



Collegium  
RECORDS

JOHN RUTTER

FEEL  
THE  
SPIRIT

AND  
BIRTHDAY  
MADRIGALS

WITH  
GEORGE SHEARING • SONGS AND SONNETS  
PREMIERE RECORDING

The Cambridge Singers • John Rutter

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JOHN RUTTER  
FEEL  
THE  
SPIRIT

**Melanie Marshall** (mezzo-soprano)

**The Cambridge Singers**

**Wayne Marshall** (piano)

**Malcolm Creese** (double bass)

**BBC Concert Orchestra**

conducted by **John Rutter**

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This album, which has an Anglo-American thread running through it, is a homage to three of my favourite musical traditions—the spiritual, the madrigal, and American song—and at the same time, a homage to two remarkable Englishmen, William Shakespeare and George Shearing.

*Feel the Spirit* is a cycle of seven spirituals arranged for mezzo-soprano soloist, choir and orchestra, written especially for Melanie Marshall. The idea came from hearing this young singer's solo interpretations of spirituals in her recitals; it seemed to me that her artistry in this area of song would be just as effective in the fuller context of choir and orchestra. With her help, I chose seven of our favourite spirituals (of which the first and last were to be purely for choir and orchestra) and I wrote *Feel the Spirit*, which received its première in June 2001 in Carnegie Hall, New York.

Having admired jazz legend George Shearing from afar for many years—coincidentally, we were both born in London but have spent much of our working lives in America—I was delighted to get to know him personally during the 1990s, at a time when his growing interest in choral music had already found expression in *Music to Hear* (1985), a cycle of Shakespeare settings for choir, piano, and double bass. Thanks to a commission from Jeffrey Hunt and his Mostly Madrigal Singers in Illinois, George was spurred on to write a second Shakespeare cycle, *Songs and Sonnets*, which they premièred in 1999, with the composer at the piano, Neil Swainson playing bass, and myself guest-conducting. I instantly fell in love with the music—so fresh and youthful, so witty, tender and varied—and the Cambridge Singers were indeed fortunate that George not only readily consented to our recording but came along to supervise the session with an inimitable blend of encouragement and dry humour.

Presumptuously or not, I wanted to include in this album my own musical tribute to George Shearing, *Birthday Madrigals*, written in 1995 to celebrate his 75th birthday. These five pieces can only be called madrigals in that their texts come from the era of the Elizabethan madrigal: their musical style is only loosely madrigalian, showing a mixture of light jazz influence in nos. 1, 3, and 5, and a flavour of the English part-song tradition in nos. 2 and 4.

I discovered the text of *The heavenly aeroplane* in W. H. Auden's classic edition of *The Oxford Book of Light Verse*. It is a folk-song from the Ozark mountains in Missouri, collected by Vance Randolph in the 1930s, doubtless with its own tune, but I was so charmed by the text, a twentieth-century updating of the familiar image of the gospel train, that I wrote a new tune for it, albeit in the slightly later style of 1950s rock and roll—another homage.

*Lord of the Dance* is a new arrangement of an old favourite. The melody, originally an American Shaker song called *The gift to be simple*, was popularized first by Aaron Copland's use of it in his ballet score *Appalachian Spring*, and later by the English hymn-writer Sydney Carter's striking new text, which was inspired by the traditional carol *Tomorrow shall be my dancing day*.

The album is completed by *Skylark*, one of the loveliest 'standards' of the golden age of American song. I wrote the arrangement for Melanie Marshall, her pianist brother Wayne, flautist Daniel Pailthorpe, Malcolm Creese on bass, and of course the Cambridge Singers. A soaring bird is an age-old symbol, sacred and secular, of the spirit. Of all the great American songwriters, Hoagy Carmichael was perhaps the most strongly influenced by the music of the southern states, including the spiritual. In more than one sense, then, his wistfully yearning song brings the album full circle, feeling the spirit.

