

signum
CLASSICS

2CD SET

The
MARY BEVAN
Ensemble

Songs to the
MOON

Brahms • Fauré • Saint-Saëns • Schumann



Mary Bevan • Clara Mouriz • Allan Clayton • Marcus Farnsworth • Joseph Middleton

SONGS TO THE MOON

CD1

[1]	The Night	<i>AC</i>	Peter Warlock	[2.11]
[2]	Nächtens , Op. 112 No. 2	<i>MB CM AC MF</i>	Johannes Brahms	[1.45]
[3]	Vor der Tür , Op. 28 No. 2	<i>MB MF</i>	Johannes Brahms	[1.58]
[4]	Unbewegte laue Luft , Op. 57 No. 8	<i>MF</i>	Johannes Brahms	[4.07]
[5]	Der Gang zum Liebchen , Op. 31 No. 3	<i>MB CM AC MF</i>	Johannes Brahms	[3.14]
[6]	Walpurgisnacht , Op. 75 No. 4	<i>MB CM</i>	Johannes Brahms	[1.32]
[7]	Ständchen , Op. 106 No. 1	<i>CM</i>	Johannes Brahms	[1.43]
[8]	Der Abend , Op. 64 No. 2	<i>MB CM AC MF</i>	Johannes Brahms	[3.51]
[9]	Vergebliches Ständchen , Op. 84 No. 4	<i>CM MF</i>	Johannes Brahms	[1.43]
[10]	Unterm Fenster , Op. 34 No. 3	<i>MB AC</i>	Robert Schumann	[1.26]
[11]	Mondnacht , Op. 39 No. 5	<i>MB</i>	Robert Schumann	[4.07]
	Zwei Venetianische Lieder , Op. 25	<i>MF</i>	Robert Schumann	
[12]	Leis rudern hier			[1.58]
[13]	Wenn durch die Piazzetta			[1.16]
[14]	Die Lotosblume , Op. 25 No. 7	<i>CM</i>	Robert Schumann	[1.49]
[15]	In der Nacht , Op. 74 No. 4	<i>MB AC</i>	Robert Schumann	[5.20]

Total timings: [38.00]

CD2

[1]	Nocturne , Op. 13 No. 4	<i>MF</i>	Samuel Barber	[3.32]
[2]	Sun, Moon and Stars	<i>MB</i>	Elizabeth Maconchy	[3.51]
[3]	Clair de lune , Op. 83 No. 1	<i>AC</i>	Joseph Szulc	[3.25]
[4]	Damunt de tu només les flors	<i>CM</i>	Federico Mompou	[4.22]
[5]	Guitares et mandolines	<i>MF</i>	Camille Saint-Saëns	[1.49]
[6]	Apparition	<i>MB</i>	Claude Debussy	[3.48]
[7]	La nuit , Op. 11 No. 1	<i>MB MF</i>	Ernest Chausson	[2.47]
[8]	L'heure exquisite	<i>CM</i>	Reynaldo Hahn	[2.51]
[9]	La fuite	<i>CM MF</i>	Henri Duparc	[3.15]
[10]	Rêvons, c'est l'heure	<i>MB CM</i>	Jules Massenet	[5.04]
[11]	Clair de lune , Op. 46 No. 2	<i>AC</i>	Gabriel Fauré	[2.56]
[12]	Pleurs d'or , Op. 72	<i>AC MF</i>	Gabriel Fauré	[2.47]
[13]	Tarentelle , Op. 10 No. 2	<i>MB CM</i>	Gabriel Fauré	[2.17]

Total timings: [42.47]

THE MYRTHEN ENSEMBLE
 MARY BEVAN SOPRANO [MB] ALLAN CLAYTON TENOR [AC]
 CLARA MOURIZ MEZZO SOPRANO [CM] MARCUS FARNSWORTH BARITONE [MF]
 JOSEPH MIDDLETON PIANO

'Ah, moon of my delight'

Art-song exists in western music as one of the most intimate and concentrated modes of expression; the delivery of a text and its music are communicated through the medium of the natural human voice and a piano. The wish to explore the chamber-music element of this life-enhancing art form was the thinking behind the Myrthen Ensemble's inception and for our début disc together we wanted to record the very first programme we explored. The idea of programming a CD around a theme is not new of course, but we hope nevertheless that presenting these songs, bound together as they are with a leitmotif, will interest the listener and throw new light on well-known repertoire as well as uncovering a few lesser-known gems.

The moon has, since antiquity, inspired artists, musicians and wordsmiths. The programme on this disc looks to its many characteristics for inspiration. The songs are at turns consoling, sometimes seductive in serenades and occasionally paint the moon as a threatening force through its extinguishing of the sun's rays. The moon's silver beams cast their magic in music by Brahms and Schumann

in the first of these CDs and in the second, inspire the exquisite treatment of *Clair de lune* by a selection of the finest French song composers. Short English nocturnal overtures begin each disc. A lunar landscape provides much material for the keen listener willing to delve into the highways and byways of the song literature and we hope you enjoy this repertoire as much as we do.

Joseph Middleton 2016

SONGS TO THE MOON

Peter Warlock quickly realized that he was unable to compose in large scale forms, and his work list is made up almost entirely of songs and choral music. Following the publication of his first songs – characterized by highly singable melodies and an accompaniment that supports but never overwhelms the voice with a fine blend of original harmonies and skilful part-writing – he devoted most of his time to editing a controversial magazine, *The Sackbut*. In 1921, however, at his mother's home in Wales, he began the most prolific period of his composing life, wrote hundreds of transcriptions, a book on Delius and some fine compositions. The *Three Belloc Songs* date 1926, and this fascinating CD of nocturnal songs opens with **The night**, in which Warlock instructs the singer to sing *soft and chant-like, very slowly*, as the poet beseeches 'Most Holy Night' to 'cheat me with your false delight' and grant him repose in death. The song, which rarely rises above *p* and ends *ppp*, requires a peerless *legato*.

The Brahms group opens with **Nächtens**, the second song of Op. 112, for SATB. This is no serene nocturne, but one of illusion, grief,

anxiety and madness, mirrored in the unusual and restless 5/4 metre. The four duets of Opus 28, from which we hear the second, were composed between 1860 and 1862, published in 1864 and dedicated to Frau Amalie Joachim, who had recently married the celebrated violinist, and whose dark contralto was soon to perform many of Brahms finest Lieder. **Vor der Tür** (a seventeenth century poem taken from Hoffmann von Fallersleben's *Die deutschen Gesellschaftslieder des 16. und 17 Jahrhunderts*), begins in a solo manner, as first the man pleads to be let in, and then the woman refuses his request. The voices join in the third verse, but she remains firm, and the lover is left, as in 'Vergebliches Ständchen', to languish outside. **Unbewegte laue Luft**, like Mozart's 'An Chloe' and Richard Strauss's 'Ständchen', culminates in music of undisguised sexual fulfilment. The very first phrase introduces the chromaticism that lends an erotic charge to the song. The stillness is broken by right hand trills that depict the splashing of a fountain; then, with a change of tempo, agitated broken chords in the accompaniment and rising vocal phrases, the music begins to express the ardour of the poet's words. **Der Gang zum Liebchen** from Op. 48 was composed in 1858 – a strophic setting of a folksong

Brahms had found in the second volume of the Kretschmer-Zuccalmaglio *Deutsche Volkslieder* collection, where it appeared under the title 'From the Lower Rhine'. It's an intimate song with a broad cantilena and a codetta-like postlude that comments on the final vocal phrase in both the middle and the bass register. **Walpurgisnacht**, like all the duets of Opus 75, is of the dialogue type. The two sopranos depict the mother and child. The girl's questions become more and more agitated as she gradually realizes that her mother was not only present at the Walpurgis Night celebrations but is actually a witch; as in Loewe's 'Edward', a series of exchanges reveals successive layers of dreadful truths, which are intensified by ever more dramatic music. Clara Schumann, it is said, trembled happily at the noises in the chimney (stanza 8), and pitied those who could only giggle.

