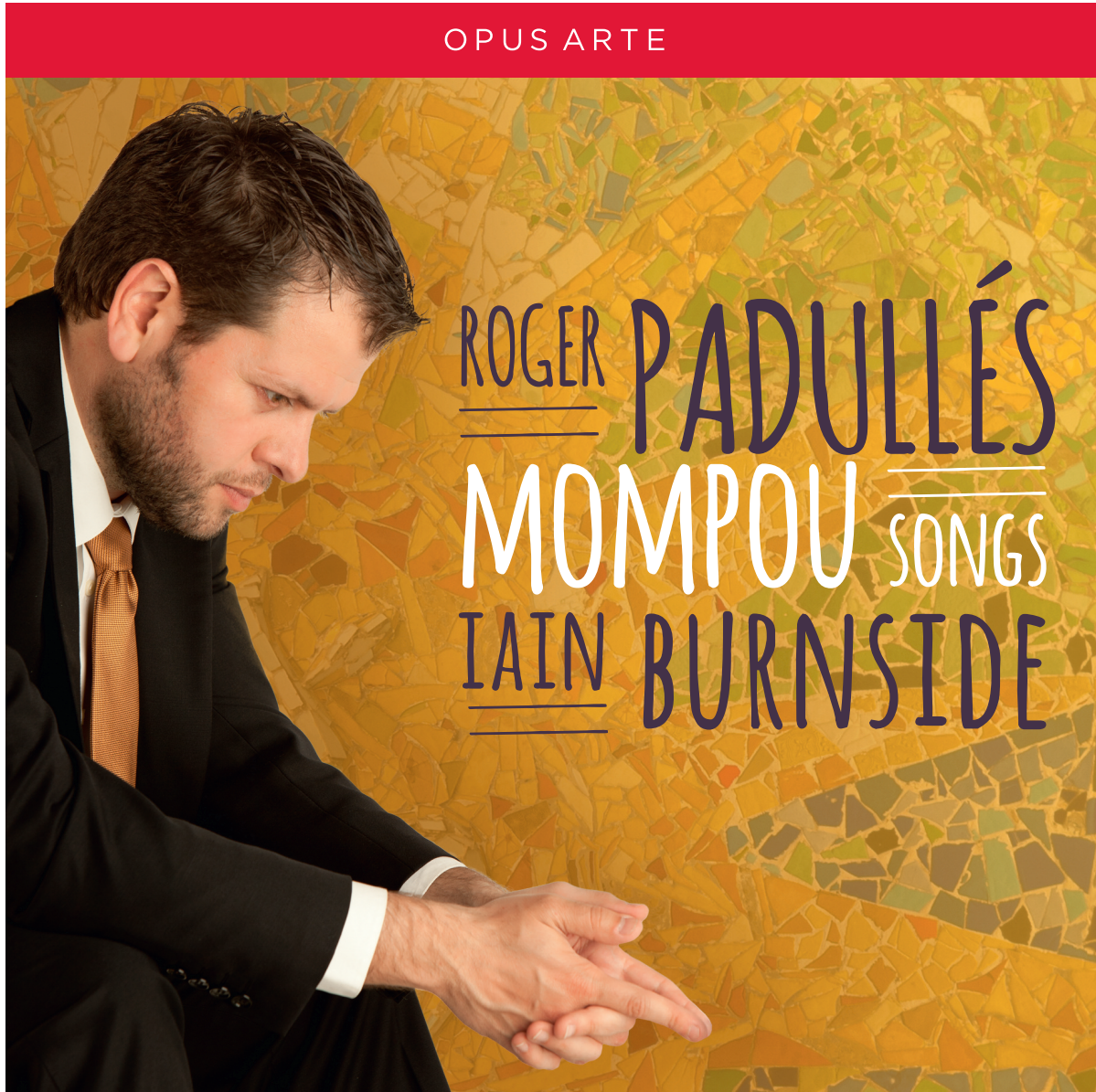


OPUS ARTE

ROGER PADULLÉS
MOMPOU SONGS
IAIN BURNSIDE





Roger Padullés

Photo: © Marta Escobar

Mompou Songs

Frederic Mompou 1893–1987

Combat del somni

1	No.1 Damunt de tu només les flors	4.00
2	No.3 Jo et presentia com la mar	2.15
3	No.5 Ara no sé si et veig, encar	2.56
4	No.2 Aquesta nit un mateix vent	2.53
5	No.4 Fes-me la vida transparent	2.59