JOHN RUTTER



Photo: Jim Four

### The Cambridge Singers

**Sopranos:** \*Susan Gilmore Bailey, Emily Benson, Claire Booth, †Julie Cooper, \*Lucy Crow, Eleanor Cutforth, \*Julia Doyle, †Amy Haworth, †Kirsty Hopkins, Charlotte Mobbs, Emma Preston Dunlop, Madeleine Shaw, †Elin Manahan Thomas, \*Elizabeth Weisberg

**Altos:** \*Ian Aitkenhead, †Susan Atherton, \*David Bates, Elinor Carter, Louise Marshall, Ruth Massey, \*Joanna Norman, \*Annalise Plummer, †Mythili Vamadevan, Clare Wilkinson

**Tenors:** \*David Brown, †Mark Dobell, Edward Gardner, Andrew Hewitt, †Andrew Kennedy, \*David Loveday, \*Nicholas Mulroy, Paul Thompson, Simon Wall, \*Peter Wood

**Basses:** †Christopher Adams, \*Alex Ashworth, Thomas Blunt, Sam Evans, Christopher Gabbitas, Andrew Kidd, Edward Price, \*David Soar, \*Reuben Thomas

\*on tracks 1–7, 15, and 16 only †on tracks 8–14 and 17–22 only

# FEEL THE SPIRIT

Melanie Marshall (mezzo-soprano) The Cambridge Singers

Wayne Marshall (piano) Malcolm Creese (double bass)

BBC Concert Orchestra conducted by John Rutter

Total playing time: 74' 55"

Note: Words credits are given at the end of each text

- [1] – [7] **FEEL THE SPIRIT** (29' 25")  
a cycle of spirituals for mezzo-soprano, choir, and orchestra  
arranged by John Rutter
- [1] 1. **Joshua fit the battle of Jericho** (3' 14")
- [2] 2. **Steal away** (4' 18")
- [3] 3. **I got a robe** (2' 32")  
Harp: Andrew Knight
- [4] 4. **Sometimes I feel like a motherless child** (5' 24")  
Cor anglais: Victoria Walpole
- [5] 5. **Ev'ry time I feel the spirit** (4' 30")
- [6] 6. **Deep river** (5' 05")
- [7] 7. **When the saints go marching in** (4' 08")
- [8] – [14] **SONGS AND SONNETS FROM SHAKESPEARE** (18' 05")  
for choir, piano and double bass  
by George Shearing
- [8] 1. **Live with me and be my love** (3' 00")
- [9] 2. **When daffodils begin to peer** (1' 46")

- [10] 3. **It was a lover and his lass** (2' 10")
- [11] 4. **Spring** (2' 32")
- [12] 5. **Who is Silvia** (4' 58")
- [13] 6. **Fie on sinful fantasy** (1' 00")
- [14] 7. **Hey, ho, the wind and the rain** (2' 18")
- [15] **The heavenly aeroplane** (1' 45") John Rutter
- [16] **Lord of the Dance** (3' 15") American Shaker song, arranged by John Rutter
- [17] – [21] **BIRTHDAY MADRIGALS** (17' 22")  
for choir, piano, and double bass by John Rutter
- [17] 1. **It was a lover and his lass** (2' 18")
- [18] 2. **Draw on, sweet night** (5' 07")
- [19] 3. **Come live with me** (3' 36")
- [20] 4. **My true love hath my heart** (3' 12")
- [21] 5. **When daisies pied** (2' 52")
- [22] **Skylark** (4' 30") Hoagy Carmichael, arranged by John Rutter  
Flute: Daniel Pailthorpe
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*Lord of the Dance* is published by Stainer & Bell, Ltd (US agents Galaxy Music Corporation).  
*Skylark* © Warner Chappell Music (unpublished arrangement)

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1 — 7 **FEEL THE SPIRIT**

1 **1. Joshua fit the battle of Jericho**

*Joshua fit the battle of Jericho,  
Jericho, Jericho,  
Oh, Joshua fit the battle of Jericho,  
And the walls come tumblin' down.*  
You may talk about your king of Gideon,  
You may talk about your man of Saul;  
There's none like good old Joshua  
At the battle of Jericho.

Well, up to the walls of Jericho  
He marched with spear in hand:  
'Go blow those ram horns' Joshua cried,  
'Cos the battle is in my hand.'

Joshua fought that battle,  
So the Bible say;  
And the walls come tumblin' down:  
Great day!

Then the lam' ram sheep horns 'gin to blow,  
Trumpets begin to soun'.  
Joshua commanded the children to shout,  
And the walls come tumblin' down.

