

A woman with long, wavy brown hair, wearing a long, flowing white gown with a capelet, stands on a path covered in fallen leaves. She is looking towards a small lake in the distance, surrounded by dense forest with trees showing autumn foliage. The scene is captured in a cinematic style with soft lighting.

# *Maureen Batt*

WORKS BY  
FRANZ SCHUBERT  
FIONA RYAN

LADY OF THE LAKE



MAUREEN BATT SOPRANO  
SIMON DOCKING PIANO  
JON-PAUL DÉCOSSE BASS-BARITONE

# LADY OF THE LAKE

WORKS BY FRANZ SCHUBERT & FIONA RYAN

FRANZ SCHUBERT

01. Ellens Gesang I, Op. 52, No. 1.....7:28  
*Maureen Batt / Simon Docking*
02. Ellens Gesang II, Op. 52, No. 2.....3:16  
*Maureen Batt / Simon Docking*
03. Bootgesang, Op. 52, No. 3.....1:38  
*Leander Mendoza, tenor / Justin Simard, tenor  
Robert O'Quinn, baritone / James Levesque, baritone / Simon Docking*
04. Coronach, Op. 52, No. 4.....5:41  
*The Halifax Camerata Singers / Jeff Joudrey, conductor / Lynette Wahlstrom, piano*
05. Normans Gesang, Op. 52, No. 5.....3:00  
*Jon-Paul Décosse / Simon Docking*
06. Ellens Gesang III, "Ave Maria", Op. 52, No. 6.....5:49  
*Maureen Batt / Simon Docking*
07. Lied des gefangenen Jägers, Op. 52, No. 7.....2:54  
*Jon-Paul Décosse / Simon Docking*

30 MINUTES

FIONA RYAN

08. Lady of the Lake: I. Soldier Rest/Hunter Rest.....4:55  
*Maureen Batt / Simon Docking*
09. Lady of the Lake: II. Prayer.....5:12  
*Maureen Batt / Simon Docking*
10. Lady of the Lake: IIIa. Battle Cries and Prophecies (*Roderick*).....1:47  
*Jon-Paul Décosse / Maureen Batt / Simon Docking*
11. Lady of the Lake: IV. Battle Vignette: A Warrior's Farewell.....4:08  
*Jon-Paul Décosse / Simon Docking*
12. Lady of the Lake: IIIb. Battle Cries and Prophecies (*Blanche*).....2:04  
*Jon-Paul Décosse / Maureen Batt / Simon Docking*
13. Lady of the Lake: V. Battle Vignette: Song of a Warrior Woman.....4:25  
*Maureen Batt / Simon Docking*
14. Lady of the Lake: IIIc. Battle Cries and Prophecies (*Brian*).....1:54  
*Jon-Paul Décosse / Maureen Batt / Simon Docking*
15. Lady of the Lake: VI. The Prisoner's Lament.....4:28  
*Jon-Paul Décosse / Simon Docking*
16. Lady of the Lake: VII. Reconciliation/Mémoire.....4:21  
*Maureen Batt / Jon-Paul Décosse / Simon Docking*

33 MINUTES

TOTAL TIME: 63 MINUTES





# LADY OF THE LAKE

Both *Lady of the Lake* song cycles are based on Sir Walter Scott's epic poem of the same title: a historical epic of love, loss, war, loyalty, and betrayal in the Highlands of Scotland. Though Scott's tale is largely fictional, it is inspired by historical events in 16th-century Scotland.

Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake* is set during an uprising of the Highland clans (led by Clan Alpine) against the Lowland Scots who are loyal to King James V. The story focuses on Ellen Douglas, a young woman who lives in exile with her father, James Douglas. He is an outlaw who has fallen out of favour with the royal court and fled to an island in Loch Katrine with his daughter and the bard Alan Bane. Various suitors seek Ellen's hand in marriage, including Roderick Dhu, leader of the Highland clans; Malcolm Graeme, a young hunter who is caught between his loyalty to the King and his love and sympathy for members of the Douglas family; and James FitzJames, a mysterious hunter from the Lowlands (who is actually King James in disguise).

Ellen turns down an offer of marriage from Roderick, leaving the Douglas family caught between the Highland rebels and those loyal to the King. They flee their island on Loch Katrine and Ellen fears for her father's life as he sets out for Edinburgh. James FitzJames (still in disguise) also attempts to woo Ellen, and though she is flattered, she turns him down because she truly loves Malcolm Graeme. Even so, FitzJames admires Ellen and promises to help her if she is ever in trouble.

On his way back to Edinburgh, James FitzJames encounters Blanche of Devan, a Lowland woman who was driven to insanity when she was captured in a raid by Highlanders. Blanche warns FitzJames that he is in danger. As she is warning him, she is shot by a Highlander's arrow that was intended for FitzJames. FitzJames thanks her for the warning and, promising to avenge her death, kills the man who murdered her. FitzJames does not realise that with this action he has sealed the fate of the upcoming rebellion, as foretold in a prophecy revealed to Roderick Dhu.

While Roderick Dhu is rallying his troops in the Highlands, he asks Brian, a hermit who is reputed to know rituals of the ancient Druids, to bless their efforts and to predict the outcome of the battle. Brian predicts that whoever first spills their foe's blood will be the victor.





A battle scene opens with forces from the Lowlands confronting the Highlanders at the shores of a lake where the Highland women and children have taken shelter. The Lowland soldiers attempt to attack the women, but the first soldier who attacks is killed by one of the women fiercely defending her family, and before further bloodshed can ensue, a messenger appears to inform the armies that their commanders have been captured.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the wild countryside James FitzJames and Roderick Dhu meet and fight a bitter man-to-man battle, which FitzJames eventually wins. With their chief's defeat, the Highland rebellion is soon ended and most of the main characters end up in the palace, including James Douglas and Malcolm Graeme.

Ellen arrives at the palace hoping to talk to the King so she can free her loved ones from prison. She discovers that James FitzJames is King James V of Scotland and her family's dispute with the court is resolved by diplomacy, leaving her free to reunite with her father and marry the man she loves.

---

Today, Scott's *Lady of the Lake* is not that widely known, but in the 19th century it was a bestselling book popular throughout Europe—it was translated into many languages, including the German translation that Schubert used for his song texts, and a French translation that I intersperse amid Scott's original poetry, with English and French text inspired by Scott's work.

