DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC AT PRINCETON
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2013-2014 SEASON
Welcome...

On behalf of the Department of Music, I am delighted to welcome you to our concert tonight.

This performance represents only a small portion of the richness and diversity of activities that take place in the Department of Music every year. Composition, scholarship and performance are the central activities of our students and faculty and many of the performances we present represent more than one of those areas. Scholarly seminars often reconstruct and present performances of ancient, lost, or unfinished work. The Composers Ensemble presents music newly composed by our faculty and students performed by some of the world's most skilled and adventurous musicians.

Our two certificate programs – Program in Jazz Studies and Program in Musical Performance – also integrate the stage, the studio and the classroom. Participants in both of those programs take private lessons, master classes, and academic courses en route to solo and ensemble concerts.

We hope you will attend many more events presented by the Department of Music at Princeton University. The diverse and eclectic interests of our students and faculty means that you can enjoy events not only in our high traffic areas, like Euro-American concert music, opera and jazz, but also a great variety of other music – vernacular, learned, sacred and profane – from around the world.

The public is also invited to the many pre-concert lectures, colloquia and conferences that feature local scholars as well as distinguished visitors. For a list of upcoming events please visit www.princeton.edu/music.

We look forward to seeing you at our next Music Department event!

Steven Mackey
Professor and Chair, Department of Music

Sunday, February 16, 2014 at 3:00 PM
Taplin Auditorium in Fine Hall
Performance Faculty Recital
Barbara Rearick, Mezzo-soprano and Scott Dunn, Piano

SONGS OF SIR RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT

WALTZ (1974)
from Murder on the Orient Express, arranged by R.R. Bennett (2001)

DREAM-SONGS (1986)
for Sasha Abrams and Peter Alexander, texts by Walter de la Mare (1875-1956)

SONGS BEFORE SLEEP (2003)
Mezzo version (2004) for Ms. Rearick, texts adapted by Meg Peacocke (b. 1930)
from The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes

LUCKY TO BE ME (1944)
from On the Town by Leonard Bernstein,
arranged by Bill Evans (1958), transcribed by R.R. Bennett (1960)

A HISTORY OF THE THÉ DANSANT (1994)
Premiered by Ms. Rearick, texts by Meg Peacocke (b. 1930)

A GARLAND FOR MARJORIE FLEMING (1969)
For Sasha and Peter Alexander, texts by Marjory Fleming (1803-1811)

In Isas Bed
A Melancholy Lay
On Jessy Watsons Elopement
Sweet Isabell
Sonnet on a Monkey
ABOUT SIR RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT (1936-2012)

Among present-day musicians, there were few more versatile than Sir Richard Rodney Bennett, and none better at everything he did: composing for concerts and films, playing the piano in contemporary music and in jazz idioms, singing and playing classic show tunes in cabaret. For many years all these activities seemed tightly compartmentalised; perhaps with the help of his move in 1979 to New York City, away from the pernicious British habit of pigeonholing, they have proved capable of feeding fruitfully into each other.

Bennett was born into a musical family, and began composing as a child. Informal sessions with the pianist and British serialist Elisabeth Lutyens aroused an interest in the avant-garde which was left unsatisfied by the traditional teaching of Sir Lennox Berkeley and Howard Ferguson at the Royal Academy of Music, but assuaged by visits to the Darmstadt summer schools, and Mary Cleere Haran, and to his own cabaret teaching of Sir Lennox Berkeley and Howard piano. This led later to partnerships with singers including most recently Rondel in centenary concertos for almost every instrument ranging from the major orchestral and choral works least an element of neo-Romantic serialism closer to Berg than out to the general concert-goer. In the later 1980s, he abandoned the medium. However, he concert works; and in 1990, the BT Celebration orchestral Symphonies No. 8 at Carnegie Hall, Beethoven’s Symphony No. 9 with Wichita Symphony, and in Princeton she performs Benjamin Britten’s Piano, a dramatic cantata for mezzo-soprano, as well as Mahler’s Symphony No. 3 with Maestro Michael Pratt and the Princeton University Orchestra. Last season Rearick’s engagements included Bach’s “St. John Passion” with Voices of Ascension and The Blind with American Opera Project for the Lincoln Center Festival. Ms. Rearick performs regularly at Princeton with the Richardson Chamber Players, most recently in Hindemith’s Die Junge Magd. In 2011 she sang Falla’s El Amor Brujo and arias from Carmen with the Hallé Orchestra under John Wilson and in 2010 and she performed Twice Through the Heart by Mark Anthony Turnage for the Chicago Symphony’s MusicNOW series. Rearick is a founding member of the Britten-Pears Ensemble, a London-based chamber group specializing in contemporary works. Sir Richard and Ms. Rearick gave recitals at Wigmore Hall in London and in festivals throughout the UK including Aldeburgh, Buxton, Spitalfields (London), Norfolk, Leeds, and AerFi (Ireland).

