

KING'S COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE



MY SOUL, WHAT FEAR YOU?

STRAUSS | SCHUBERT | SCHUMANN

MAHLER | BACH | EISLER | WEILL

Simon Lepper
Christopher Purves



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For more than half a millennium, King's College Chapel has been the home to one of the world's most loved and renowned choirs. Since its foundation in 1441 by the 19-year-old King Henry VI, choral services in the Chapel, sung by this choir, have been a fundamental part of life in the College. Through the centuries, people from across Cambridge, the UK and, more recently, the world have listened to the Choir of King's College at these services.

Despite its deep roots in musical history, King's has always been at the forefront of technological innovation. In 2012 it created its 'impeccable' record label to capture some of the rich heritage of the College, to feature not only the Choir and other resident musicians, but also its prestigious alumni.

This recording is the first album of lieder by Christopher Purves, a former Choral Scholar at King's, alongside Simon Lepper, also a graduate of King's.

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Christopher Purves

Simon Lepper *piano*

Miloš Milivojević *accordion*

Sarah Field *saxophone*

Lucy Shaw *double bass*

Lily Vernon-Purves *flute*

Rafael Onyett *guitar*



CD	55:54
1 Gefunden (6 Lieder, Op. 56, No. 1) <i>Richard Strauss</i>	2:07
2 Nachtgang (3 Lieder, Op. 29, No. 3) <i>Richard Strauss</i>	2:34
3 Im Spätboot (6 Lieder, Op. 56, No. 3) <i>Richard Strauss</i>	3:49
4 Hussens Kerker (4 Lieder, Op. 32, No. 1) <i>Hans Pfitzner</i>	4:28
5 Ich habe genug, BWV 82: I. Aria: Ich habe genug <i>Johann Sebastian Bach</i>	7:08
6 Der Sieg, D. 805 <i>Franz Schubert</i>	3:15
7 Totengräberlied, D. 44 <i>Franz Schubert</i>	2:08
8 Grenzen der Menschheit, D. 716 <i>Franz Schubert</i>	7:40
Romanzen und Balladen, Vol. 1, Op. 45 <i>Robert Schumann</i>	
9 No. 1: Der Schatzgräber	2:07
10 No. 2: Frühlingsfahrt	3:17
The Hollywood Songbook (Hollywood Liederbuch) <i>Hanns Eisler</i>	
11 No. 21: L'Automne californien (Kalifornischer Herbst)	2:11
12 No. 3: An den kleinen Radioapparat	1:06
13 No. 24: Hölderlin-Fragmente, V. An eine Stadt	3:39
14 Des Knaben Wunderhorn: XII. Der Tamboursg'sell <i>Gustav Mahler</i>	6:10
15 Das Berliner Requiem: V. Zweiter Bericht über den unbekanntenen Soldaten: Alles, was ich euch sagte <i>Kurt Weill</i>	4:15

The piano was played by Simon Lepper on all tracks.

Tracks 5, 11, 12 & 13 also feature Miloš Milivojević (accordion), Sarah Field (saxophone), Lucy Shaw (double bass), Lily Vernon-Purves (flute), and Rafael Onyett (guitar).

Track 15 also features Miloš Milivojević (accordion), Sarah Field (saxophone), and Lucy Shaw (double bass).

MY SOUL, WHAT FEAR YOU? SONGS OF WAR AND REFUGE

After his return from Italy in 1788 Goethe was approached by Christiane Vulpius in the park at Weimar – she was a young woman working at an artificial flower factory in the town, and wished Goethe to help her brother, a struggling young *littérateur*. To the moral outrage of Weimar society, Goethe took her into his Gartenhaus, where he also accommodated her aunt and a half-sister, and where she lived with him as his mistress. He later installed her in his mansion on the Frauenplan where she bore him five children, only one of whom survived infancy. Goethe eventually married her in 1806, and she died a decade later. The poet wrote **Gefunden** on 26 August 1813 at a ‘Haltestelle’ – a carriage-stop – between Weimar and Ilmenau, and sent it to his Christiane, whom he had first met 25 years previously. This allegory on marriage was aptly dedicated by Strauss to his wife Pauline, who gave its first performance. At the outset, its folksong-like melody (marked *einfach / simply*) matches perfectly the naïveté of Goethe’s poem, and then develops into a more sophisticated idiom, in which the final bars breathe an atmosphere of profound content.

Strauss composed six songs to the poetry of Otto Julius Bierbaum, the writer of popular verse who, with Wolzogen and Wedekind, founded the *Überbrettel* cabaret in Berlin at the turn of the century. Bierbaum’s anthology of light verse, called *Deutsche Chansons*, which he subtitled ‘Brettel-Lieder’ – ‘cabaret songs’ – sold more than 30,000 copies in the first year. **Nachtgang**, written in prose, describes how a man and woman walk through the night and gently kiss; Bierbaum’s poem inspired Strauss to compose a dark melody that begins and ends in A-flat major, with a wonderfully flattened *pianissimo* second on the word ‘milde’ and a thrilling key-shift to E minor, as the lovers kiss. Max Reger, who composed many of the same texts that Strauss set, made a solo piano arrangement of the song. **Im Spätboot** sets a poem by the Swiss writer Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, which describes the shadowy journey of a night boat that has Charonesque undertones (‘In the faint light of the ship’s lantern / A shadow disembarks and no one boards’). The eeriness of this neglected masterpiece for *basso profundo* is wonderfully captured in the final bars, when the voice descends to a low D, before the final *ppp* chords bring this sepulchral song to a close.

