

JACK PILCHER MAY

13. maj 2026
kl. 19.30

Konservatoriets Koncertsal
Julius Thomsens Gade 1

DEBUTKONCERT

HORN

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DET KONGELIGE DANSKE
MUSIKKONSERVATORIUM

Gratis adgang

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JACK PILCHER MAY

I grew up in Leicester, England, and first started playing the horn completely by chance after a brass quartet from the local music education service came to do an outreach assembly in my school. They introduced the instruments and played a few excerpts from Harry Potter, which my 8-year-old self thought was very cool, before the horn player made a doorbell noise during the theme tune to Postman Pat (Postman Per). From that point on I was sold, and thanks to the horn being an 'Endangered Instrument' I was given free lessons, instrument hire and ensemble membership for the first few years. The very fact I am writing this biography 22 years later is testament to the importance and value of good, sufficiently-funded early-years music education, something that Denmark and the UK now lack due to short-sighted political decisions.

I continued through the local music system, always given the opportunity to play in ensembles with musicians older and better than me because of the lack of horn players. I was also incredibly fortunate to go to two schools with fantastic music departments that always nourished and occasionally just tolerated me, and at age 17 I auditioned for and got a place at the Saturday school of the Guildhall School of Music in Drama in London, Junior Guildhall. At 18 I was accepted into the Royal College of Music in London, and during my Bachelors did an Erasmus+ exchange to DKDM, a 4-month period I absolutely adored. After returning to London and during my Masters at the RCM, I went back to Junior Guildhall as a teacher, as well as taking my first steps into life as a freelance musician. An audition in this very hall for Copenhagen Phil lead to me getting my first freelance work in Denmark, and in 2022 I moved back full-time to start in solistklassen.

Kort efter at jeg var flyttet til København, vandt jeg stillingen som 3. solohorn i Aalborg Symfoniorkester. Jeg arbejdede i Aalborg i to gode år, inden jeg vendte tilbage til hovedstaden. Jeg føler mig meget heldig over at have haft mulighed for at arbejde med alle de danske orkestre og for at have mødt så mange dygtige og søde kolleger undervejs. Tak fordi I er kommet til koncerten, og god fornøjelse.

PROGRAM

RICHARD BISSILL (F. 1959)

And So It Was for horn og klaver

FRANCIS POULENC (1899-1963)

Élégie pour cor et piano, FP 168. In memoriam Dennis Brain.

Rikke Sandberg, klaver

BO HOLTEN (F. 1948)

Romance III for horn og strygekvartet (uropførelse)

Anne Skærbæk og Vasilisa Koroleva, violin, Paola Larrea, bratsch, og Theodor Lyngstad, cello

PAUSE (20 MINUTTER)

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)

Serenade for tenor, horn og strygere, opus 31

Prologue

Pastoral (tekst Charles Cotton)

Nocturne (tekst Alfred Tennyson)

Elegy (tekst William Blake)

Dirge (tekst anon.)

Hymn (tekst Ben Johnson)

Sonnet (tekst John Keats)

Epilogue

Theodor Uggle, tenor, Korbinian Krol, dirigent, Peter Andreas Nielsen, koncertmester Robert G. Vadasz, Adrian Dima, Vasilisa Koroleva, Giuly Johannsen, Aika Terasawa, Khai Weing Hoi, Raven Mischke, Anne Skærbæk, Philemon Hahn, Vilma Tumanoff, Marcjanna Derentowicz og Emilia Krzeszowiec, violin Vincen Arneodo, Pascal Kulpinski-Armini, Dasha Auer, Móeiður Una Ingimarsdóttir, Paola Larrea og Stefan Chokolov, bratsch Theodor Lyngstad, Kristian Hencz Chojecki, Helena Iglesias Kołodyńska og Giacomo Oudin, cello Stephen Buckley, Piotr Herman og Zuzana Dulíčková, kontrabas

KORBINIAN KROLL

Korbinian Kroll is gaining increasing recognition as a conductor. He recently received the Talent Prize of the Danish Conductors Association and was admitted to Forum Dirigieren, Germany's prestigious young conductor programme – having previously been part of its Danish counterpart, Dirigentløftet, in 2025. As assistant conductor to Marie Jacquot, Kroll works regularly with major ensembles such as the Royal Danish Orchestra and the WDR Symphony Orchestra, and will join the Savonlinna Opera Festival in the 2025/26 season in the same capacity.

