

signum  
CLASSICS

# THE DIVINE MUSE

HAYDN  
SCHUBERT  
WOLF

Mary Bevan *soprano*  
Joseph Middleton *piano*



## THE DIVINE MUSE

1	<b>Vedi, quanto adoro</b> , D.510	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)	[4.29]
2	<b>Son fra l'onde</b> , D.78	Franz Schubert	[1.48]
3	<b>Die Götter Griechenlands</b> , D.677	Franz Schubert	[4.06]
4	<b>Ganymed</b> , <i>Goethe Lieder No. 50</i>	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)	[5.26]
5	<b>Zum neuen Jahr</b> , <i>Mörrike Lieder No. 27</i>	Hugo Wolf	[1.51]
6	<b>Seufzer</b> , <i>Mörrike Lieder No. 22</i>	Hugo Wolf	[2.34]
7	<b>Gebet</b> , <i>Mörrike Lieder No. 28</i>	Hugo Wolf	[2.38]
8	<b>Gesang Weylas</b> , <i>Mörrike Lieder No. 46</i>	Hugo Wolf	[1.43]
9	<b>Ganymed</b> , D.544	Franz Schubert	[4.06]
	<b>Arianna a Naxos</b> , Hob XXVlb:2	Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)	
10	No 1, Recitative: Teseo mio ben!		[4.54]
11	No 2, Aria: Dove sei, mio bel tesoro?		[4.16]
12	No 3, Recitative: Ma, a chi parlo?		[3.19]
13	No 4, Aria: Ah! che morir vorrei		[3.58]
14	<b>Geistliches Lied</b> , Hob XXVI:17	Joseph Haydn	[3.33]
15	<b>Gott im Frühlinge</b> , D.448	Franz Schubert	[1.57]
16	<b>Marie</b> , D.658	Franz Schubert	[1.30]
17	<b>Wie glänzt der helle Mond</b> , <i>Alte Weisen No. 6</i>	Hugo Wolf	[3.42]
18	<b>Auf ein altes Bild</b> , <i>Mörrike Lieder No. 23</i>	Hugo Wolf	[2.26]
19	<b>Die ihr schwebet</b> , <i>Spanisches Liederbuch No. 4</i>	Hugo Wolf	[2.43]
20	<b>Schlafendes Jesuskind</b> , <i>Mörrike Lieder No. 25</i>	Hugo Wolf	[3.36]
	Total timings:		[64.35]

MARY BEVAN SOPRANO JOSEPH MIDDLETON PIANO

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## ARTIST'S NOTE

One of the challenges of being in a recital duo is finding new and interesting ways to present programmes to our audiences. When researching, one is often flooded with songs about love or springtime, loss or longing and it can be difficult to find originality of theme (not that it is always necessary to have a theme of course). So the idea for this album came when Joseph Middleton wanted to create a programme that reflected my interest in mythology and the history of religion (I read Anglo-Saxon, Norse and Celtic Studies at Cambridge). In thinking along these lines we found a wealth of texts set to music which were inspired by people (mostly women as it turned out) who lived within the spheres of myth and divinity, i.e. they were 'other-worldly' but yet suffered all the pains of humanity. Or they were of the earth but the experiences they lived through set them apart from others. Jesus himself appears throughout the programme, as does his mother Mary, since themes of Christianity often inspired poetic texts and indeed art forms of all kinds. It is because these heroes and heroines lived through moments of intense pain or drama that their stories have great emotional depth.

Haydn, Schubert and Wolf (who all came from the same lineage of Austrian composers) each took the Lied art form into new harmonic and expressive realms during their lifetimes and, above all, what they shared was a love of poetry and text. All three composers clearly found inspiration when setting these texts to music, creating with them some of Lied's greatest works. We very much hope you enjoy this album and the stories within.

Mary Bevan, 2019

## THE DIVINE MUSE

**Vedi quanto adoro** comes from Act II, scene 4 of Metastasio's first full-length opera libretto *Didone abbandonata*. Schubert, having composed this aria, in which Dido pleads with Aeneas not to abandon her, asked Salieri for his opinion on his composition. Might he have had his eyes on an appointment at the opera house? Whatever – it is a most impressive operatic scena and an ideal vehicle for a soprano with a powerful top C.

Of Schubert's 11 solo settings of Metastasio, **Son fra l'onde** is one of the finest. Composed at the age of 16, the music betrays Schubert's newly awakened interest in the world of opera. The words, from Metastasio's *Gli orti Esperidi*, describe Venus's uncertainty as she lurches between hope and despair, and Schubert in this aria of turbulent right-hand semiquavers expresses her commotion to perfection.