6 **Cançó de la fira** 2.33

7 **Pastoral** 2.46

Trois comptines (1931)

8	No.1 Dalt d'un cotxe	0.38
9	No.2 Margot la pie	1.37
10	No.3 He vist dins la lluna	0.47

Becquerianas

11	Hoy la tierra y los cielos me sonrén	2.00
12	Los invisibles átomos del aire	1.52
13	Yo soy ardiente, yo soy morena	1.24
14	Yo sé cuál el objeto	3.45
15	Volverán las oscuras golondrinas	4.26
16	Olas gigantes	2.27

Trois comptines (1943)

17	No.1 Aserrín, Aserrán	1.25
18	No.2 Petite fille de Paris	2.05
19	No.3 Pito, pito, colorito	0.57

20 **Cantar del alma** 5.09

21 **Aureana do Sil'** 2.20

22 **El niño mudo** 1.55

23 **Le nuage** 3.49

24 **Primeros pasos** 2.04

25 **Neu** 1.55

61.25

Roger Padullés *tenor* · Iain Burnside *piano*

Roger Padullés

The Catalan tenor Roger Padullés was born in Sallent, near Barcelona, and began singing as a member in the children's choir Escolania de Montserrat. Having graduated with a degree in journalism, he decided to focus on singing. In 2001 he began studies with Reginaldo Pinheiro at the Hochschule für Musik in Freiburg, and later became a member of the studio at the Opéra national du Rhin, Strasbourg, winning awards at several international singing competitions including the Plácido Domingo Prize and the Second Prize in the 2009 International Singing Competition Francisco Viñas in Barcelona.

Padullés has since appeared at the Gran Teatre del Liceu in Barcelona, Teatro Municipal in Santiago de Chile, the Opéra national du Rhin, the Concertgebouw of Amsterdam, Teatro Real of Madrid, Capitole de Toulouse and the Palau de les Arts in Valencia, with conductors including Zubin Mehta, Sebastian Weigle and Sylvain Cambreling. Having sung Tamino in Peter Brook's production of *Die Zauberflöte*, Padullés especially enjoys his work with innovative stage directors such as Peter Brook, Christoph Marthaler, Laurent Pelly, Mariame Clément, Willy Decker and David Pountney. He has also made many recital and oratorio appearances at prestigious venues including the Capitole de Toulouse, the Opéra national du Rhin and the Rosenblatt Recital Series at St John's Smith Square.

Roger Padullés

Né à Sallent près de Barcelone, le ténor catalan Roger Padullés a commencé le chant au sein du chœur de garçons de l'Escolania de Montserrat. Après s'être diplômé en journalisme, il a décidé de se concentrer sur le chant. En 2001, il a étudié auprès de Reginaldo Pinheiro à l'École supérieure de musique de Fribourg-en-Brigau, et est ensuite devenu membre de l'Opéra studio de l'Opéra national du Rhin à Strasbourg, remportant plusieurs prix internationaux de chant dont le Prix Plácido Domingo et le second Prix du Concours international de chant Francisco Viñas à Barcelone en 2009.

Depuis, Padullés s'est produit au Gran Teatre del Liceu de Barcelone, au Teatro Municipal de Santiago de Chile, à l'Opéra national du Rhin, au Concertgebouw d'Amsterdam, au Teatro Real de Madrid, au Théâtre du Capitole de Toulouse et au Palau de les Arts Reina Sofía de Valence sous la direction de chefs d'orchestre tels que Zubin Mehta, Sebastian Weigle et Sylvain Cambreling. Depuis qu'il a tenu le rôle de Tamino dans la production de *La Flûte enchantée* de Peter Brook, il apprécie particulièrement de travailler avec des metteurs en scènes novateurs comme Peter Brook, Christoph Marthaler, Laurent Pelly, Mariame Clément, Willy Decker et David Pountney. Il a également donné de nombreux récitals et oratorios dans de grandes salles dont le Capitole de Toulouse, l'Opéra national du Rhin et l'église Saint John à Smith Square lors de la Rosenblatt Recital Series.