Ständchen, to a poem by Franz Kugler, was inspired by the voice of the beautiful Agathe Siebold, and contains a cryptic reference to her name (Gathe) in the opening melody. Kugler's poem mentions not only zithers, but flutes and fiddles too.

When the serenaders are introduced in verse 2, the violin and flute can be heard duetting in sixths, while alternating spread chords introduce the third instrument at 'Zither' and 'spielen'. We learn in the final verse that the girl chooses the fair-haired lover and ditches the other two. The unrequited lover standing outside his sweetheart's door or window is a recurring theme of many Brahms songs – an indication of the composer's timidity and lack of confidence in his dealings with the fair sex. Schiller's poem **Der Abend** describes Phoebus in his chariot being drawn down the sky by his horses, as evening falls. Verse two depicts Thetis, one of the sea deities, rising from the waves and smiling seductively at the sun god. Brahms transforms this stock Classical theme into something special. After the galloping horses (to a staccato piano accompaniment) reach Thetis, and Phoebus springs from his chariot into her arms, there is a wonderful moment of inspiration. As the piano falls silent to indicate that the chariot has halted, the horses drink deeply from the ocean in long, melting, legato phrases, marked *dolce* and *diminuendo*. The succession of dotted minims and the fermata at the end of the song suggest that Phoebus is now at rest in post-coital bliss! Brahms

found the poem **Vergebliches Ständchen** in the *Deutsche Volkslieder* collection, edited by Kretschmer and Zuccalmaglio, and it is one of his finest and wittiest songs which he professed, in a letter to Hanslick, to prize above all others. Singer and accompanist are instructed to perform 'lebhaft und gut gelaunt' (with animation and good humour), and Gerald Moore in *Singer and accompanist* (Methuen, 1953) is surely right to interpret the *sforzando*, three bars from the end, as the sound of the window being slammed by the young girl in her lover's face.

And so to Schumann. The text of **Unterm Fenster** from Op. 34 was changed significantly by the composer: every other line in the Burns original ended with the impossible to sing "quo' Findlay", which Gerhard rendered variously as 'Ich bin es!', 'Gar Süßes!', 'O öffne!', 'Mit Freuden!' and other rapturous exclamations. Schumann responded with a pulsing song in A major, at the end of which Findlay, like Schumann, eventually triumphed. Eichendorff's **Mondnacht** speaks of sky and earth, age-old symbols for male and female, and their imagined kiss inspired in Schumann a motif of descending fifths in the piano's left hand that first appears in bars 10-13, and is then repeated

three more times, thus binding sky and earth – and the whole song – together. The motif, in German notation, reads E-H-E (marriage). Cryptology was dear to Schumann's heart, and his message must have been crystal clear to Clara, who had already received a letter from him, in which he described 'Ehe' as a 'sehr musikalisches Wort'. The **Zwei Venetianische Lieder** (both translations by Freiligrath of poems from Thomas Moore's Irish Melodies) are from *Myrthen*, Schumann's wedding present to Clara. **Wenn durch die Piazzetta**, the second of the two, is a song about elopement, and is printed as song 18 – or R: did Robert regard this as a reference to his own role in whisking Clara away from her father's clutches? In the first of the songs, Schumann, via Thomas Moore, consciously says farewell to bachelordom. **Die Lotusblume** (also from *Myrthen*) is marked 'sehr langsam' ('very slowly'); this rapt love song, like 'Widmung', boasts a melody of miraculous beauty; no matter if the prosody is not quite right (the rest between 'ängstigt' and 'sich' is syntactically awkward), the magical tune more than makes up for any technical shortcomings in word-setting. **In der Nacht** from the *Spanisches Liederspiel* more than matches Wolf's great version of the same text.

It is set as a duet for soprano and tenor, and expresses the lovers' mutual passion in a long and aching vocal phrase, begun by the soprano, echoed by the tenor and then finally shared. There can be no deeper expression in the entire song repertoire of the power of love to banish sleep.

Song, opera and choral works represent over half of Samuel Barber's output. Born in 1910, he started writing for the voice at a precocious age, and was encouraged by his aunt, Louise Homer, the Metropolitan Opera contralto, whose husband was the distinguished song composer Sidney Homer. Barber tells how she, after an exhausting day in the recording studio with the likes of Caruso and Galli-Curci, would often sing through his early songs, such as 'Daisies', written in 1927. **Nocturne**, the last of his *Four Songs Op. 13*, was composed in 1940 to a poem by his friend Frederic Prokosch who, in his memoirs, *Voices*, relates how one day he heard Sir Thomas Beecham informally singing, to his own accompaniment, "my good friend Samuel Barber's setting of my poem 'Nocturne.'"

Dame Elizabeth Maconchy, more attracted by the European modernism of Bartók and Janáček than English pastoralism, composed in a great variety of forms, including song, favouring such poets as Byron, Day Lewis, Donne, Hopkins, MacNeice, Shelley, Shakespeare and Traherne. **Sun, Moon and Stars** (Maconchy's title), the first song of a cycle of four, known by the same name, sets a poem from Traherne's *Centuries III, 2* – a series of meditations in which the poet, recognizing that he is God's child, exults in all aspects of God's creation on earth. The conscious delight in all these divine manifestations expresses the mutual love felt between him and God. This rapturous joy – unparalleled in any other writer of the seventeenth century, except perhaps Barthold Hinrich Brockes in his *Irdisches Vergnügen in Gott* (see Handel's *Neun Deutsche Lieder*) – is expressed in a poetic prose, reminiscent of the heightened diction of the Psalms, that breathes a wonderful sense of peace and rapture, quite unclouded by any notion of original sin. The reader is encouraged to view God's creation with the wonder and simplicity of a child.

Clair de lune, one of Verlaine's most celebrated poems from *Fêtes galantes*, has been set by a huge variety of composers, including Debussy (twice), Fauré, Charpentier, Diepenbrock and Josef Szulc. Szulc belonged to a family of famous Polish musicians, and his *Dix Mélodies Sur des Poésies de Verlaine*, Op. 83, are divided between high and low voice. Made famous by a recording with Maggie Teyte and Gerald Moore (1941), his 'Clair de lune' is a fine song that is not entirely eclipsed by the more famous settings by Fauré and Debussy.

