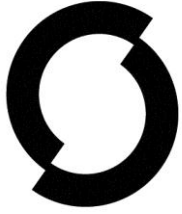




Royal Conservatoire
of Scotland



Scottish
Opera

Emerging Artists

Katie Grosset **Mezzo-soprano**

Rónan Busfield **Tenor**

Andrew McTaggart **Baritone**

Derek Clark, Oliver Rundell **Piano**



Fridays at One

22 March 2013

WOLFGANG MOZART (1756-1791)

Grazie agl'inganni tuoi, K532

Grazie agl'inganni tuoi, al fin respiro, o Nice,
al fin d'un infelice ebber gli Dei pieta.
E non t'offenda il vero, nel tuo leggiadro aspetto
or scopro alcun difetto, che mi pareva belta.

Metastasio

Thanks to your deceptions, Nice, I can breathe again,
at last the gods will have mercy on an unhappy man.
And, to tell the truth, in your graceful features
that which used to seem beautiful, I now find a defect.

Translation by Derek Clark

HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

Nun bin ich dein

Nun bin ich dein,
du aller Blumen Blume,
und sing allein
allstund zu deinem Ruhme;
will eifrig sein,
mich dir zu weih'n
und deinem Duldertume.

Frau, auserlesen,
zu dir steht all mein Hoffen,
mein innerst Wesen
ist allezeit dir offen.
Komm, mich zu lösen
vom Fluch des Bösen,
der mich so hart betroffen!

Du Stern der See,
du Port der Wonnen,
von der im Weh
die Wunden Heil gewonnen,
eh' ich vergeh'
blick' aus der Höh,
du Königin der Sonnen!

Nie kann versiegen
die Fülle deiner Gnaden;
du hilfst zum Siegen
dem, der mit Schmach beladen.
An dich sich schmiegen,
zu deinen Füßen liegen
heilt allen Harm und Schaden.

Ich leide schwer
und wohl verdiente Strafen.
Mir bangt so sehr,
bald Todesschlaf zu schlafen.
Tritt du einher,
und durch das Meer,
o führe mich zu Hafen!

Now I am yours,
Flowers of all Flowers,
and sing solely
at all times to your praise;
I will be zealous,
dedicate myself to you
and to your sufferance.

Lady Elect,
in you is all my hope,
my innermost being
is forever open to you.
Come, free me
from the curse of the Evil One
who has so sore afflicted me!

Star of the Sea,
Haven of the Delights,
from whom, in agony,
the afflicted have found salvation,
before I pass away,
look from on high
Queen of Suns!

Never can the abundance
of your mercy run dry;
you help towards triumph
him who is laden with shame.
To cling to you,
to lie at your feet,
heals all infirmity and grief.

I suffer severe
and well-merited punishments.
I am in such dread
of sleepings soon death's see[.
Come forth,
and through the sea,
bring me, oh, to harbour!

Juan Ruiz, Archpriest of Hita (c1283-c1350) Translation by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau

Die ihr schwebet um diese Palmen

Die ihr schwebet
um diese Palmen
in Nacht und Wind,
ihr heiligen Engel,
stillet die Wipfel!
es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem
im Windesbrausen,
wie mögt ihr heute
so zornig sausen!
O rauscht nicht also!
Schweiget, neiget
euch leis und lind;
stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Der Himmelsknabe
duldet Beschwerde,
ach, wie so müd er ward
vom Leid der Erde.
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm
leise gesänftigt
die Qual zerrinnt,
stillet die Wipfel!
es schlummert mein Kind.

Grimmige Kälte
suset hernieder,
womit nur deck ich
des Kindleins Glieder!
O all ihr Engel,
die ihr geflügelt
wandelt im Wind,
stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein kind.