Roger Padullés

Der katalanische Tenor Roger Padullés wurde in Sallent (in der Nähe von Barcelona) geboren und sang zunächst im Kinderchor Escolania de Montserrat. Nachdem er sein Journalismusstudium abgeschlossen hatte, beschloss er, sich ganz auf den Gesang zu konzentrieren. 2001 nahm er Studien bei Reginaldo Pinheiro an der Hochschule für Musik in Freiburg auf, später wurde er Mitglied des Studios der Opéra National du Rhin in Strasbourg und gewann mehrere internationale Gesangswettbewerbe, darunter den Plácido-Domingo-Preis und den zweiten Preis beim internationalen Gesangswettbewerb Francisco Viñas 2009 in Barcelona.

Padullés ist seither im Gran Teatre del Liceu in Barcelona, im Teatro Municipal in Santiago de Chile, der Opéra national du Rhin, dem Amsterdamer Concertgebouw, dem Teatro Real in Madrid, dem Capitole de Toulouse und dem Palau de les Arts in Valencia aufgetreten, wobei Zubin Mehta, Sebastian Weigle und Sylvain Cambreling zu den Dirigenten zählten. Seitdem er in Peter Brooks Produktion der *Zauberflöte* den Tamino sang, genießt Padullés besonders die Arbeit mit innovativen Bühnenregisseuren wie Peter Brook, Christoph Marthaler, Laurent Pelly, Mariame Clément, Willy Decker und David Pountney. Außerdem ist er in vielen Rezitalen und Oratorien an prestigeträchtigen Veranstaltungsorten wie dem Capitole de Toulouse, der Opéra national du Rhin und im Rahmen der Rosenblatt Recital Series in der Kirche St John's am Smith Square aufgetreten.

The Songs

Though his output was not large, consisting mainly of piano pieces and songs, Frederic Mompou has gradually been recognised as one of the most distinctive musical voices to emerge from the Iberian peninsula during the 20th century. Born in Barcelona in 1893, he studied at the local conservatory before hearing the pianist Marguerite Long playing Fauré inspired him to move to Paris; his own music would be heavily influenced by French models – notably Fauré, Debussy and Satie – as well as by Catalan folk music and the sound of bells (his family had been involved in the bell-founding business for generations).

On the outbreak of war in 1914 he returned to Barcelona, and then again moved to Paris in 1921, remaining until war once more sent him back to his homeland in 1941. There he continued to plough his distinctive furrow in a succession of works whose subtle understatement is as notable as its uniquely personal idiom. He died in Barcelona in 1987.

Catalan poets remained a prime inspiration for Mompou throughout his creative life. The cycle *Combat del somni* ('Dream Combat', 1942–51) is based on texts by Josep Janés – a fervent cultural nationalist whom the composer could count as a close friend. *Cançó de la fira* ('Song of the Fair', 1949) sets Tomàs Garcés, who moved to France during the Spanish Civil War; it contrasts the vivid colour of the fair with the depth of heartfelt desire. *Pastoral* is one of two settings of the Nobel Prize-winning Andalusian poet Juan Ramón Jiménez Mompou made in 1945; in it the singer follows the hidden path that leads to his beloved.

As their French title suggests, Mompou's two groups of songs each comprising *Trois comptines* draw their texts from nursery rhymes. The first was written in 1931, the second in 1943. Drawing on Spanish texts by the 19th-century poet Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer focusing on romantic themes of love, dreams and grief, the more substantial collection *Becquerianas* dates from 1971.