Frederic Mompou (1893-1987), like Manuel de Falla, lived for a time (from 1911-1914 and again between 1921 and 1941) in Paris; his mother was of French descent, and Paris was for many Catalans not only a cultural Mecca but also a haven from the repressive centralist Spanish state in the early years of the twentieth century. Several of Mompou's forty or so songs – some of them composed to French texts by Paul Valéry and others – were published in Paris by Editions Salabert, and the first set of his *Comptines* were dedicated to Jane Bathori, the French soprano who created Ravel's *Schéhérazade* and *Histoires naturelles*. Mompou returned to his native Barcelona with the fall of France, and died

there in 1987. Many of his songs are to Catalan texts, the most beautiful of which is **Damunt de tu només les flors** ('Above you naught but flowers'), the first song of *Combat del somni* (1942) to a text by the Catalan poet Josep Janés.

The text of **Guitares et mandolines** is by the composer himself, so Saint-Saëns joins that select breed, which includes Schubert, Schumann, Cornelius, Messiaen, Berlioz and Koechlin, who set their own words to music. The song is one of many evocations of Spain in the song repertoire – the repeated right hand notes of the accompaniment cleverly suggest the plucking of the plectrum.

Mallarmé's **Apparition** was written when he was twenty years old, and Debussy's setting dates from 1884, when the poet was largely unknown. He dedicated it to Mme Marie-Blanche Vasnier, the wife of a Parisian architect who, with her husband, fostered the young composer's talent by inviting him regularly to their home, where she in her high soprano would perform his most recent songs. Their friendship developed into a passion, and before he left for Rome Debussy presented her with a slim volume of 13 songs.

Théodore de Banville, a poet favoured by the young Debussy and vilified by the even younger Rimbaud, has been widely set by mélodie composers who detected a melodic immediacy, a structural simplicity and an emotional directness about his poetry. **La nuit** comes from the *Rondels composés à la manière de Charles d'Orléans*, a collection of 24 poems, of which Reynaldo Hahn set 12 – not as many as the quirky Charles Koechlin who composed 23 of the 24. Koechlin set 'La nuit' as a solo song and Hahn as a piano accompanied choral trio for sopranos, contraltos and tenors. Chausson's duet, composed in September 1883, is one of his happiest songs and is remarkable for the way in which the accompaniment – now semiquavers, now quavers – gradually descend the stave to depict the sunset and the ensuing content.

Paul Verlaine was one of Reynaldo Hahn's favourite poets, and on a famous occasion, at the house of Alphonse Daudet in 1893, Sibil Sanderson (the dedicatee of 'L'énamourée') performed Hahn's Verlaine cycle, *Chansons grises*, in front of the poet. Verlaine, who did not care for Fauré's settings of his poems, was greatly moved by Hahn's songs, and

wept as he listened. **L'heure exquise** is the fifth song of the set, and should be heard in a remarkable performance recorded in 1929 by Ninon Vallin with Hahn himself at the piano (EMI, Références).

Henri Duparc's output is exiguous: no more than seventeen songs survive, but on them rests his reputation as one of the greatest composers in the history of the mélodie. They were composed between the ages of twenty and thirty-seven, after which he lived for another forty-eight years without publishing – and hardly writing – another note. Unlike Fauré, three years his senior, who by the age of twenty had already produced a fair corpus of juvenile songs, Duparc's first mélodies, from 'Chanson triste' on, reveal his fully developed genius. **La fuite** (1871) sets a poem by Théophile Gautier and takes the form of a duet between Kadidja and Ahmed. The girl suggests to her lover that they should elope together, and when he proves faint-hearted, she assures him that her eyelashes will shade him from the sun and, if there's no water along the route, they will drink the tears of her joy. There is also a setting by Bizet.

Jules Massenet's mélodies have been somewhat sidelined in recent years – not without some justification. He probably composed too many songs (with over 260 to his credit he is one of the most prolific of all composers of mélodies), and he chose poems that were decidedly second or third rate. You look in vain on any worklist for the great poets of France, although – oddly – he was the first composer to set a Verlaine poem: the beautiful duet **Rêvons, c'est l'heure** (1871), which is known as 'L'heure exquise' in other famous settings.

Gabriel Fauré composed more than 100 mélodies, and was very little influenced by contemporaries such as Debussy and Ravel. The style of his songs develops from the gracefully melodic early *mélodies*, through the productive second period, to the late songs – mostly cycles – which display a simplicity, austerity and purity that are quite unlike anything else in song literature. **Clair de lune**, Fauré's first Verlaine setting, dates from 1887, five years after Debussy's version of the same poem. It is one of his finest compositions, a piano piece with vocal obbligato of breathtaking beauty that evokes the masked

figures of the *commedia dell' arte* in an eighteenth century landscape, familiar to us from the paintings of Antoine Watteau. With a touch of genius, Fauré allows the voice to mingle with the piano accompaniment at the moment when Verlaine describes the song of the masqueraders blending with the moonlight: 'Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune'. The key is B flat minor and should not be tampered with, since this tonality expresses so perfectly the wistfulness of the poem. **Pleurs d'or** (1896) was composed in London for a concert in St James's Hall on 1 May 1896. The original title was 'Larmes', but Fauré, fearing that this would be confused with his earlier Richepin setting, asked the poet Samain to supply a new title. This delicious duet, with its long descending whole-tone phrases and triplet arpeggio accompaniment, is a fine way to end a shared Fauré recital. And so is **Tarentelle**, a setting of a poem by Marc Monnier which, in Monnier's *Poésies*, is followed by a sequel which reveals that the Tarantella is set in Naples. Fauré composed this virtuoso duet while he was in love with Marianne V iardot, and the operatic arrangement was destined to be sung by Marianne and her sister Claudie. This technically difficult *moto*

perpetuo music, quivering with erotic melismas, was first performed with the other duet of Op. 10 ('Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme') during a concert of the Société Nationale de la Musique on 10 April 1875. With Messenger's help, Fauré orchestrated it later in the year.

Richard Stokes © 2016

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

CD1

1 The night

Most holy Night, that still dost keep
The keys of all the doors of sleep,
To me when my tired eyelids close
Give thou repose.

And let the far lament of them
That chaunt the dead day's requiem
Make in my ears, who wakeful lie,
Soft lullaby.

Let them that guard the horned moon
By my bedside their memories croon.
So shall I have new dreams and blest
In my brief rest.

Fold your great wings about my face,
Hide dawning from my resting-place,
And cheat me with your false delight,
Most Holy Night.

Text: Hilaire Belloc (1870-1953)
'The Night' from Complete Verse by Hilaire Belloc reprinted by
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on behalf of the Estate of Hilaire Belloc

2 Nächstens

Nächstens wachen auf die irren,
Lügenmächt'gen Spukgestalten,
Welche deinen Sinn verwirren.

Nächstens ist im Blumengarten
Reif gefallen, daß vergebens
Du der Blumen würdest warten.

Nächstens haben Gram und Sorgen
In dein Herz sich eingenistet,
Und auf Tränen blickt der Morgen.

Text: Franz Theodor Kugler (1808-1858)

3 Vor der Tür

Tritt auf den Riegel von der Tür,
Wie gern käm' ich herein
Um dich zu küssen.
'Ich lass' dich nicht herein,
Schleich immer heim ganz sacht
Auf deinen Füßen.'

Wohl kann ich schleichen sacht
Wie Mondenschein,
Steh nur auf, laß mich ein;
Das will ich von dir haben,

During the night

*During the night the insane
Mighty, illusory apparitions awake
That confuse your senses.*

*During the night in the flower garden
Hoarfrost fell, so that
You would wait in vain for blossoms.*

*During the night grief and anxiety
Settled in your heart,
And the morning looks upon tears.*

Outside the door

*Draw back the bolt from the door,
How I would love to come in
To kiss you.
'I'll not let you in,
Creep back home as soft as you can
On your feet.'*

*I can of course creep as softly
As moonlight,
Only get up and let me in;
That's what I want from you,*

O Mägdlein, deinen Knaben
Laß ein!