Emanuel von Geibel (1815-1884)

You who hover
around these palms
in night and wind,
you holy angels,
silence the treetops,
my child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem
in the roaring wind,
how can you today
bluster so angrily!
O roar not so!
Be still, bow
softly and gently;
silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

The child of heaven
endures the discomfort,
oh, how tired he has become
of earthly sorrow.
Oh, now in sleep,
gently softened,
his pain fades,
silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

Fierce cold
comes rushing,
how shall I cover
the little child's limbs?
O all you angels,
you winged ones
wandering in the wind.
silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

Translation by Lawrence Snyder

Schlafendes Jesuskind

Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind! am Boden,
auf dem Holz der Schmerzen eingeschlafen,
das der fromme Meister, sinnvoll spielend,
Deinen leichten Träumen unterlegte;
blume du, noch in der Knospe dämmernd
eingehüllt die Herrlichkeit des Vaters!

O wer sehen könnte, welche Bilder
hinter dieser Stirne, diesen schwarzen
wimpern sich in sanftem Wechsel malen!

Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Son of the Virgin, child of Heaven, lying on the floor
asleep on the wood of suffering
that the pious painter has placed .
A meaningful allusion- under your light dreams;
you flower, even in the bud, darkling and sheathed,
still the glory of God the Father!

O, who could see,
behind this brow, these dark lashes,
what softly changing pictures are being painted

Translation by Eric Sams

CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862-1918)

Fantoches

Scaramouche et Pulcinella,
qu'un mauvais dessein rassembla,
gesticulent noirs sous la lune,

Cependant l'excellent docteur Bolonais
cueille avec lenteur des simples
parmi l'herbe brune.

Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
sous la charmille, en tapinois,
se glisse demi-nue,

En quête de son beau pirate espagnol,
dont un langoureux rossignol
clame la détresse à tue-tête.

Scaramouche and Pulcinella
drawn together by some evil scheme,
gesticulate, black beneath the moon.

Meanwhile the excellent doctor
from Bologna is leisurely picking
medicinal herbs in the brown grass.

Then his daughter, pertly pretty,
beneath the arbour, stealthily,
glides, half-naked, in quest

Oh her handsome Spanish pirate,
whose grief a lovelorn nightingale
proclaims as loudly as he can.

Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Translation by Richard Stokes

Colloque sentimental

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé
deux formes ont tout à l'heure passé.

Leurs yeux sont morts et leur lèvres sont molles,
et l'on entend à peine leurs paroles.

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé
deux spectres ont évoqué le passé.

Te souvient-il de notre extase ancienne?
Pourquoi voulez-vous donc qu'il m'en souviennne?

Ton cœur bat-il toujours à mon seul nom?
Toujours vois-tu mon âme en rêve? Non.

Ah ! Les beaux jours de bonheur indicible
où nous joignons nos bouches ! -- C'est possible.

Qu'il était bleu, le ciel, et grand l'espoir!
L'espoir a fui, vaincu, vers le ciel noir.

Tels ils marchaient dans les avoines folles,
et la nuit seule entendit leurs paroles.

In the ancient park, deserted and frozen,
two shapes have just passed by.

Their eyes are dead and their lips are lifeless,
and their words can hardly be heard.

In the ancient park, deserted and frozen,
two spectres were recalling the past.

Do you remember our past rapture?
What would you have me remember?

Does your heart still surge at my very name?
Do you still see my soul when you dream? No.

Ah, the beautiful days of inexpressible bliss
when our lips met! - It may have been so.

How blue the sky, how hopes ran high!
Hope has fled, vanquished, to the black sky.

So they walked on through the wild grasses,
and the night alone heard their words.

Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Translation by Richard Stokes

REYNALDO HAHN (1874-1947)

Trois jours de vendages

Je l'ai rencontrée un jour de vendange,
La jupe troussée et le pied mignon,
Point de guimpe jaune et point de chignon,
L'air d'une bacchante et les yeux d'un ange.
Suspendue au bras d'un doux compagnon,
Je l'ai rencontrée aux champs d'Avignon,
Un jour de vendange.

Je l'ai rencontrée un jour de vendange,
La plaine était morne et le ciel brûlant.
Elle marchait seule et d'un pas tremblant,
Son regard brillait d'une flamme étrange
Je frissonne encore en me rappelant
Comme je te vis, cher fantôme blanc,
Un jour de vendange.