Cantar del alma ('Song of the Soul', 1951) sets lines by the 16th-century religious mystic St John of the Cross describing the eternal spring that the poet views as the source of spiritual life; Mompou noted that it should be performed 'in Gregorian style', and though the song is scarcely an exact imitation of Gregorian chant, an unusual feature is that the voice and piano are always heard separately. To a text by the Galician Ramón Cabanillas, *Aureana do Sil*' (1951) explores the experience of unrequited love. Based on a well-known poem by Lorca, *El niño mudo* ('The Silent Child') is one of the composer's most touching creations. *Le nuage* ('The Cloud', 1951) is a rare French setting, in this instance of a poem by Mompou's friend Mathilde Pomès describing a mysterious sea-voyage into the unknown. *Primeros pasos* ('First Steps', 1964) sets Clara Janés, daughter of Mompou's friend Josep Janés and one of the composer's biographers. The final song on this disc, *Neu* ('Snow', 1931), is founded on a text by Mompou himself that once again reveals his fascination with imagery from the natural world symbolising the sufferings of the human heart.

George Hall

Les chansons de Mompou

Bien que son œuvre soit modeste, principalement constituée de pièces pour piano et de chansons, Frederic Mompou s'est progressivement imposé comme l'une des voix musicales les plus singulières de la péninsule ibérique pendant le XX^e siècle. Né à Barcelone en 1893, il étudia au conservatoire du Liceu puis entendit la pianiste Marguerite Long jouer Fauré, ce qui l'incita à partir pour Paris ; sa musique sera fortement marquée par les modèles français – notamment Fauré, Debussy et Satie – ainsi que par la musique populaire catalane et le son des cloches (sa famille travaillait dans la fonderie de cloches depuis des générations).

Lorsque la guerre éclata en 1914, il rentra à Barcelone puis repartit à Paris en 1921 où il resta jusqu'à ce que la guerre, une fois encore, ne l'oblige à retourner dans son pays natal en 1941. Là, il continua à cultiver son style singulier dans une série d'œuvres dont le subtil sens profond est aussi remarquable que sa langue musicale unique. Il mourut à Barcelone en 1987.

Les poètes catalans constituèrent une source d'inspiration importante pour Mompou tout au long de sa vie créative. Le cycle *Combat del somni* (Combat du rêve, 1942–1951) met en musique des textes de Josep Janés – fervent partisan du nationalisme culturel qui comptait parmi les proches amis du compositeur. *Cançó de la fira* (« Chanson de la foire », 1949) est composée sur Tomàs Garcés qui s'exila en France pendant la guerre civile espagnole ; elle oppose les couleurs vives de la foire avec l'intensité d'un vif désir. *Pastoral* est l'un des deux arrangements sur des textes du poète andalou Juan Ramón Jiménez, récompensé par le prix Nobel de littérature, qu'écrivit Mompou en 1945 ; l'interprète y suit un chemin invisible menant à l'être aimé.

Comme le suggère leur titre français, les deux ensembles de *Trois comptines* sont fondés sur des chansons enfantines. Le premier fut composé en 1931, le second douze ans plus tard. Fondé sur des textes espagnols écrits par le poète du XIX^e siècle Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer, et consacré aux thèmes de l'amour, des rêves et du chagrin, le recueil plus substantiel *Becquerianas* date de 1971.

Cantar del alma (Chanson de l'âme, 1951) met en musique les vers de Saint-Jean de la Croix, mystique du XVI^e siècle, décrivant l'éternel printemps que le poète considère comme la source de la vie spirituelle ; Mompou indiqua qu'elle devait être exécutée « dans un style grégorien », et si la chanson n'est guère une imitation fidèle du chant grégorien, elle présente une caractéristique inhabituelle : la voix et le piano sont toujours entendus séparément. Sur un texte du poète galicien Ramón Cabanillas, *Aureana do Sil'* (1951) examine l'expérience d'un amour non partagé. Fondé sur un célèbre poème de Lorca, *El niño mudo* (« L'Enfant muet ») est l'une des pièces les plus poignantes du compositeur. *Le nuage* (1951) est un arrangement français rare, ici sur un poème d'une amie de Mompou, Mathilde Pomès, et évoquant un mystérieux voyage en mer dans l'inconnu. *Primeros pasos* (« Premiers pas », 1964) met en musique la prose de Clara Janés – fille de Josep Janés, ami de Mompou – et l'une des biographes du compositeur. La dernière chanson du présent disque, *Neu* (« Neige », 1931), est composée sur un texte de Mompou lui-même qui, une fois encore, révèle sa fascination pour les représentations de la nature qui symbolisent les souffrances du cœur humain.