Text: Anonymous

4 Unbewegte laue Luft

Unbewegte laue Luft,
Tiefe Ruhe der Natur,
Durch die stille Gartennacht
Plätschert die Fontäne nur,
Aber im Gemüte schwillt
Heißere Begierde mir,
Aber in der Ader quillt
Leben und verlangt nach Leben.
Sollten nicht auch deine Brust
Sehnlichere Wünsche heben?
Sollte meiner Seele Ruf
Nicht die deine tief durchbeben?
Leise mit dem Ätherfuß
Säume nicht daher zu schweben!
Komm, o komm, damit wir uns
Himmliche Genüge geben!

Text: Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800–1875)

*O maiden, let your
Lad in!*

Motionless mild air

*Motionless mild air,
Nature deep at rest,
Through the still garden night
Only the fountain splashes,
But my soul swells
With a more ardent desire,
Life surges in my veins
And yearns for life.
Should not your breast too
Heave with more passionate longing?
Should not the cry of my soul
Quiver deeply through your own?
Softly on ethereal feet
Glide to me, do not delay!
Come, ah! come, that we might
Give each other heavenly satisfaction!*

5 Der Gang zum Liebchen

Es glänzt der Mond nieder,
Ich sollte doch wieder
Zu meinem Liebchen,
Wie mag es ihr gehn?

Ach weh, sie verzaget
Und klaget, und klaget,
Daß sie mich nimmer
Im Leben wird sehn!

Es ging der Mond unter,
Ich eilte doch munter,
Und eilte, daß keiner
Mein Liebchen entführt.

Ihr Täubchen, o girret,
Ihr Lüftchen, o schwirret,
Daß keiner mein Liebchen,
Mein Liebchen entführt!

Text: Anonymous., trs. Joseph Wenzig

6 Walpurgisnacht

Lieb' Mutter, heut' Nacht heulte Regen und Wind.
"Ist heute der erste Mai, liebes Kind!"

Lieb' Mutter, es donnerte auf dem Brocken oben.
"Lieb' Kind, es waren die Hexen droben."

The walk to the beloved

*The moon shines down,
So I should set out
Again to my love,
How is she, I wonder?*

*Alas, she's despairing
And lamenting, lamenting
She'll never see
Me again in her life!*

*The moon went down,
I hurried off happily,
Hurried so that no one
Should steal my love away.*

*Keep cooing, you doves,
Keep whispering, you breezes,
So that no one
Should steal my love from me!*

Walpurgis night

*Dear Mother, this night the rain and wind howled.
'Today is the first of May, dear child!'*

*Dear Mother, it thundered up on the Brocken.
'Dear child, it was the witches up there!'*

Liebe Mutter, ich möcht' keine Hexen sehn.
"Liebes Kind, es ist wohl schon oft geschehn."

Liebe Mutter, ob im Dorf wohl Hexen sind?
"Sie sind dir wohl näher, mein liebes Kind."

Ach, Mutter, worauf fliegen die Hexen zum Berg?
"Auf Nebel, auf Rauch, auf loderndem Werg."

Ach, Mutter, was reiten die Hexen beim Spiel?
"Sie reiten, sie reiten den Besenstiel."

Ach, Mutter, was fegten im Dorfe die Besen!
"Es sind auch viel Hexen auf'm Berge gewesen!"

Ach, Mutter, was hat es im Schornstein gekracht!
"Es flog auch wohl Eine hinaus über Nacht."

Ach, Mutter, dein Besen war die Nacht nicht zu
Haus!
"Lieb's Kind, so war er zum Brocken hinaus."

Ach, Mutter, dein Bett war leer in der Nacht!
"Deine Mutter hat oben auf dem Blocksberg
gewacht."

Text: Willibald Alexis (1798-1871)

*Dear Mother, I don't want to see any witches.
'Dear child, you probably already often have.'*

*Dear Mother, are there really witches in the village?
'They're even closer to you, dear child.'*

*Ah, Mother, on what do witches fly to the mountain?
'On mist, on smoke, on burning tow.'*

*Ah, Mother, what do witches ride when playing?
'They ride, they ride on broomsticks.'*

*Ah, Mother, how the brooms were sweeping the
village!
'That's because they're many witches on the mountain.'*

*Ah, Mother, there was such a crash in the chimney!
'One probably flew out in the night.'*

*Ah, Mother, your broom was not in the house last
night!
'Dear child, then it was out on the Brocken.'*

*Ah, Mother, your bed was empty last night!
'Your Mother was on watch up on the Blocksberg.'*

7 Ständchen

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut;
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.

Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei
Mit Flöt und Geig und Zither
Und singen und spielen dabei.

Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt: „Vergiß nicht mein!“

Text: Franz Kugler

8 Der Abend

Senke, strahlender Gott, die Fluren dürsten
Nach erquickendem Tau,
der Mensch verschmachtet,
Matter ziehen die Rosse,
Senke den Wagen hinab.

Siehe, wer aus des Meers kristall'ner Woge
Lieblich lächelnd dir winkt!

Serenade

*The moon shines over the mountain,
Just right for people in love;
A fountain purls in the garden –
Otherwise silence far and wide.*

*By the wall in the shadows,
Three students stand
With flute and fiddle and zither,
And sing and play.*

*The sounds steal softly into the dreams
Of the loveliest of girls,
She sees her fair-headed lover
And whispers 'Remember me!'*

Evening

*Sink, radiant god, the meadows thirst
For refreshing dew,
man languishes,
The horses pull more weakly,
Let the chariot sink down.*

*See who from the ocean's crystalline waves
Beckons to you lovingly!*

Erkennt dein Herz sie?
Rascher fliegen die Rosse,
Tethys, die göttliche, winkt.

Schnell vom Wagen herab in ihre Arme
Springt der Führer, den Zaum ergreift Cupido,
Stille halten die Rosse,
Trinken die kühlende Flut.

An dem Himmel herauf mit leisen Schritten
Kommt die duftende Nacht; ihr folgt die süße
Liebe. Ruhet and liebet!
Phöbus, der liebende, ruht.

Text: Friedrich von Schiller (1759-1805)

9 Vergebliches Ständchen

Er
Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
Guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm aus Lieb zu dir,
Ach, mach mir auf die Tür,
Mach mir auf die Tür!

Sie
Mein Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich laß dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät mir klug,

*Does your heart recognize her?
The horses fly more swiftly,
Divine Tethys beckons.*

*Quickly the driver springs down from the chariot
Into her arms, Cupid seizes the bridle,
The horses do not stir,
They drink the cooling water.*

*With gentle steps fragrant night
Creeps up to the heavens; followed by sweet
Love. Rest and love!
Amorous Phoebus is sleeping.*

Vain serenade

He
Good evening, my sweetheart,
Good evening, my child!
I come because I love you,
Ah! open up your door to me,
Open up your door!

She
My door's locked,
I won't let you in;
Mother gave me good advice,

Wärst du herein mit Fug,
Wärs mit mir vorbei!