Hans Pfitzner was also inspired by Conrad Ferdinand Meyer in the four songs of his Opus 32, which opens with **Hussens Kerker** that is more dramatic monologue than lyrical song. Jan Hus, condemned to die at the stake, looks from the window of his prison onto the beautiful world outside. As the accompaniment plays its dense, organ-like chords, Hus, at one with his God-

decreed fate, speaks with calm resignation of his readiness to die. His vision of the Saviour is accompanied by a flute-like melody. There is a precious recording of the song, dating from 1938, by Gerhard Hüsich with the composer himself at the piano.

The first movement of Bach's cantata **Ich habe genug**, composed in 1724 for the festival of the Purification of Mary, is based on the celebrated words of Simeon from St. Luke's Gospel (2: 22-32). The mood is one of joyful and peaceful transfiguration, especially in the middle section where the word 'Freuden' ('joy') is set to a rising scale of demisemiquavers to express Simeon's elation. It is presented here as the first of three new sets of orchestrations on this recording. (See *Notes on the Arrangements*, on page 27.)

Johann Mayrhofer, whom Schubert was to set 47 times, worked in Vienna as a book censor and shared lodgings with Schubert for a while in the Wipplingerstraße, from the autumn of 1818 until the winter of 1820. He committed suicide in 1836, after a failed attempt in 1831, by hurling himself from a third-floor window of the office where he worked. Of all Schubert's friends, Mayrhofer, with his interest in philosophy, literature and the Classical world, was the most intellectual – nine years older than Schubert, he was the composer's most important cultural mentor. **Der Sieg** makes veiled and prophetic reference to the poet's suicide. The poem, written, as it were, from the other side of the divide, describes how the spirit, having broken free of existence, now lives 'an unclouded life'. It has escaped life's torment by

committing suicide ('The Muses themselves sang / The sphinx to the sleep of death, / And my hand – it struck the blow'). Mayrhofer's idea that the artist holds the key to victory over death is expressed by Schubert through a magical hymn of praise.

Schubert set the poetry of Ludwig Höltz no fewer than 23 times and the earliest of these songs is **Totengräberlied**, composed in January 1813. There's a bittersweet quality about much of Höltz's poetry whose love of nature is often coloured by an awareness of death – he died of tuberculosis at the age of twenty-eight. But there's nothing gloomy about this, the first of Schubert's many 'occupational' songs. This gravedigger, whose occupation is mirrored in the ubiquitous two-bar 'digging motif' first heard in the prelude, is a light-hearted individual, unlike his fellow-gravediggers in 'Totengräber-Weise' (Schlechta) and 'Totengräbers Heimwehe' (Craigher de Jachelutta).

Between 1779 and 1783 Goethe wrote four great philosophic poems, 'Gesang der Geister über den Wassern', 'Meine Göttin', 'Das Göttliche' and 'Grenzen der Menschheit'; and although all are written in free verse, a regular rhythm gradually becomes perceptible during the course of each poem. Schubert's setting of **Grenzen der Menschheit** is perhaps the finest setting of a philosophical poem in the entire repertoire, although Wolf's setting runs it close: Goethe's 'Sturm und Drang' arrogance, so evident in 'Prometheus', has now been replaced by humility and a recognition of man's insignificance. Schubert's E major setting for bass, which resembles recitative more than song, expresses

this awareness of mankind's limitations through low-lying harmonies and, at „Uns hebt die Welle, / Verschlingt die Welle, / Und wir versinken“, an extraordinary passage in which the shifting harmonies – from F-sharp minor to E-flat minor to B – convey the sense of Goethe's lines: that man, having been lifted up and tossed about by the waves, finally plummets into their depths and is drowned.

Schumann composed four collections of *Romanzen und Balladen* for solo voice: Opp. 45, 49, 53 and 64, all comprising three songs and all written in 1840, except for the final set. Op. 45 begins with **Der Schatzgräber** (Eichendorff). This neglected masterpiece describes a man delving for treasure, and Schumann, in an expressive opening scale passage, suggests the furious sound of the spade digging deep into the earth. The frenetic activity gives way at „Die Engel Gottes“ to *arpeggiando* quavers that depict the angels singing on high; but there is no mercy. The digging goes on, and, when the gold is glimpsed, G minor turns to gentler F-sharp minor. Not for long: the digging continues and falling rocks crash down on the helpless treasure-seeker.

Frühlingsfahrt (Eichendorff), which deals with the fate of two contrasting travellers (one settles down to a domestic life of bliss, the other pursues a life of adventure), must have appealed to Schumann, who consciously divided his own personality into the polarised characters of Florestan and Eusebius.

