kathy Taylor-Jones' operatic roles include Carmen, Marchellina (The Marriage of Figaro), Berta (The Barber of Seville), The Mother (The Consul), Mrs Noye (Noye's Fludde), Peep-bo and Pitti-Sing (The Mikado). With D'Oyly Carte, she appeared in Iolanthe, Yeoman of the Guard and HMS Pinafore at The Savoy Theatre in London. At Buxton Opera House she has appeared as Leila (Iolanthe), Inez/Vittoria (The Gondoliers), Kate (The Pirates of Penzance) and in the ensembles of Ruddigore and The Sorcerer. She has also toured the USA with the Carl Rosa Opera Company covering/appearing as Pitti-Sing in The Mikado. Kathy has narrated A Soldier's Tale for Hand Made Opera, and Faeade for both Hand Made Opera and The Opera Project. She has directed La Boheme also for Hand Made Opera. Kathy has a special interest in working on new music with living composers! - and in addition to Helen Porter's The Highwayman, other recent 21st century projects have included creating the role of Felicia/President's Wife in the premiere of To the Edge, for the Forum London Composers' Group; and working with Shropshire composer Richard Moul, whose music she has performed regularly, most recently in Paris, and recorded onto CD. Kathy is also a singing tutor at GSA Conservatoire.



Philippa Forrest moved from West Wales to Dorset in 1999. She trained and sang as a soloist whilst there, performing Oratorio, light opera and Lieder as well as involving herself in the challenges of the Eisteddfod at local and national levels, combining this with being a member of a forty strong, mixed choir. Since moving to Dorset she wasted no time in getting involved in the music scene by joining The Farrant Singers of Salisbury under direction of Colin Howard. She currently performs as a soloist for music societies in Somerset, Wiltshire and Dorset and enjoys the opportunity of singing English Song of the



last century in recital. In 2002 she took part as a soloist in two community based contemporary musical works under the direction of Helen Porter, 'Otter' and 'Music for the river Stour'.

Andrew Morton's recent operatic appearances include Joe in Graham Treacher's Darwin's Dream at the Royal Albert Hall, Professor Winklebeam in Pinocchio for the Royal Opera House, Fenton in Falstaff for Capriol Films, Balakin in The Enchantress



for Grange Park Opera and Paris in La Belle Hélène, Nanki Poo in The Mikado and Ralph in Pinafore for Opera della Luna at Buxton Opera House. He also played Remendado in Carmen for Garden Opera in Kenya and Nemorino in L'Elisir for Pegasus Opera. In contemporary opera he appeared in BAC's notorious gay thriller Black and Blue, in Maxwell Davies' classic Eight Songs for a Mad King at the Royal Concert Hall in Glasgow and most recently for Opera Circus in their on-going Bosnian collaboration with Nigel Osborne, which opens in Sarajevo in 2007. He has sung as a soloist with a number of leading contemporary ensembles including the Hebrides Ensemble, Paragon Ensemble and the Fibonacci Sequence and at Grange Park and Longborough Festivals.

Robert Gildon studied at the Manhattan School of Music (MSM) in New York for three years. He attended the Aspen Music Festival (2000) singing the lead role in John Casken's Golem conducted by Diego Masson and performed the role of Amantio in Gianni Schicchi under Julius Rudel. He was a student at the Tanglewood Music Center in 1996 and returned as a Fellow in 1999, performing in Gianni Schicchi under Robert Spano. At MSM he participated in Argento's Postcards from Morocco, Purcell's Dido and Aeneas, Handel's Lotario. Robert made his professional debut with Opera Restor'd, singing the role of Aeneas at the Bruges Early Music Festival.