Schiller's **Die Götter Griechenlands** (1787), a poem of 25 eight-line stanzas, laments the lost beauty of the Hellenic world and, in its original version, contained sharp criticism of Christian theology and iconography. Schubert's song uses Schiller's second version and sets only one of

the 16 verses – the one which expresses most powerfully the sense of loss. The song is justly famous for the alternations between minor and major modes, A minor for the wistfully repeated 'Schöne Welt, wo bist du?' and A major for the (illusory) vision of an ideal Greek world.

Goethe's **Ganymed** begins by describing a common enough human experience, that of lying stretched out on a hill in springtime. The poet then goes on to express the oneness of all things, man, nature and creator, and addresses Spring as a lover. Ganymede in myth was raised up to Olympus by Zeus, who had fallen in love with the boy, wished him to be his cup-bearer and abducted him in the guise of an eagle, as depicted in Rembrandt's fine painting in Dresden. In typical *Sturm und Drang* fashion, Goethe changes myth, although Zeus appears in a variety of guises throughout the poem (morning breeze, nightingale), Goethe has Ganymede borne aloft by the intensity of the boy's feelings – a process that is given almost tangible form by Schubert's key-design, from A flat to F major via G flat and E major, also by the melismatic setting of the final phrase, and the soaring postlude of minims and semibreves, marked *pp* and *diminuendo*. In a letter to Emil Kauffmann of 22 December 1890, Wolf expressed the view that Schubert's

settings of 'Ganymed' and 'Prometheus' had not been entirely successful, and that 'it was left to a post-Wagner era to compose these magnificent poems'. While Schubert's setting of *Ganymed* speaks more of contented love than yearning, Wolf's song, especially in the rise and fall of the piano's quavers above the stave, convey an intense yearning that is absent from Schubert's more melodious setting.

**Zum neuen Jahr** is subtitled 'Kirchengesang' ('Hymn') – a song in diatonic mode that uses a succession of parallel thirds in contrary motion between the two hands to express the harmony of the text. Note how he handles the climax in verse two, by giving such important words as 'Lenke', 'Herr', 'Anfang', 'Ende' and, above all, 'alles', ever longer note values, until the music, significantly marked 'überströmend', overflows with joy and praise.

Like another priest, John Donne, Mörke had a highly developed erotic side, and his guilt is expressed with harrowing force in **Seufzer**, a poem he based on the Passion Hymn of Fortunatus that he had found in an eighteenth century hymnal. Wolf responds with a setting of profound torment, packed with dissonances and tolling bells in the accompaniment.

**Gebet**, like the equally famous 'Verborgenheit', is a fervent plea to avoid violent emotional upheavals (Mörke had been seduced by the young Maria Meyer, a relationship that produced the Peregrina poems and others in which he strives to avoid amorous entanglements), which Wolf sets to a sort of four-square hymn tune, until at 'doch in der Mitten/Liegt holdes Bescheiden', the piano soars ecstatically before descending gently into the final heart-easing cadence.

During his childhood and adolescence, Mörke used to explore the deep woods with two friends, where they created their own kingdoms, peopled by elves and nixies. Orplid was an island where they could escape the pressures of the all too real world – but even here the dionysian asserts itself, primeval waters rise, rejuvenated, around the island's hips. Wolf told Emil Kauffmann that in **Gesang Weylas** he imagined Weyla sitting on a moonlit reef, accompanying herself on the harp. The orchestral version increases the incantatory mood by adding clarinet and horn.

It was during his first London season in 1791 that Haydn performed *Arianna a Naxos* with the famous castrato Gaetano Pacchierotti

at a Ladies' Concert held at the home of a Mrs Blair in Portland Place, then subsequently at the Pantheon Theatre. The *Morning Chronicle* in its editions of 23 and 26 February gave glowing reviews. The work had been written two years previously, and deals with a theme that has attracted composers from Monteverdi to Richard Strauss and Alexander Goehr. Ariadne, daughter of King Minos, having helped Theseus escape from Crete, has gone with him to the Island of Naxos. The opening recitative in E flat major, marked *largo* and *sostenuto*, describes Ariadne calling Theseus. There is no reply, and as her cries become more urgent, she sings the aria 'Dove sei, mio bel tesor!' – a most expressive *largo* in B flat major. The aria is followed by a recitative in C and F major, Ariadne climbs to the top of a nearby hill and sees to her horror that Theseus' ship has gone. Realizing that she has been abandoned, she laments her fate in the final F minor aria.

**Geistliches Lied** comes from Haydn's second set of *XII Lieder für das Clavier* published in 1784. The only religious text in the collection, it is characterized by *sforzato* outbursts of grief that disturb the gradual unfolding of the *Adagio cantabile* melody.