With the rise of the Nazis, Hanns Eisler fled Germany and began his life of exile, ending up in Los Angeles, like a great number of other German

intellectuals, including Otto Klemperer, Bruno Walter, Arnold Schoenberg, Max Reinhardt, Fritz Lang, Alfred Döblin, Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Franz Werfel and Bertolt Brecht. It was during the early thirties that he began to work with Brecht – a collaboration which yielded some 150 Lieder and cabaret songs. Their collaboration climaxed in the *Hollywood Songbook*, a collection of 46 songs (of which 28 were to poems by Brecht, 6 by Hölderlin, 5 by Mörike, 2 by Pascal, one from the Bible and one each by Goethe, Eichendorff, Eisler and Berthold Viertel). The presence of Goethe, Eichendorff, Hölderlin and Mörike relates to the conflict between the culture of Hollywood and that of the Lieder tradition which had developed in Germany – ‘Über den Selbstmord’ quotes the opening bars of *Winterreise*, ‘Erinnerung an Eichendorff und Schumann’ sets the first verse of ‘In der Fremde’ („Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot“), and ‘An eine Stadt’ is dedicated to Franz Schubert. This multi-faceted collection contains poems that deal with such themes as exile, suffering, evil, hope, courage in adversity, poetry, suicide. Brecht was thrilled with his friend's settings of his verse, and noted in his diary that Eisler read his poems „mit enormer Genauigkeit“ – with enormous precision. In a sketch for a foreword to the *Songbook*, Eisler wrote: „In einer Gesellschaft, die ein solches Liederbuch versteht und liebt, wird es sich gut und gefahrlos leben lassen. Im Vertrauen auf eine solche sind diese Stücke geschrieben.“ (‘In a society that understands and loves such a songbook, life will be lived well and without danger. These pieces have been written

with such a society in mind.’) We hear three songs from *The Hollywood Songbook* on this fascinating CD. **Automne californien** sets a poem by Berthold Viertel, in which the poet looks ahead to a future of peace in the world and a return from his American emigration, where the warm climate makes possible the cultivation of figs, to Germany, where the vine flourishes. **An den kleinen Radioapparat** (Brecht’s title was ‘Auf den kleinen Radioapparat’) is a poetic crystallisation of Brecht’s entry in his *Arbeitsjournal* on 11 June 1940:

Seit die Nachrichten so schlecht werden,
erwäge ich sogar, ob ich das Frühradio
abstellen soll. Der kleine Kasten steht
neben dem Lager, meine letzte Handlung
am Abend ist, ihn aus-, meine erste am
Morgen, ihn anzudrehen.

*Since the news is becoming so bad, I’m
even considering whether I should not
listen to the wireless in the early morning.
The little box is positioned near my bed,
and the last thing I do each evening is to
turn it off, the first thing I do each morning
is to switch it on.*

An eine Stadt adapts a longer poem by Friedrich Hölderlin, called ‘Heidelberg’. The poem dates from 1800 but reflects the poet’s love for the town on the Neckar that he had described in 1788 as an eighteen-year-old in a travelogue written for his mother:

Die Stadt gefiel mir außerordentlich wohl.
Die Lage ist so schön, als man sich je eine
denken kann. Auf beiden Seiten am
Rücken der Stadt steigen steile walddichte
Berge empor, und auf diesen steht das
alte, ehrwürdige Schloß [. . .] Merkwürdig
ist auch die neue Brücke daselbst.

*I adored the town. You cannot imagine a
more beautiful position. Steep wooded
mountains soar up on either side and also
behind the town, and on these is situated
the ancient, noble castle. [. . .] The new
bridge there is also remarkable.*

Eisler’s music mirrors the poet’s nostalgia without ever spilling over into sentimentality.

Almost half of Mahler’s forty-or-so solo songs are settings of poems from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, a volume of folk verses collected by Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano, the first part of which was published in 1805. The title refers to the figure of a boy on horseback brandishing a horn, an illustration of ‘Das Wunderhorn’, the anthology’s opening poem. The source for many of the poems was oral, but the editors made frequent amendments in accordance with their own tastes. The poems have a childlike naivete but often enshrine profound wisdom in their unpolished, unpretentious verses. Many of Mahler’s settings deal with military life, and in the piano accompaniment we hear the beat of horses’ hooves, fanfares, drums and marches. He spent much of his childhood in the Moravian garrison

town of Jihlava, and it is reliably reported that as a young boy he knew hundreds of military tunes by heart. **Der Tamboursg'sell** describes how a drummer boy is court-martialled and led to the gallows for desertion. The song is in Mahler's saddest vein, with an opening reminiscent of the first movement of the Fifth Symphony. As the boy goes to his death, military drum-rolls ring out in the accompaniment.

Kurt Weill's **Das Berliner Requiem**, composed in November and December 1928, was clearly influenced by the 1928 festivities that marked the tenth anniversary of the end of World War I and

the murder of the Spartakist leader and militant pacifist, Rosa Luxemburg, by paramilitary right-wing members (the text of the third movement, 'Grabschrift (1919)' ('Epitaph (1919)') states: 'And because she told the poor the truth, the rich exterminated her'). All the poems are by Brecht and all are aggressively anti-militaristic. **Alles, was ich euch sagte** is the penultimate movement of the piece that was originally scored for three solo voices - changed later to two solo voices and male chorus.

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TEXTS

① Gefunden

Ich ging im Walde
So für mich hin,
Und nichts zu suchen,
Das war mein Sinn.

Im Schatten sah ich
Ein Blümchen stehn,
Wie Sterne leuchtend,
Wie Äuglein schön.

Ich wollt es brechen,
Da sagt' es fein:
Soll ich zum Welken
Gebrochen sein?

Ich grub's mit allen
Den Würzlein aus,
Zum Garten trug ich's
Am hübschen Haus.

Found

*I was walking
In the wood alone,
And intended
To look for nothing.*

*In the shadows I saw
A little flower growing
Gleaming like stars,
Lovely as eyes.*

*I was going to pick it,
When gently it said:
Must I be picked
To wilt and die?*

*I dug it out
With all its roots,
Took it to the garden
Of my pretty home.*

Und pflanzt' es wieder
Am stillen Ort;
Nun zweigt es immer
Und blüht so fort.