Je l'ai rencontrée un jour de vendange,
Et j'en rêve encore presque tous les jours:
Le cercueil était couvert en velours,
Le drap noir portait une double frange.
Les soeurs d'Avignon pleuraient tout autour.
La vigne avait trop de raisin
L'Amour avait fait la vendange.

Alphonse Daudet (1840-1897)

During the vintage I met her one day,
Skirt tucked in, dainty feet,
No yellow veil, no coiled-up hair,
A maenad with an angel's eyes,
Leaning on a sweet friend's arm.
I met her at Avignon in the fields,
During the vintage one day.

During the vintage I met her one day,
The plain was bleak and the sky ablaze.
She was walking alone, with faltering steps,
Her face was lit by a curious glow
I still shudder as I remember
How I saw you, dear white spectre,
During the vintage one day.

During the vintage I met her one day,
And still almost daily I dream of it:
The coffin draped in velvet,
The black shroud with its double fringe.
The Avignon nuns wept all around it!
The vine had too many grapes
Love had gathered its harvest.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Fêtes Galantes

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fit maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Those who serenade,
and those beautiful ladies who listen to them.
exchange banal assignations
beneath the singing branches.

There they are: Tircis, Amyntas,
Clitander and Damis,
who have composed tender verses
for many a cruel mistress.

Their short silken smocks,
their long trailing cloaks,
their elegance, their joy
and their soft blue shadows

whirl in ecstasy
of a pink and grey moon,
and the mandolin twangs
in the shivering breeze.

Translation by James Day

HENRI DUPARC (1848-1933)

L'Invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
songe à la douceur
d'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
aimer et mourir
au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
de ces ciels brouillés
pour mon esprit ont les charmes
si mystérieux
de tes traîtres yeux,
brillant à travers leurs larmes.
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
luxé, calme et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux
dormir ces vaisseaux
dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
c'est pour assouvir
ton moindre désir
qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
les soleils couchants
revêtent les champs,
les canaux, la ville entière,
d'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
dans une chaude lumière!

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
luxé, calme et volupté.

Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)

My child, my sister,
think how sweet
to journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
to love and die,
in the land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
hold for my spirit
the same mysterious charms
as your treacherous eyes
shining through their tears.
There - nothing but order and beauty dwell, Abundance,
calm and sensuous delight.

See on those canals
those vessels sleeping.
Vessels with a restless soul;
to satisfy
your slightest desire
that they come from the ends of the earth
the setting suns
clothe the fields,
canals and all the town
with hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
in a warm light.

There- nothing but order and beauty dwell,
abundance, calm and sensuous delight.

Translation by Richard Stokes

BUXTON ORR (1924-1977)

Songs of a Childhood

Aince Upon a Day by William Soutar

Aince upon a day my mither said to me
"dinna cleip and dina rype and dinna tell a lee.
for gin ye cliep a craw will name ye,
for gin ye rype a daw will shame ye,
and a snail will heeze his hornies oot
and hike them roond and roond aboot,
gin ye tell a lee."

Aince upon a day as I walked it a' ma lane,
I met a craw and monie a craw
and a snail upon a stain,
up gaed the daw, and didna shame me,
up gaed ilk craw, and didna name me,
but the wee snail heezed his hornies oot
and hik'd them roond and roond aboot
and goggl'd at me.

Once upon a day my mother said to me
"don't tell tales, don't steal and don't tell a lie.
for if you tell tales the craw will name you,
for if you gossip the jackdaw will shame you
and a snail will lift his horns out
and swing them round and round about
If you tell a lie."

Once upon a day as I walked alone,
I met a crow and many jackdaws
and a snail upon a stone,
the crow went and didn't shame me,
the Jackdaw went and didn't name me,
but the small snail lifted his horns out
and swung them round and round about
and looked at me.

Auld Mrs. Murdy by Albert D. Mackie

Auld Mrs Murdy in the coo gate,
sells yella buckies on a blue plate,
wee bits o' clairty weans wi' great roond e'en
staund gov'in by as she picks wi' a preen.

Folk come and staund and stare at the fush
folk come by in a dander or a rush
but the twae-three weans wi' their muckle roond e'en
watch Mrs Murdy and her eident preen.