Er
So kalt ist die Nacht,
So eisig der Wind,
Daß mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein Lieb erlöschten wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Sie
Löschet dein Lieb,
Laß sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh heim zu Bett, zur Ruh,
Gute Nacht, mein Knab!

Text: Anonymous

10 Unterm Fenster

Wer ist vor meiner Kammertür?
Ich bin es!
Geh, schier dich fort, was suchst du hier?
Gar Süßes!
Du kommst im Dunkeln wie ein Dieb.
So fang mich!
Du hast mich wohl ein wenig lieb?
Von Herzen!

*If you were allowed in,
All would be over with me!*

He
The night's so cold,
The wind's so icy,
My heart is freezing,
My love will go out;
Open up, my child!

She
If your love goes out,
Then let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
Then go home to bed and go to sleep,
Good night, my lad!

Beneath the window

*Who's at my bedroom door?
It's me!
Be off with you, what d'you want here?
Something very sweet!
You've come in the dark just like a thief.
Why not catch me, then?
Don't you love me just a little?
With all my heart!*

Und öffnet ich nach deinem Wunsch?
O öffne!
Da wär ja Schlaf und Ruhe hin!
Laß hin sein!
Ein Tauber du im Taubenschlag?
Beim Täubchen!
Du girrtest bis zum hellen Tag?
Wohl möglich!

Nein, nimmer laß ich dich herein!
Tu's dennoch!
Du stelltest wohl dich täglich ein?
Mit Freuden!
Wie keck du bist und was du wagst!
So darf ich?
Daß du's nur keiner Seele sagst!
Gewiß nicht!

Text: Robert Burns (1759-1796), trs. Wilhelm Gerhard

11 Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküßt,
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nur träumen müßt'.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Dei Ähren wogten sacht,

*And what if I opened the door as you ask?
Open it!
That would be the end of sleep and rest!
Let them be!
Are you a dove in a dovecote?
With his mate!
Will you coo until dawn?
Most likely!*

*No, I'll never let you in!
Do it all the same!
I'll bet you'd want to come each day?
I'd love to!
How presumptuous and brazen you are!
Then may I?
As long as you don't tell a soul!
Of course not!*

Moonlit night

*It was as though Heaven
Had softly kissed the Earth,
So that she in a gleam of blossom
Had now to dream of him.*

*The breeze passed through the fields,
The corn swayed gently to and fro,*

Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

Text: Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Zwei Venetianische Lieder

12

Leis' rudern hier, mein Gondolier! die Flut vom
Ruder sprühn
So leise laß, daß sie uns nur vernimmt, zu der
wir zieh'n!
O könnte, wie er schauen kann, der Himmel reden
– traun,
Er spräche Vieles wohl von dem, was Nachts die
Sterne schau'n!

Nun rasten hier, mein Gondolier! Ins Boot die
Ruder! sacht!
Auf zum Balkone schwing' ich mich, doch du
hältst unten Wacht.
O wollten halb so eifrig nur dem Himmel wir
uns weih'n,
Als schöner Weiber Diensten – traun, wir könnten
Engel sein!

*The forests murmured softly,
The night was so clear with stars.*

*And my soul spread
Her wings out wide,
Flew across the silent land,
As though flying home.*

Two Venetian airs

*Row gently here, my gondolier,
ply the water gently,
So that only she, to whom we glide, shall hear
us coming!
Oh, if only heaven could speak and reveal all that
it sees,
It would tell much about what the stars discern
at night!*

*Now stay here, my gondolier, gently into the boat
with your oar!
Gently, gently! While I climb the balcony, you keep
watch beneath.
Oh, if we devoted ourselves to heaven
as eagerly
As we seek favours of fair women,
we could be angels!*

13

Wenn durch die Piazzetta
 Die Abendluft weht,
 Dann weißt du, Ninetta,
 Wer wartend hier steht.
 Du weißt, wer trotz Schleier
 Und Maske dich kennt,
 Wie Amor die Venus
 Am Nachtfirmament.

Ein Schifferkleid trag' ich
 Zur selbigen Zeit,
 Und zitternd dir sag' ich:
 Das Boot liegt bereit!
 O komm, wo den Mond
 Noch Wolken umziehen,
 Laß durch die Lagunen,
 Mein Leben, uns fliehn!

Text: Thomas Moore (1779-1852), trs. Ferdinand Freiligrath

14 Die Lotosblume

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
 Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
 Und mit gesenktem Haupte
 Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

*When through the Piazzetta
 The night air drifts,
 Then you know, Ninetta,
 Who's waiting here.
 You know who, despite your veil
 And mask, recognizes you;
 As Amor knows Venus
 In the night sky.*

*At that very hour
 I'll come dressed as a gondolier,
 And trembling, tell you:
 The boat lies ready!
 O come now, while the moon
 Is covered in clouds,
 Let us flee, my love,
 Across the lagoons!*

The lotus-flower

*The lotus-flower fears
 The sun's splendour,
 And with bowed head,
 Dreaming, awaits the night.*

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle,
 Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
 Und ihm entschleierte sie freundlich
 Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
 Und starret stumm in die Höh';.
 Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
 Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

Text: Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

15 In der Nacht

Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh,
 Alle schlafen, nur nicht du.

Denn der hoffnungslose Kummer
 Scheucht von deinem Bett den Schlummer,
 Und dein Sinnen schweift in stummer
 Sorge seiner Liebe zu.

Text: Anonymous., trs. Emanuel Geibel

*The moon is her lover,
 He wakes her with his light,
 And to him she tenderly unveils
 Her innocent flower-like face.*

*She blooms and glows and gleams,
 And gazes silently aloft –
 Fragrant and weeping and trembling
 With love and the pain of love.*

In the night

*All have gone to rest, O heart,
 All are sleeping, all but you.*

*For hopeless grief
 Banishes slumber from your bed,
 And your thoughts fly in speechless
 Sorrow to your love.*

CD2

1 Nocturne

*Close, my darling, both your eyes,
Let your arms lie still at last.
Calm the lake of falsehood lies
And the wind of lust has passed,*

*Waves across these hopeless sands
Fill my heart and end my day,
Underneath your moving hands
All my aching flows away.*

*Even the human pyramids
Blaze with such a longing now:
Close, my love, your trembling lids,
Let the midnight heal your brow.*

*Northward flames Orion's horn,
Westward the Egyptian light.
None to watch us, none to warn
But the blind eternal night.*

Text: Frederic Prokosch (1906-1989)

2 Sun, Moon and Stars

*All appeared New, and Strange at [the] first,
inexpressibly rare, and Delightfull, and Beautifull.
[...] The Streets were mine, the Temple was mine,
the People were mine [...], and so were the Sun
and Moon and Stars, and all the World was mine.
All Things were Spotles and Pure and Glorious:
yea and infinitely mine, and Joyfull and Precious.
[...] But little did the Infant dream that all the
treasures of the world were by. And that himself
was so the cream and crown of all, which round
about did lie.*

Text: Thomas Traherne (1636-1674)

3 & 11 Clair de lune

*Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.*

*Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,*

*Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.*

Text: Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

4 Damunt de tu només les flors

*Damunt de tu només les flors.
Eren com una ofrena blanca:
La llum que daven al teu cos
Mai més seria de la branca;*

*Tota una vida de perfum
Amb el seu bes t'era donada.
Tu respndies de la llum
Per l'esguard clos atesorada.*

Moonlight

*Your soul is a chosen landscape
Bewitched by masque and bergamasque,
Playing the lute and dancing and almost
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.*

*Singing as they go in a minor key
Of conquering love and life's favours,
They don't quite seem to believe in their fortune
And their song mingles with the light of the moon,*

*The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,
That sets the birds dreaming in the trees
And the fountains sobbing in their rapture,
Tall and svelte amid the marble statues.*

Above you naught but flowers

*Above you naught but flowers.
They were like a white offering:
The light they shed on your body
Will nevermore belong to the branch.*

*An entire life of perfume
Was given you with their kiss.
You were resplendent in the light,
Treasured by your closed eyes.*

Si hagués pogut ésser sospir
De flor! Donar-me, com un lliç,
A tu, perquè la meva vida

S'anés marçint sobre el teu pit.
I no saber mai més la nit,
Que al teu costat fóra esvaïda.