Although Scott's *Lady of the Lake* shares a name with Arthurian legend, it is set much more recently and does not overtly involve magic and mythology. On the surface these two stories seem unrelated, however, I believe Scott was aware of that reference to the ancient Celtic legend and used it to help infuse this seemingly historical story with hints of the supernatural that stoke the imagination even in the 21st century: along with the titular reference, Scott's text also includes ancient druidic rituals, mysterious prophecies, and mention of local ghost stories and superstitions.

During the 19th century, literary works like Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, combined with a keen interest in ancient Celtic culture and in collecting traditional music and folklore, helped make Scotland a popular backdrop for the Romantic imagination. Composers like Schubert embraced this trend, but viewed this Scottish tale through a lens of German Romanticism. While Schubert does make some musical nods to Scottish music, much of Schubert's musical language in this cycle is rooted in the German Lieder (song) style that he helped mould and create. One example of this is the rhythmic accompaniment during "Die Nacht bricht bald herein, dann leg' ich mich zur Ruh" (Normans Gesang); this accompaniment pattern uses rhythms that are found in some traditional Scottish music, but these rhythmic ideas also appear in some of Schubert's other songs (and in other 19th-century music with a rustic or hunting theme). In Schubert's Lieder style the text is clear and expressive, and although the voice is prominent, the music is not subordinate to the text. Indeed, musical motives and melodies are often the most memorable aspects of Schubert's songs. One example of Schubert's memorable melodic lines can be found in a famous example from this song cycle: Ellens Gesang III ("Ave Maria") which is best known as a melody with the words of the Latin Prayer "Ave Maria", but originally used the German translation of Walter Scott's poetry, which you will hear on this album.

It is worth noting that in Schubert's day the narrative would have been well-known by many of his audience members, so his song cycle did not need to explain the characters or plot situations to the audience. Schubert steers clear of operatic writing, but he does allow the text to dictate the form of the cycle by including ensemble and choral songs in addition to the usual solo voice with piano. This unique variety of settings means that performances and recordings of this work in its entirety are not very common.

I wrote my version of this song cycle nearly 200 years later and on a different continent, in Nova Scotia, Canada in 2016, where Scott's text is not particularly well-known. As such, though certainly influenced by Schubert, I decided to approach some aspects of the song cycle differently.

While Schubert could assume many audience members would be familiar with the work on which this song cycle was based, I knew I could not make that assumption, and therefore chose to write in a more operatic or theatrical way: many of my songs are essentially character sketches that hint at the larger plot, rather like film teasers.

As a 21st-century woman reading Scott's text, I was impressed by Scott's depiction of strong, brave women and noble men capable of deep emotion. I wanted to subvert some of the traditions of the war epic by depicting women characters singing active, outgoing songs of unyielding strength and leadership, and by allowing the men in the story to feel deeply and express their inner turmoil in introspective moments. The title "Lady of the Lake" inspired me to highlight the stories of the women characters to create a more gender-balanced retelling of the tale, and to accentuate the positive message in Scott's work: that women and men in this story are driven by a sense of honour, bravery, and, in most cases, an ability to see the humanity in their opponents and eventually reconcile their differences.

I draw upon Scottish (and Nova Scotian) folk music traditions in my songs. Some movements are very obviously influenced by Scottish folksongs, such as "Soldier's Farewell" (which could be as much at home at a folk music session in a pub as in a concert hall) and others draw inspiration from rhythmic patterns, ornamentation, and droning sounds found in Scottish bagpipe music.

In a way, this project is about bringing people and ideas together: the 19th and 21st centuries, women and men, Canadians and Europeans, Romantic musical styles and contemporary music styles, and music and literature. Although this is a story of a different and dangerous time, it gives an affirmative answer to the eternal question of whether people who are enemies can eventually reconcile.

-Fiona M. Ryan







## MAUREEN BATT SOPRANO

Maureen Batt is celebrated for her “rich, warm sound and masterful acting” (Opera Canada). Recently, Maureen’s solo career has focused on promoting Canadian classical contemporary repertoire by collaborating with established and emerging composers to commission, premiere, and re-perform their works.

She has created several Canadian opera roles including Helen, *Aunt Helen* (Monica Pearce); Keri Ferrell, *Hipster Grifter* (Elisha Denburg); Lorelei Henderson, *Stockholm Syndrome* (Fiona Ryan); Bride, *Cake* (Pearce); Hannah, *Hannah & Paige and the Zombie Pirates* (Christopher Thornborrow); Dorothy Parker, *Etiquette* (Pearce); Anna, *Regina* (Denburg); Cindy, *Heather: Cindy + Mindy = BFFS 4EVER* (Thornborrow); and Mother/Sister Mary Francis, *Time of Trouble* (Elizabeth Raum).

She has been engaged by the Windsor Symphony Orchestra, Opera in Concert (VoiceBox), Toronto Operetta Theatre, Maritime Concert Opera, Opera Nova Scotia, New Hamburg Live!, Open Ears Festival of Music and Sound, Whale Song Theatre, The Toy Piano Composers, and has performed recitals across Canada and in the United States.

Memorable opera credits from standard repertoire include Susanna, *Le nozze di Figaro* (Mozart); Zerlina, *Don Giovanni* (Mozart); Despina, *Così fan tutte* (Mozart); Serpina, *The Maid Mistress* (Pergolesi); Belinda, *Dido and Aeneas* (Purcell); Yum-Yum, *The Mikado* (Sullivan); Lauretta, *Gianni Schicchi* (Puccini); Polly, *The Threepenny Opera/Die Dreigroschenoper* (Weill); Morgana, *Alcina* (Händel); Nina, *Chérubin* (Massenet). Her selected concert and oratorio credits include Händel’s *Messiah* and *Esther*, Mozart’s *Vesperae solennes de confessore* and *Exsultate Jubilate*, Bach’s BWV 187 *Es wartet alles auf dich*, BWV 4 *Christ lag in Todesbanden*, and BWV 245 *St. John Passion*.