Words: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)
Music: Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

② **Nachtgang**

Wir gingen durch die stille, milde Nacht,
dein Arm in meinem, dein Auge in meinem;
der Mond goß silbernes Licht über dein Angesicht;
wie auf Goldgrund ruhte dein schönes Haupt,
und du erschienst mir wie eine Heilige:
mild, mild und groß, und seelenübereif,
heilig und rein wie die liebe Sonne. Und in
die Augen schwoll mir ein warmer Drang, wie
Tränenahnung. Fester fasst' ich dich und küsste -
küsstest dich ganz leise, - meine Seele weinte.

Words: Otto Julius Bierbaum (1865-1910)
Music: Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

③ **Im Spätboot**

Aus der Schiffsbank mach' ich meinen Pfühl,
Endlich wird die heiße Stirne kühl!
O wie süß erkaltet mir das Herz!
O wie weich verstummen Lust und Schmerz!
Über mir des Rohres schwarzer Rauch
Wiegt und biegt sich in des Windes Hauch.

*And planted it again
In a quiet corner;
Where still it grows
And continues to bloom.*

A walk at night

*We walked through the gentle silent night,
your arm in mine, your eyes gazing into mine;
the moon shed silver light over your face;
as though on gold your fair head lay,
and you seemed to me like a saint:
gentle, gentle and great, with a brimming soul,
holy and pure like the dear sun. And a pressing
warmth welled into my eyes, like impending
tears. I held you closer and kissed you -
kissed you so gently, - my soul wept.*

On the night boat

*I lay my head on the ship's bench,
At last my burning brow is chilled!
Ah, how sweetly my heart grows cool!
How gently joy and pain are stilled!
Over my head the funnel's black smoke
Curls and sways in the gusting wind.*

Hüben hier und drüben wieder dort
Hält das Boot an manchem kleinen Port:
Bei der Schiffslaterne kargem Schein
Steigt ein Schatten aus und niemand ein.
Nur der Steurer noch, der wacht und steht!
Nur der Wind, der mir im Haare weht!
Schmerz und Lust erleiden sanften Tod.
Einen Schlumm'rer trägt das dunkle Boot.

Words: Conrad Ferdinand Meyer (1825–1898)
Music: Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

④ **Hussens Kerker**

Es geht mit mir zu Ende,
Mein Sach und Spruch ist schon
Hoch über Menschenhände
Gerückt vor Gottes Thron,
Schon schwebt auf einer Wolke,
Umringt von seinem Volke,
Entgegen mir des Menschen Sohn.

Den Kerker will ich preisen,
Der Kerker, der ist gut!
Das Fensterkreuz von Eisen
Blickt auf die frische Flut,
Und zwischen seinen Stäben
Seh ich ein Segel schweben,
Darob im Blau die Firne ruht.

Wie nah die Flut ich fühle,
Als läg ich drein versenkt,
Mit wundersamer Kühle

*First on this side and then on that
The boat puts in at many a port:
In the faint light of the ship's lantern
A shadow disembarks and no one boards.
Only the helmsman's awake, on his feet!
Only the wind, which blows through my hair!
Pain and pleasure die a gentle death.
The dark boat bears a slumbering form.*

Hus's dungeon

*My end draws near,
My case and sentence have passed
Out of human hands
To the lofty throne of God,
Already the Son of Man,
Surrounded by his host,
Draws near on a cloud.*

*I shall praise my dungeon,
My dungeon is good!
The iron bars of my window
Look onto the cool tide,
And between its bars
I see a fluttering sail,
And above it snow against the blue.*

*How close I feel the waters,
As though I lay immersed,
My body is steeped*

Wird mir der Leib getränkt -
Auch seh ich eine Traube
Mit einem roten Laube,
Die tief herab ins Fenster hängt.

Es ist die Zeit zu feiern!
Es kommt die große Ruh!
Dort lenkt ein Zug von Reihern
Dem ewgen Lenze zu,
Sie wissen Pfad und Stege,
Sie kennen ihre Wege -
Was, meine Seele, fürchtest du?

Words: Conrad Ferdinand Meyer (1825-1898)
Music: Hans Pfitzner (1869-1949)

5 Ich habe genug

Ich habe genug,
Ich habe den Heiland, das Hoffen der Frommen,
Auf meine begierigen Arme genommen;
Ich habe genug!

Ich hab ihn erblickt,
Mein Glaube hat Jesum ans Herze gedrückt;
Nun wünsch' ich, noch heute mit Freuden
Von hinnen zu scheiden.

Words: Anonymous
*Music: from Ich habe genug, BWV 82 (für das
Fest Mariä Reinigung) by Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)*

*In its wondrous coolness -
I also see a cluster of grapes
Hanging from their red foliage
Into the window.*

*It is time to celebrate!
Great peace is now at hand!
A flight of herons up there
Leads to eternal spring,
They know the paths and bridges,
They know their way -
What, O soul, do you fear?*

It is enough

*It is enough.
I have taken the Saviour, the hope of the devout,
Into my longing arms;
It is enough!*

*I have gazed on Him,
My faith has pressed Jesus to my heart;
I would now, even today, gladly
Leave this world.*

6 Der Sieg

O unbewölktes Leben!
So rein und tief und klar.
Uralte Träume schweben
Auf Blumen wunderbar.