**Gott im Frühlinge**, composed to a poem by Johann Peter Uz, is a paean of praise to God. The song is a delight and though marked 'mäß'ig' pulses along merrily, the first 47 bars of the accompaniment have an identical figure comprising three pairs of four semiquavers, of which the final two are played staccato. This rapturous mood is intensified in bar 48, where the staccatos vanish and the pianist is instructed to use the sustaining pedal, as though to underline triumphantly the poet's final lines, 'I shall praise the Lord/ Who made me what I am!'

When Novalis's beloved, Sophie von Kühn, died on the eve of her fifteenth birthday, his whole world collapsed. Novalis mourned not only by visiting Sophie's grave and laying out her clothes at home to feel her nearness to him, but also by creating the wonderful *Hymnen an die Nacht* and *Geistliche Lieder*, which helped him solve his emotional crisis. **Marie** is addressed to the Virgin Mary but also, obliquely, to Sophie, whose death became for him a deeply religious experience. Schubert sets the poem as a hymn tune, but it also sounds like a love song.

**Wie glänzt der helle Mond**, from Wolf's six *Alte Weisen*, sets a poem by Gottfried Keller in which

an old woman, feeling death approach, imagines the scene that will await her in Paradise. Keller, the atheist, eschews all sentimentality and depicts the old crone with affectionate humour. Wolf seems to misinterpret (or re-interpret?) the text, and writes one of his most beautiful songs, with pianissimo repeated chords high above the stave, suggesting the night sky, and a sweet and harmonious close.

In **Auf ein altes Bild** Mörike contemplates an old painting of the Virgin and Child resting in an idyllic landscape. The mood, however, is disrupted at 'Kreuzes Stamm' by means of a minor ninth, as the poet ponders that in the forest the tree is already growing that will provide the wood for Christ's cross. The dissonance, though, is of brief duration, and though the little postlude repeats the stab of pain in a telling *sforzando*, the final two chords resolve the tension in a magical return to the major.

**Die ihr schwebet**, from the *Spanisches Liederbuch*, expresses Mary's anxiety at the storm, as she shelters beneath the palm trees. Whereas in Brahms's setting of Lope de Vega's poem (Op. 91/2) it was the idea of peace that predominated, expressed by a seamless succession of parallel

thirds, Wolf was clearly at pains to illustrate the impending danger that threatened both Mother and Child, plenty of dynamic contrast, surging bass octaves at 'Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem', and chilling *sforzandi* at 'Grimmige Kälte sauset hernieder'. The winds sough throughout until, in the miraculous postlude, they abate and finally vanish, as Wolf rounds off the song with the opening motif in the opening key – but this time marked not 'ziemlich bewegt' but 'verklingend' or 'dying away'.

**Schlafendes Jesuskind**, based on a painting by the Renaissance artist Francesco Albani, is one of Mörike's most tender religious poems, and it inspired Wolf to compose a rapt and serene song which he instructs singer and pianist to perform *sehr getragen und wehevoll* – in a very sustained and solemn manner. The opening phrase, 'Sohn der Jungfrau', is repeated by Wolf at the end of the song in hushed adoration, the singer is requested to sing *pp.*, *wie in tiefes Sinnen verloren* (as though lost in deep thought); and pianists must within two bars effect a *diminuendo* from *ppp.* to *pppp.*

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## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### 1 Vedi quanto adoro

Vedi quanto adoro  
Ancora ingrato!  
Con uno sguardo solo  
Mi togli ogni difesa e mi disarmi.  
Ed hai cor di tradirmi?  
E puoi lasciarmi?

Ah! no lasciami, no,  
Bell' idol mio:  
Di chi mi fiderò,  
Se tu m'inganni?  
Di vita mancherei  
Nel dirti addio;  
Che viver non potrei  
Fra tanti affanni.

from *Didone abbandonata*  
Pietro Metastasio

### 2 Son fra l'onde

Son fra l'onde in mezzo al mare,  
E al furor di doppio vento;  
Or resisto, or mi sgomento  
Fra la speme, e fra l'orror.

### You see how much I love you

You see how much I love you,  
Ungrateful man!  
With one single glance  
You destroy my defences and disarm me.  
Do you have the heart to betray me?  
And can you leave me?

Ah, do not leave me,  
My beloved:  
Whom shall I trust  
If you deceive me?  
I would die,  
Taking leave of you;  
For I could not live  
With such grief.

### I am surrounded by waves

I am surrounded by waves far out to sea,  
A prey to the fury of fierce winds;  
Now I am resolute, now I tremble,  
Torn between hope and terror.

Per la fè, per la tua vita  
Or pavento, or sono ardità,  
E ritrovo egual martire  
Nell' ardire e nell' timor.

from *Gli orti Esperidi*  
Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)

### 3 Die Götter Griechenlands

Schöne Welt, wo bist du? Kehre wieder,  
Holdes Blütenalter der Natur!  
Ach, nur in dem Feenland der Lieder  
Lebt noch deine fabelhafte Spur.  
Ausgestorben trauert das Gefilde,  
Keine Gottheit zeigt sich meinem Blick,  
Ach, von jenem lebenwarmen Bilde  
Blieb der Schatten nur zurück.

