

EMILY BRONTË

Wuthering Heights

Read by **Janet McTeer** with **David Timson**

NAXOS
AudioBooks
**COMPLETE
CLASSICS
UNABRIDGED**

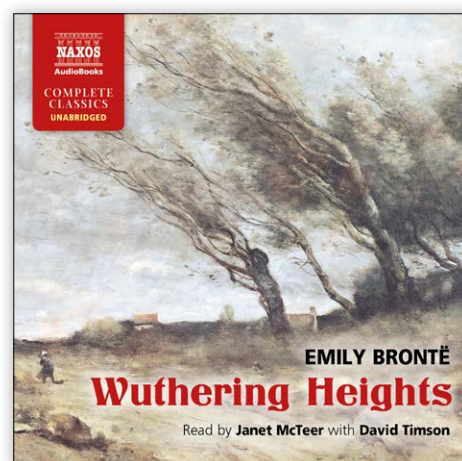
When Mr Earnshaw brings a black-haired foundling child into his home on the Yorkshire moors, he little imagines the dramatic events which will follow. The passionate relationship between Cathy Earnshaw and the foundling, Heathcliff, is a story of love, hate, pity and retribution, the effects of which reverberate throughout the succeeding generations.



Janet McTeer is one of Britain's leading actresses. She has made her principal impact in theatre, playing many classical roles (including Rosalind in *As You Like It* in the UK, Nora in *Ibsen's A Doll's House* on Broadway and Chekhov); her performance of the title role in Schiller's *Mary Stuart* was especially memorable. She grew up in York and has a distinct ear for accents which made her an ideal reader for *Wuthering Heights*. Her film credits include *Tumbleweed* where she played a Southerner from North Carolina.



David Timson has made over 1,000 broadcasts for BBC Radio Drama. For Naxos AudioBooks he wrote *The History of the Theatre*, which won an award for most original production from the Spoken Word Publishers Association in 2001. He has also directed for Naxos AudioBooks four Shakespeare plays, including *King Richard III* (with Kenneth Branagh), which won Best Drama Award from the SWPA in 2001. In 2002 he won the Audio of the Year Award for his reading of *A Study in Scarlet*. He also reads *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes I, II, III, IV, V and VI* and *The Return of Sherlock Holmes I, II and III*.



Total running time: 13:09:16

11 CDs

View our catalogue online at
n-ab.com/cat

= Downloads (M4B chapters or MP3 files) = CDs (disc-track)



1	1-1	Chapter 1 1801 – I have just returned...	2:59
2	1-2	Wuthering Heights is the name...	3:06
3	1-3	The apartment and furniture would have been...	2:55
4	1-4	I took a seat at the end of the hearthstone...	4:26
5	1-5	Chapter 2 Yesterday afternoon set in misty...	2:18
6	1-6	The snow began to drive thickly.	2:25
7	1-7	Her position before me was sheltered...	2:39
8	1-8	'You see, Sir, I am come, according to promise,'...	2:49
9	1-9	Perceiving myself in a blunder, I attempted...	2:47
10	1-10	He fixed his eye on me longer than I cared...	3:18
11	1-11	The little witch put a mock malignity into her...	3:30
12	1-12	He sat within earshot, milking the cows...	2:45
13	1-13	Chapter 3 While leading the way upstairs...	3:47
14	1-14	'An awful Sunday,' commenced the paragraph...	2:21
15	1-15	'Saying this, he compelled us so to square our...'	2:30
16	1-16	I began to nod drowsily over the dim page.	3:12
17	1-17	Oh, how weary I grew. How I writhed...	3:03
18	1-18	This time, I remembered I was lying in the oak...	3:41
19	1-19	Heathcliff stood near the entrance...	2:10
20	1-20	Scarcely were these words uttered when...	3:20
21	1-21	I obeyed, so far as to quit the chamber...	2:46
22	1-22	A more elastic footstep entered next...	2:22