While yin midges, tries her ither fit,
whiles anither crosses his legs for a bit,
or wipes at his nose, or blips at his e'en,
then gloves at the fushwife and her preen.

Men in the wide world warsle and wark
frae the dawnin' o' day tae weel intae dark.
and the wee sooty weans wi' the muckle great e'en
watch Mrs Murdy as she picks wi' a preen.

Old Mrs Murdy in the Cow Gate
sells yellow buckie on a blue plate
young children hang around with big round eyes
stand looking as she picks with a pin

People come and stand and stare and the fish whether
wandering or in a rush
but the two or three children with their big round eyes
watch Mrs Murdy and her fish pin.

While one tries her other foot,
while another crosses his legs for a bit
or wipes at his nose, or rubs at his eye,
then stares at the fishwife and her pin.

Men in the wide world strive and work
from the dawning of the day well into the dark,
and we small dirty children with the big round eyes
watch Mrs Murdy as she picks with a pin.

One Man Band by William Landles

He steps wi a swing and a swagger
whaur lorries and busses are thrang
and breenging folk halt in their hurryin'
and cock uo their lugs as they gang.

His sticks beat their dirdum sae merry
and weave their blithe rings owre his croun,
his knees ca' the clash o; the cymbals,
his whusses thrae tune throwe the toun.

The winds catch the lilt o'his rantin',
the tails o' his Balmoral wave
and schauchled feet stert wi' new smeddum
as oot wheeples "Scotland the Brave".

For Bands in the Castle or Gairdens
the feck o' the folk seem mair fain,
but here's my auld hat tae the minstrel,
the man wi' a song o' his ain.

He walks with a swing and a swagger
where its busy with lorres and busses
and rushing people halt as they hurry
and perk up their ears as the go along,

His sticks beat make a merry noise
and weave their happy rings over and above his head
his knees make the crash of the cymbals,
his whistles throw tunes through the town.

The winds carry the sound of his music
and the stories of the Balmoral waves
and tired feet move with a new energy
as out comes "Scotland the Brave"

For bands in the castle or gardens
most of the people seam to prefer.
but here is my salute to the minstrel
the man with a song of his own

Munebrunt by William Soutar

Upon his hunkers sits the dug,
scartin' ae lug an' noo the ither:
Then cocks his ee an' glowers abune
whaur leams the mune.
puir beast,
wha wouldna yowl,
wi lifted jowel an' lowden'd lugs,
gin he but thocht yon world o' stanes
was fou o' banes for hungry dug's?
Puir beast, wha wudna yowl!

Upon his knees sits the dog,
scratching one eye and now the other
Then lifts his eye and looks around
where the moon shines,
poor beast,
who wouldn't howl,
with lifted snout and lulled ears,
If he thought they world of stones
was full of bones for hungry dogs?
Poor beast, who wouldn't howl.

Shy Geordie by *Helen B Cruickshank*

Up the Noran Water
in by Inglismaddy
Annie's got a bairnie
that hasna got a daddy.
Some say it's Tammas's,
an' some say it's Chay's ;
an' naebody expec'it,
wi' Annie's quiet ways.

Up the Noran water
the bonny little mannie
is dangled an' cuddled close
by Inglismaddy's Annie.
wha the bairnie's daddy is
the lassie never says ;
but some think it's Tammas's,
an' some think it's Chay's.

Up the Noran Water
the country folk are kind ;
an' wha the bairnie's daddy is
they dinna muckle mind.
But oh ! the bairn at Annie's breist,
the love in Annie's e'e -
They mak' me wish wi' a' my micht
the lucky lad was me!

Up the River Noran
beside Inglesmaddy
Annie's has a baby
who hasn't got a father.
Some say its Thomas's,
and some say its Chay's
and nobody expected it
with Annie's quiet ways.

Up the river Noran
the lovely little man
is cradled and cuddles closely
by Inglismaddy's Annie.
who the child's father is
the girl never says;
but some think its Thomas's,
and some think its Chay's.