Friedrich von Schiller (1759-1805)

### 4 & 9 Ganymede

Wie im Morgenglanze  
Du rings mich anglühst,  
Frühling, Geliebter!  
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne  
Sich an mein Herze drängt  
Deiner ewigen Wärme  
Heilig Gefühl,

Now I fear for your faith, for your life,  
Now I am brave,  
And I find equal torment  
In braveness and in fear.

### The gods of Greece

Beautiful world, where are you? Come again,  
Sweet golden age of nature!  
Ah, only in the enchanted land of song  
Does your fabled memory live on.  
The fields, deserted, mourn,  
No god appears before my eyes,  
Ah, of all that living warmth  
Only the shadows now remain.

### Ganymede

How in the morning radiance  
You glow at me from all sides,  
Spring, beloved!  
With thousandfold delights of love,  
The holy sense  
Of your eternal worth  
Presses against my heart,

Unendliche Schöne!  
Daß ich dich fassen möcht'  
In diesen Arm!

Ach an deinem Busen  
Lieg' ich und schmachte,  
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras  
Drängen sich an mein Herz.  
Du kühlst den brennenden  
Durst meines Busens,  
Lieblicher Morgenwind!  
Ruft drein die Nachtigall  
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltaal.

Ich komm', ich komme!  
Ach wohin, wohin?

Hinauf strebt's, hinauf!  
Es schweben die Wolken  
Abwärts, die Wolken  
Neigen sich der sehrenden Liebe,  
Mir! Mir!  
In eurem Schoße  
Aufwärts!  
Umfangend umfassen!  
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,  
Alliebender Vater!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Beauty without end!  
To clasp you  
In these arms!

Ah, on your breast,  
I lie and languish,  
And your flowers, your grass  
Press against my heart.  
You cool the burning  
Thirst of my breast,  
Sweet morning breeze!  
The nightingale calls out to me  
Longingly from the misty valley.

I come, I come!  
Where? Ah, where?

Upwards! Upwards I'm driven.  
The clouds float  
Down, the clouds  
Bow to yearning love.  
To me! To me!  
Enveloped by you  
Aloft!  
Embraced and embracing!  
Upwards to your bosom,  
All-loving Father!

## 5 Zum neuen Jahr

Wie heimlicher Weise  
Ein Engelein leise  
Mit rosigen Füßen  
Die Erde betritt,  
So nahte der Morgen.  
Jauchzt ihm, ihr Frommen,  
Ein heilig Willkommen!  
Ein heilig Willkommen,  
Herz, jauchze du mit!

In ihm sei's begonnen,  
Der Monde und Sonnen  
An blauen Gezelten  
Des Himmels bewegt.  
Du, Vater, du rate!  
Lenke du und wende!  
Herr, dir in die Hände  
Sei Anfang und Ende,  
Sei alles gelegt!

Eduard Mörike

## 6 Seufzer

Dein Liebesfeuer,  
Ach Herr! wie teuer  
Wollt ich es hegen,  
Wollt ich es pflegen!

## A poem for the New Year

Just as a cherub,  
Secretly and softly  
Alights on earth  
With rosy feet,  
So the morning dawned.  
Cry out, you gentle souls,  
A holy welcome!  
A holy welcome,  
O heart, rejoice as well!

May the New Year begin in Him,  
Who moves  
Stars and planets  
In the blue firmament.  
O Father, counsel us!  
Lead us and guide us!  
Lord, let all things,  
Whether birth or death,  
Be entrusted into Thy keeping!

## Sigh

The fire of your love,  
O Lord,  
How I longed to tend it,  
How I longed to cherish it,

Habs nicht geheget  
Und nicht gepfleget,  
Bin tot im Herzen –  
O Höllenschmerzen!

from *Maler Nolten*  
Anon., trs. Eduard Mörike

## 7 Gebet

Herr! schicke, was du willst,  
Ein Liebes oder Leides;  
Ich bin vergnügt, daß beides  
Aus deinen Händen quillt.

Wollest mit Freuden  
Und wollest mit Leiden  
Mich nicht überschütten!  
Doch in der Mitten  
Liegt holdes Bescheiden.

Eduard Mörike

## 8 Gesang Weylas

Du bist Orplid, mein Land!  
Das ferne leuchtet;  
Vom Meere dampfet dein besonner Strand  
Den Nebel, so der Götter Wange feuchtet.

And have failed to tend it  
And failed to cherish it,  
And am dead at heart –  
O hellish pain!

## Prayer

Lord! send what Thou wilt,  
Pleasure or pain;  
I am content that both  
Flow from Thy hands.