Robert recently made his London Symphony Orchestra and Barbican debut performing the baritone solos in Dave Brubeck's La Fiesta de la Posada, a piece he also performed with the Staatsphilharmonie Rheinland-Pfalz at the Philharmonie in Munich and in Ludwigshafen. Upcoming engagements include a recital of Faure, Kosma and Jonathan Harvey with Jeff Cohen and Benny Sluching and Haydn's Seven Last Words with the Maggini Quartet. Robert attended the Centre International de la Mélodie Française in Tours (2004) working with François Le Roex, Jeff Cohen and Noel Lee and recently worked with Andreas Scholl at the Britten Pears School in Aldeburgh. In April 2005 Robert was a prize winner in the 'Concours de Musique de chambre Musiciens entre Guerre et Paix' in Paris.

Jeremy Birchall was a choirboy at Oxford, won a music scholarship to Radley College and subsequently studied Music at Durham University. After a period working for BBC Radio, he left to study singing with Lyndon Vanderpump. He has sung with groups specialising both in early and in contemporary music, including the Taverner Consort, Deller Consort, English Concert, Singcircle, London Sinfonietta Voices and Groupe Vocal de France; he has recently recorded The Play of Daniel with Andrew Lawrence-King's Harp Consort. Recent concerts include Haydn's The Creation at the Greenwich Festival, Haydn's Heiligmesse in Ulrich and Berne, and Ligeti's Requiem in London, Paris and Berlin. He made his Proms debut in 1985 in Janáček's Rikadla. In recent years he has given concert performances with Sir Andrew Davis and the BBC Symphony Orchestra, singing a role in Strauss's Daphne and performing the breathing part in Tippett's Fourth Symphony at the Proms. In 2002 he performed Unsuk Chin's Kaul... with Johannes Kalitzke and the BBC Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. His unusually low voice has been used in concert and on record in many works by Sir John Tavener: in 1994 he recorded and produced a tape for Theophany; he sang in The Apocalypse at the 1994 Proms; and in 2003 he sang in The Veil of The Temple. He has appeared

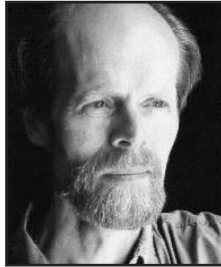


photo: Gerald Place

in operas with English and Welsh National Opera, and at the Royal Festival Hall. Jeremy Birchall also works in jazz and light music: he currently works with the crossover group The Shout, and for many years he has directed and sung basso profundo in the a cappella harmony group The Demon Barbers.

Charles

Hetherington studied singing at the Royal College of Music with Hervey Alan and Mark Raphael, and later with Elizabeth Hawes of Trinity College of Music. Since 1979 he has lived near Shaftesbury in Dorset and has become widely known as a soloist in works ranging from the Bach Passions and Mendelssohn's Elijah to Vaughan Williams' Sea Symphony and Tippett's A Child of our Time. He has given a number of recitals with an emphasis on Lieder and late nineteenth and twentieth century English Song, and he conducts his own local choir, the Yew Tree Singers.



Peter Baldwin is best remembered for his portrayal of Derek Wilton in Granada Television's Coronation Street. Since leaving the programme 8 years ago he has played in pantomime, two musicals, toured the country in a new farce "Dinner With George"



and played in a new play "Song of the Western Men" at the Chichester Festival Theatre. Recent TV productions include Doctors, Courtroom, the children's series "Out of Sight" and a number of guest appearances on Channel 4's Countdown. He was trained at the Bristol Old Vic Theatre School and spent early years in classical theatre at Bristol and at the London Old Vic before moving into light comedy - he was in a takeover cast of Beyond The Fringe - and other theatre work including a fine production of Rattigan's The Browning Version with Nigel Stock and Barbara Jefford. Later he played Arthur Birling in Priestley's An Inspector Calls with Tom Baker. Television and Radio Drama occupied a number of years before he joined the regulars at The

Rover's Return. Recently he was honoured to be invited to take part in a Gala tribute to Sir John Betjeman at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London, to read one of Betjeman's poems.

Russell Dawson

studied the violin with Yossi üivoni at the Royal Northern College of Music where he gained distinction in both Teaching and Performing diplomas. He was subsequently a member of the first violin sections of orchestras in Liverpool and London before moving to Dorset where he now teaches and is active in local music making.