23	1-23	Heathcliff lifted his hand, and the speaker...	3:34
24	2-1	Chapter 4 What vain weathercocks we are!	2:46
25	2-2	'He had a son, it seems?'	2:54
26	2-3	The worthy woman bustled off, and I crouched...	3:01
27	2-4	We crowded round, and over Miss Cathy's head...	3:06
28	2-5	He seemed a sullen, patient child...	5:13
29	2-6	Chapter 5 In the course of time Mr Earnshaw...	3:01
30	2-7	Certainly she had ways with her...	2:47
31	2-8	But the hour came, at last...	3:17
32	2-9	Chapter 6 Mr Hindley came home to the funeral...	1:55
33	2-10	Young Earnshaw was altered considerably...	3:37
34	2-11	'Where is Miss Catherine?' I cried hurriedly.	3:23
35	2-12	'Hush, hush!' I interrupted.	3:17
36	2-13	'While they examined me, Cathy came round'	2:06
37	2-14	Mrs Linton took off the grey cloak...	2:03
38	2-15	Chapter 7 Cathy stayed at Thrushcross Grange...	3:18
39	2-16	Cathy, catching a glimpse of her friend...	2:52
40	2-17	Under these circumstances I remained solitary.	3:33
41	2-18	'Yes: you had the reason of going to bed...'	2:20
42	2-19	'A good heart will help to a bonny face, my lad,'...	3:36
43	2-20	'You should not have spoken to him!'	2:12
44	2-21	In the evening we had a dance.	3:28



45	2-22	Thus interrupting herself, the housekeeper rose...	1:26
46	2-23	'On the contrary, a tiresomely active one.'	2:37
47	3-1	Chapter 8 On the morning of a fine June day...	3:04
48	3-2	Poor soul! Till within a week of her death...	3:33
49	3-3	Mrs Dean raised the candle, and I discerned...	1:50
50	3-4	Mr Edgar seldom mustered courage...	3:33
51	3-5	'Cathy, are you busy this afternoon?'	2:58
52	3-6	Her companion rose up;	2:58
53	3-7	'Catherine, love! Catherine!' interposed Linton	4:02
54	3-8	Chapter 9 He entered, vociferating oaths...	2:56
55	3-9	Poor Hareton was squalling and kicking...	3:14
56	3-10	While saying this, he took a pint bottle...	2:35
57	3-11	He did not contradict me...	3:40
58	3-12	'I'm very far from jesting, Miss Catherine,'...	2:09
59	3-13	She seated herself by me again...	3:19
60	3-14	Ere this speech ended I became sensible...	2:31
61	3-15	'With your husband's money, Miss Catherine?'	4:10
62	3-16	'I want to speak to him, and I <i>must</i> , before I go...'	2:57
63	3-17	About midnight, while we still sat up...	2:49
64	3-18	Coming down somewhat later than usual...	3:38
65	3-19	'I never saw Heathcliff last night,'...	1:46
66	3-20	Our young lady returned to us...	3:31
67	3-21	Chapter 10 A charming introduction...	2:42
68	3-22	I got Miss Catherine and myself to Thrushcross...	2:50
69	3-23	It was a deep voice, and foreign in tone...	3:35
70	3-24	'What does he want?' asked Mrs Linton.	2:41
71	3-25	She was about to dart off again...	2:22
72	3-26	He took a seat opposite Catherine...	3:16
73	4-1	About the middle of the night, I was wakened...	3:09
74	4-2	'What do you think of his going to Wuthering...'	2:55
75	4-3	In this self-complacent conviction she departed...	2:39
76	4-4	We had all remarked, during some time...	3:11
77	4-5	'I wouldn't be you for a kingdom, then!'	2:33
78	4-6	'Banish him from your thoughts, miss,'...	2:30
79	4-7	Whether she would have got over this fancy...	2:52
80	4-8	As the guest answered nothing...	5:38
81	4-9	Chapter 11 Sometimes, while meditating...	2:57
82	4-10	'God bless thee, darling!'	3:28
83	4-11	The next time Heathcliff came...	4:35
84	4-12	'I seek no revenge on you,'...	1:47
85	4-13	'Ellen,' said he, when I entered...	3:03
86	4-14	Heathcliff measured the height and breadth...	2:42
87	4-15	The fellow approached...	1:53
88	4-16	'I'm nearly distracted, Nelly!'	4:20
89	4-17	She rang the bell till it broke with a twang.	2:35
90	4-18	Chapter 12 While Miss Linton moped about...	2:42
91	4-19	I should not have spoken so if I had known her...	2:29
92	4-20	She could not bear the notion which I had put...	3:50
93	4-21	I took her hand in mine...	2:53
94	4-22	'Well, it seems a weary number of hours,'...	3:21
95	4-23	'You won't give me a chance of life, you mean,'...	2:16
96	4-24	Perceiving it vain to argue against her insanity...	2:53
97	4-25	'Catherine, what have you done?'	2:59
98	5-1	In passing the garden to reach the road...	3:05
99	5-2	'Heathcliff frequently visits at the Grange,'...	3:07
100	5-3	I did not close my eyes that night...	3:48
101	5-4	Chapter 13 For two months the fugitives...	2:41
102	5-5	Linton lavished on her the kindest caresses...	3:35
103	5-6	The remainder of this letter is for you alone.	2:30
104	5-7	'This is Edgar's legal nephew,'...	2:32
105	5-8	'My name was Isabella Linton,'...	2:50
106	5-9	I sat and thought a doleful time.	3:56
107	5-10	You've acquainted me, Ellen, with your old...	3:14
108	5-11	'I shall have my supper in another room,'...	2:42
109	5-12	He made no reply to this adjuration...	2:26
110	5-13	And so he went on scolding to his den beneath...	3:18
111	5-14	Chapter 14 As soon as I had perused this epistle...	3:22
112	5-15	'Oh, I have nothing,' I replied...	2:41
113	5-16	'With your aid that may be avoided,'...	3:39