Do not, I beseech Thee,  
Overwhelm me  
With joy or suffering!  
But midway between  
Lies blessed moderation.

## Weyla's song

You are Orplid, my land!  
That shines afar;  
Sea-mists rise from your sunlit shore  
And moisten the cheeks of the gods.

Uralte Wasser steigen  
Verjüngt um deine Hüften, Kind!  
Vor deiner Gottheit beugen  
Sich Könige, die deine Wärter sind.

Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

9 **Ganymed** – see track 4

### Arianna a Naxos

10

#### *Recitativo*

Teseo mio ben! Ove sei? Ove sei tu?  
Vicino d'averti mi pareo,  
Ma un lusinghiero sogno fallace m'ingannò.  
Già sorge in ciel la rosea Aurora  
E l'erbe e i fior colora  
Febo uscendo dal mar col  
crine aurato.  
Sposo adorato  
Dove giudasti il piè?  
Forse le fere ad inseguir ti chiama  
Il tuo nobil ardor!  
Ah, vieni! ah, vieni,  
o caro ed offrirò  
Più grata preda a tuoi lacci.  
Il cor d'Arianna amante  
Che t'adora costante,

Ancient waters climb,  
Rejuvenated, child, about your waist!  
Kings, who attend you,  
Bow down before your divinity.

### Ariadne on Naxos

Theseus my love, where are you?  
I thought that you were near,  
But a false and alluring dream tricked me.  
Pink Aurora already rises in the sky,  
Plants and flowers are coloured  
By Phoebus emerging from the sea  
with golden locks.  
Adored husband,  
Where do your steps lead you?  
Perhaps your noble ardour  
Calls you to hunt wild beasts!  
Ah come! Ah come, my dearest,  
and I shall offer  
A more welcome prey to your snares.  
Embrace the heart of  
your loving Ariadne,

Stringi con nodo più tenace  
E più bella la face  
Splenda del nostro amor.  
Soffrir non posso d'esser da  
te divisa un sol momento.  
Ah, di vederti, o caro,  
già mi stringe il desio.  
Ti sospira il mio cor.  
Vieni, vieni, idol mio.

11

#### *Aria*

Dove sei, mio bel tesoro?  
Chi t'invola a questo cor?  
Se non vieni, io già mi moro,  
Nè resisto al mio dolor.  
Se pietade avete, oh Dei,  
Secondate a' voti miei,  
A me torni il caro ben.  
Dove sei, Teseo, dove sei?

12

#### *Recitativo*

Ma, a chi parlo?  
Gli accenti Eco ripete sol.  
Teseo non m'ode.  
Teseo non mi risponde,  
E portano le voci e l'aure e l'onde.  
Poco da me lontano esser egli dovia.  
Salgasi quello che più d'ogni altro

Who adores you with constancy,  
With a more tenacious knot,  
And let the torch of our love  
Shine more brightly.  
I cannot bear to be separated  
from you for a single moment.  
Ah, the desire to see you, my love,  
already seizes me.  
My heart sighs for you.  
Come, come, my idol!

Where are you, my beloved?  
Who steals you from this heart of mine?  
If you do not return, I shall die,  
Being unable to endure my grief.  
If you have pity, O Gods,  
Hear my prayers,  
Let my beloved return to me.  
Where are you, Theseus, where are you?

But to whom am I speaking?  
Only Echo repeats my cries.  
Theseus does not hear me.  
Theseus does not reply –  
The winds and the waves bear away my words.  
He cannot be far away from me.  
Let me climb that cliff

S'alza alpestre scoglio,  
lvi lo scoprirò.  
Che miro? Oh stelle! Misera me!  
Quest'è l'Argivo legno!  
Greci son quelli!  
Teseo! ei sulla prora!  
Ah, m'inganassi almen . . .  
No, no, non m'inganno.  
Ei fugge, ei qui mi lascia in abbandono.  
Più speranza non v'è, tradita io sono.  
Teseo! Teseo! m'ascolta! Teseo!  
Ma oimè, vaneggio!  
I flutti e il vento  
Lo involano per sempre agli occhi miei.  
Ah, siete ingiusti, o Dei,  
Se l'empio non punite!  
Ingrato! Ingrato!  
Perchè ti trassi dalla morte?  
Dunque tu dovevi tradirmi?  
E le promesse? E i giuramenti tuoi?  
Spargiuro! Infido!  
Hai cor di lasciarmi?

A chi mi volgo?  
Da chi pietà sperar?  
Già più non reggo, il piè vacilla  
E in così amaro istante  
Sento mancar mi in sen  
L'alma tremante.