2 **2. Steal away**

*Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus.  
Oh steal away, steal away home,*

---

*I ain't got long to stay here.*

My Lord, he calls me,  
He calls me by the thunder:  
The trumpet sounds within my soul,  
I ain't got long to stay here.  
*Steal away, &c.*

Green trees are bendin',  
Poor sinner stands a-tremblin':  
The trumpet sounds within my soul,  
I ain't got long to stay here.  
*Steal away, &c.*

3 **3. I got a robe**

I got a robe, you got a robe,  
All of God's children got a robe;  
When I get to heaven gonna put on my robe,  
Gonna shout all over God's heaven.  
Everybody talking 'bout heaven ain't going there,  
Heaven, heaven, gonna shout all over God's heaven.

I gotta shoes, you gotta shoes,  
All of God's children gotta shoes;  
When I get to heaven gonna put on my shoes,  
Gonna walk all over God's heaven.

I got a harp, you got a harp,  
All of God's children got a harp;

---

When I get to heaven gonna play on my harp,  
Gonna play all over God's heaven.

I got a crown, you got a crown,  
All of God's children got a crown;  
When I get to heaven gonna put on my crown,  
Gonna shine all over God's heaven.

**4. Sometimes I feel like a motherless child**

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,     Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone,  
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,     Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone,  
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,     Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone,  
A long ways from home.     A long ways from home.

*True believer, true believer,  
A long ways from home.*

**5. Ev'ry time I feel the spirit**

*Ev'ry time I feel the spirit  
Moving in my heart, I pray;  
Oh, ev'ry time I feel the spirit  
Moving in my heart, I pray.*

Oh, up on the mountain my Lord spoke;  
Out of his mouth came fire and smoke.

Do Lord, oh do Lord, oh do remember me,  
Do Lord, oh do Lord, oh do remember me,  
Do Lord, oh do Lord, oh do remember me,  
Way beyond the blue in glory:

---

I got a home in glory land that outshines the sun,  
I got a home in glory land that outshines the sun,  
I got a home in glory land that outshines the sun  
Way beyond the blue.

The River Jordan is chilly and col',  
Chills the body but not the soul.  
And all around me looks so shine,  
I ask my Lord if it all was mine.

I'm on the road to heaven now, you must take it too,  
I'm on the road to heaven now, you must take it too,  
I'm on the road to heaven now, you must take it too,  
Take it way beyond the blue in glory.

**6. Deep river**

Deep river, my home is over Jordan;  
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into camp ground.  
Oh don't you want to go to that Gospel feast,  
That promised land where all is peace.  
Deep river, my home is over Jordan;  
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into camp ground.

**7. When the saints go marching in**

*Glory, glory hallelujah!  
The saints go marching in.*  
Oh, when the saints go marching in,  
Oh, when the saints go marching in:

---

Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number,  
When the saints go marching in.

And when the revelation comes, &c.

Oh, when the new world is revealed, &c.

Oh, when they gather round the throne, &c.

Hallelujah, brothers, hallelujah, sisters!  
Hear the music going round and around,  
While the saints go marching up into glory,  
Oh, hear those angel trumpets sound.

And when they crown him King of Kings, &c.

And when the sun no more will shine, &c.

And when the moon has turned to blood, &c.

And on that hallelujah day, &c.

**8** **14** **SONGS AND SONNETS FROM SHAKESPEARE**

**8** **1. Live with me and be my love**

Live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
And all the craggy mountains yields.

---

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, by whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

**9** **2. When daffodils begin to peer**

When daffodils begin to peer,  
With heigh! the doxy, over the dale,  
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
With heigh! the sweet birds, O how they sing!  
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;  
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,  
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,  
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me and be my love.

If that the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move,  
To live with thee and be thy love.  
*(Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music)*

*(The Winter's Tale, act 4, scene 2)*

**10 3. It was a lover and his lass**

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring  
time,

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In the spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that life was but a flower  
In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In the spring time, &c.

*(As You Like It, act 5, scene 3)*

**11 4. Spring**

When daisies pied and violets blue  
And lady-smocks all silver-white  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O, word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughman's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer  
smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree, &c.

*(Love's Labour's Lost, act 5, scene 2)*

**12 5. Who is Silvia?**

Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness:  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;  
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling;  
To her let us garlands bring.