Maureen, with her colleague Erin Bardua, is co-artistic director of Essential Opera—an opera company founded in 2010, and part of the Indie Opera Toronto collective. In 2015, Maureen founded Crossing Borders, a contemporary classical recital series which has toured programs of art song, opera arias, musical theatre, and electronics to the United States and Canada with Cheryl Duvall (piano). She has been the recipient of awards from the SOCAN Foundation, Ontario Arts Council, Canada Council for the Arts, SSHRC, FACTOR, Music Nova Scotia, and Arts Nova Scotia.

An inspiring educator, her voice students have won festival competitions; agents; and admission to private arts schools, musical theatre diploma programs, and bachelor of music degree programs.

Her formal training includes a Master of Music from the University of Toronto, a Bachelor of Music from Dalhousie University, and a Bachelor of Arts from St. Thomas University (French and Spanish). She is an alumna of the St. Andrews Opera by the Sea workshop, the Halifax Summer Opera Workshop, the Casalmaggiore International Music Festival, the Daniel Ferro Vocal Program in Italy, the Centre for Opera Studies in Italy, Opera from Scratch, Tapestry Songbook New Opera 101, and the Contemporary Performance Studies program at the Vancouver International Song Institute.



## FIONA RYAN COMPOSER

Fiona M. Ryan is a composer, music instructor, and performer from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. Fiona returned to Halifax in 2014 after several years living and studying composition in Toronto. Fiona works as a composer, music instructor, and performer, and teaches composition, aural skills, and theory classes at the Fountain School of Performing Arts at Dalhousie University. Her music has been performed at various venues in Canada, the UK, and the United States. In 2011, Fiona received a SOCAN Young Composers award (Sir Ernest MacMillan award, third prize, for composition for large ensemble/orchestra). Fiona has participated in several composer workshops throughout Canada, including Opera From Scratch, ArrayMusic Emerging Composers Workshop, and Scotia Festival of Music Young Artists Program. Fiona was also one of three composers to participate in the The Canadian Music Centre/Canadian League of Composers Emerging Composer Mentorship program in 2013, during which her mentor composer was Linda Catlin Smith. Although she lives in Nova Scotia, Fiona continues to maintain creative connections in Toronto through involvement in recent concerts by the Toy Piano Composers and Essential Opera.

In 2013, Fiona graduated from the University of Toronto with a Doctor of Musical Arts degree in composition, where she studied composition with Chan Ka Nin, James Rolfe, and Christos Hatzis. Fiona's doctoral research focused on the experiences and influences of women composing in Canada, and her doctoral thesis was a one-act opera in which each character's music was based on a different musical genre. While in Toronto, Fiona worked as Music Director at The Church of the Messiah from 2012-2014. Fiona completed a Master of Music in composition (with a minor project in improvisation) at the University of Newcastle (UK) in 2004, where she studied composition with Agustín Fernández and Tim Garland, and improvisation with Bennett Hogg; and a Bachelor of Music with a concentration in performance from Dalhousie University in 2002.

Fiona's current creative interests include narrative and storytelling in music, musical communication, formal exploration of miniatures and character pieces, and creatively exploring how ideas transform as they are transmitted from one (performance) medium or art form to another. Fiona plays clarinet, is a choral singer, plays piano from time to time, and dabbles in a few other instruments. Fiona has performed in choirs, improvisation ensembles, chamber music ensembles, rock bands, musicals, traditional/folk music groups, and as a soloist. In addition to composing, performing, and teaching music, Fiona loves reading and writing poetry and she has written texts for many of her vocal works.



PHOTO: DEVON CROSBY



## SIMON DOCKING PIANO



Australian-born pianist Simon Docking has appeared as a soloist for Toronto's Soundstreams, the Winnipeg New Music Festival, Scotia Festival of Music, Acadia University's Shattering the Silence, Australia's Aurora Festival, the new music group Stroma in New Zealand, and MATA Festival in New York.

Simon has often been heard on CBC Radio 2's Two New Hours, The Signal, and Concerts on Demand. Internationally, his performances have been broadcast on ABC Classic FM (Australia), Swedish Radio, and Radio New Zealand.

Active as a chamber musician, Simon has been a founding member of several ensembles, including the Toronto-based group Toca Loca with pianist Gregory Oh and percussionist Aiyun Huang. Toca Loca has been presented by nearly every new music series in Canada from St. John's to Vancouver, as well as appearances in New York, California and at the C3 Festival at Berlin's legendary Berghain. Toca Loca have released two CDs: P\*P (2009) and SHED (2010).

Particularly devoted to the music of our time, Simon has premiered works by many Canadian and Australian composers, and his repertoire includes music by international figures such as Andriessen, Boulez, Carter, Feldman, Ferneyhough, Gubaidulina, Takemitsu, and Xenakis.

Simon studied piano in Australia with Ransford Elsley, and holds a doctorate in piano performance from SUNY Stony Brook, where he worked with Gilbert Kalish, and upon graduation was awarded New York State's Thayer Fellowship for the Arts. In October 2011, Simon received an Established Artist Recognition Award from the province of Nova Scotia.

Simon is on the faculty of the Maritime Conservatory of Performing Arts in Halifax, and is a member of the NSRMTA. As an accompanist and coach, he has worked at the University of Toronto, the Glenn Gould School, the Banff Centre, Dalhousie University, and Acadia University.



## JON-PAUL DÉCOSSE BASS-BARITONE

Jon-Paul Décosse, "a powerful, full-throated bass-baritone" (Opera Canada), has been heralded for both his vocal and dramatic presentations in a variety of operatic and concert repertoire.

Born in Ontario, he is an alumnus of the Canadian Opera Company Ensemble Studio, Canada's premier training program for young opera professionals. During his final season as an Ensemble member, Jon-Paul performed the roles of Sciarrone, *Tosca* (Puccini); Don Juan, *From the House of the Dead* (Janáček) and Pasquariello, *Don Giovanni* (Gazzaniga). Other appearances with the COC include Schaunard in *La Bohème*, Sam in *Trouble in Tahiti*, and Don Alfonso in *Così fan tutte*.

Other memorable appearances across Canada include Colline in *La Bohème* for Edmonton Opera, Opera Hamilton and Calgary Opera; Leporello in *Don Giovanni* for Opera Nova Scotia; and the title role in Verdi's *Falstaff* for Opera NUOVA and Highlands Opera.