Which towers above all others,  
And I shall see him.  
What do I see? Oh Heavens! Unhappy me!  
That is the Argive ship!  
Those are Greeks!  
And Theseus is there in the prow!  
Ah! If only I were mistaken!  
No! No! I am not mistaken.  
He is escaping and he abandons me here.  
I have no hope. I am betrayed.  
Theseus! Theseus! Hear me, Theseus!  
But alas! I talk wildly!  
The wind and the waves  
Are stealing him forever from my sight.  
Ah Gods! You are unjust  
If you do not punish this wicked man.  
Ungrateful wretch!  
Why did I save you from death?  
So that you could betray me?  
And your promises? And your vows?  
Perjurer! Unfaithful man!  
Have you the heart to leave me?

To whom can I turn?  
From whom can I hope for pity?  
I can no longer stand, my legs give way,  
And in such a bitter moment  
I feel my breast is abandoned  
By my trembling soul.

13

#### *Aria*

Ah! che morir vorrei  
In sì fatal momento,  
Ma al mio crudel tormento  
Mi serva ingiusto il ciel.  
Misera abbandonata,  
Non ho chi mi consola,  
Chi tanto amai s'involò,  
Barbaro ed infidel.

Anonymous

#### 14 Geistliches Lied

Dir nah' ich mich, nah' mich dem Throne,  
Dem Thron der höchsten Majestät,  
Und mische zu dem Jubelton  
Des Seraphs auch mein Dankgebet.  
Bin ich schon Staub, ein Staub der Erden,  
Fühl ich gleich Sünd' und Tod in mir,  
So soll ich doch ein Seraph werden,  
Mein Jesus Christus starb dafür.

Wort' sind nicht Dank. Nein, edle Taten,  
Wie Christus mir das Beispiel gibt,  
Vermischt mit Kreuz und Tränensaaten,  
Sind Weihrauch, den die Gottheit liebt.  
Dies sei mein Dank, und denn mein Wille

Ah! How I long to die  
In such a fateful moment;  
But the unjust heavens  
Abandon me alive to cruel torment.  
Unhappy and abandoned,  
I have no one to console me,  
The man I so loved flees from me,  
Cruel and faithless.

#### Sacred song

I draw near to Thy throne  
The throne of highest majesty,  
And mingle my song of thanksgiving  
With the seraph's song of praise.  
Though I am but dust, dust of the earth,  
I feel both sin and death in me,  
But I shall become a seraph,  
My Jesus died for this.

Words are no thanks. No – noble deeds,  
With Christ as my exemplar,  
Blended with affliction and tears,  
Are the incense loved by God.  
These be my thanks, and may my will

Sei jede Stunde dir geweiht!  
Gib, daß ich diesen Wunsch erfülle  
Bis an das Tor der Ewigkeit.

Anonymous

### 15 Gott im Frühlinge

In seinem schimmernden Gewand  
Hast du den Frühling uns gesandt,  
Und Rosen um sein Haupt gewunden.  
Holdlächelnd kömmt er schon!  
Es führen ihn die Stunden,  
O Gott, auf seinen Blumenthron.

Er geht in Büschen, und sie blühen;  
Den Fluren kommt ihr frisches Grün,  
Und Wäldern wächst ihr Schatten wieder,  
Der West liebkosend schwingt  
Sein tauendes Gefieder,  
Und jeder frohe Vogel singt.

Mit eurer Lieder süßem Klang,  
Ihr Vögel, soll auch mein Gesang  
Zum Vater der Natur sich schwingen.  
Entzückung reißt mich hin!  
Ich will dem Herrn lobsingem,  
Durch den ich wurde, was ich bin!

Johann Peter Uz (1720-1796)

Be consecrated each hour to Thee!  
Grant that I might continue thus  
As far as the gates of eternity.

### God in Spring

You have sent us Spring  
In his shimmering robes,  
And entwined roses about his head.  
Here he comes, sweetly smiling,  
The Hours lead him  
To his throne of flowers, O Lord.

He moves among the bushes, and they bloom;  
The meadows take on their fresh green,  
And shade returns to the woods,  
The West Wind waves caressingly  
Its dewy wings,  
And every happy bird sings.

With the sweet notes of your songs, O birds,  
Let my songs also  
Soar up to the Father of Nature.  
I am transported with rapture!  
I shall sing praises to the Lord,  
Who made me what I am!

### 16 Marie

Ich sehe dich in tausend Bildern,  
Maria, lieblich ausgedrückt,  
Doch keins von allen kann dich schildern,  
Wie meine Seele dich erblickt.

Ich weiß nur, daß der Welt Getümmel  
Seitdem mir wie ein Traum verweht,  
Und ein unnennbar süßer Himmel  
Mir ewig im Gemüte steht.

Novalis (1772-1801)

### 17 Wie glänzt der helle Mond so kalt und fern

Wie glänzt der helle Mond so kalt und fern,  
Doch ferner schimmert meiner Schönheit Stern!

Wohl rauschet weit von mir des Meeres Strand,  
Doch weiterhin liegt meiner Jugend Land!