Text: Josep Janés (1913-1959)

5 Guitares et mandolines

Guitares et mandolines
Ont des sons qui font aimer.
Tout en croquant des pralines
Pépa se laisse charmer
Quand, jetant dièses, bécarras,
Mandolines et guitares
Vibrent pour la désarmer.

Mandoline avec guitare
Accompagnent de leur bruit
Les amants suivant le phare
De la beauté dans la nuit.
Et Juana montre, féline,
(Guitare avec mandoline)
Sa bouche et son œil qui lui.

Text: Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

*Could I have been the sigh
Of a flower! Given myself as a lily,
That my life might*

*Wither over your breast,
Nevermore to know the night,
Vanished from your side.*

Guitar and mandolin

*Guitar and mandolin
Cause you to fall in love.
While crunching pralines,
Pepe lets herself be charmed
When, sounding sharps and flats,
Mandolin and guitar
Resound to disarm her.*

*Mandolin and guitar
Accompany with their sound
Lovers who follow the beacon
Of beauty in the night;
And feline Juana reveals
(Guitar and mandolin)
Her mouth and gleaming eyes.*

6 Apparition

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme
des fleurs
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles.
- C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui l'a cueilli.
J'errais donc, l'œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli,
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.

Text: Stéphane Mallarmé (1842-1898)

7 La nuit

Nous bénissons la douce Nuit
Dont le frais baiser nous délivre.
Sous ses voiles on se sent vivre
Sans inquiétude et sans bruit.

Apparition

*The moon grew sad. Weeping seraphim,
Dreaming, bows in hand, in the calm of hazy
Flowers, drew from dying violets
White sobs that glided over the corollas' blue.
- It was the blessed day of your first kiss.
My dreaming, glad to torment me,
Grew skilfully drunk on the perfumed sadness
That - without regret or bitter after-taste -
The harvest of a Dream leaves in the reaper's heart.
And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the old paving
stones,
When with sun-flecked hair, in the street
And in the evening, you appeared laughing before me
And I thought I glimpsed the fairy with her cap of light
Who long ago crossed my lovely spoilt child's
slumbers,
Always allowing from her half-closed hands
White bouquets of scented flowers to snow.*

Night

*We bless the sweet night,
Whose cool kiss sets us free.
Beneath its veils we feel we live
Without noise or anxiety.*

Le souci dévorant s'enfuit,
Le parfum de l'air nous enivre;
Nous bénissons la douce Nuit
Dont le frais baiser nous délivre.

Pâle songeur qu'un Dieu poursuit,
Repose-toi, ferme ton livre.
Dans les cieux blancs comme du givre
Un flot d'astres frissonne et luit.
Nous bénissons la douce Nuit
Dont le frais baiser nous délivre.

Text: Théodore de Banville (1823-1891)

8 L'heure exquise

10 Rêvons, c'est l'heure

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée ...

O bien-aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure ...

*Devouring care slips away,
The fragrant air enraptures us;
We bless the sweet night,
Whose cool kiss sets us free.*

*Pale dreamer whom a god pursues,
Rest, and close your book.
In the heavens as white as rime
A stream of stars quivers and shines,
We bless the sweet night.*

**Exquisite hour
Let us dream, it is the hour**

*The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...*

O my beloved.

*The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...*

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise ...

C'est l'heure exquise.

Text: Paul Verlaine

9 La fuite

*Kadidja
Au firmament sans étoile,
La lune éteint ses rayons;
La nuit nous prête son voile;
Fuyons! fuyons!*

*Ahmed
Ne crains-tu pas la colère
De tes frères insolents,
Le désespoir de ton père,
De ton père aux sourcils blancs?*

*Kadidja
Que m'importent mépris, blâme,
Dangers, malédictions!*

Let us dream, it is the hour.

*A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines ...*

Exquisite hour.

Escape

*Kadidja
In the starless sky
The moon extinguishes its rays;
Night lends us her veil;
Let us flee! Let us flee!*

*Ahmed
Do you not fear the anger
Of your insolent brothers,
The despair of your father,
Your white-haired father?*

*Kadidja
What do I care for scorn, rebuke,
Dangers, imprecations!*

C'est en toi que vit mon âme.
Fuyons! fuyons!

Ahmed

Le cœur me manque; je tremble,
Et, dans mon sein traversé,
De leur kandjar il me semble
Sentir le contact glacé!

Kadidja

Née au désert, ma cavale
Sur les blés, dans les sillons,
Volerait, des vents rivale.
Fuyons! fuyons!

Ahmed

Au désert infranchissable,
Sans parasol, pour jeter
Un peu d'ombre sur la sable,
Sans tente pour m'abriter...

Kandidja

Mes cils te feront de l'ombre,
Et, la nuit, nous dormirons
Sous mes cheveux, tente sombre,
Fuyons! fuyons!

*My soul lives in you.
Let us flee! Let us flee!*

Ahmed

*My heart fails me; I tremble,
And in my pierced heart
I seem to feel the icy
Touch of their khanjars!*

Kadidja

*My desert-born mare
Would fly across the wheat,
Along the furrows, vying with the winds.
Let us flee! Let us flee!*

Ahmed

*To the impassable desert,
With no parasol to cast
A little shade on the sand,
With no tent to shelter me...*

Kadidja

*My eyelashes shall shade you,
And at night we shall sleep
Beneath the dark tent of my hair.
Let us flee! Let us flee!*

Ahmed

Si le mirage illusoire
Nous cachait le vrai chemin,
Sans vivres, sans eau pour boire,
Tous deux nous mourrions demain.

Kandidja

Sous le bonheur mon cœur ploie;
Si l'eau manque aux stations,
Bois les larmes de ma joie.
Fuyons! fuyons!

Text: Théophile Gautier (1811-1872)

12 Pleurs d'or

Larmes aux fleurs suspendues,
Larmes aux sources perdues
Aux mousses des rochers creux;

Larmes d'automne épandues,
Larmes de cors entendues
Dans les grands bois douloureux;

Larmes des cloches latines,
Carmélites, Feuillantines ...
Voix des beffrois en ferveur;

Ahmed

*If a mirage
Were to hide the true path,
Without food and without drink,
We would both die tomorrow.*

Kadidja

*My heart gives way with happiness;
If there's no water along the route,
Drink the tears of my joy.
Let us flee! Let us flee!*

Tears of gold

*Tears clinging to flowers,
Tears from springs lost
In the moss of hollowed rocks;*

*Tears shed by autumn,
Tears from horns sounding
In great doleful forests;*

*Tears of church bells,
Of Carmel and Feuillant convents ...
Devout belfry voices;*

Larmes des nuits étoilées,
Larmes des flûtes voilées
Au bleu du parc endormi;

Larmes aux grands cils perlées,
Larmes d'amantes coulées
Jusqu'à l'âme de l'ami;

Larmes d'extase, éplètement délicieux,
Tombez des nuits! Tombez des fleurs!
Tombez des yeux!