114	5-17	'My young lady is looking sadly the worse...'	2:30
115	5-18	If I let you alone for half a day...	3:21
116	5-19	'There – that will do for the present!'	2:37
117	5-20	I protested against playing that treacherous part...	4:15
118	5-21	Chapter 15 Another week over...	2:54
119	5-22	A book lay spread on the sill before her...	2:57
120	5-23	As I spoke, I observed a large dog...	3:45
121	6-1	The two, to a cool spectator...	3:02
122	6-2	'Oh, you see Nelly, he would not relent...'	2:57
123	6-3	'You teach me now how cruel you've been...'	2:41
124	6-4	Ere long I perceived a group of the servants...	4:29
125	6-5	Chapter 16 About twelve o'clock that night...	3:22
126	6-6	Do you believe such people are happy...	2:05
127	6-7	I was weeping as much for him as her...	3:40
128	6-8	He dashed his head against the knotted trunk...	3:19
129	6-9	Chapter 17 That Friday made the last...	2:47
130	6-10	'My dear young lady,' I exclaimed...	3:36
131	6-11	'Do you think he could bear to see me grow fat...'	2:53
132	6-12	'Yesterday, you know, Mr Earnshaw...'	2:47
133	6-13	'Yester-evening I sat in my nook reading...'	3:32
134	6-14	'He took the implements which I described...'	3:30
135	6-15	'I'm afraid, Ellen, you'll set me down...'	3:08
136	6-16	'He shook me till my teeth rattled,'...	2:16
137	6-17	'Heathcliff did not glance my way,'...	3:36
138	6-18	'Oh, if God would but give me strength,'...	3:03
139	6-19	'In my flight through the kitchen...'	2:49
140	6-20	On the day succeeding Isabella's unexpected visit...	3:16
141	6-21	But you'll not want to hear my moralizing...	2:38
142	6-22	Mr Linton was extremely reluctant to consent...	2:32
143	6-23	I insisted on the funeral being respectable...	3:02
144	7-1	Chapter 18 The twelve years following...	2:47
145	7-2	'Ellen, how long will it be...'	3:46
146	7-3	He was away three weeks.	2:35
147	7-4	You may guess how I felt at hearing this news.	2:52
148	7-5	'Put that hat on, and home at once,'...	2:56
149	7-6	'Who is his master?'	2:30
150	7-7	'Oh, Ellen! don't let them say such things,'...	3:52
151	7-8	It gave Joseph satisfaction, apparently...	3:38
152	7-9	Chapter 19 A letter, edged with black...	3:34
153	7-10	'Now, darling,' said Mr Linton...	2:09
154	7-11	He had been greatly tried, during the journey...	2:31
155	7-12	'Good evening, Joseph,' I said, coldly.	3:20
156	7-13	Chapter 20 To obviate the danger of this threat...	2:22
157	7-14	'Is <i>she</i> to go with us,'	2:53
158	7-15	'Black hair and eyes!' mused Linton.	2:57
159	7-16	Heathcliff, having stared his son into an ague...	2:51
160	7-17	'Well,' replied I, 'I hope you'll be kind to the boy,'...	4:48
161	7-18	Chapter 21 We had sad work with little Cathy ...'	2:47
162	7-19	I divined, from this account...	2:50
163	7-20	'Well,' said I, 'Where are your moor-game...?'	2:54
164	7-21	I whispered Catherine that she mustn't...	2:36
165	7-22	Heathcliff bade me be quiet...	3:04
166	7-23	'Naughty Ellen!'	3:04
167	7-24	'Wouldn't you rather sit here?'	2:58
168	7-25	'I've a pleasure in him,' he continued...	2:43
169	8-1	Linton gathered his energies, and left the hearth.	3:20
170	8-2	We stayed till afternoon...	2:30
171	8-3	'Then you believe I care more for my own...'	3:37
172	8-4	'I'm not crying for myself, Ellen,'...	3:03
173	8-5	One day, as she inspected this drawer,...	2:46
174	8-6	Her father sat reading at the table...	1:52
175	8-7	'I didn't, I didn't!' sobbed Cathy...	3:16
176	8-8	Chapter 22 Summer drew to an end...	2:41
177	8-9	In summer Miss Catherine delighted to climb...	3:14
178	8-10	'Aunt Isabella had not you and me to nurse her,'...	2:35
179	8-11	Catherine amused herself with dancing to and fro...	3:05
180	8-12	Catherine Linton (the very name warms me)...	4:27
181	8-13	Chapter 23 The rainy night had ushered...	2:45
182	8-14	I stirred up the cinders...	2:49