Ohn' Rad und Deichsel gib'ts ein Wägelein,  
Drin fahr' ich bald zum Paradies hinein.

Dort sitzt die Mutter Gottes auf dem Thron,  
Auf ihren Knien schläft ihr sel'ger Sohn.

Dort sitzt Gott Vater, der den heil'gen Geist  
Aus seiner Hand mit Himmelskörnern speist.

### Mary

I see you in a thousand pictures,  
Mary, sweetly portrayed,  
Yet none of them can show you,  
As my soul has seen you.

I only know that the world's tumult  
Has since vanished like a dream,  
And an ineffably sweet heaven  
Is forever in my heart.

### How cold and distant the bright moon shines

How cold and distant the bright moon shines,  
But my beauty's star gleams more distant still!

The sea pounds the shore far away from me,  
Farther still lies the land of my youth!

There is a wagon without wheels or shafts,  
I'll soon drive in it to Paradise.

The Mother of God sits there on her throne,  
With her blessed Son asleep on her lap.

There sits God the Father, with the Holy Ghost  
Whom He feeds from His hand with manna.

In einem Silberschleier sitz' ich dann  
Und schaue meine weißen Finger an.

Sankt Petrus aber gönnt sich keine Ruh,  
Hockt vor der Tür und flickt die alten Schuh.

Gottfried Keller (1819-1890)

#### 18 Auf ein altes Bild

In grüner Landschaft Sommerflor,  
Bei kühlem Wasser, Schilf und Rohr,  
Schau, wie das Knäblein Sündelos  
Frei spielet auf der Jungfrau Schoß!  
Und dort im Walde wonnesam,  
Ach, grünet schon des Kreuzes Stamm!

Eduard Mörike

#### 19 Die ihr schwebet

Die ihr schwebet  
Um diese Palmen  
In Nacht und Wind,  
Ihr heil'gen Engel,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem  
Im Windesbrausen,

Then I'll sit in a silver veil  
And gaze at my white fingers.

Only Saint Peter will not take a rest,  
He squats at the Gate and cobbles old shoes.

#### On an old painting

In the summer haze of a green landscape,  
By cool water, rushes and reeds,  
See how the Child, born without sin,  
Plays freely on the Virgin's lap!  
And ah! growing blissfully there in the wood,  
Already the cross is turning green!

#### You who hover

You who hover  
About these palms  
In night and wind,  
You holy angels,  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

Your palms of Bethlehem  
In the raging wind,

Wie mögt ihr heute  
So zornig sausen!  
O rauscht nicht also!  
Schweiget, neiget  
Euch leis' und lind;  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Der Himmelsknabe  
Duldet Beschwerde,  
Ach, wie so müd' er ward  
Vom Leid der Erde.  
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm  
Leise gesänftigt  
Die Qual zerrinnt,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Grimmige Kälte  
Sauset hernieder,  
Womit nur deck' ich  
Des Kindleins Glieder!  
O all ihr Engel  
Die ihr geflügelt  
Wandelt im Wind,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Lope de Vega (1562-1635)

Why do you bluster  
So angrily today?  
Oh roar not so!  
Be still, lean  
Calmly and gently over us;  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

The heavenly babe  
Suffers distress,  
Ah, how weary he has grown  
With the sorrows of this world.  
Ah, now that in sleep  
His pains  
Are gently eased,  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

Fierce cold  
Blows down on us,  
With what shall I cover  
My little child's limbs?  
O all you angels  
Who wing your way  
On the winds,  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

## 20 Schlafendes Jesuskind

Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind! am Boden  
Auf dem Holz der Schmerzen eingeschlafen,  
Das der fromme Meister, sinnvoll spielend,  
Deinen leichten Träumen unterlegte;  
Blume du, noch in der Knospe dämmernd  
Eingehüllt die Herrlichkeit des Vaters!  
O wer sehen könnte, welche Bilder  
Hinter dieser Stirne, diesen schwarzen  
Wimpern sich in sanftem Wechsel malen!

Eduard Mörike

## MARY BEVAN

Praised by Opera for her “dramatic wit and vocal control”, British soprano Mary Bevan is internationally renowned in baroque, classical and contemporary repertoire, and appears regularly with leading conductors, orchestras and ensembles around the world. She is a winner of the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist award and UK Critics' Circle Award for Exceptional Young Talent in music and was awarded a MBE in the Queen's birthday honours list in 2019.

## The sleeping Christ-child

Son of the Virgin, Heavenly Child!  
Asleep on the ground, on the wood of suffering,  
Which the pious painter, in meaningful play,  
Has laid beneath Thy gentle dreams;  
O flower, the Father's glory,  
Though still hidden in the dark bud!  
Ah, if one could see what images,  
Behind this brow and these dark  
Lashes, are reflected in gentle succession!