No stranger to the concert stage, he has appeared as a guest artist in such works as Haydn's *Die Schöpfung* with The London Singers, Händel's *Messiah* with the Haliburton Messiah Choir, Duruflé's *Requiem* with the University of Toronto Symphony Orchestra, and a variety of Bach cantatas with the London Choral Guild and International Bach Festival.

Since relocating to Nova Scotia, Jon-Paul has invested his talents locally, debuting with Symphony Nova Scotia for Händel's *Messiah*, performing title roles in *The Mikado* and *Noye's Fludde* with Maritime Concert Opera, as well as appearing as Captain von Trapp in Broadway Atlantic's inaugural production of *The Sound of Music*. Jon-Paul has acted as a performance mentor for students of the Fountain School for the Performing Arts, joining them onstage as Papageno in *The Magic Flute*.





## FRANZ SCHUBERT COMPOSER

(Born Vienna, January 1797; died Vienna, November 1828). Austrian composer. The only canonic Viennese composer native to Vienna, he made seminal contributions in the areas of orchestral music, chamber music, piano music and, most especially, the German Lied. The richness and subtlety of his melodic and harmonic language, the originality of his accompaniments, his elevation of marginal genres and the enigmatic nature of his uneventful life have invited a wide range of readings of both man and music that remain among the most hotly debated in musical circles.

Schubert's first surviving song dates from his 15th year, and he probably wrote the last of his more than 600 completed songs only a few weeks before his premature death. In terms of separate works, almost two-thirds of Schubert's are Lieder, and during his lifetime they were the principal vehicle of his fame.

While his skill at setting verse grew throughout his lifetime, from the age of 17 onwards Schubert was composing masterful songs that ranked with the best produced over the next 100 years.

Schubert's uniqueness lay not only in his raising of the Lied from a marginal to a central genre but in his ability to fuse poetry and music in ways that seem not only unique but inevitable.

But it is as a melodist that Schubert formed and sustained his reputation as a song composer. Against the backdrop of Beethoven's predominantly instrumental style there is no doubt that Schubert's melodies stood out for his successors as well as for the generations that have followed. Yet the irony is that no Viennese composer's melodies depend as heavily on their accompaniments for their effect as Schubert's. The celebrated melody of "Ave Maria!" (d839) leans heavily on the regular triplets and deceptive cadences of the piano part.

Schubert's songs are invariably the by-product of his encounter with the chosen poetry rather than a pre-existing predilection. With the exception of some of the longer narrative poems, the vast majority of the poetry Schubert set was in some variant of stanzaic form, and his predecessors most often followed this cue with matching musical strophes. While Schubert was sensitive to the poetic form, he was more influenced by his assessment of a poem's emotional trajectory and dramatic possibilities.

19th- and earlier 20th-century commentators struggled to define Schubert's style, confining their arguments largely to whether he fitted more into a Viennese Classical or a Romantic mould. In practice, Schubert borrowed freely from the traditions of Haydn, Mozart and, eventually, Beethoven while simultaneously developing his own strategies to new, subjectively expressive ends.

The gradual publication of Schubert's works throughout the 19th century meant that new discoveries were constantly being made, affording numerous opportunities for influence. These cropped up in unexpected places: the harmonic vocabulary of the King of Ragtime, Scott Joplin, is lifted in almost textbook fashion directly from Schubert, while unmistakable Schubertian gestures such as the ubiquitous flat sixth chord pop up in, say, the Beatles' "I Saw Her Standing There". Indeed, the very language of musical theatre, from Siegmund Romberg to Andrew Lloyd Webber, is saturated with Schubertian melodic and harmonic syntax.

Robert Winter, et al. "Schubert, Franz." Grove Music Online. Oxford Music Online. Oxford University Press, accessed April 16, 2017, <http://proxy.library.upenn.edu:2920/subscriber/article/grove/music/25109>.







**ELLENS GESANG I, RASTE, KRIEGER! KRIEG IST AUS, OP. 52, NO. 1**

Raste, Krieger! Krieg ist aus,  
Schlaf' den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken,  
Träume nicht von wildem Strauss  
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken.

In der Insel Zauberhallen  
Wird ein weicher Schlafgesang  
Um das müde Haupt dir wallen  
Zu der Zauberharfe Klang.

Feen mit unsichtbaren Händen  
Werden auf dein Lager hin  
Holde Schlummerblumen senden,  
Die im Zauberlande blüh'n.

Raste, Krieger! Krieg ist aus,  
Schlaf' den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken,  
Träume nicht von wildem Strauss  
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken.

Nicht der Trommel wildes Rasen,  
Nicht des Kriegs gebietend Wort,  
Nicht der Todeshörner Blasen  
Scheuchen deinen Schlummer fort.

Nicht das Stampfen wilder Pferde,  
Nicht der Schreckensruf der Wacht,  
Nicht das Bild von Tagsbeschwerde  
Stören deine stille Nacht.

Doch der Lerche Morgensänge  
Wecken sanft dein Schlummernd Ohr,  
Und des Sumpfgefieders Klänge  
Steigend aus Geschilf und Rohr.

Raste, Krieger! Krieg ist aus,  
Schlaf' den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken,  
Träume nicht von wildem Strauss  
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken.

**ELLEN'S SONG I, REST, WARRIOR! WAR IS OVER, OP. 52, NO. 1**

Rest, warrior! War is over;  
Sleep your sleep, nothing will wake you.  
Do not dream of wild battle,  
Nor of days and nights full of terror.

In the island's magic halls  
A soft lullaby will  
Float about your weary head  
To the sound of the magic harp.

Fairies will send with invisible hands  
Lovely flowers of sleep to your couch,  
Flowers that bloom in their enchanted land.

Rest, warrior! War is over;  
Sleep your sleep, nothing will wake you.  
Do not dream of wild battle,  
Nor of days and nights full of terror.

Neither the drum's wild raging,  
Nor the commands of war,  
Nor the blaring of death's horns  
Will scare away your slumber,

Not the stamping of wild horses,  
Not the fright-cry of the watch,  
Nor the vision of the day's difficulties  
Will disturb your quiet night.

But the lark's morning songs  
Will gently wake your slumbering ear,  
And the marsh birds' sounds  
Rise up from rushes and reeds.