George Hall

Die Lieder

Auch wenn sein Oeuvre nicht groß ist und hauptsächlich aus Klavierstücken und Liedern besteht, erlangte Frederic Mompou im Laufe der Zeit Anerkennung als eine der markantesten musikalischen Figuren, die im Laufe des 20. Jahrhunderts auf der iberischen Halbinsel hervortraten. Er wurde 1893 in Barcelona geboren und studierte am örtlichen Konservatorium, bevor er die Pianistin Marguerite Long dabei hörte, wie sie Fauré spielte, und ihn dies inspirierte, nach Paris zu ziehen. Seine eigene Musik sollte stark von französischen Vorbildern geprägt sein – insbesondere Fauré, Debussy und Satie – sowie von katalanischer Volksmusik und dem Glockenklang (seine Familie war seit Generationen im Glockengussgewerbe).

Bei Kriegsausbruch 1914 kehrte er nach Barcelona zurück und zog dann 1921 wieder nach Paris, wo er blieb, bis der Krieg ihn 1941 einmal mehr in seine Heimat zurückführte. Dort setzte er sein einzigartiges Schaffen mit einer Reihe von Werken fort, deren subtiles Understatement ebenso bemerkenswert ist, wie ihre singulär persönliche Klangsprache. Er starb 1987 in Barcelona.

Katalanische Dichter blieben für Mompou während seiner gesamten Schaffenszeit eine bedeutende Inspirationsquelle. Der Zyklus *Combat del somni* („Traumkampf“, 1942–51) basiert auf Texten von Josep Janés – einem glühenden kulturellen Nationalisten, den der Komponist zu seinen engsten Freunden zählte. *Cançó de la fira* („Lied vom Jahrmarkt“, 1949) ist eine Vertonung eines Textes von Tomàs Garcés, der während des Spanischen Bürgerkrieges nach Frankreich gezogen war; es stellt den lebhaften Farben des Jahrmarkts die Tiefe von aus vollem Herzen empfundener Sehnsucht gegenüber. *Pastoral* ist eine von zwei Vertonungen aus dem Jahre 1945 des

mit dem Nobelpreis gekrönten andalusischen Dichters Juan Ramón Jiménez Mompous. In diesem Werk folgt der Sänger dem verborgenen Pfad, der zu seiner Liebsten führt.

Wie ihr französischer Titel vermuten lässt, beziehen Mompous zwei Sammlungen von Liedern, die jeweils aus *Trois Comptines* bestehen, ihre Texte aus Kinderliedern. Die erste entstand 1931, die zweite zwölf Jahre später. Die umfassendere Sammlung der *Cancions Becquerianas*, die auf spanischen Texten des Dichters Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer aus dem 19. Jahrhundert beruht, in denen es um die romantischen Themen Liebe, Träume und Trauer geht, stammt von 1971.