On the opera stage she sang the title role in the world premiere of The Mary Shelly Opera and Lucretia in Benjamin Britten’s The Rape of Lucretia for the Aldeburgh Festival and in Rio de Janiero at Sala Cecilia Meireles. Ms. Rearick has appeared on BBC World Service Radio, WQXR, and NPR. Recordings include Kurt Weill’s The Eternal Road for Naxos, and a recording of Elizabethan songs on Gateway Classics, and was recording with the Britten-Pears Ensemble for ASV. She is a native of Pennsylvania and on the voice faculty at Princeton University.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

A frequent collaborator with the late Sir Richard Rodney Bennett, Barbara Rearick has performed with orchestras across the US and abroad including Chicago, Houston, Baltimore, Buffalo, Indianapolis, Colorado, Orchestra of St. John Smith’s Square in London, and Rundfunk Sinfonieorchester in Berlin.

Her appearances this season include Handel’s Messiah with Pacific Symphony, Mahler’s Symphony No. 8 at Carnegie Hall, Beethoven’s Symphony No. 9 with Wichita Symphony, and in Princeton she performs Benjamin Britten’s Pheasants, a dramatic cantata for mezzo-soprano, as well as Mahler’s Symphony No. 3 with Maestro Michael Pratt and the Princeton University Orchestra. Last season Rearick’s engagements included Bach’s “St. John Passion” with Voices of Ascension and The Blind with American Opera Project for the Lincoln Center Festival. Ms. Rearick performs regularly at Princeton with the Richardson Chamber Players, most recently in Hindemith’s Die Junge Magd. In 2011 she sang Falla’s El Amor Brujo and arias from Carmen with the Hallé Orchestra under John Wilson and in 2010 and she performed Twice Through the Heart by Mark Anthony Turnage for the Chicago Symphony’s MusicNOW series. Rearick is a founding member of the Britten-Pears Ensemble, a London-based chamber group specializing in contemporary works. Sir Richard and Ms. Rearick gave recitals at Wigmore Hall in London and in festivals throughout the UK including Aldeburgh, Buxton, Spitalfields (London), Norfolk, Leeds, and AerFi (Ireland).

On the opera stage she sang the title role request of HRH The Prince of Wales in memory of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother: music of genuinely broad appeal.

—Anthony Burton

American conductor and pianist Scott Dunn is the Associate Conductor of the LA Philharmonic’s Hollywood Bowl Orchestra. He has recently led such distinguished ensembles as the LA Philharmonic, the Pittsburgh Symphony, the Atlanta Symphony, the Colorado Symphony, the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, the Orchestre National de France, and the St Petersburg (Russia) Philharmonic. A long time friend and collaborator of Richard Rodney Bennett’s, Dunn is also a distinguished pianist with many commercial recordings to his name. Dunn and Bennett made numerous two-piano appearances over the years. Also with massive help from Bennett, Dunn made his 1999 Carnegie Hall debut playing Vernon Duke’s “Piano Concerto in C” with Dennis Russell Davies and the American Composers Orchestra. Sir Richard ‘found’ the work and helped Dunn complete its orchestration.

As was the case with his friend Sir Richard, Dunn’s musical interests are wide ranging as can be seen in his most recent appearances which include a gala pops concert with Steve Martin, the Atlanta Symphony and the Steep Canyon Rangers; the
Ligeti’s “Piano Concerto” with pianist Gloria Cheng and Phillip Glass’s Another Look At Harmony Part IV for Jacaranda Concerts in LA; leading an Omaha Symphony program which included the premiere of Dunn’s own orchestrations of Schoenberg’s Cabaret Songs; conducting guitarist Trey Anastasio’s 2012 winter tour symphonic concerts in Atlanta, Pittsburgh, Denver, and Los Angeles; conducting early choral works of Leon Kirchner for Verdant World Records; conducting the Vernon Duke “Violin Concerto” with violinist Tricia Park; leading the Zankel Hall premiere of Mohamed Fairouz’ new opera Sumeida’s Song and its acclaimed commercial recording for Bridge; and finally a series of piano violin recitals with Tricia Park which included the very last works of Bennett’s - song arrangements of Vernon Duke and Harold Arlen for violin and piano.