Rest, warrior! War is over;  
Sleep your sleep, nothing will wake you.  
Do not dream of wild battle,  
Nor of days and nights full of terror.



ELLENS GESANG II, JÄGER, RUHE VON DER JAGD!, OP. 52, NO. 2

Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd!  
Weicher Schlummer soll dich decken,  
Träume nicht, wenn Sonn' erwacht,  
Dass Jagdhörner dich erwecken.

Schlaf! der Hirsch ruht in der Höhle,  
Bei dir sind die Hunde wach;  
Schlaf, nicht quäl' es deine Seele,  
Dass dein edles Ross erlag.

Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd!  
Weicher Schlummer soll dich decken,  
Wenn der junge Tag erwacht,  
Wird kein Jägerhorn dich wecken.

ELLEN'S SONG II, HUNTSMAN, REST FROM THE HUNT!, OP. 52, NO. 2

Huntsman, rest from the hunt!  
Gentle slumber shall cover you;  
Do not dream, when the sun rises,  
That hunting horns are waking you.  
Huntsman, rest from the hunt!

Sleep! The stag rests in his cave,  
Your hounds are awake beside you:  
Sleep, let it not torment your soul  
That your noble steed has died.

Huntsman, rest from the hunt!  
When the new day dawns  
No huntsman's horn will wake you.  
Huntsman, rest from the hunt!

BOOTGESANG, OP. 52, NO. 3

Triumph er naht, Heil, Heil dem Helden,  
Stets grünende Fichte gesegnet sei du!  
Lang, lang blüh' in seinem hellstimmernden Banner,  
O Baum, du Schutz und Schmuck unsers Stamms.  
Tränk' ihn, Himmel, mit deinem Thau,  
Spend' ihm, Erde, neuen Saft,  
Dass freudig er knosp' und weit sich verbreitet!  
Und jedes Hochlands Thal schalle jauchzend zurück:  
"Es lebe Sir Roderick, Clan Alpines Held."

BOAT SONG OP. 52, NO. 3

English text: Sir Walter Scott

Hail to the chief, who in triumph advances,  
Honour'd and blest be the evergreen pine!  
Long may the tree in his banner that glances  
Flourish the shelter and grace of our line.  
Heaven send it happy dew,  
Earth lend it sap anew,  
Gaily to bourgeon and broadly to grow;  
While every Highland glen,  
Sends our shout back agen,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu, ho! ieroe!"



CORONACH, OP. 52, NO. 4

Er ist uns geschieden  
Vom Berg und vom Walde  
Wie versiegte Quelle  
Als Noth uns bedrängte.  
Die Quelle wird fließen  
Genährt von dem Regen,  
Uns scheint nie mehr Freude,  
Gem Duncan kein Morgen.

Die Hand des Schnitters  
Nimmt reife Ähren,  
Unser Trauergesang klagt  
Blühende Jugend.  
Der Herbstwind treibt Blätter  
Die gelben, die welken,  
Es blüht' unsre Blume  
Als Mehlthau sie welkte.

Ihr flüchtigen Füße,  
Du Rath in Bedrängniss,  
Du Arm im Streite,  
Wie tief ist dein Schlummer.  
Wie Thau auf den Bergen,  
Wie Schaum auf dem Bache,  
Wie Blas' auf der Welle  
Bist ewig geschieden.

CORONACH, OP. 52, NO. 4

English text: Sir Walter Scott

He is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer-dried fountain  
When our need was the sorest.  
The font reappearing  
From the raindrops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.  
The autumn winds rushing  
Waft the leaves that are searest,  
But our flower was in flushing  
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber!  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and for ever.



NORMANS GESANG, OP. 52, NO. 5

NORMAN'S SONG, OP. 52, NO. 5

Die Nacht bricht bald herein, dann leg' ich mich zur Ruh,  
Die Heide ist mein Lager, das Farnkraut deckt mich zu.  
Mich lullt der Wache Tritt wohl in den Schlaf hinein.  
Ach, muss so weit von dir, Maria, Holde, sein!  
Und wird es morgen Abend, und kommt die trübe Zeit,  
Dann ist vielleicht mein Lager der blutig rote Plaid,  
Mein Abendlied verstummet, du schleichst dann trüb' und bang,  
Maria, mich wecken kann nicht dein Totensang.

So musst' ich von dir scheiden, du holde, süsse Braut?  
Wie magst du nach mir rufen, wie magst du weinen laut!  
Ach, denken darf ich nicht an deinen herben Schmerz,  
Ach, denken darf ich nicht an deinen getreues Herz.  
Nein, zärtlich treues Sehnen darf hegen Norman nicht,  
Wenn in den Feind Clan-Alpine wie Sturm und Hagel bricht,  
Wie ein gespannter Bogen sein mutig Herz dann sei,  
Sein Fuss, Maria, wie der Pfeil so rasch und frei!

Wohl wird die Stunde kommen, wo nicht die Sonne scheint,  
Du wankst zu deinem Norman, dein holdes Auge weint.  
Doch fall' ich in der Schlacht, hüllt Todesschauer mich,  
O glaub', mein letzter Seufzer, Maria, ist für dich,  
Doch kehr ich siegreich wieder aus kühner Männerschlacht,  
Dann grüssen wir so freudig das Nah'n der stillen Nacht,  
Das Lager ist bereitet, uns winkt die süsse Ruh',  
Der Hänfling singt das Brautlied. Maria, hold uns zu.

Night will soon be falling; then I shall lie down to rest,  
The heath will be my bed, and ferns will be my covers.  
The sentinel's steps will probably lull me into sleep.  
Ah, I have to be so far from you, Mary, my lovely one!  
And when tomorrow evening has come, and when the gloomy time has come,  
Then perhaps my couch will be my plaid, red with my blood;  
My evening song grows silent; gloomy and afraid, you will creep over to me;  
Mary, your song of death cannot waken me.

Did I have to part from you like that, my lovely, sweet bride?  
How you may be calling for me, how loudly you may be weeping!  
Ah, I must not think about your bitter pain,  
Ah, I must not think about your faithful heart.  
No, Norman must not harbour such feelings as tender, faithful yearning  
When Clan Alpine tears into the enemy like a hail storm;  
May his brave heart then be like a drawn bow,  
His foot, Mary, as rapid and free as an arrow!