183	8-15	'I wish you would say Catherine, or Cathy,...	3:00
184	8-16	'Hush, Master Heathcliff!, '...	2:35
185	8-17	'Since you are in the habit of passing dreadful...'	3:23
186	8-18	'But you've made yourself ill by crying...'	2:50
187	8-19	My companion waxed serious at hearing this...	2:58
188	8-20	Chapter 24 At the close of three weeks...	2:06
189	8-21	The moon shone bright...	3:59
190	8-22	'On my second visit Linton seemed in lively spirits,'...	2:24
191	9-1	'After sitting still an hour,'...	3:06
192	9-2	'The fool stared,'...	3:03
193	9-3	'He swore at us, and left Linton no time...'	3:01
194	9-4	'Ellen, I was ready to tear my hair off my head!'	3:44
195	9-5	'Sit down and take your hat off, Catherine,'...	4:19
196	9-6	Chapter 25 'These things happened last winter...'	2:30
197	9-7	'I've prayed often,'...	4:21
198	9-8	Edgar, though he felt for the boy...	2:24
199	9-9	Chapter 26 Summer was already past its prime...	3:01
200	9-10	Linton did not appear to remember...	3:09
201	9-11	Linton looked at me, but did not answer...	4:21
202	9-12	Chapter 27 Seven days glided away...	2:22
203	9-13	We discerned Linton watching at the same spot...	3:23
204	9-14	My young lady, on witnessing his intense anguish...	3:32
205	9-15	Linton had sunk prostrate again...	3:13
206	9-16	'You shall have tea before you go home,'...	2:45
207	9-17	At this diabolical violence I rushed on him furiously.	3:38
208	9-18	'Take you with her, pitiful changeling!'	3:42
209	9-19	'I am afraid now,'...	4:54
210	9-20	He shrugged his shoulders...	3:58
211	10-1	Chapter 28 On the fifth morning, or rather...	2:55
212	10-2	'Is she gone?'	2:41
213	10-3	'Is Mr Heathcliff out?'	3:01
214	10-4	I considered it best to depart without seeing...	3:20
215	10-5	Happily, I was spared the journey...	4:54
216	10-6	Chapter 29 The evening after the funeral...	3:23
217	10-7	'Why not let Catherine continue here,'...	4:13
218	10-8	'You were very wicked, Mr Heathcliff!'	3:41