*(Two Gentlemen of Verona, act 4, scene 2)*

**13 6. Fie on sinful fantasy**

Fie on sinful fantasy!  
Fie on lust and luxury!  
Lust is but a bloody fire,  
Kindled with unchaste desire.  
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,  
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher,  
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;  
Pinch him for his villany;  
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,  
Till candles and star-light and moonshine be out.

*(The Merry Wives of Windsor, act 5, scene 2)*

**14 7. Hey, ho, the wind and the rain**

When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;

---

A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gates,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you every day.

*(Twelfth Night, act 5, scene 2)*

**15 The heavenly aeroplane**

One of these nights about twelve o' clock  
The old world's goin' to reel and rock,  
The sinner's goin' to tremble and cry for pain  
And the Lord will come in his aeroplane.

---

*O ye thirsty of ev'ry tribe  
Get your ticket for an aeroplane ride,  
Jesus our Savior is a-coming to reign  
And take you up to glory in his aeroplane.*

Talk about your joy-rides in automobiles,  
Talk about your fast time on motor wheels,  
We'll break all records as we upward fly  
For an aeroplane joy-ride through the sky.

You will have to get ready if you take this ride,  
Quit all your sins and humble your pride,  
You must furnish a lamp both bright and clean  
And a vessel of oil to run the machine.

When our journey is over and we'll all sit down  
At the marriage supper with a robe and a crown;  
We'll blend our voices with the heav'nly throng  
And praise our Savior as the years roll on.

*(Anon., American, c. 1935)*

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**16 Lord of the Dance**

I danced in the morning when the world was begun,  
And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,  
And I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth;  
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

---

*Dance, then, wherever you may be;  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,  
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,  
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.*

I danced for the scribe and the pharisee,  
But they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me;  
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John;  
They came with me and the dance went on:

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame:  
The holy people said it was a shame.  
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me high,  
And they left me there on a cross to die:

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black;  
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back.  
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone;  
But I am the dance and I still go on:

They cut me down and I leapt up high;  
I am the life that'll never, never die;  
I'll live in you if you'll live in me:  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he:

*(Sydney Carter)*

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17 — 21 **BIRTHDAY MADRIGALS**

17 **1. It was a lover and his lass**

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In the spring time, &c.

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In the spring time, &c.

*(William Shakespeare)*

18 **2. Draw on, sweet night**

Draw on, sweet Night, best friend unto those cares  
That do arise from painful melancholy.  
My life so ill through want of comfort fares,  
That unto thee I consecrate it wholly.  
Sweet Night, draw on!  
My griefs when they be told  
To shades and darkness,  
Find some ease from paining.  
And while thou all in silence dost enfold,  
I then shall have best time for my complaining.

*(?John Wilbye, 1609)*

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**19 3. Come live with me**

Come live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
And all the craggy mountains yields.

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in ev'ry shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;  
And Philomel becometh dumb;  
The rest complains of cares to come.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yields:  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Fair linèd slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold;

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

The shepherd swains shall dance and  
sing  
For thy delight each May morning:  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my love.

If youth could last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need,  
Then these delights my mind might move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

*(Verses 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 Christopher Marlowe; 2, 4, 6, 8, 10  
attributed to Walter Raleigh)*

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**20 4. My true love hath my heart**

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,  
By just exchange one for the other given:  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;  
There never was a better bargain driven.  
His heart in me keeps me and him in one,  
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:  
He loves my heart, for once it was his own;  
I cherish his, because in me it bides.  
His heart his wound receivèd from my sight,  
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart;  
For as from me, on him his hurt did light,  
So still methought in me his hurt did smart.  
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss:  
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

*(Sir Philip Sidney)*

**21 5. When daisies pied**

When daisies pied and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O, word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

---

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughman's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree, &c.

Whenas the rye reach to the chin,  
And chop-cherry, chop-cherry ripe within,  
And strawberries swimming in the cream,  
And schoolboys playing in the stream;  
Then oh, then oh, my true love said,  
Until that time should come again  
She could not, could not live a maid.

*(Verses 1, 2: Shakespeare; verse 3, George Peele)*

**22 Skylark**

Skylark, have you anything to say to me?  
Won't you tell me where my love can be?  
Is there a meadow in the mist  
Where someone's waiting to be kissed?

Skylark, have you seen a valley green with spring,  
Where my heart can go a-journeying  
Over the shadows and the rain,  
To a blossom-covered lane?