Der Geist zerbrach die Schranken,
Des Körpers träges Blei;
Er waltet groß und frei.
Es laben die Gedanken
An Edens Früchten sich;
Der alte Fluch entwich.
Was ich auch je gelitten,
Die Palme ist erstritten,
Gestillet mein Verlangen.
Die Musen selber sangen
Die Sphinx in Todesschlaf,
Und meine Hand - sie traf.

O unbewölktes Leben!
So rein und tief und klar.
Uralte Träume schweben
Auf Blumen wunderbar.

Words: Johann Mayrhofer (1787-1836)

Music: Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

The Victory

*O unclouded life!
So pure and deep and clear.
Age-old dreams hover
Wondrously over flowers.*

*The spirit broke through the bonds
Of the body's leaden weight;
Great and free, it now prevails.
Thoughts are refreshed
By the fruits of Paradise,
The ancient curse is lifted.
Whatever I may have suffered,
The victor's palm is won,
My longing stilled.
The Muses themselves sang
The sphinx to sleep and death,
And my hand - it struck the blow.*

*O unclouded life!
So pure and deep and clear.
Age-old dreams hover
Wondrously over flowers.*

7 Totengräberlied

Grabe, Spaten, grabe!
Alles, was ich habe,
Dank' ich, Spaten, dir!
Reich' und arme Leute
Werden meine Beute,
Kommen einst zu mir!

Weiland groß und edel,
Nickte dieser Schädel
Keinem Gruße Dank!
Dieses Beingerippe
Ohne Wang' und Lippe
Hatte Gold und Rang.

Jener Kopf mit Haaren
War vor wenig Jahren
Schön, wie Engel sind!
Tausend junge Fäntchen
Leckten ihm das Händchen,
Gafften sich halb blind.

Grabe, Spaten, grabe!
Alles, was ich habe,
Dank' ich, Spaten, dir!
Reich' und arme Leute
Werden meine Beute,
Kommen einst zu mir!

Words: Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty (1748-1776)
Music: Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Gravedigger's song

*Dig, spade, dig,
All that I have
I owe, O spade, to you!
Rich and poor
Become my booty,
Come to me in the end!*

*Great and noble -
This skull accorded them
No greeting.
This skeleton
Without cheeks and lips
Once possessed gold and rank.*

*Only a few years ago
That head with hair
Was as lovely as an angel's.
A thousand young dandies
Would kiss her little hands
And grow half blind as they gawped.*

*Dig, spade, dig,
All that I have
I owe, O spade, to you!
Rich and poor
Become my booty,
Come to me in the end!*

8 Grenzen der Menschheit

Wenn der uralte,
Heilige Vater
Mit gelassener Hand
Aus rollenden Wolken
Segnende Blitze
Über die Erde sä't,
Küss' ich den letzten
Saum seines Kleides,
Kindliche Schauer
Treu in der Brust.

Denn mit Göttern
Soll sich nicht messen
Irgend ein Mensch.
Hebt er sich aufwärts,
Und berührt
Mit dem Scheitel die Sterne,
Nirgends haften dann
Die unsichern Sohlen,
Und mit ihm spielen
Wolken und Winde.

Steht er mit festen,
Markigen Knochen
Auf der wohlgegründeten
Dauernden Erde;
Reicht er nicht auf,
Nur mit der Eiche
Oder der Rebe
Sich zu vergleichen.

Limitations of mankind

*When the Ancient of Days,
The holy father
With a serene hand
From rolling clouds
Scatters beneficent thunderbolts
Over the earth,
I kiss the extreme
Hem of his garment,
Childlike awe
In my loyal breast.*

*For no man
Should measure himself
Against the gods.
If he reaches up
And touches
The stars with his head,
His uncertain feet
Lose their hold,
And clouds and winds
Make sport of him.*

*If he stands with firm,
Sturdy limbs
On the solid
Enduring earth,
He cannot even reach up
To compare himself
With the oak
Or vine.*

Was unterscheidet
Götter von Menschen?
Daß viele Wellen
Vor jenen wandeln,
Ein ewiger Strom:
Uns hebt die Welle,
Verschlingt die Welle,
Und wir versinken.

Ein kleiner Ring
Begrenzt unser Leben,
Und viele Geschlechter
Reihen sich dauernd
An ihres Daseins
Unendliche Kette.

Words: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)
Music: Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

9 Der Schatzgräber

Wenn alle Wälder schliefen,
Er an zu graben hub.
Rastlos in Berges Tiefen
Nach einem Schatz er grub.

Die Engel Gottes sangen
Dieweil in stiller Nacht,
Wie rote Augen drangen
Metalle aus dem Schacht.

„Und wirst doch mein!“ und grimmer
Wühlt er und wühlt hinab!

*What distinguishes
Gods from men?
Before them
Many waves roll onwards,
An eternal river;
We are lifted by the wave,
Engulfed by the wave,
And we founder.*

*A little ring
Bounds our life,
And many generations
Constantly succeed each other
Like links in the endless chain
Of existence.*

The treasure-seeker

*When all forests were sleeping,
He began to dig,
Ceaselessly in the mountain gorge
He dug for treasure.*

*The angels of God were singing
In the silent night,
Metals, like red eyes,
Were emerging from the shaft.*

*'You shall be mine!' More grimly
He burrows and burrows down,*

Da stürzen Steine und Trümmer
Über den Narren herab.

Hohnlachen wild erschallte
Aus der verfall'nen Gruft,
Der Engelsang verhallte
Wehmütig in der Luft.

Words: Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Music: Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

10 Frühlingsfahrt

Es zogen zwei rüst'ge Gesellen
Zum erstenmal von Haus,
So jubelnd recht in die hellen,
In die klingenden, singenden Wellen
Des vollen Frühlings hinaus.