Lucy-Anne Allen

studied the violin with Dr Robert Jacoby at St. Antony's Leweston, Sherborne and later with Katie Hull at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama. On leaving music college, she returned to Dorset where she has built up her career performing to audiences across the south of England with ensembles including the Concert Orchestra of London, Bath Philharmonia, Dartington Festival Orchestra and Bath Opera. Lucy-Anne has also proved her versatility as a musician playing for BBC Radio 2 'Live in Newcastle' and the Paul Jones Show, the Syd Lawrence Orchestra and has recorded improvisations for both audio books and talented young rock bands. Lucy-Anne also teaches the violin in two local independent schools and from her home on the Somerset/Dorset border.



photo: David Foreman

Aidan Fisher was born near Bath in 1959. He studied composition and viola at the Royal College of Music and was then appointed composer-in-residence at Charterhouse School. After 1985 he lived and worked in London as freelance



player and teacher until moving to Dorset in 1993. He plays in many orchestras and is a regular extra in the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra.

David Norton

obtained a degree in sociology and psychology before studying the 'cello with William Pleeth at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama after hearing Jacqueline du Pre play. On leaving the Guildhall he played with Sadler's Wells Opera who later became English National Opera. In the 1970's he spent a number of years in Wales teaching in Special Schools. He has just retired as Artistic Director from Dorset Music Service where he has given concerts for and with children for the last 27 years. He is now enjoying playing cello as a freelance player again and working on a singing project with the British Federation of Youth Choirs. He took up the musical saw in 1978 and showed such a degree of skill on this instrument that he made his Queen Elizabeth Hall debut later in the year, appeared on ITV and broadcast for the BBC and received the following favourable notices from The Stage and Television Review: 'David Norton is proficient and hilarious on the musical saw.'



Valdon Mizen

studied the double bass and piano at the Royal Academy of Music, winning the Eugene Cruft double bass prize three times, and prizes for his Chamber and Orchestral playing. As a freelance musician Valdon played many times with the Bournemouth Symphony and Sinfonietta Orchestras and for West End shows. He played in the RTE National Symphony Orchestra of Ireland for three years and has also played with the Liverpool Philharmonic, Birmingham and National Symphony Orchestras. He has played at the Proms, been on Orchestral Tours to Europe, America and the Far East and played on award winning recordings, and also enjoys playing Jazz. Valdon now teaches full time in North Dorset, but is



kept busy playing for many and varied musical engagements and societies throughout the year. Valdon has lived and worked in Dorset for most of his life and is very pleased to be part of this project.

Mark Whitlam

Hailing from Nottinghamshire, Mark studied orchestral percussion with players from the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Moving to Bath in 1996, Mark found himself in demand as a drummer on the jazz scene in the Southwest both as a freelance player and as a drummer of choice for outfits such as the Nick Malcolm Quintet. In the classical genre Mark has held the post of Timpanist for the Nottingham Symphony Orchestra and worked with soloists including Natalie Clein and Wayne Marshall. He has also spent two seasons in London's West End working in musical theatre shows and has been employed as Musical Director by several theatre companies in the Southwest area on productions ranging from Chess to West Side Story. Eager to learn from master drummers he has had individual masterclasses from Pete Riley, jazz giant Jeff Hamilton and the legendary Jim Chapin, whilst regularly taking lessons from Ralph Salmins. Although Mark has a busy performance schedule he is also a passionate teacher, having gained the CT ABRSM teaching qualification in 2004. He is currently enjoying roles as a peripatetic teacher in the Bath area and visiting tutor of percussion and drum kit at Bryanston School in Dorset.



Sarah Stretton

graduated in Drama and Media Studies. She has been working with Joe Gladwin for the past three years on a variety of productions, including Joe's marionette show of 'Sleeping Beauty'.



Thomas Haynes Bayly
THE MISTLETOE BOUGH

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall
And the Baron's retainers were blythe and gay
Keeping their Christmas holiday

The Baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride
While she with her bright eyes seem'd to be
The star of goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now" she cried,
"Here, tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide,
And Lovell, be sure thou art first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place."