Cantar del alma („Lied der Seele“, 1951) ist die Vertonung von Textzeilen des religiösen Mystikers St. Johannes vom Kreuz aus dem 16. Jahrhundert, in denen die ewige Quelle beschrieben wird, die der Dichter als Ursprung spirituellen Lebens betrachtet. Mompou legte fest, dass es „im gregorianischen Stil“ aufgeführt werden sollte, und auch wenn das Lied kaum eine genaue Imitation gregorianischer Gesänge darstellt, ist ein ungewöhnliches Merkmal, dass Gesang und Klavier stets separat zu hören sind. *Aureana do Sil'* (1951) setzt sich mittels eines Textes des Galiziers Ramón Cabanillas mit der Erfahrung bedingungsloser Liebe auseinander. *El niño mudo* („Das stumme Kind“) basiert auf einem bekannten Gedicht von Lorca und ist eine der bewegendsten Schöpfungen des Komponisten. *Le nuage* („Die Wolke“, 1951) ist eine seiner seltenen französischen Vertonungen, in diesem Fall von einem Gedicht, in dem Mompous Freundin Mathilde Pomès eine geheimnisvolle Seereise ins Unbekannte beschreibt. *Primeros pasos* („Erste Schritte“, 1964) vertont einen Text von Clara Janés, der Tochter von Mompous Freund Josep Janés und eine der Biographinnen des Komponisten. Das letzte Lied auf dieser Aufnahme, *Neu* („Schnee“, 1931), basiert auf einem Text von Mompou selbst, in dem sich wieder einmal seine Faszination für die die Leiden des menschlichen Herzens symbolisierende Bilderwelt der Natur zeigt.

George Hall



Iain Burnside

Photo: © TallWall Media

Iain Burnside

Interweaving roles as pianist and Sony Award-winning radio presenter with equal aplomb, Iain Burnside ('pretty much ideal', *BBC Music Magazine*) is also a master programmer with an instinct for the telling juxtaposition. His recordings straddle an exuberantly eclectic repertoire ranging from Schoenberg and Copland to Debussy and Judith Weir, with a special place reserved for the highways and byways of English song – as acclaimed recordings of Britten, Finzi, Ireland, Butterworth, Parry and Vaughan Williams have all proved. In 2014 Delphian will release Burnside's complete Rachmaninov songs with seven outstanding Russian artists. He also enjoys a close association with Rosenblatt Recitals, both on stage and in the studio.

For Guildhall School of Music and Drama Burnside has written and devised a number of highly individual theatre pieces. *Lads in their Hundreds*, an exploration of war songs, played in London and at the Ludlow Weekend of English Song. *A Soldier and a Maker*, based on the life of Ivor Gurney, was premiered at the Barbican Centre, transferring to the Cheltenham Festival. *Journeying Boys*, developed in association with the Royal College of Music, was performed in November 2013 in the Milton Court Theatre.

In demand as teacher and animateur, Burnside also works at the Jette Parker Young Artists Programme at the Royal Opera House, the National Opera Studio and the Royal Irish Academy of Music.

Rosenblatt Recitals

Rosenblatt Recitals is the only major operatic recital series in the world. Since its foundation by Ian Rosenblatt in 2000, it has presented over 130 concerts, featuring many of the leading opera singers of our time. It has also given debuts to many artists who have gone on to enjoy acclaimed international careers. *Rosenblatt Recitals* was conceived to celebrate the art of singing, and to give singers an opportunity to demonstrate their skills – to move, thrill and amaze – and also to explore rarely-heard repertoire or music not normally associated with them in their operatic careers.

Outside the formal presentation of lieder and song, and apart from the occasional 'celebrity concert', there was, until *Rosenblatt Recitals*, no permanent platform for the great opera singers of today to present their art directly to an audience, other than in costume and make-up on the operatic stage. *Rosenblatt Recitals* created such a platform, exploiting the immediacy and intimacy of renowned London concert halls.

In the course of the series, *Rosenblatt Recitals* has presented singers from all over the globe – from the majority of European countries, from China and Japan in the East to Finland and Russia in the North, from the African continent, and, of course, from the USA. Many recitalists have been or become world superstars, and some have now retired – but all of them, in their *Rosenblatt Recital*, whether in concert or in the studio, have given something unique and unrepeatable, and this essence is surely captured in these recordings, available for the first time on Opus Arte.

Combat del somni

1 No.1 Damunt de tu només les flors

Damunt de tu només les flors.
Eren com una ofrena blanda:
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 resplendies de la llum
per l'esguard clos atresorada.

¡Si hagués pogut ésser sospir
de flor! Donar-me, com un lliur, a tu,
perquè la meva vida

s'anés marcant sobre el teu pit.
I no saber mai més la nit,
que al teu costat fóra esvaïda.