Die strebten nach hohen Dingen,
Die wollten, trotz Lust und Schmerz,
Was Rechts in der Welt vollbringen,
Und wem sie vorüber gingen,
Dem lachten Sinnen und Herz.

Der erste, der fand ein Liebchen,
Die Schwieger kauft' Hof und Haus;
Der wiegte gar bald ein Bübchen,
Und sah aus heimlichem Stübchen
Behaglich in's Feld hinaus.

Dem Zweiten sangen und logen
Die tausend Stimmen im Grund,

*Stones and rubbles
Fall in on the fool.*

*Wild mocking laughter echoed
From the crumbled vault,
The song of angels died away
Sadly in the air.*

A spring journey

*Two sturdy lads set out
From home for the first time,
Exultantly into the bright,
Sounding and singing waves
Of springtime at its height.*

*They strove for lofty things,
Desired, despite joy and pain,
To achieve something in the world,
And those they passed on their way
Were happy in heart and mind.*

*The first, he found a loved-one,
Her family bought them house and home;
Soon he was rocking a baby boy,
And gazing from a homely room
At ease into his field.*

*The second was sung and lied to
By a thousand voices from the deep -*

Verlockend Sirenen, und zogen
Ihn in die buhlenden Wogen,
In der Wogen farbigen Schlund.

Und wie er auftaucht' vom Schlunde,
Da war er müde und alt,
Sein Schifflein das lag im Grunde,
So still war's rings in der Runde,
Und über den Wassern weht's kalt.

Es klingen und singen die Wellen
Des Frühlings wohl über mir;
Und seh' ich so kecke Gesellen,
Die Tränen im Auge mir schwellen
Ach Gott, führ' uns liebeich zu Dir!

Words: Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Music: Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

11 L'automne californien (Kalifornischer Herbst)

Die Leiter blieb noch unterm
Feigenbaume stehen,
Doch er ist gelb und schon
längst leergegessen
Von Schnäbeln und von Mündern,
wem's zuerst geglückt.

Wird ihn der nächste Sommer grün
und reich beladen sehen,
Und kommt der Friede unterdessen,
Mag es ein anderer sein,
der hier die Feigen pflückt.

*Enticing sirens, who drew him
Into the amorous waves,
The oceans' colourful deep.*

*And when he surfaced from the depths,
He was weary and old,
His vessel lay on the sea-bed,
Such silence reigned around him,
And the wind blew cold above the waves.*

*The waves of spring are singing
And sounding above me now;
And when I see such bold lads,
Tears come welling to my eyes -
Ah, guide us, God, lovingly to Thee!*

Californian autumn

*The ladder still leans against
the fig tree,
But the tree has turned yellow,
its fruit long since eaten
By beaks and mouths
which got there first.*

*If next summer sees it green
and heavily laden with fruit,
And if peace has meanwhile come,
Someone else might
pick the figs.*

Wir wären dann in kältere
Breiten heimgegangen:
Da wächst kein Feigenbaum,
Aber der Wein.

Fällt dort der Schnee,
Werden wir umso frischer sein
Und gern im wieder befreiten Winter wohnen.

Words: Berthold Viertel (1885-1953)
Music: Hanns Eisler (1898-1962)

12 An den kleinen Radioapparat

Du kleiner Kasten, den ich flüchtend trug
Daß meine Lampen mir auch nicht zerbrächen
Besorgt vom Haus zum Schiff,
vom Schiff zum Zug
Daß meine Feinde weiter zu mir sprächen

An meinem Lager und zu meiner Pein
Der letzten nachts,
der ersten in der Früh
Von ihren Siegen und von meiner Müh;
Versprich mir, nicht auf einmal stumm zu sein!

Words: Bertolt Brecht (1898-1956)
Music: Hanns Eisler (1898-1962)

*We shall then have returned home
to a colder climate:
No fig tree grows there,
But we make wine.*

*If snow should fall there,
We shall be all the merrier,
Happy to live in our liberated winter.*

To a portable radio

*You little box which I carried carefully as I fled,
So that your valves wouldn't break,
Carefully from house to ship,
from ship to train,
So that I might still hear my enemies speak*

*By my bedside and cause me anguish
Last thing each night
and first thing each morning
About their victories and my suffering:
Promise me not to suddenly go dead!*

13 An eine Stadt (Franz Schubert gewidmet)

Lange lieb ich dich schon, möchte dich,
mir zur Lust,
Mutter nennen, und dir schenken
ein kunstloses Lied,
Du, der Vaterlandsstädte
Ländlichschönste, so viel ich sah.

Wie der Vogel des Walds über die Gipfel fliegt,
Schwingt sich über den Strom,
wo er vorbei dir glänzt,
Leicht und kräftig die Brücke,
Die von Wagen und Menschen tönt.

Da ich vorüberging, fesselt' der Zauber auch mich,
Und herein in die Berge
Mir die reizende Ferne schien.

Du hast dem Flüchtigen
Kühlenden Schatten geschenkt,
und die Gestade sahen
Ihm alle nach, und es tönte
Aus den Wellen das liebliche Bild.

Sträucher blühten herab, bis wo
im heiteren Tal,
An den Hügel gelehnt,
oder dem Ufer hold,
Deine fröhlichen Gassen
Unter duftenden Gärten ruhn.