Text: Albert Samain (1858-1900)

13 Tarentelle

Aux cieux la lune monte et luit.
Il fait grand jour en plein minuit.
Viens avec moi, me disait-elle,
Viens sur le sable grésillant
Où saute et glisse en frétilant
La tarentelle.

Sus, les danseurs! En voilà deux;
Foule sur l'eau, foule autour d'eux;
L'homme est bien fait, la fille est belle;
Maid gare à vous! Sans y penser,
C'est jeu d'amour que de danser
La tarentelle.

*Tears of starlit nights,
Tears of muffled flutes
In the blue of the sleeping park;*

*Pearly tears on long lashes,
A beloved's tears flowing
To her friend's soul;*

*Tears of rapture, delicious weeping,
Fall at night! Fall from the flowers!
Fall from these eyes!*

Tarantella

*The moon rises bright in the sky,
Turning midnight into day.
Come with me, she said,
Come to the whirling sands
And the leaping, flashing and turning
Tarantella!*

*Come! Here are two dancers,
Thronged around in the water;
The man is well-built, the girl beautiful;
But look out! Before you are aware,
You'll be playing with love if you dance
The tarantella!*

Doux est le bruit du tambourin!
Si j'étais fille de marin
Et toi pêcheur, me disait-elle,
Toutes les nuits joyeusement
Nous danserions en nous aimant
La tarentelle.

Text: Marc Monnier (1887-1885)

*Sweet is the sound of the drum!
If I were a sailor's daughter
And you a fisherman, she said,
Every night, full of joy,
We'd love each other and dance
The tarantella!*

Translations by Richard Stokes, from:
A French Song Companion (OUP, 2000)
The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)
The Spanish Song Companion (Scarecrow Press, 2006)



Described by *The Telegraph* as “the crème de la crème of young British-based musical talent”, and praised in *BBC Music Magazine* for their “irresistible combination of arresting programming and vocal flair assembled around pianist Joseph Middleton”, the newly formed Myrthen Ensemble brings together rising stars in the world of art-song and Lieder. The founder members were Mary Bevan, Clara Mouriz, Allan Clayton, Marcus Farnsworth and Joseph Middleton and they very much enjoy working alongside other outstanding young guest singers.

The group takes its name from the composition Robert Schumann wrote as a wedding present for his wife Clara in 1840. Myrtles have for centuries been seen as the German symbol of marriage and their modest form seems an apt image for the relationship between words and music, singer and pianist, imagination and sound and performer and audience. The vignette the group use to display their name has been designed using the ‘ornamental binding’ which

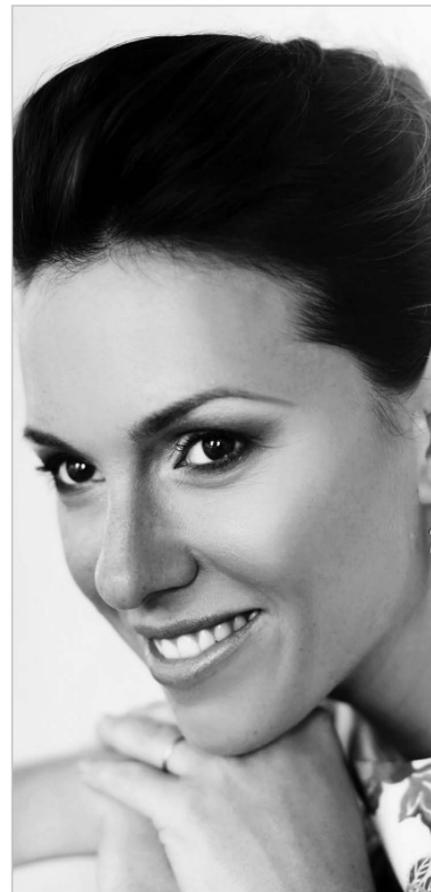
Schumann’s original score carried. Delving into the treasure chest that makes up the canon of the song repertoire, The Myrthen Ensemble explores all areas of art-song through illuminating and thoughtful programming.

In their first seasons together the Myrthen Ensemble enjoyed performances at Snape Maltings as part of an Aldeburgh Festival residency, broadcast for BBC Radio 3, and gave a triumphant launch concert in London: “For sheer joy – for youthful panache and heartfelt commitment – nothing I have experienced musically this year comes near to matching this lovely soirée... there was no mistaking its exceptional musicality – every phrase was coloured and shaped, everything emotionally felt” (*Rupert Christiansen, The Telegraph*). They have gone on to perform at the Wigmore Hall, as well as for BBC Radio 3 from the Bath MozartFest, Leeds Lieder, Newbury Spring, Norwich and Norfolk, Wimbledon, Northern Aldborough and St Magnus Festivals. Future seasons see them appear at Amsterdam’s Concertgebouw, New York’s Frick Collection, and at the Musée d’Orsay in Paris. The individual members can be heard in the world’s finest opera houses, musical centres and on numerous award-winning recordings.

MARY BEVAN

Mary Bevan is one of Britain’s top emerging artists, receiving acclaim from critics and audiences for her stand out performances. She is currently a Harewood Artist at ENO and an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music. In 2014 she was awarded the UK Critics’ Circle Award for Exceptional Young Talent in music. Recent operatic engagements include the title role in Rossi *Orpheus* for the Royal Opera at Shakespeare’s Globe; Yum-Yum *The Mikado*, Susanna *The Marriage of Figaro* and Rebecca in Nico Muhly’s *Two Boys*, all for English National Opera; Elvira in Rossini *L’italiana in Algeri* at Garsington Opera, Music & Euridice in Monteverdi *L’Orfeo* with ROH at the Roundhouse, Barbarina *Le nozze di Figaro* at the ROH, and David Bruce’s *The Firework Maker’s Daughter* with The Opera Group, Opera North and ROH2.

In concert Bevan recently performed Silandra in *Cesti Orontea* with La Nuova Musica, Bach cantatas with the Dunedin Consort, baroque programmes with the Academy of Ancient Music and Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, and Faure *Requiem* with Orquestra Sinfonica de Sevilla and Philharmonia. She has previously



sung Mozart *Requiem* with the English Chamber Orchestra, Maxwell Davies *Caroline Mathilde Suite* at the BBC Proms, Mendelssohn Symphony No.2 with the CBSO, Stravinsky *Pulcinella* with the Prague Philharmonia and Handel *Messiah* with the English Concert. A dedicated recitalist, she has appeared at the Oxford Lieder Festival and Wigmore Hall.

Bevan's recordings include Ludwig Thuille and Mendelssohn songs for Champs Hill Records, Handel *The Triumph of Time and Truth* and *Ode for St Cecilia's Day* with Ludus Baroque, Vaughan Williams Symphony No.3 and Schubert *Rosamunde* with the BBC Philharmonic, and Hadley Fen and Flood with the Bournemouth Symphony.