The coming summer will see him at the Fiskars Festival 2026 by invitation of Jukka-Pekka Saraste, with whom he will continue his studies following masterclasses with Riccardo Muti, Jorma Panula, and Johannes Schlaefli. Rooted in church music and vocal studies in Freiburg, Helsinki, and Zurich, he began his conducting studies at the Norwegian Academy of Music in Oslo and is currently completing them in Copenhagen under the guidance of Giordano Bellincampi and Michael Schønwandt.

THEODOR UGGLA

Theodor Ugglä is a Swedish lyric tenor, raised in Stockholm and currently based in Malmö. He studied at the Dutch National Opera Academy in Amsterdam, the Royal College of Music in London, and the Malmö Academy of Music. Since graduating in 2023, he has had the opportunity to explore a variety of roles on stages across Sweden and Europe, including Tamino in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* (DNOA, 2022), Alberto in Rossini's *La Gazzetta* (Läckö Castle, 2024), and Alfredo in Verdi's *La Traviata* (Sunne Summer Opera, 2025).

Theodor has also appeared as a soloist in passions, requiems, and other concert works. At the invitation of the Royal Court, he had the honour of performing Bernadotte songs as a soloist during the bicentenary celebration of the Swedish royal family, held in Pau, France, in 2018. Now turning his focus toward the Scandinavian stages, Theodor has in recent years performed at Malmö Opera and the Royal Danish Opera in Copenhagen, and in spring 2026 he appears at the Royal Swedish Opera in Stockholm in a new production of Rossini's *La Cenerentola*. Theodor is represented by Svanholm Artists.

NOTER OG TEKSTER

BO HOLTEN f. 1948, dansk komponist og kordirigent, medstifter og leder (1979-96) af vokalgruppen Ars Nova; i 1996 grundlagde han vokalsemblet Musica ficta. Stilen i hans kompositioner, der også omfatter en del filmmusik, spænder fra middelalderinspiration i orkesterværket *Caccia* (1979) til jazzinspireret improvisation i trompetkoncerten *Plainsongs* (1989) og folkelig melodik i *Sønderjysk Sommer Symfoni* (1993).

Blandt hans operaer er *Operation Orfeo* (1993), også takket være samarbejdet med Kirsten Dehlholm og performancekompagniet Hotel Pro Forma, blevet 1900-t.s måske mest opførte danske samtidsopera med indtil videre omtrent 100 opførelser verden over. Holten, der er en suveræn instrumentator, har også med stor succes orkestreret og dirigeret andre komponisters musik. I 1994 udnævntes han til Årets Korkomponist. Holten blev i 2007 chefdirigent for Det Flamske Radiokor i Bruxelles. I 2009 uropførtes hans opera *Livlægens besøg* over Per Olov Enquists roman af samme navn fra 2001. I 2006 fik Bo Holten tildelt Statens Kunstfonds hædersydelse.

https://lex.dk/Bo_Holten

BENJAMIN BRITTEN: SERENADE FOR TENOR, HORN OG STRYGERE

Upon returning from America to wartime Britain in 1942, Benjamin Britten met a young horn player, Dennis Brain, who at that time was Principal Horn of the Royal Air Force Orchestra. Impressed by the young Brain's skill and musicality, Britten agreed to write a concerto for horn and orchestra but instead produced the *Serenade for Brain* on horn and Britten's life-partner, the tenor Peter Pears. Britten wrote this work while recovering from a severe measles infection, a period in which he also produced *Peter Grimes*, the opera that introduced him as a composer of international importance. The *Serenade* was premiered in October 1943 at London's Wigmore Hall.