Away she ran and her friends began
Each tower to search and each nook to scan
And young Lovell cried: "Oh where dost thou hide?
I'm lonely without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her at night! And they sought her next day
And they sought her in vain when a week passed away
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.

And the years flew by and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past,
And when Lovell appeared the children cried:
"See the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length, an oak chest that had long lain hid
Was found in the castle, they raised the lid
And a skeletal form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair!

O sad was her fate! In sportive jest,
She hid from her Lord, in the old oak chest.
It closed with a spring, and dreadful doom
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!

Colonel John Hay
THE ENCHANTED SHIRT

Fytte ye first: wherein it shall be shown how ye Truthe is too mightie a Drugge
for such as be of Feeble Temper.

The king was sick. His cheek was red,
And his eye was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

***Fytte**
old fashioned
word meaning
'part'

But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
And doctors came by the score.
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat,
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked into a book;
His patients gave him no trouble:
If they recovered, they paid him well;
If they died, their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the king on his couch reclined;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're sound as a nut"
"Hang him up!" roared the king in a gale-
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage;
The other leech grew a shade pale;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran;
The king will be well, if he sleeps at night
In the Shirt of a Happy Man.

Fytte ye second: telleth of ye searche for ye Shirte, and how it was nighe
founde, but was notte for reasons qu: which are sayd or sung.

Wide o'er the realm the courtiers rode,
And fast their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no Happy Man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich,
And rich who thought they were poor;
And men who twisted their waists in stays,
And women that short hose wore.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot;
For one had buried his wife, he said
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
A begger lay whistling there!
He whistled, and sang, and laughed, and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary courtiers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay;
And one of them said, "Heaven save you, friend!
You seem to be happy to-day"

"Oh yes, fair sirs" the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad;
An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man" the courtier said;
"Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black:
"I would do it, Got wot" and he roared with the fun,
But I haven't a shirt to my back."

Fytte Ye Thirde: shewing how Hys Majestie the King came at last to sleepe in
a Happie Man his Shirte.

Each day to the king the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom;
He opened his windows and let in the air
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world, and toiled
In his own appointed way;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad
And the king was well and gay.

Robert Southey **BISHOP HATTO AND THE RATS**

The summer and autumn had been so wet
That in winter the corn was growing yet,
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The corn lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor,
They crowded around Bishop Hatto's door
For he had a plentiful last year's store
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay,
He bade them to his great barn repair
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced the tidings good to hear
The poor folks flocked from far and near,
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

When he saw it could hold no more
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door
And whilst for mercy on Christ they call
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire! quoth he
And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it these times forlorn
Of rats that only consume the corn.

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sate down to supper merrily
And he slept that night like an innocent man
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall
Where his picture hung against the wall
A sweat like death all over him came
The rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd, there came a man from his farm
He had a countenance white with alarm.
"My Lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn!"

Another came running presently
And he was as pale as pale could be.
"Fly, my Lord Bishop, fly!" quoth he
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he
'Tis the safest place in Germany,
The walls are high and the shores are steep
And the stream is strong, and the water is deep.

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors and loop-holes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes,
But soon a scream made him arise.
He started, and saw two eyes aflame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and looked;- twas only the cat
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that.
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum the river so deep
And they have climbed the shores so steep,
And up the tower their way is bent
To do the work for which they were sent

They are not to be told by the dozen or score
By thousands they come, and by myriads more.
Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgement had never been witnessed of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell
As louder and louder drawing near
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows and in at the door
And through the walls by the thousands they pour
And down from the ceiling and up through the floor
From the right and the left, from behind and before
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones
And now they pick the Bishop's bones,
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgement on him.

Thomas Hardy **A TRAMPWOMAN'S TRAGEDY**

From Wynyard's Gap the livelong day,
The livelong day,
We beat afoot the northward way,
We had travelled times before
The sunblaze burning on our backs
Our shoulders sticking to our packs
By Fosseway, fields, and turnpike tracks
We skirted sad Sedgmoor.