SONG TEXTS

DREAM SONGS (1866)

Texts by Walter de la Mare

The Song of the Wanderer

Nobody, nobody told me what nobody, nobody knows; but I know where the rainbow ends, I know where there grows a tree that’s called the Tree of Life, I know where there grows the River of All-Forgottenness, and where the lotus blooms, and I’ve trodden the forest — where in flames of gold and rose, to burn and then arise again, the Phoenix goes.

The Song of Shadows

Sweep thy faint strings, Musician — with thy long lean hand; downward the stary translators burn, sinks soft the waning sand; the old hound whimpers couched in sleep, the embers smoulder low, across the walls the shadows come and go.

Sweep softly thy strings, Musician — the minutes mount to hours, frost on the windless casement weaves a labyrinth of flowers, ghosts linger in the darkening air, hearken at the open door; music hath called them, dreaming, home — once more.

Dream Song

Sunlight, moonlight, twilight, starlight — gazing at the close of day. And an owl calling, cool dew falling in a wood of oak and may. Lantern-light, taper-light, torchlight, no-light, darkness at the shut of day. And lions roaring, their wrath pouring in wild waste places far away.

Elf-light, bat-light, touchwood light and toad-light, and the sea a shimmering gloom of grey, and a small face smiling in a dream’s beguiling in a world of wonders far away.

The Song of the Mad Prince

Who said, ‘Peacock Pie?’ The old King to the sparrow: Who said, ‘Crops are ripe?’ Rust to the harrow: Who said, ‘Where sleeps she now? Where rests she now her head, bathed in eve’s loveliness?’ That’s what I said.

Who said, ‘Ay, mum’s the word’; sexton to willow: Who said, ‘Green dust for dreams, moss for a pillow?’ Who said, ‘All time’s delight hath she for narrow bed; life’s troubled bubble broken’? That’s what I said.

SONGS BEFORE SLEEP (2004)

Texts from The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes

The Mouse and the Bumblebee

Text: Anonymous

A cat came fiddling out of a barn, with a pair of bagpipes under her arm. She could sing nothing but fiddle-de-dee, the mouse shall marry the bumblebee. Pipe, cat, dance, mouse! We’ll have a wedding at our good house. Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee, the mouse has married the bumblebee.

They went to church and married was she, the mouse has married the bumblebee.

The cat came fiddling out of the barn, with a pair of bagpipes under her arm. She sang nothing but fiddle-de-dee, which worried the mouse and the bumblebee. Pass began purring, the mouse ran away, and the bee flew off with a wild huzza!

Wee Willie Winkie

Text by William Miller (1810 - 1872)

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town, upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown. Rapping at the window, crying at the lock, are the children in bed, for it’s now ten o’clock. Hey Willie Winkie, are you coming in? The cat’s singing quiet songs to the sleeping hen, the dog’s sprawled across the floor, and doesn’t give a cheep, but here’s a wakeful laddie that will not fall asleep.

Anything but sleep, you rogue! glowing like the moon, rattling in an iron jug with an iron spoon, rumbling, rumbling round-a-bout, crowing like a cock, squealing like I-don’t-know-what waking sleeping folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie, the child’s in a creel, scrambling off its mother’s knee like a very eel, tugging at the cat’s ear and spoiling all her dreams, hey, Willie Winkie -- see, here he comes! Weary is the mother that has a wakeful bairn, a wee willful mischief that can’t be left alone, that battles ev’ry night with sleep -- before he’ll close an eye, but a kiss from off his rosy lips gives strength anew to me.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

Text by Jane Taylor (1783 - 1824)

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are? Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky. When the blazing sun has gone, when he nothing shines upon, then you show your little light, twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

When the trav’ler in the dark thanks you for your tiny spark, he could not see which way to go if you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep, and often through my curtains peep, for you never shut your eye, ’till the sun is in the sky. As your bright and tiny spark lights the trav’ler in the dark, though I know not what you are, Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Baby, Baby, Naughty Baby

Text: Anonymous

Baby, baby, naughty baby, hush, you squalling thing, I say — peace this moment, peace or maybe Bonaparte will pass this way. Baby, baby, he’s a giant, tall and black as Rouen steeple. And he breakfasts, dines, rely on’t ev’ry day on naughty people.

Baby, baby, if he hears you, as he gallops past the house — limb from limb at once he’ll tear you, just as pussy tears a mouse. And he’ll beat you all to pap, and he’ll eat you, snap, snap, snap.