Words: Friedrich Hölderlin (1770-1843)

Music: Hanns Eisler (1898-1962)

To a town (Dedicated to Franz Schubert)

*Long have I loved you, would like,
for my delight,
To call you mother and give you
an artless song,
You, of the towns in my native land,
The most rurally fair I ever saw.*

*Like a forest bird skimming over mountains,
The bridge lightly and strongly vaults
over the stream,
That runs gleaming past you,
Rumbling with carts and men.*

*As I passed by, I too was spellbound,
And deep into the mountains
The ravishing distance shone.*

*You gave the fugitive
Cooling shadows, and your shores
All watched him as he passed,
and the lovely picture
Resounded from the waves.*

*Shrubs ran blossoming down to where
in the cheerful valley,
Leaning against the hillside
or the graceful shore,
Your happy streets
Repose among fragrant gardens.*

14 **Der Tamboursg'sell**

Ich armer Tamboursg'sell!
Man führt mich aus dem G'wölb,
Wär ich ein Tambour blieben,
Dürft ich nicht gefangen liegen.

O Galgen, du hohes Haus,
Du siehst so furchtbar aus,
Ich schau dich nicht mehr an,
Weil i weiß, daß i g'hör dran.

Wenn Soldaten vorbeimarschier'n,
Bei mir nit einquartier'n,
Wenn sie fragen wer i g'wesen bin:
Tambour von der Leibkompanie.

Gute Nacht, ihr Marmelstein,
Ihr Berg und Hügelein,
Gute Nacht, ihr Offizier,
Korporal und Musketier.
Gute Nacht ihr Offizier,
Korporal und Grenadier!
Ich schrei mit heller Stimm,
Von euch ich Urlaub nimm.
Gute Nacht!

Words: Anonymous, from Des Knaben Wunderhorn
Music: Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

The drummer-boy

Woe is me, poor drummer-boy!
They lead me from my cell,
Had I remained a drummer,
I'd not have been in prison.

O gallows, you lofty house,
How grim you seem to me,
I'll look at you no more,
For I know you're meant for me.

When the soldiers march past
To quarters other than mine,
And when they ask who I was:
Drummer to the King's Bodyguard,

Good night, you stones of marble,
You mountains and you hills,
Good night, you officers,
Corporals and musketeers.
Good night! You officers,
Corporals and grenadiers!
I cry out loud and clear:
I take my leave of you.
Good night!

15 **Zweiter Bericht über den Unbekannten
Soldaten unter dem Triumphbogen**

Alles, was ich euch sagte
Über Ermordung und Tod
des Unbekannten Soldaten
Und die Verwüstung seines Gesichts
Auch was ich euch sagte über
die Bemühung seiner Mörder
Ihn zu hindern am Wiederkommen
Ist wahr, aber
Er kommt nicht wieder.

Sein Gesicht war lebendig wie das eure,
Bis es zerschmettert wurde und nicht mehr war.
Und es ward
Nicht mehr gesehn auf dieser Welt,
Weder ganz noch zerschmettert,
Weder heute noch am Ende der Tage,
Und sein Mund
Wird nicht reden am Jüngsten Gericht:
Es wird
Kein Gericht sein.

Sondern euer Bruder
Ist tot und tot
Ist der Stein über ihm,
Und ich bedaure
Jeglichen Hohn und ziehe zurück meine Klage.

Aber ich bitte euch, da ihr ihn
Nun einmal erschagen habt -
Still! Fangt nicht von neuem an
Zu streiten, da er doch tot ist -

***Second bulletin on the Unknown Soldier
beneath the Triumphal Arch***

*Everything I told you
About the murder and death
of the Unknown Soldier
And the ravaging of his face,
Also what I told you about
the efforts of his murderers
To prevent his coming back
Is true, but
He won't be coming back.*

*His face was alive just like yours
Until it got smashed and no longer existed.
And it can be
No longer seen on this earth,
Neither intact nor smashed,
Neither today nor at the end of time,
And his mouth
Will not speak at the Last Judgement:
That Judgement
Will not take place.*

*But your brother
Is dead, and dead too
Is the stone above him,
And I regret
My sarcastic remarks and retract my complaint.*

*But I request all of you
Who slew him -
Hold your silence! Do not start
Squabbling again, since he is dead -*

Aber doch bitte ich, da ihr ihn also
Erschlagen habt:
Entfernt wenigstens
Den Stein über ihm,
Denn dieses Triumphgeheul
Ist doch nicht nötig und macht
Mir Kummer, denn mich,
Der ich den Erschlagenen
Schon vergessen hatte, erinnert er
Täglich an euch, die ihr noch
Lebt und die ihr
Immer noch nicht erschlagen seid.
Warum denn nicht?

*Words: from Das Berliner Requiem by
Bertolt Brecht (1898-1956)
Music: Kurt Weill (1900-1950)*

*But I beg you, since you
Have slain him:
At least remove
The stone above him,
For this howl of triumph
Is not really necessary
And distresses me,
Because each day it reminds me,
Who had already
Forgotten the slain man,
Of you, who are still
Alive, and have still not yet been slain -
Why not?*

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005) and The Complete
Songs of Hugo Wolf (Faber, 2022)*



NOTES ON THE ARRANGEMENTS

A chronology of events, quite lengthy and full of lovely coincidences, has led to this album becoming one of deep and varied personal experience for me.

Bach's *Ich habe genug* has its roots for me in my audition for the Choir of Kings College, Cambridge, in 1978, which heralded the start of three revolutionary years as a choral scholar at the start of my career.