That hour well may come, when the sun no longer shines,  
You stagger over to your Norman, your lovely eyes are weeping.  
But if I fall in the battle, if the horror that is death shrouds me,  
O believe me, my last sigh, Mary, will be for you.  
But if I return from the battle of bold men as one of the victors,  
Then we shall greet the approach of the quiet night so joyfully:  
Our nuptial couch is ready, sweet rest will beckon to us,  
And the linnet will sing lovely bridal songs to us, Maria.



Ave Maria! Jungfrau mild,  
 Erhöre einer Jungfrau flehen,  
 Aus diesem Felsen starr und wild  
 Soll mein Gebet zu dir hinwehen.  
 Wir schlafen sicher bis zum Morgen,  
 Ob Menschen noch so grausam sind.  
 O Jungfrau, sieh der Jungfrau Sorgen,  
 O Mutter, hör ein bittend Kind!  
 Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! unbefleckt!  
 Wenn wir auf diesen Fels hinsinken  
 Zum Schlaf, und uns dein Schutz bedeckt  
 Wird weich der harte Fels uns dünken.  
 Du lächelst, Rosendüfte wehen  
 In dieser dumpfen Felsenkluft,  
 O Mutter, höre Kindes Flehen,  
 O Jungfrau, eine Jungfrau ruft!  
 Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Reine Magd!  
 Der Erde und der Luft Dämonen,  
 Von deines Auges Huld verjagt,  
 Sie können hier nicht bei uns wohnen,  
 Wir wolln uns still dem Schicksal beugen,  
 Da uns dein heilger Trost anweht;  
 Der Jungfrau wolle hold dich neigen,  
 Dem Kind, das für den Vater fleht!  
 Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Gentle Virgin,  
 Hear a virgin's supplication,  
 May my prayer waft up to you  
 From out of this stark, wild chasm.  
 We shall sleep safe until the morning,  
 No matter how cruel human beings may be.  
 O Virgin, see the virgin's anxieties,  
 O Mother, hear a pleading child!  
 Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Immaculate!  
 When we sink down upon this rock  
 To sleep, and your protection covers us,  
 The hard stone will seem soft to us.  
 You smile, and the fragrance of roses  
 Wafts through this gloomy ravine.  
 O Mother, hear the supplication of your child,  
 O Virgin, a virgin is calling to you!  
 Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Pure maiden!  
 The demons of the earth and of the air,  
 Driven away by the graciousness of your eyes,  
 They cannot dwell with us here.  
 We want quietly to submit to destiny,  
 Since your holy comfort is wafting toward us;  
 May you be willing graciously to incline your ear to a virgin,  
 To a child who is pleading for her father!  
 Ave Maria!



LIED DES GEFANGENEN JÄGERS, OP. 52, NO. 7

Mein Ross so müd' in dem Stalle sich steht,  
Mein Falk' ist der Kapp und der Stange so leid,  
Mein müssiges Windspiel sein Futter verschmäht,  
Und mich kränkt des Turmes Einsamkeit.

Ach, wär ich nur, wo ich zuvor bin gewesen,  
Die Hirschjagd wäre so recht mein Wesen,  
Den Bluthund los, gespannt den Bogen:  
Ja, solchem Leben bin ich gewogen!

Ich hasse der Turmuhr schläfrigen Klang,  
Ich mag nicht seh'n, wie die Zeit verstreicht,  
Wenn Zoll um Zoll die Mauer entlang  
Der Sonnenstrahl so langsam schleicht.

Sonst pflegte die Lerche den Morgen zu bringen,  
Die dunkle Dohle zur Ruh' mich zu singen;  
In dieses Schlosses Königshallen,  
Da kann kein Ort mir je gefallen.

Früh, wenn der Lerche Lied erschallt,  
Sonn' ich mich nicht in Ellens Blick,  
Nicht folg' ich dem flüchtigen Hirsch durch den Wald,  
Und kehre, wenn Abend taut, zurück;

Nicht schallt mir ihr frohes Willkommen entgegen,  
Nicht kann ich das Wild ihr zu Füßen mehr legen,  
Nicht mehr wird der Abend uns selig entschweben:  
Dahin, dahin ist Lieben und Leben!

THE LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN, OP. 52, NO. 7

My horse is so weary of standing in the stall,  
My falcon is so sick of hood and perch,  
My idle greyhound disdains his food,  
And the solitude of this tower offends me.

Ah, if only I were where I was before,  
The stag hunt would be so fitting to my nature,  
The bloodhound running free,  
The bow bent and ready:  
Yes, I am well disposed toward such a life!

I hate the drowsy chime of the steeple clock,  
I do not like to see how time slips by,  
When inch by inch the sunbeam  
Crawls so slowly along the wall.

At other times the lark used to bring the morning,  
The dark jackdaw used to sing me to my rest;  
No place in this castle's royal halls  
Can ever be pleasing to me.

Early in the morning, when the lark's song is sounding,  
I cannot sun myself in Ellen's gaze,  
I cannot follow the fleet stag through the forest, and return home  
When the evening dew is falling;

The sound of her glad welcome does not come to meet me,  
I cannot lay the game at her feet any more,  
No more will the evening float blissfully away for us:  
Gone, gone is loving and living!



## I. SOLDIER REST/HUNTER REST

Text: Sir Walter Scott

Soldier, rest!

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, sleep the sleep that knows no breaking:

Dream of battled fields no more, days of danger, nights of waking.

In our Isle's enchanted hall, hands unseen thy couch are strewing,

Fairy strains of music fall, ev'ry sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest!

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, sleep the sleep that knows no breaking:

No rude sound shall reach thine ear, armour's clang, or war-steed champing,

Trump nor pibroch summon here mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Huntsman, rest!

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done. Dream not.

Sleep! the deer is in his den;

Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;

Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen, how thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman, rest!

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done.

Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking.

## II. PRAYER

Text: Fiona M. Ryan, based on Isaiah 49, Psalm 39, and "Revelations of Divine Love" (Chapter 58) by Julian of Norwich

O cieux! O terre!<sup>1</sup>

O mer! O mer!<sup>2</sup>

O waters!

O Creator who gave birth to all life.

Creator,

Creator who gave birth to all life.