219	10-9	You may laugh, if you will...	4:34
220	10-10	Chapter 30 I have paid a visit to the Heights...	3:06
221	10-11	'At last, one night she came boldly...'	2:47
222	10-12	Heathcliff went up once, to show her Linton's will.	4:17
223	10-13	'That was a great advance for the lad.'	2:36
224	10-14	""What could I ha' done?""	2:27
225	10-15	Chapter 31 Yesterday was bright, calm, and frosty.	2:19
226	10-16	'A letter from your old acquaintance,'...	3:15
227	10-17	Earnshaw blushed crimson...	2:47
228	10-18	But his self-love would endure no further torment.	5:29
229	10-19	Chapter 32 1802 – This September I was invited...	3:57
230	10-20	Wuthering Heights was the goal of my proposed...	3:22
231	10-21	The task was done, not free from further blunders...	3:26
232	11-1	'Heathcliff dead!'	2:17
233	11-2	Catherine, contented at first, in a brief space...	4:21
234	11-3	Mr Heathcliff, who grew more and more...	2:08
235	11-4	Before he could attempt to recover it...	3:15
236	11-5	Whether the kiss convinced Hareton, I cannot tell...	2:28
237	11-6	The work they studied was full of costly pictures...	2:40
238	11-7	Chapter 33 On the morrow of that Monday...	3:14
239	11-8	Hareton looked at his plate...	3:48
240	11-9	The master seemed confounded a moment.	2:39
241	11-10	I led my young lady out.	2:46
242	11-11	While I admired and they laboured, dusk drew on...	3:15
243	11-12	'Nelly, there is a strange change approaching,'...	3:00
244	11-13	'But what do you mean by a <i>change</i> , Mr Heathcliff?'	3:08
245	11-14	Chapter 34 For some days after that evening...	2:42
246	11-15	'Will you have some breakfast?'	3:40
247	11-16	'Is there some new reason for this banishment?'	2:35
248	11-17	I hurried out in a foolish state of dread...	2:16
249	11-18	Dawn restored me to common sense.	3:44
250	11-19	The hours crept anxiously by...	3:10
251	11-20	'It is not my fault that I cannot eat or rest,'...	2:44
252	11-21	As soon as he heard the other members...	3:10
253	11-22	I hasped the window...	3:38
254	11-23	'What is the matter, my little man?'	3:52

EMILY BRONTË

Wuthering Heights

'Whether it is right or advisable to create beings like Heathcliff, I do not know. I scarcely think it is.'

So wrote Charlotte Brontë in her 1850 preface to the second edition of her sister Emily's novel. By then the author of *Wuthering Heights* was dead. The first edition, published in 1847, had sold poorly and received indifferent reviews. To Victorian readers the book was a shocking and unacceptable depiction of uncontrolled passion and cruelty. Clearly its intensity disturbed even Emily's sister, although both writers shared a fascination for Gothic Romanticism.