As I Walked By Myself

Text attrib. Bernard Barton (1780 - 1840)

As I walked by myself and talked to myself, myself said unto me, look to thyself, take care of thyself, for nobody cares for thee. I answered myself, and said to myself in the self-same repartee, look to thyself, or not to thyself, the self-same thing will be.
Like the line of I shall show my creamy back. Write to the silhouette narrow and on the Riviera in nineteen twenty four. Drawing the tango down the polished length of a delicacy cat-ice thin. Fresh as beneath the scapel of the moon.

There was an old woman lived under a hill, and so this old woman was said to be mad. She'd nothing to eat and nothing to wear, she'd nothing to lose and nothing to fear. She'd nothing to ask and nothing to give, and when she did die, she'd nothing to leave.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe, she had so many children she didn't know what to do. She gave them some porridge without any bread, then she borrowed a hammer and knocked them all dead. She went to the town to bespeak 'em a coffin, but when she got there they were lying there laughing. She went up the stairs to ring the bell -- then she slipped her foot and down she fell. So she got the coffin to herself.

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket seventeen times as high as the moon. And where she was going I couldn't but ask it, for in her hand, she carried a broom. Old woman, old woman, old woman, quoth I, where are you going to up so high? To brush the cobwebs off the sky.

There was an old woman lived under a hill, and if she's not gone she lives there still. There was an old woman lived under a hill, put a mouse in a bag and went to the mill. The miller did swear by the point of his knife, he never took toll of a mouse in his life.

There was an old woman and nothing she had, and so this old woman was said to be mad. She'd nothing to eat and nothing to wear, she'd nothing to lose and nothing to fear. She'd nothing to ask and nothing to give, and when she did die, she'd nothing to leave.

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A HISTORY OF THE THÉ DANSANT (1994)

Texts by Meg Peacock

Fox Trot

The briefest card my dear, we are leaving. Imagine the long curve of the Blue Train -- like the line of a mouth closed and smiling and Charles in the opposite window seat, head thrown back, the smoke from his cigarette coiling and coiling.

There is a fellow in the carriage with artificial legs and a scar on his face, unspeakable.

Slow Fox Trot

Laquer bows to bleu marine, fingerwaved, who must respond as though she were not gratified. Begin the formal promenade. The sea is wrinkled like a skin and laps the darkly pitted sand. A liner moving Tunis bound sets the powdered stars aside. Jewelung the bay alone, and creeping on and creeping on, elegant, à la mode, fades away from sight of land.

And don't you love the negro band? Don't you adore the saxophone? Your nails are painted deep as blood. Softly flexing insteps glide, attentive to the livelong end -- beneath the scalpel of the moon.

Tango

Let us invent marble and five o'clock. I'll take white, you take black, how engagingly we rhyme across the chequered level in the perfume of tea and petits fours. I shall sample the tiniest slice of the Grand Succès on the lemon terrace, the newly apparent moon -- a delicacy cat-ice thin. fresh as mimosa.

Your legs are dangerously long under the palm cote at Menton, my thighs all silk and hesitation -- drawing the tango down the polished length of the floor. And the cellohas such slim waists, and violins are girls with flattened breasts.

Let us invent the chaise longue, bamboo. Lapsang Souchong, linen and Panama.

You may cough and thump your stick but I have been up in the attic and I have a bundle of postcards here to prove that once, we were seen to be in love -- on the Riviera in nineteen twenty four.
**A GARLAND FOR MARJORY FLEMING** (1969)

*Texts by Marjory Fleming (1803-1811)*

**In Isas Bed**

I love in Isas bed to lie -- o such a joy and luxury -- the bottom of the bed I sleep and with great care I myself keep, oft I embrace her feet of lilies -- but she has goton all the pillies.

Her neck I never can embrace -- but I do hug her feet in place. But I am sure I am contented -- and of my follies am repented. I am sure I'd rather be in a small bed at liberty.

*Note by the authoress:* '...I disturbed her repose at night by continual figiting and kicking but I was a very contunially at work reading the Arabian nights entertainments which I could not have done had I slept at the top.'

**A Melancholy Lay**

Three Turkeys fair their last have breathed and now this world for ever leaved. Their father and their mother too will sigh and weep as well as you -- mourning for their off-spring fair whom they did nurse with tender care. Indeed the rats their bones have cranch'd, to Eternity are they launched.