Écoute ma prière, et prête l'oreille à mes cris, à mes cris!<sup>3</sup>

O cieux! O heavens!

O terre! O mère!

O mère,

O Mother in whom we are all enclosed,

O Mother, spirit of wisdom, in whom we are all enclosed.

O Wisdom...

O Mother...

Écoute ma prière,

Écoute ma prière.<sup>4</sup>

---

Translation: Fiona M. Ryan

<sup>1</sup> O Heavens! O Earth!

<sup>2</sup> O Sea! O Sea!

<sup>3</sup> Hear my prayer, and give ear to my cries, my cries!

<sup>4</sup> Hear my prayer, /Hear my prayer.

## IIIA. BATTLE CRIES AND PROPHECIES (RODERICK)

Text: Sir Walter Scott, ed. Fiona M. Ryan

Woe to the traitor! Woe!

Woe to the traitor! Woe!

Woe to the traitor! Woe!

Woe to the traitor! Woe!

Woe to the traitor! Woe!

No thought of peace, no thought of rest

Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.

He eyed the rising sun, and laid

His hand on his impatient blade.

## IV. BATTLE VIGNETTE: A WARRIOR'S FAREWELL

Text: Sir Walter Scott, French translation: translator unlisted, 1827, ed. Fiona M. Ryan

The heath this night must be my bed,

The bracken curtain for my head.

My lullaby the warder's tread,

Far, far, from love and thee, Mary!

Now, man to man and steel to steel,

(Le sang peut-il seul terminer notre querelle?)<sup>1</sup>

A chieftain's vengeance shalt thou feel.

(Le sang peut-il seul terminer notre querelle?)

To strive and strike in endless war,

(Le sang peut-il seul terminer notre querelle?)

On crimson fields of blood and gore.

(Le sang, le sang, le sang termine notre querelle.)<sup>2</sup>

Tomorrow eve, more stilly laid,

My couch may be my bloody plaid,

My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid!

It will not waken me, Mary.

---

English Text: Sir Walter Scott

<sup>1</sup> Can nought but blood our feud atone?

<sup>2</sup> Nought but blood can our feud atone.



### IIIB. BATTLE CRIES AND PROPHECIES (BLANCHE)

Text: Sir Walter Scott, ed. Fiona M. Ryan

Woe to the traitor! Woe! Woe!  
Woe to the traitor! Woe to the traitor!  
Woe to the traitor! Woe!  
Woe to the traitor! Woe!  
Woe to the traitor! Woe!  
This hour of death has giv'n me more  
Of reason's pow'r than years before;  
For, as these ebbing veins decay,  
My frenzied visions fade away.  
O! by thy knighthood's honoured sign,  
And for thy life, preserved by mine,  
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,  
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!  
They watch for thee by pass and fell... avoid the path.  
O God! Farewell!

### V. BATTLE VIGNETTE: SONG OF A WARRIOR WOMAN

Text: Fiona M. Ryan, inspired by Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake"

So... you think us weak?  
Do you think me weak,  
Whose fingers wove by candlelight  
W warrior's robe, that he might fight?  
So... you think us weak?  
Do you think me weak,  
Who, when the men have gone to war,  
Runs the household as before?  
So... you think us weak?  
Do you think me weak,  
Who held a soldier to my breast  
And watched him find eternal rest?  
So... you think us weak?  
Do you think me weak,  
Who, like my kin dead in the field,  
Would sooner die than yield?  
So... you think us weak?  
Do you think me weak?  
You fool to put me to the test!  
The sparrow will defend her nest.

### IIIC. BATTLE CRIES AND PROPHECIES (BRIAN)

Text: Sir Walter Scott, adapt. Fiona M. Ryan

Woe to the traitor! Woe!  
Woe to the traitor! Woe!  
Woe to the traitor! Woe!  
Woe to the traitor! Woe!  
A heap of wither'd boughs was piled,  
Of juniper and rowan wild,  
Brian, the Hermit, by it stood,  
Barefooted, in his frock and hood.  
His face was wild, his eyes afire,  
As a druid o'er ancient pyre.  
The desert gave him visions wild,  
Such as might suit the spectre's child.  
Far on the future battle-heath  
His eyes beheld the ranks of death.



## VI. THE PRISONER'S LAMENT

Text: Sir Walter Scott, French translation: translator unlisted, 1827

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,  
My idle greyhound loathes his food,  
My horse is weary of his stall,  
And I am sick of captive thrall.  
I wish I were as I have been,  
Hunting the hart in forest green,  
With bended bow and bloodhound free,  
For that's the life is meet for me.  
I hate to learn the ebb of time  
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,  
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl  
Inch after inch along the wall.  
The lark was wont my matins ring,  
The sable rook my vespers sing;  
These tow'rs although a king's they be,  
Have not a hall of joy for me.  
No more at dawning morn I rise,  
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,  
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,  
And homeward wend with ev'ning dew;  
A blithesome welcome blithely meet...  
That life is lost to love and me.  
Quand du soir la brise enbaumée  
Aux vallons rendra leur fraîcheur,  
Verrai-je encor ma bien-aimée  
Sourire au retour du chasseur?<sup>1</sup>

---

English Text: Sir Walter Scott

<sup>1</sup> And homeward wend with evening dew;  
A blithesome welcome blithely meet...  
That life is lost to love and me.

## VII. RECONCILIATION/MÉMOIRE

Text: Sir Walter Scott, French translation: translator unlisted, 1827

Harp of the North, farewell!  
The hills grow dark, on purple peaks  
A deeper shade descending;  
In twilight copse the glowworm lights her spark,  
The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending.  
Farewell! Farewell!  
Hark, Hark! as my ling'ring footsteps slow retire.  
Farewell! Farewell!  
Some spirit of the air has waked thy string!  
Ces sons mourans s'affaiblissent de plus  
En plus en suivant la pente du vallon,  
Et maintenant la brise de la montagne  
Apporte à peine jusqu'à moi un dernier accent  
De cette harmonie mystérieuse!<sup>1</sup>

And now, 'tis silent all!  
Enchantress, farewell!

---

English Text: Sir Walter Scott

<sup>1</sup> Receding now, the dying numbers ring  
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,  
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring  
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell.