Had its small readership known at the time that the author was a woman, the shock would have been yet greater; but not until both Emily and her younger sister Anne had died did Charlotte reveal the truth: namely, that Currer Bell, Ellis Bell and Acton Bell, the supposed authors of the poems which the three sisters published together in 1846, were the pen names of Charlotte, Emily and Anne respectively. Since female authors were not then treated with the seriousness granted the opposite sex, they had decided that assumed names were essential.

Born in 1818, two years after Charlotte and a year and a half before Anne, Emily was the fifth of six children; but two of her elder sisters, Maria and Elizabeth, fell ill while away at school and died in 1824. The three remaining sisters and their brother Branwell were all educated by their father Patrick, an Anglican church rector who had been born into a poor, illiterate Irish family. He encouraged his remarkable children to read widely, and to write, which they

did by way of escape from the hardships and sufferings that they endured.

Their mother died three years after giving birth to Emily. Her replacement was their aunt, a deeply religious woman who brought up the children with a zeal and fervour which was inimical to Emily in particular.

Although she went away to study on several occasions, Emily much preferred life at the family home in Haworth where she could enjoy her privacy and, above all, write (so long as she was free from household work, doing the finances, and caring for her father). In 1824 she and Anne tried to start a school in the home but little interest was shown and the project collapsed.

Emily was the most reserved and least social of the Brontë children. She normally kept her writings to herself, although as a girl, with her younger sister Anne, she never grew weary of creating stories about the land of Gondal and its inhabitants. This was a fantasy world which exercised their rich imaginations as if in preparation for their later literary endeavours.

When the time came for it, Emily was reluctant to publish. At first she reacted with fury when Charlotte read her poems and suggested it. When *Wuthering Heights* did come before the public, the publisher, keen to profit further from the success of *Jane Eyre*, tried to suggest that Charlotte had written it. So uninterested was

Emily in fame and recognition that she could not bring herself to travel to London and make it clear who the real author was.

Wuthering Heights gives the lie to the clichéd advice which young writers are often urged to bear in mind: 'Write about what you know, what you yourself have experienced'. There is scant evidence to suggest that Emily had a Heathcliff in her life, though this did not hamper her in creating the tempestuous relationship between him and Catherine. How did a mere rector's daughter manage such a thing?

Of course, it was down to her imagination. This brought her characters to life with an intensity not to be found in the kind of superficial romantic fiction which was as popular then as it is today. When we read the story, we do not question its reality. For the Victorians, however, it lacked a fitting sense of morality: the villains of the tale should have been punished more than the author allows. The function of literature was not just to entertain but to elevate and guide.

But Emily Brontë, although influenced by other authors, went her own way, exploring the darkness within her characters in a fashion that looks forward to twentieth-century writing. She presents a point of view that is complex rather than clear and unambiguous; she eschews direct authorial comment and refuses to tell her readers what they should think or to echo what they *did* think. She would surely have concurred with her elder sister's words in her preface to the second edition of *Jane Eyre*: 'Conventionality is not morality. Self-righteousness is not religion... There is a difference; and it is a good, and not a bad action, to mark broadly and clearly the line of separation between them.'

In the 1840s economic depression was severe. Such was the condition of factory workers that fear of social upheaval was aroused in the hearts of the middle and upper classes, among whom there were some who experienced, and sometimes demonstrated, charitable feelings towards the wretched and needy. Unfortunately, once help had been extended and some of those who had been the objects of their condescension were no longer so abject, nay, were even in danger of climbing up the social ladder, there was even more disquiet.

Heathcliff embodies these anxieties. He begins life as a homeless orphan but manages to acquire the money and trappings of a gentleman without learning how to behave like one. What would happen if the lower classes *en masse* forgot their station and demanded serious social change? This, of course, is inconsequential: *Wuthering Heights* has little if anything overtly political about it, and any social criticism is implied rather than directly expressed.