Years later, as contemporaries of mine from King's were recording a collection of English song for the new King's album *Proud Songsters*, I was in Los Angeles performing Weill's *Berliner Requiem* with the McBurney brothers, Simon and Gerard. The final aria of the *Requiem* had fast become a love of mine, and the idea of a recording with my old College began to form.

I discussed with the brilliant composer Gerard McBurney the possibility of creating a new version of the Weill for smaller forces, to create a smaller, more intimate arrangement of that beautiful aria, and discussions quickly grew to involve another talented composer, Bertie Baigent, and the possibility of the Bach and three Hans

Eisler songs that would suit the same orchestration.

Together we discussed the need to keep the sound worlds of the Weill and Eisler rooted in a sort of 'pre-war Weimar' but for the Bach to be a celebration of the flute and alto saxophone's mellifluous timbre, interweaving the original obligato over the mystical quality of the piano, accordion, bass and guitar accompaniment, with echoes of the work's contemporary bedfellows.

I have never been as moved as when I listened back to the first Bach recording: every element is so movingly portrayed by the players. While it was difficult to imagine what we were creating, it is without doubt everything I could have wished for and more. The Eisler arrangements add, I think, a context in sound to the reality of being a refugee in a strange land, and the Weill to the savagery and meaningless horror of war. Our last day of recording was 23 February 2022, and the following day came news that Russia had begun its invasion of Ukraine. There was an added poignancy to the words and music seared on our minds.

I am grateful to my friend and distinguished lieder expert Richard Stokes, who has helped me formulate this programme around the pillars of the Bach, Eisler and Weill, and in doing so has enabled me to curate not only my first recorded programme of lieder, but one that means so much to me.

Christopher Purves, 2022

CHRISTOPHER PURVES

Baritone



Christopher Purves has established himself as one of the leading British baritones of his generation. Through his celebrated interpretations of a diverse and eclectic range of roles and repertoire, he is in great demand with many prestigious theatres around the world, working with orchestras, conductors and directors of the highest calibre. He started his musical life as a choral scholar at King's College, Cambridge, and went on to become a member of experimental rock group Harvey and the Wallbangers.

His operatic highlights include Balstrode (*Peter Grimes*) for Bayerische Staatsoper and Teatro Real; Father-in-Law (Kaija Saariaho's *Innocence*) at The Royal Opera House; the title role in Verdi's *Falstaff* at Opéra National de Lyon; Golaud (Debussy *Pelléas et Mélisande*) at Glyndebourne Festival Opera; Alberich (*Das Rheingold* and *Siegfried*) for Zurich Opera House's Ring Cycle; Méphistophélès (Berlioz *La Damnation de Faust*); and appearances at English National Opera, Houston Grand Opera, Théâtre du Châtelet, and Chicago Lyric Opera, among others.

On the concert platform, he has appeared in Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder* (Sir Simon Rattle and the

London Symphony Orchestra); a critically-acclaimed performance as Alberich in *Das Rheingold* (New York Philharmonic under Alan Gilbert); the title role in Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle* with Opera North; at the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam; and with the BBC Philharmonic, BBC Symphony Orchestra (Elgar's *The Kingdom* at the First Night of the BBC Proms under Sir Andrew Davis), Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Gewandhausorchester Leipzig, and Emmanuelle Haïm and Le Concert d'Astrée.

An extensive discography includes the title role in *Le nozze di Figaro* (Chandos); Handel's *Saul* with Harry Christophers and The Sixteen; George Benjamin's *Written on Skin* (reprising his role from the premiere run) with the composer and the Mahler Chamber Orchestra; and Mozart's Requiem with the Choir of King's College, Cambridge and Stephen Cleobury. Early in 2018, Purves' second volume of *Handel's Finest Arias for Base Voice*, was released on Hyperion with Arcangelo and Jonathan Cohen, to great critical acclaim, following the huge success of his debut solo disc in 2012.

SIMON LEPPER

Piano

Simon read music at King's College, Cambridge before studying collaborative piano with Michael Dussek at the Royal Academy of Music in London, and later with Ruben Lifschitz at the Académie de Royaumont, France.

Specialising in song accompaniment, he has regularly collaborated with singers including Benjamin Appl, Ilker Arcayürek, Christiane Karg, Karen Cargill, Stéphane Degout, Angelika Kirchschrager, Sally Matthews and Mark Padmore. He performs extensively in venues around the world including Carnegie Hall; the Concertgebouw; the festivals of Verbier, Ravinia and Edinburgh; and the Opera houses of Frankfurt, Geneva, Bordeaux, and La Monnaie (Brussels). In his home country, he is often heard on BBC Radio 3 and regularly performs at London's Wigmore Hall, where he has also curated a series on the songs of Joseph Marx.

He is a committed teacher and is currently professor of collaborative piano and a vocal repertoire coach at the Royal College of Music, London, where he also co-ordinates the collaborative piano course. Since 2003 he has



been the official accompanist for the BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition.

His discography includes a live recital disc with Stéphane Degout; Mahler songs with Karen Cargill; two volumes of Debussy Songs and a Strauss disc with Gillian Keith; the complete songs of Jonathan Dove with Kitty Whately; Schubert Songs with Ilker Arcayürek; and a recital disc with Dame Felicity Palmer.

Simon recorded *Proud Songsters*, a recital album with nine King's College alumni, in 2021, also on the King's College label.

www.simonlepper.com

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Engineer Dave Rowell

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Mastering Benjamin Sheen

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