In 2019/20, Bevan makes her role debut as Eurydice in a new production of *Orpheus in the Underworld* for English National Opera, performs Sifare in Mozart *Mitridate* for Garsington Opera, reprises the role of Rose Murrant in Weill Street Scene for Opera de Monte Carlo, and tours as Diana *Iphigenie en Tauride* with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment. Bevan will also appear with The Hallé, The Handel and Haydn Society, the Scottish Chamber Orchestra, the CBSO and the Real Orquesta Sinfónica de Sevilla.



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Operatic highlights for Bevan include her Royal Danish Opera debut as Bellezza *Il trionfo del Tempo e del Disinganno*, Rose Murrant *Street Scene* at the Teatro Real, Madrid, the title role in Turnage's new opera *Coraline* for the Royal Opera at the Barbican, Zerlina *Don Giovanni* for English National Opera, and Merab *Saul* for the Adelaide Festival. At the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Bevan created the role of Lila in David Bruce *The Firework-Maker's Daughter*, and also performed the roles of Barbarina *Le nozze di Figaro* and the title role in Rossi *Orpheus* at the Sam Wanamaker Playhouse.

On the concert platform, she has appearance with the BBC Symphony, BBC Concert Orchestra at the Proms, and with Mirga Gražinytė-Tyla and the CBSO in the world premiere of Roxanna Panufnik's *Faithful Journey*. She joined the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment as Mary in Sally Beamish *The Judas Passion*; performed Bach Christmas Oratorio on tour in Australia with the Choir of London and Australian Chamber Orchestra; and Handel *Messiah* with the Academy of Ancient Music. She also headlined a tour of Asia with The English Concert and Harry Bicket and made her Carnegie Hall debut with the ensemble as Dalinda in Handel *Ariodante*. In 2020 she makes her debut with the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

Bevan's discography includes her art song album *Voyages* with pianist Joseph Middleton and *Handel's Queens* with London Early Opera, both released by Signum Records, Mendelssohn songs for Champs Hill Records, Handel, *The Triumph of Time and Truth* and Handel, *Ode for St Cecilia's Day* with Ludus Baroque, and Vaughan Williams Symphony No.3 and Schubert *Rosamunde* with the BBC Philharmonic.

## 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 the BBC Music Magazine as 'one of the brightest stars in the world of song and Lieder', he has also been labelled 'the cream of the new generation' by The Times and 'a perfect accompanist' by Opera Now.

Joseph enjoys fruitful partnerships with internationally established singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Louise Alder, Ian Bostridge, Dame Sarah Connolly, Lucy Crowe, Iestyn Davies, Fatma Said, Samuel Hasselhorn, Wolfgang Holzmair, Christiane Karg, Katarina Karnéus, Angelika Kirchschlager, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, John Mark Ainsley, Ann Murray, James

Newby, Mark Padmore, Miah Persson, Ashley Riches, Amanda Roocroft, Kate Royal, Matthew Rose, Carolyn Sampson, Nicky Spence and Roderick Williams. He regularly collaborates with rising stars from the younger generation and in 2012 he formed the Myrthen Ensemble to further explore lesser-known song repertoire with regular duo partners Mary Bevan, Clara Mouriz, Allan Clayton and Marcus Farnsworth. Signum Records released their début CD 'Songs to the Moon'.

Recent seasons have taken him to London's Wigmore Hall, Royal Opera House and Royal Festival Hall, the Vienna Konzerthaus, Amsterdam Concertgebouw and Muziekgebouw, Köln Philharmonie, Strasbourg, Frankfurt, Lille and Gothenburg Opera Houses, Paris Musée d'Orsay, Zürich Tonhalle, deSingel Antwerp, Luxembourg Philharmonie, Bozar Brussels, Tokyo's Oji Hall and Alice Tully Hall. He regularly appears at festivals in Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich, Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Ravinia, Japan, San Francisco, Toronto and Vancouver as well as the BBC Proms, and is often heard in his own series on BBC Radio 3.

Joseph Middleton is director of Leeds Lieder, musician in residence at Pembroke College



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Cambridge and a professor and Fellow at his alma mater, the Royal Academy of Music. He has a fast-growing and award-winning discography and was the recipient of the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist of the Year Award in 2017.



Recorded in All Saints' Church, East Finchley, London, UK  
from 4th to 7th January 2019  
Producer & Editor – Mark Brown  
Recording Engineer – Mike Hatch  
Recording Assistant – Tom Mungall

All translations © Richard Stokes  
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Design and Artwork – Woven Design [www.wovendesign.co.uk](http://www.wovendesign.co.uk)

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SignumClassics, Signum Records Ltd., Suite 14, 21 Wadsworth Road, Perivale, Middlesex, UB6 7LQ, UK.  
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