Full twenty miles we jaunted on,
We jaunted on,
My fancy man, and jeering John
And Mother Lee and I
And as the sun drew down to West
We climbed the toilsome Polden crest
And saw of landskip sights the best,
The Inn that beamed thereby.

For months, we padded side by side,
Ay, side by side,
Through the great forest, Blackmoor wide,
And where the Parret ran,
We'd faced the gusts on Mendip Ridge

We'd crossed the Yeo unhelped by bridge,
been stung by every Marshwood midge,
I and my fancy man.

Lone inns we loved, my man and I
My man and I
King's Stag, 'Windwhistle' high and dry,
'The Horse' on Hintock Green.
The cosy house at Wynyard's Gap,
'The Hut' renowned on Bredy Knap
And many another wayside tap
Where folk might sit unseen.

Now as we trudged, oh deadly day
Oh deadly day
I teased my fancy man in play
And wanton idleness.
I walked alongside jeering John
I laid my hand his waist upon
I would not bend my glances on
My lover's dark distress.

Thus Polden top at last we won,
At last we won
And gained the inn at sink of sun
Far-famed as Marshall's Elm.
Beneath us figured Tor and Lea
From Mendip to the Western Sea.
I doubt if any finer sight there be
Within this Royal Realm.

Inside the settle, all a row
All four a row,
We sat, I next to John,
To show that he had wooed and won.
And then he took me on his knee
And swore it was his turn to be
My favoured mate, and Mother Lee
Turned to my former one.

Then in a voice I had never heard,
I had never heard,
My only love to me: "One word, my lady,
If you please.
Whose is the child you are like to bear?
Mine, or his?"
God knows, 'twas not, but oh despair
I nodded, still to tease.

Then he sprang up and with his knife
He let out jeering Johnny's life.
Yes there, at set of sun
The slant ray through the window nigh
Gilded John's blood and glazing eye
'ere scarcely Mother Lee and I
knew that the deed was done.

The taverns tell the gloomy tale
The gloomy tale
How that at Ivel Chester jail,
my love, my sweetheart swung.
Though stained til now by no misdeed
Save one horse ta'en in time of need
(Blue Jimmy stole right many a steed
'ere his last fling was flung.)

There aft, I walked the world alone,
Alone, alone
On his death day I gave my grown
And dropped his dead born child.
'Twas nigh the jail, beneath a tree,
None tending me, for Mother Lee
Had died at Glaston leaving me
Unfriended on the wild.

And in the night as I lay weak
As I lay weak
The leaves a-falling on my cheek
The red moon, low declined,
The ghost of him I'd die to kiss
Rose up, and said:
"Ah, tell me this: Was the child mine,
Or was it his?
Speak, that I rest may find."

Oh doubt not, but I told him then
I told him then
That I had kept me from all men
Since we joined lips and swore.
Whereat he smiled and thinned away
As the wind stirred to call up day,
'Tis past, and here alone I stray,
Haunting the Western Moor.

Mary Howitt
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

"Will you walk into my parlour?"
Said the spider to the fly;
"Tis the prettiest little parlour
That ever you did spy.
The way into my parlour
Is up a winding stair:
And I have many curious things
To show you when you're there."
"Oh no no" said the little fly;
"To ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair
Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear
With soaring up so high
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
Said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains all around,
The sheets are fine and thin
And if you want to rest a while
I'll snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh no no" said the little fly;
For I've often heard it said
They never, never wake again
Who sleep upon your bed!"
Said the cunning spider to the fly-
"Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection
I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry
Good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome-
Will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh no no" said the little fly;
"Kind sir, that cannot be
I've heard what's in your pantry
And I do not wish to see!"

"Sweet Creature!" said the spider
"You're witty and you're wise
How handsome are your gauzy wings
How brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass
Upon my parlour shelf;
If you 'll step in one moment dear
You shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir", she said
"For what you're pleased to say,
And, bidding you good-morning now,
I'll call another day!"