The work sets 6 poems to music, framed by two offstage horn calls that are directed to be played on the horn's natural harmonic series, sounding rough and out-of-tune to modern ears. Britten's writing for horn often makes reference to the instrument's past as a means of communication during hunts, elements of which can be heard in *Hymn*. The poems were collated by Edward Sackville West, a music critic and novelist to whom the work is dedicated, who wrote of the *Serenade*:

“The subject is Night and its prestigia [conjuring tricks]: the lengthening shadow, the distant bugle at sunset, the Baroque panoply of the starry sky, the heavy angels of sleep; but also the cloak of evil — the worm in the heart of the rose, the sense of sin in the heart of man. The whole sequence forms an *Elegy* or *Nocturnal*, resuming the thoughts and images suitable to evening.”

Prologue

(solo horn)

Pastoral

The Evening Quatrains, Charles Cotton (1630–1687)

Cotton describes the rolling hills of a rural landscape with flocks of sheep roaming and villagers relaxing at the end of the working day. The setting sun casts long shadows, making even the tiny ant appear as big as an elephant, and the young shepherd a terrifying mythical beast.

The day's grown old; the fainting sun
Has but a little way to run,
And yet his steeds, with all his skill,
Scarce lug the chariot down the hill.

The shadows now so long do grow,
That brambles like tall cedars show;
Molehills seem mountains, and the ant
Appears a monstrous elephant.

A very little, little flock
Shades thrice the ground that it would stock;
Whilst the small stripling following them
Appears a mighty Polypheme.

And now on benches all are sat,
In the cool air to sit and chat,
Till Phoebus, dipping in the West,
Shall lead the world the way to rest.

Nocturne

The Splendour Falls, fra The Princess, Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892)

Written after a visit to the stunning landscapes and castles of Killarney in Ireland, Tennyson paints a fairytale scene as the splendid golden sunlight hits the mountain peaks, waterfalls and castles, and the distant horn call of the Elf Kingdom rings out from across the valley.

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory:

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Bugle blow; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear, how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Bugle, blow; answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Elegy

The Sick Rose, William Blake (1757-1827)

Under the cover of darkness, the virginal purity of the innocent rose is destroyed by the corrupting, carnal desires of the worm.

O Rose, thou art sick;
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy;
And his dark, secret love
Does thy life destroy.

Dirge

Lyke-Wake Dirge, anon. (15th Century)

Written in a Yorkshire dialect of Middle English, this Dirge describes the journey a soul must take to reach the afterlife, leaving behind the bodily comforts of home (fire, candlelight) to undertake the treacherous journey to eternal salvation. This Christian morality is prominent throughout, warning the reader that if they don't do good and help the needy, they will be torn to shreds by fields of thorns and burn in the fires of Hell before getting the chance to reach Purgatory and salvation.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and fleet and candle lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
Every nighte and alle,
To Whinnymuir thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.
If ever thou gav'st hos'n and shoon,
Every nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on;

And Christe receive thy saule.
If hos'n and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane
Every nighte and alle,
The whinnes sall prick thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinnymuir when thou may'st pass,
Every nighte and alle,
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,
Every nighte and alle,
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gav'st meat or drink,
Every nighte and alle,
The fire sall never make thee shrink;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and fleet and candle lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

Hymn

Hymn to Diana, Ben Johnson (1572-1637)

This is a love letter to the pure and untouched Roman Goddess of the moon, hunting and childbirth, Diana (Cynthia). Whilst evil deeds happen on earth under the darkness of night, the goddess stays pure and unafflicted above the mortal world, and hunters ride by her light through the forest below.

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heav'n to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short so-ever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

Sonnet

To Sleep, John Keats (1795-1821)

The narrator pleads with Sleep itself, begging to be relieved from the turmoil and troubles of the day and welcomed into the blessed serenity of sleep. He also knows that the same horrors await him when he awakes, so maybe he is pleading to be released from life itself, and to slip silently into the darkness, away from the pain of being alive.

O soft embalmer of the still midnight,
Shutting with careful fingers and benign
Our gloom pleas'd eyes, embower'd from the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:

O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close
In midst of this thine hymn my willing eyes,
Or wait the "Amen" ere thy poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling charities.

Then save me, or the passèd day will shine
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes,
Save me from curious Conscience, that still lords

Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;
Turn the key deftly in the oilèd wards,
And seal the hushèd Casket of my Soul.

Epilogue

(solo horn)



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