A bare account of the story of Heathcliff's love for Catherine Earnshaw, her marriage to Edgar Linton, and the revenge that Heathcliff derives from marriage to Edgar's sister Isabella might appear to be merely the stuff of sentimental romance. It would hardly serve as sufficient preparation for Brontë's uniquely imaginative creation, which rises above the melodramatic towards the severe simplicity of ancient tragedy. The intensity of the love between the two main characters is expressed by Catherine in a powerful speech which famously concludes: 'I *am* Heathcliff! He's

always in my mind: not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself, but as my own being.' Their souls, she says, are made of the same stuff. By contrast, 'Linton's is as different as a moonbeam from lightning, or frost from fire.'

Heathcliff is more a force of nature than a mere man. Catherine's defence of her attitude to him is based on what is in essence a religious yearning: the desire for communion with another order of reality. With Heathcliff she becomes part of something greater than herself; without him she feels less than her full self. Catherine loves her husband, Edgar Linton, but Heathcliff is as necessary to her as her own blood.

The world of the Lintons claims superiority to the dangerous, elemental world represented by Heathcliff and the love he shares with Catherine, though in the end the former proves trivial, exclusive and superficial. But Emily Brontë is not declaring that a choice be made between them; she appears to be searching for some kind of unity between a civilising contemplative permanence and the vitality of natural impulse.

One very striking aspect of the Romantic tendency is a fascination with mortality, a fascination which at its most philosophical is a craving for release from the temporal. The love-death of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* is not morbid, though some have characterised it that way; for such lovers, in a world where union may be either socially impossible or tinged with the prospect of dwindling into domestic banality, death instead holds out the promise of release into an eternal state of blissful commingling. So it is for Catherine and Heathcliff. Death presents itself both as something against which the protagonists struggle with passionate energy and as a deeply evocative representation of peace.

In the temporal world the lovers come together and, with a mixture of ecstasy and suffering, observe their love burgeoning; but it is almost too much for the human frame to bear. In so far as it remains merely external, uninformed by the spiritual intuition arising from their consuming metaphysical passion, the external phenomenal world appears empty and desolate. So death begins to appear inevitable, not just as it is for other mortals but as 'a consummation devoutly to be wish'd'. It is not merely an escape *from* but a flight *towards*.

Although her poetry is accorded an honoured place in the history of English Romanticism, *Wuthering Heights* is the work for which Emily Brontë is most remembered. In the short time left to her after its composition she produced very little, and not long after the death of her brother Branwell she herself died. In the following year Anne died too, leaving only Charlotte, who published Emily's masterpiece in an edition which corrected the mistakes ignored by the first publisher.

Wuthering Heights has become one of the most popular of all English novels, inspiring adaptations for both the small and the big screen (not to mention at least one rather unlikely but very popular hit song and a brief *Monty Python* parody).

Notes by Maurice West

Total running time: 13:09:16 • 11 CDs

Produced by John Tydeman
Recorded at Motivation Sound Studios

Engineer: Alistair McGregor
Edited by Arthur Ka Wai Jenkins

© 2006 Naxos AudioBooks. Artwork © 2006 Naxos AudioBooks

Hannah Whale, Fruition – Creative Concepts

Cover picture: *The Gust of Wind*, c.1865-70 (oil on canvas) by Corot, Jean Baptiste Camille (1796–1875) Musée Saint-Denis, Reims, France,
Courtesy of Bridgeman Art Library

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. UNAUTHORISED PUBLIC PERFORMANCE, BROADCASTING AND COPYING OF THIS RECORDING PROHIBITED.

CD catalogue no.: NAX39712

Digital catalogue no.: NAX39712D

CD ISBN: 978-9-62634-397-5

Digital ISBN: 978-9-62954-466-9