Up the river Noran
the country people are kind
and who the child's father is
the don't really mind.
But oh the child at Annie's breast,
the love in Annie's eye -
They make we wish with all my mind
the lucky lad was me!

The Boy on a Train by *M.C Smith*

Whit wey does the engine say "Toot-toot"?
Is it feart to gang in the tunnel?
Whit wey is the furnace no pit oot
when the rain gangs doon the funnel?
What'll I hae for my tea the nicht?
A herrin', or maybe a haddie?
Has Gran'ma gotten electric licht?
Is the next stop Kirkcaddy?

There's a hoodie-craw on yon turnip-raw!
An' seagulls! - sax or seven.
I'll no fa' oot o' the windae, Maw,
its sneckit, as sure as I'm leevin'.
We're into the tunnel! we're a' in the dark!
But dinna be frichtit, Daddy,
we'll sune be comin' to Beveridge Park,
and the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

Why does the engine say 'Toot-toot'?
Is it scared to go in the tunnel?
Why is the furnace no put out
when the rain goes down the funnel?
What'll I have for my tea tonight?
A herring, or maybe a haddock?
Has Grandmother got an electric light?
Is the next stop Kirkcaldy?

There's a hooded-crow on that turnip row!
And seagulls! - six or seven.
I'll no fall out of the window, Mother,
It's locked, as sure as I'm going.
We're into the tunnel! We're all in the dark!
But don't be scared, Daddy,
we'll soon be coming to Beveridge Park,
and the next stop's Kirkcaldy!

Is yon the mune I see in the sky?
It's awfu' wee an' curly,
See! there's a coo and a cauf oot bye,
an' a lassie pu'in' a hurly!
He's chackit the tickets and gien them back,
sae gie me my ain yin, Daddy.
lift doon the bag frae the luggage rack,
for the next stop's Kirkcaddy!
There's a gey when boats at the harbour mou',
and eh! dae ya see the cruisers?
The cinnamon drop I was sookin' the noo
has tummelt an' stuck tae ma troosers. . .

I'll sune be ringin' ma Gran'ma's bell,
she'll cry, 'Come ben, my laddie',
for I ken mysel' by the queer-like smell
that the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

Is yon the mood I see in the sky?
It's awfully small and curly,
See! There's a cow and a calf out there,
and a girl pulling a barrow!
He's checking the tickets and giving them back,
so give me my own one, Daddy.
lift down the bag from the luggage rack,
for the next stop's Kirkcaldy!
There's a lot of boats at the harbour moor,
and eh! Do you see the cruisers?
The cinnamon drop I was sucking just now
Has fallen and stuck to my trousers. . .

I'll soon be ringing ma Grandma's bell,
she'll say, 'Come in, my boy',
for I know myself by the strange smell
that the next stop's Kirkcaldy!

Translation by Andrew McTaggart

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)

Canticle II - Abraham and Isaac

The **Scottish Opera Emerging Artists** programme gives three young singers the opportunity of a lifetime - a year of full-time work with the Company to help them launch their careers. Run in partnership with the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland and supported by The Scottish Opera Endowment Trust, The John Mather Charitable Trust and The Robertson Trust, the programme offers graduate singers a wide range of opportunities over the year. Designed to build performance experience, the singers have the chance to perform or understudy principal roles, as well as taking vocal coaching, acting, movement and language sessions, and gaining professional guidance on working in the industry.

Rónan Busfield is a Scottish Opera Emerging Artist, 2012/13. He gained a Masters in Opera at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland, where his prizes included the Florence Veitch Ibler Prize for Oratorio Singing and the Margaret Dick Award. Before graduating he worked as a Lay Clerk in the Chapel of St George at Windsor Castle. He has sung with the BBC Singers, Gabrieli Consort and Dunedin Consort. He made his BBC Proms debut in 2010 as a soloist with the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra in Vaughan Williams' *Serenade to Music*. Scottish Opera appearances include *Brühlmann Werther*.