Their graceful form and pretty eyes their fellow fowls did not despise -- a direful death indeed they had that would put any parent mad. But she was more than usual calm -- she did not give a single dam. Here ends this melancholy lay. Farewell poor turkeys I must say.

**On Jessy Watson Elpement**

Run of is Jessy Watson fair, her eyes do sparkel, she's good hair. But Mrs. Leath you now shall be, now and for all Eternity. Such merry spirits I do hate, but now it's over and to late. For to retract such vows you cant and you must now love your galant but I am sure you will repent and your poor heart will then relent. Your poor poor father will repine and so would I if you were mine. But now be good for this time past, and let this folly be your last.

**Sweet Isabell**

Here lies sweet Isabell in bed -- wearing a nightcap on her head. Her skin is soft, her face is fair and she has very pretty hair. She and I in bed lie nice and undisturbed by rats or mice. She is disgusted by Mister Worgan although he plays upon the organ.

A not of ribans on her head, her cheak is tinged with concious red. Her nails are neat, her teeth are white -- her eyes are very very bright. In a conspicuous town she lives and to the poor her money gives. Here ends sweet Isabellas story and may it be much to her glory.

**Sonnet on a Monkey**

O lovely o most charming pug, thy graceful air and heav'ly mug. The beauties of his mind do shine and ev'y bit is shaped so fine. Your very tail is most divine. Your teeth is whiter than the snow, you are a great buck and a bow* -- your eyes are of so fine a shape -- more like a christians than an ape.

His cheeks is like the roses blume, your hair is like the ravens plume, his noses cast is of the roman, he is a very pretty weoman.* I could not get a rhyme for roman and was obliged to call it weoman.

*Note: Marjory Fleming was born in Kirkcaldy, [Scotland.] in 1803 and died at the age of eight, leaving three volumes of Journals and a handful of poems, several of which concern her cousin and closest friend, Isabella Keith. The original spelling has been retained except where it would affect the correct pronunciation of the words: 'christian'; 'Eternity' etc.

-Richard Rodney Bennett*

O Isa do remember me

And try to love your Marjory

(written four days before her death)
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**Concert Recording Datasheet**

**Date of Concert:** Feb 16, 2014  
**Time:** 7:30 pm  
**# of discs/tapes:** 0  
**Concert Name/Artist:** Barbara Rearick  
**Concert Series:** Faculty Recital  
**Engineer:** Andres Villalta  
**Assistant Engineer:**  
**Videographer:**  

**Program Accurate**  
**Program Change (see comments below)**  
**Encore? (annotate below)**

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### Program

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<th>Track</th>
<th>Duration</th>
<th>Title/Composer/Performer</th>
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<td>1</td>
<td>05:37</td>
<td>Waltz from Murder on the Orient Express / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>02:32</td>
<td>Dream-Songs - The Song of the Wanderer / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>02:42</td>
<td>Dream-Songs - The Song of the Shadows / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<td>02:24</td>
<td>Dream-Songs - Dream-Song / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>04:53</td>
<td>Dream-Songs - The Song of the Mad Prince / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>01:27</td>
<td>Songs Before Sleep from The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes - The Mouse &amp; the Bumblebee / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>03:50</td>
<td>Songs Before Sleep from The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes - Wee Willie Winkie / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>03:57</td>
<td>Songs Before Sleep from The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes - Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<td>9</td>
<td>02:00</td>
<td>Songs Before Sleep from The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes - Baby, Baby, Naughty Baby / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>02:54</td>
<td>Songs Before Sleep from The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes - As I Walked By Myself / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>05:43</td>
<td>Songs Before Sleep from The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes - There Was An Old Woman / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<td>12</td>
<td>05:54</td>
<td>Lucky to Be Me from On The Town / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>11:58</td>
<td>A History of the The Dansant / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>01:39</td>
<td>A Garland for Marjory Fleming - In Isas Bed / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<td>15</td>
<td>02:49</td>
<td>A Garland for Marjory Fleming - A Melancholy Lay / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<td>17</td>
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<td>A Garland for Marjory Fleming - Sweet Isabell / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<td>18</td>
<td>01:21</td>
<td>A Garland for Marjory Fleming - Sonnet on a Monkey / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>05:02</td>
<td>ENCORE: Songs from 1917 - Cleopaterer / Jerome Kern after Wodehouse</td>
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<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>02:00</td>
<td>ENCORE: Early to Bed / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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<td>21</td>
<td>03:56</td>
<td>ENCORE: Goodbye for Now / Sir Richard Rodney Bennett</td>
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**Comments:**

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