And in your lonely flight  
Haven't you heard the music in the night,  
Wonderful music,  
Faint as a will-o-the-wisp,

---

Crazy as a loon,  
Sad as a gypsy serenading the moon.

Oh, skylark, I don't know if you can find these things,  
But my heart is riding on your wings;  
So, if you see them anywhere,  
Won't you lead me there?

*(Johnny Mercer)*

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George Shearing and John Rutter

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## Biographies

**George Shearing** enjoys an international reputation as a pianist, arranger, and composer. Equally at home on the concert stage as in jazz clubs, he is recognized for inventive, orchestrated jazz and, in recent years, for his growing involvement in choral writing. He has written over 300 compositions, including the classic *Lullaby of Birdland*, which has become a jazz standard.

He was born in 1919 in Battersea, South London. Congenitally blind, he was the youngest of nine children. His only formal musical education consisted of four years of study at the Linden Lodge School for the Blind. After early years as a pub pianist and member of an all-blind band, his talent was spotted by the noted jazz critic and author Leonard Feather, leading to a move to America in 1947 where his fame was established with the first George Shearing Quintet recording in 1949, *September in the Rain*, which sold 900,000 copies. From then on, he became one of the country's most popular recording and performing artists. He played at Birdland, the legendary jazz spot in New York, won two Grammy awards for recordings he made with Mel Tormé, played for three US presidents, and received many honours on both sides of the Atlantic. His international schedule of engagements continues, and he and his wife Ellie divide their leisure time between their apartment in New York and a cottage in the English Cotswolds.

**Melanie Marshall** is recognized as one of the most gifted and versatile of the younger generation of British singers. She won a scholarship to study singing and piano at the Royal College of Music in London, where she gained several prizes and diplomas. Her subsequent career has encompassed many musical styles, from classical to jazz, opera to musical theatre, performing and recording in Britain and abroad with such noted conductors as Sir Simon Rattle, Carl Davis and Trevor Pinnock and orchestras including the Philharmonia and London Symphony. Her recordings include cast albums of *Kiss me, Kate*, *Carmen Jones*, and *Wonderful Town*, as well as *Dido and Aeneas* and *Porgy and Bess*. Her first solo album, *Cocktail*, was given the accolade of a five-star rating

by *BBC Music Magazine*. Her US solo debut was in Carnegie Hall in 1991, singing John Rutter's *Distant Land*, and she returned there to give the US première of *Feel the Spirit* in June 2001.

**Wayne Marshall** has achieved the unique distinction among present-day concert artists of becoming equally renowned internationally as a pianist, organist, and conductor. Educated at Chetham's School, Manchester and the Royal College of Music in London where he won several major prizes, he spent a period as organ scholar at St George's Chapel, Windsor Castle before continuing his organ studies at the Vienna Hochschule. His subsequent career has embraced music of many styles and periods: as an organ recitalist, he favours the virtuoso French repertoire and is especially noted for his phenomenal extemporization. As a pianist, he has performed and recorded all of Gershwin's music for piano and orchestra and has a wide repertoire including, among others, Ravel, Bernstein, and Duke Ellington. His duo partners include the singing actress Kim Criswell, trumpeter Ole Edvard Antonsen and violinist Tasmin Little. As conductor, he works regularly with leading orchestras world-wide; he has received particular acclaim for his performances of *Porgy and Bess*, including at the BBC Promenade Concerts (where he is an established favourite) and with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra at the Bregenz Festival.

**Malcolm Creese** is one of Europe's best-known double bass players, combining jazz and classical performances with film, television and recording work. He originally studied cello at London's Guildhall School of Music, but his love of jazz resulted in a switch to double bass in his mid-twenties. In 1991 he became Cleo Laine and John Dankworth's bass player, also playing with Stan Tracey and other stars of the jazz world. He has recently formed the trio Acoustic Triangle with pianist John Horler and saxophonist Tim Garland; their début album *Interactions* has been widely acclaimed.



Photo: Jim Four

Wayne and Melanie Marshall



Photo: Jim Four

Wayne Marshall, George Shearing and Melanie Marshall

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WAYNE MARSHALL

MALCOLM CREESE

THE BBC CONCERT ORCHESTRA

COMPACT  
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