## IT TAKES A VILLAGE

I would like to extend my most sincere thanks to the people and organizations who made this recording possible.

Thank you to...

...the artists on this album:

Thank you for your beautiful voices and your artistry. Thank you, Jeff Joudrey, The Halifax Camerata Singers, Lynette Wahlstrom, Leander, Justin, Rob, James!

JP, who would have guessed that when we shared the stage 12 years ago, we would be recording an album together? I'm so very glad we've both landed in Halifax; I look forward to many more years of friendship and music making.

Simon, it has been an absolute joy; I will forever have fond memories of sharing in this milestone with you from start to finish.

Fiona, it is always such an honour to première and perform your work. I feel particularly proud and privileged to present your newest song cycle. Thank you for your music and thank you for your friendship.

And, thank you to Jeremy VanSlyke and Leaf Music, for proposing this collaboration. Thank you for helping me reach such a meaningful milestone in my professional career. Working with you on "Lady of the Lake" has been a complete and utter delight, from start to finish, and every millisecond in between. May this be only the beginning!

...all my music teachers in Fredericton. My experiences in music festival, school bands, orchestras, choirs, and productions have shaped me as an artist.

... my first voice teachers Maureen Steeves and David Mitchell. You gave me the introduction to my career as a singer, and infused our lessons with joy and warmth. To Jean MacPhail, my voice professor at the University of Toronto, for always reminding me: "Just sing, Maureen!"

...Professor Marcia Swanston, for our time at Dalhousie University, but also for your perpetual support of my career and craft, and professional preparation for this CD.

... Peter Tiefenbach and Alison Taylor for your coaching and lessons in preparation for this CD.

... David and Kathie Berry, and Saint Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Fredericton, NB; and John Lindsay-Botten and Knox United Church in Lower Sackville, NS, for hosting our workshop sneak previews of "Lady of the Lake".

... my friends whose support on this specific project was invaluable: Erin Bardua, Cheryl Duvall, Claire Geldart, Laura Harris, Heather MacDonald, Maria Murphy, Rachel Rogers, Rebecca Russell.

...my in-laws: Nancy, Gary, Herb, Tom, Ashley, Peter, April, Pierre. To my extended family: the Batts, Bonnells, Coughlans, Dubés, and Murphys. I am the luckiest daughter-in-law/niece/cousin ever to have you all as my biggest fans. Thank you especially to Tom for years of graphic design and photography, and for your endless work on this album.

...my family: Mom and Dad, thank you for music lessons, band camps, fiddle camps, rehearsals, music festival competitions. You made sure I had an incredible music education and for that I am eternally grateful—this education has shaped the way I view the world. Laura and John, thank you for listening to me for all these years, and for always supporting me.

...my husband: Richard, there are just not enough words and emotions to express how much you mean to me. Everyone should have someone as supportive and encouraging as you in their life. And it might not come as a surprise that this album is absolutely dedicated to you.



**Recorded at**  
*St. Mary's Church, Indian River, PEI, October 2016*

**Bootgesang, Op. 52, No. 3**  
*St. Andrew's United Church, Halifax, NS, November 28, 2016*

**Coronach, Op. 52, No. 4**  
*First Baptist Church, Halifax, NS, January 31, 2017*

Producer and Recording Engineer: Jeremy VanSlyke, Leaf Music  
Photographer and Graphic Designer: Tom Belding  
Proofreader: Erin Bardua



Canada Council  
for the Arts

Conseil des arts  
du Canada



We gratefully acknowledge the support of FACTOR, the Music Nova Scotia Investment Program and The Province of Nova Scotia.

We gratefully acknowledge the Canada Council for the Arts, which last year invested \$153 million to bring the arts to Canadians throughout the country.

Nous remercions le Conseil des arts du Canada de son soutien. L'an dernier, le Conseil a investi 153 millions de dollars pour mettre de l'art dans la vie des Canadiennes et des Canadiens de tout le pays.

**FACTOR**  
THE FOUNDATION ASSISTING CANADIAN TALENT ON RECORDINGS  
WITH SUPPORT FROM CANADA'S PRIVATE RADIO BROADCASTERS

This project has been made possible in part by  
the Government of Canada. Ce projet a été  
rendu possible en partie grâce au  
gouvernement du Canada.

| **Canada**



# LADY OF THE LAKE

WORKS BY FRANZ SCHUBERT & FIONA RYAN

SCHUBERT

01. Ellens Gesang I, Op. 52, No. 1.....7:28
02. Ellens Gesang II, Op. 52, No. 2.....3:16
03. Bootgesang, Op. 52, No. 3.....1:38
04. Coronach, Op. 52, No. 4.....5:41
05. Normans Gesang, Op. 52, No. 5.....3:00
06. Ellens Gesang III, "Ave Maria", Op. 52, No. 6.....5:49
07. Lied des gefangenen Jägers, Op.52, No. 7.....2:54

30 MINUTES

RYAN

08. Lady of the Lake: I. Soldier Rest/Hunter Rest.....4:55
09. Lady of the Lake: II. Prayer.....5:12
10. Lady of the Lake: IIIa. Battle Cries and Prophecies (*Roderick*).....1:47
11. Lady of the Lake: IV. Battle Vignette: *A Warrior's Farewell*.....4:08
12. Lady of the Lake: IIIb. Battle Cries and Prophecies (*Blanche*).....2:04
13. Lady of the Lake: V. Battle Vignette: *Song of a Warrior Woman*.....4:25
14. Lady of the Lake: IIIc. Battle Cries and Prophecies (*Brian*).....1:54
15. Lady of the Lake: VI. The Prisoner's Lament.....4:28
16. Lady of the Lake: VII. Reconciliation/Mémoire.....4:21

33 MINUTES

TOTAL TIME: 63 MINUTES

leaf  <sup>TM</sup>  
music

© 2017 Leaf Music Inc.  
All Rights Reserved

Leaf Music Inc.  
4-2526 Agricola Street  
Halifax, Nova Scotia  
B3K 4C5

Made in Canada  
leaf-music.ca  
maureenbatt.com

FACTOR

THE FOUNDATION ASSISTING CANADIAN TALENT ON RECORDINGS  
WITH SUPPORT FROM CANADA'S PRIVATE RADIO BROADCASTERS

Maureen Batt