The Spider turned him round about and went into his den
For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again:
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.
Then came out to his door again and merrily did sing
"Come hither, hither pretty fly, with pearl and silver wing
Your robes are green and purple, there's a crest upon your head
Your eyes are like diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead"

Alas, alas! How very soon this silly little fly
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by!
With buzzing wings she hung aloft
Then near and nearer drew
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes
And green and purple hue.

Thinking only of her crested head
Poor foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning spider
And fiercely held her fast.
He dragged her up his winding stair
Into his dismal den:
Within his little parlour,-
But she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children
Who may this story read
To idle, silly, flattering words
I pray you ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counsellor
Close heart and ear and eye
And take a lesson from this tale
Of the Spider and the Fly.

Josephine Pollard
PRICE OF A DRINK

"Five cents a glass!" Does anyone think
That this is really the price of a drink?
"Five cents a glass," I hear you say,
"Why that isn't very much to pay."
Ah, no, indeed; 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over with finger and thumb
And if that were all that you gave away
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink! Let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,
And lies a groveling heap of clay
Not far removed from a beast today.

The price of a drink! Let that one tell
Who sleeps tonight in a murderer's cell,
And feels within him the fires of hell.
Honour and virtue, love and truth
All the glory and pride of youth,
Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame,
High endeavour and noble aim,
These are treasures thrown away,
As the price of a drink, from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed
As over the bar the young man quaffed
The beaded liquor, for the demon knew
The terrible work that drink would do;
And before morning the victim lay
With his life-blood ebbing swiftly away.
And that was the price he paid, alas!
For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

Alfred Noyes
THE HIGHWAYMAN

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas.
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding-riding-riding-
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin.
They fitted with never a wrinkle. His boots were up to the thigh.
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard.
He tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred.
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened. His face was white and peaked.
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter.
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say-

'One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize tonight,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way.'

He rose upright in the stirrups. He scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement. His face burnt like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the west.

He did not come in the dawning. He did not come at noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching-marching-marching-
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn door.

They said no word to the landlord. They drank his ale instead.
But they gagged his daughter, and bound her, to the foot of her narrow bed.
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!
There was death at every window;
And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that he would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest.
They had bound a musket beside her, with the muzzle beneath her breast!
'Now keep good watch!' and they kissed her.
She heard the dead man say- Look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness, the hours crawled by like years,
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
Cold, on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it. She strove no more for the rest.
Up, she stood up to attention, with the muzzle beneath her breast.
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;
For the road lay bare in the moonlight;
Blank and bare in the moonlight;
And the blood of her veins, in the moonlight, throbbed to her love's refrain.

Tit-tot; tit-tot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear;
Tit-tot; tit-tot, in the distance! Were they deaf that they did not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding, riding, riding!
The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight and still.

Tit-tot, in the frosty silence! Tit-tot, in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer. Her face was like a light.
her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him- with her death.

He turned. He spurred to the west; he did not know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, and his face grew grey to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter, The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shouting a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished high
Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat;
When they shot him down on the highway, Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding-riding-riding-
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard.
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred.
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter, Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

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Nigel Carver (1947-2006)

'Songs from the Shadows' are dedicated to the memory of the musician Nigel Carver. His unexpected death in June this year was a terrible blow for many, many people. I lost a mentor who had been such a force



of expertise, encouragement and enthusiasm, and lost the conductor for 'The Highwayman' – someone who had shared the journey of the creation and production of this work over the last year. Together we held the auditions and selected the singers, and poured over scores. Nigel even arranged PART I 'The Enchanted Shirt' (just for fun!). He wouldn't have known that this was to be one of his last arrangements, and I am pleased, especially for his family, that it will be played tonight.

Despite the sad loss of Nigel to this project, I am incredibly fortunate that Paul Searle-Barnes, Nigel's friend and colleague, was so willing to take up the reins, and has done so with such commitment and enthusiasm. I am sure that Nigel would have been very proud of what we have managed to bring about here in Dorset.

Helen Porter