CLARA MOURIZ

Spanish-born mezzo-soprano Clara – a former member of the BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artist - was an Independent Opera / Wigmore Hall Fellow 2009/11, and an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music, where she studied.

She made her Wigmore Hall debut under the auspices of the Kirckman Concert Society in 2007, and has returned there regularly, as well as appearing in radio broadcasts and at festivals across Europe and North America with pianists Julius Drake, Graham Johnson, Simon Lepper, Malcolm Martineau, Joseph Middleton, Melvyn Tan and Roger Vignoles.

Career highlights include her BBC Proms debut in 2013, performing Falla's *Three Cornered Hat* with the BBC Philharmonic, a recital at the Musée D'Orsay with Dame Felicity Lott and Graham Johnson, Ravel's *Chansons Madecasses* with the Nash Ensemble, Rossini's *Giovanna d'Arco* with the Royal Scottish National Orchestra, Ravel's *Sheherazade* with the Orquesta de RTVE, Canteloube's *Chants d'Auvergne* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra and the Hong Kong Philharmonic, Mozart's *Requiem* with the Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra,



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Bach's *Mass in B minor* with the Real Filharmonia de Galicia, Rossini's *Petite messe solennelle* with the BBC Singers, Rossini's *Stabat Mater* with the Orquesta de la Comunidad, and Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* with the BBC Philharmonic.

Her operatic roles include the title-role in *Ariodante*, Angelina (*La Cenerentola*), Rosina (*The Barber of Seville*), Melibea (*Il viaggio a Reims*), Cherubino (*The Marriage of Figaro*), Tirinto (*Imeneo*), Piacere (*Il trionfo del tempo*), Cefiro (*Nebra's Vienbto es la dicha de amor*), Myrtale (*Thaïs*) and Olga (*Eugene Onegin*).

ALLAN CLAYTON

Allan Clayton is established as one of the most exciting and sought after singers of his generation. A consummate actor and deeply sensitive musician he has made a huge impact on the international operatic and concert scene.

Allan performs on the world's great opera stages, including the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, English National Opera, Welsh National Opera, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Komsische Oper, Berlin, and Teatro Real, Madrid.



He also has a busy and varied concert career, appearing regularly with the London Symphony Orchestra, the London Philharmonic Orchestra, the Gulbenkian Orchestra, and the Sydney Symphony Orchestra. Conductors he has worked with include Sir Mark Elder, Bernard Labadie, Christian Curnyn, Mark Wigglesworth, and Masaaki Suzuki.

A consummate recitalist, Allan has given lieder recitals at the Cheltenham, Perth and Aldeburgh Festivals, and London's Wigmore Hall. He has been fortunate to work with many outstanding pianists including Paul Lewis, Graham Johnson, Malcolm Martineau, Roger Vignoles, Julius Drake, James Baillieu, Simon Lepper, and Joseph Middleton.

Allan Clayton studied at St John's College, Cambridge and at the Royal Academy of Music in London. An Associate of the Royal Academy of Music and former BBC New Generation Artist from 2007-2009, his awards also include "The Queen's Commendation for Excellence" and an inaugural Sir Elton John Scholarship at the RAM, the John Christie Award for his Glyndebourne Festival debut as Albert Herring, and a Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship.

MARCUS FARNSWORTH

Marcus Farnsworth was first prize winner in the 2009 Wigmore Hall International Song Competition. He studied at and is an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music, London.

Marcus has given recitals at venues including the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam; La Monnaie, Brussels; Opéra de Lille; Musée d'Orsay, Paris as well as at the Australian Chamber Music Festival. He regularly appears at Wigmore Hall, working with pianists including Simon Lepper, Graham Johnson, James Baillieu, Malcolm Martineau, Julius Drake and with the Myrthen Ensemble.

He sings with leading modern and period orchestras in the UK and abroad in works including the Bach *Passions*, Berlioz *L'enfance du Christ*; Britten *War Requiem*, Taverner *Flood of Beauty* and Beethoven *Missa Solemnis* with conductors including Sir Mark Elder, Paul McCreech, Gianandrea Noseda and Nicholas Collon and Bernard Labadie.

Opera roles include Guglielmo *Così fan tutte* & English Clerk *Death in Venice* (ENO); Sid Demetrius *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Bergen



National Opera and Aix en Provence Festival on tour in the Far East; *Albert Herring* (BBC SO), *Aeneas Dido and Aeneas* (Early Opera Company) and Eddy in Mark-Anthony Turnage *Greek* (Music Theatre Wales.) He has also appeared with Welsh National Opera in the world premiere of *In Parenthesis* by Ian Bell and as Kelvin in Fujikura *Solaris* in Paris, Lille and Lausanne.

Marcus is the founder and artistic director of the Southwell Music Festival.

JOSEPH MIDDLETON

Pianist Joseph Middleton specialises in the art of song accompaniment and chamber music and has been highly acclaimed within this field. Described in *BBC Music Magazine* as 'one of the brightest stars in the world of song and Lieder', he has also been labelled as 'the cream of the new generation' by *The Times*. He is Director of Leeds Lieder, resident musician at Pembroke College Cambridge and a Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, his alma mater. He performs and records with many of the world's finest singers in major music centres including New York's Alice Tully Hall (Lincoln Centre), the Vienna Konzerthaus, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Köln Philharmonie,



Zürich Tonhalle, Luxembourg Philharmonie and London's Wigmore Hall, Royal Opera House and Royal Festival Hall. He is a regular guest at Festivals in Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, BBC Proms, Brighton, Cheltenham, Chicago Ravinia, City of London, Edinburgh, Munich, Toronto, Vancouver and West Cork. He has a special relationship with BBC Radio 3 through his work with its New Generation Artists Scheme, while his discography includes the *Gramophone* Award-nominated *Flours* with Carolyn Sampson and recital CDs with Dame Felicity Lott, Amanda Roocroft, Sophie Bevan, Ruby Hughes and Allan Clayton. He regularly partners Sir Thomas Allen, Ian Bostridge, Sarah Connolly, Iestyn Davies, Wolfgang Holzmair, Christiane Karg, Kate Royal and Christopher Maltman.



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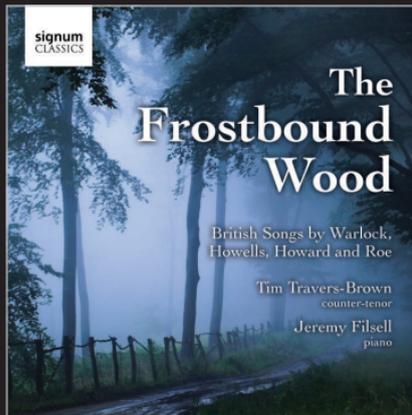
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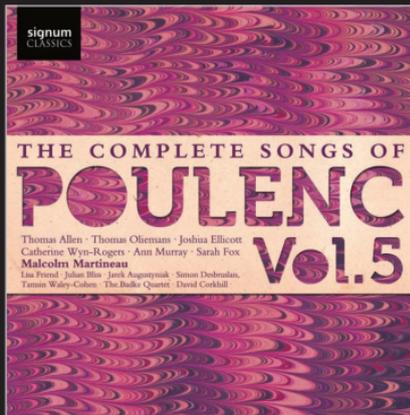
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BBC Music Magazine