Operatic engagements include: Flute *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Don Jerome *Betrothal in a Monastery* (RCS/Scottish Opera); Woodpecker *The Cunning Little Vixen* (RSAMD/Scottish Opera); Tamino *The Magic Flute* (Park Opera); Nanki-Poo *The Mikado* (Windsor and Eton Operatic Society); Mayor *Albert Herring* (RCS/Britten-Pears Young Artist Programme); Male Chorus *The Rape of Lucretia* (RCS); title role *Macbeth* by Tom Cunningham (Delphian Records/Edinburgh Studio Opera); chorus *La Cenerentola*, *The Fairy Queen* (Glyndebourne Festival Opera). During the 2012/13 Season he will also appear in *The Pirates of Penzance*.

Derek Clark was born in Glasgow and studied at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama, Durham University and London Opera Centre. He joined Welsh National Opera's music staff in 1977 as a répétiteur and staff conductor, and joined Scottish Opera as Head of Music in 1997.

Scottish Opera appearances: *Samson*, *The Magic Flute*, *Don Giovanni*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Così fan tutte*, *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, *The Italian Girl in Algiers*, *Fidelio*, *La traviata*, *Rigoletto*, *Falstaff*, *Orpheus in the Underworld*, *Carmen*, *Manon*, *La bohème*, *Tosca*, *Madama Butterfly*, *Eugene Onegin*, *Hansel and Gretel*, *Inés de Castro*, *Five:15* (2008-10), *The Lady from the Sea* (world premiere), *Clemency* (Scottish premiere), *Sounds of Singing*. For Scottish Opera he has re-orchestrated *Hansel and Gretel*, *Die Fledermaus*, *Cinderella* and *Carmen*.

Katie Grosset is the John Mather Charitable Trust Scottish Opera Emerging Artist, 2012/13. She grew up in Edinburgh and studied at the University of Glasgow before moving on to take a scholarship-aided place at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London, achieving a Masters in Performance with distinction. She has just completed a year at the Flanders International Opera Studio, where she was awarded full scholarship on entry, and graduated with distinction. She is taught by Susan McCulloch.

Operatic engagements include: *Mary Making Arrangements* (Tête à Tête Festival); ensemble *The Magic Flute* (Garsington Opera Emerging Artists); chorus *Don Giovanni*, *La Périchole* (Garsington Opera); *Romeo I Capuleti e i Montecchi* (FIOS); Annio *La clemenza di Tito* (Opus Opera); *Juno Semele* (Hampstead Garden Opera). During the 2012/13 Season she will also appear as Edith in *The Pirates of Penzance*.

Andrew McTaggart is the Robertson Trust Scottish Opera Emerging Artist, 2012/13. He graduated from the Alexander Gibson Opera School at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland, where his prizes include the Florence Veitch Ibler Prize for Oratorio Singing, the Harriet Cohen Memorial Music Award and the Governors' Recital Prize. He is the 2012 winner of the Joaquina Trust for Singing Prize.

Operatic engagements include: Bottom *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Don Carlos Betrothal in a Monastery* (RCS/Scottish Opera); Papageno *Die Zauberflöte*, Antonio *Le nozze di Figaro*, Coppelius *Les contes d'Hoffmann* (RSAMD); Badger *The Cunning Little Vixen*, Matveyev *War and Peace* (RSAMD/Scottish Opera); Duncan *Macbeth* by Tom Cunningham (Delphian Records/Edinburgh Studio Opera). During the 2012/13 Season he will also appear as Samuel in *The Pirates of Penzance*.

Oliver Rundell studied at Cambridge University and trained at the National Opera Studio. He spent eight years as a member of the music staff at Scottish Opera, working on over thirty productions including Wagner's *Ring Cycle*. As a conductor he has worked for Scottish Opera, Opera North and the Northern Sinfonia, and is increasingly in demand as a trainer of youth orchestras in Scotland.

Recent chamber music performances include the UK premiere of a previously unpublished clarinet trio by John Ireland, Messiaen's *Quatuor pour la fin du Temps*, performed on what would have been the composer's 100th birthday, and the Scottish premiere of Maurizio Kagel's avant-garde work *Eine brise* for 111 cyclists. In his spare time, Oliver has cycled to the Arctic Circle and swum from Greece to Turkey. He is currently a Lecturer in Opera at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland.