2 No.3 Jo et pressentia com la mar

Jo et pressentia com la mar
i com el vent, immensa, lliure,
alta, damunt de tot atzar
i tot destí. I en el meu viure,

com el respire. I ara que et tinc
veig com el somni et limitava.
Tu no ets un nom, ni un gest. No vinc
a tu com a la imatge blava

d'un somni humà. Tu no ets la mar,
que és presonera dins de platges,
tu no ets el vent, pres en l'espai.

Tu no tens límits; no hi ha, encara,
mots per a dir-te, ni paisatges
per ser el tu món – ni hi seran mai.

3 No.5 Ara no sé si et veig, encar

Ara no sé si et veig, encar.
Els ulls et miren, i voldria
que això fos veure't. Si sabia
que et veig i et sé, com fóra avar

de poder dir que cap mirall
del món, ni l'aigua més serena
no et saben dir; que sols alena
un pit que estimi el que el cristall

no veu ni diu! Si fos així!
Que tu només fossis en mi!
Lluny dels meus ulls, tan limitada,

tan reduïda a gest, a esguard,
a imatge, a veu, que jo fos part
de tu, vivent per ma mirada.

Dream combat

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 kisses.
You were resplendent in the light,
treasured by your closed eyes.

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.

I sensed you were like the sea

I sensed you were like the sea,
and like the wind, immense, free,
towering above all hazard
and all destiny. And in my life
like breathing. And now that I have you,
I see how limiting my dream had been.
You are neither name or gesture. Nor do I come
to you as a hazy image

of a human dream. You are not the sea,
which is confined between beaches,
you are not the wind, caught in space.

You are boundless; there are as yet
no words to express you, nor landscapes
to form your world – nor will there ever be.

I know not now whether I can still see you

I know not now whether I can still see you.
My eyes gaze upon you, and I wish
that I could see you thus. If I could
see and know you, how eager I should be

to be able to say that no mirror
in the world, nor the calmest water
can speak of you; for a soul that loves
is nourished only by that which the glass

neither sees nor reflects! If only it were so!
Would that you were in me!
Far away from my eyes, so small,

so diminished your gesture, your glance,
your image, your voice, that I were part
of you, living through my gaze.

4 No.2 Aquesta ni un mateix vent

Aquesta nit un mateix vent
i una mateixa vela encesa
devien dur el teu pensament
i el meu per mars on la tendresa

es torna música i cristall.
El bes se'ns a feia transparència
– si tu eres l'aigua, jo el mirall –
com si abracéssim una absència.

¿El nostre cel fóra, potser,
un somni etern, així, de besos
fets melodia, i un no ser
de cossos junts i d'ulls encesos

amb flames blanques, i un sospir
d'acariciar sedes de lliur?

5 No.4 Fes-me la vida transparent

Fes-me la vida transparent,
com els teus ulls;
torna ben pura la mà meva,
i al pensament
duu-m'hi la pau.
Altra aventura no vull,
sinó la de seguir
l'estela blanca que neixia
dels teus camins.
I no llanguir
per ser mirall d'uns ulls.
Voldria ser com un riu oblidat
que es lliura al mar,
les aigües pures de tota imatge
amb un anhel de blau.
I ser llavors feliç
de viure lluny d'amors obscurs
amb l'esperança del teu cel.

Josep Janés

6 Cançó de la fira

El seus tresors mostra la fira
perquè els agafis amb la mà.
Jo sóc cansat de tant mirar
i la meva ànima sospira.
Cotó de sucre, cavallets,
càntirs de vidre i arracades
lluen i salten fent ballades
entre el brogit dels platerets.
El teu esguard ple d'avidesa
un immortal desig el mou.
¿Cerques un espectacle nou
més amunt de la fira encesa?
Els estels punxen tot el cel.
L'oreig escampa espurnes. Mira:
cam poc a poc es mor la fira
sota la llum d'aquell estel.
Glateixes per copsar l'estrella?
Ai, que el desig t'estreny el cor!
Mai més voldràs la joia d'or
ni la rialla del titella.

Tomàs Garcés

Tonight the same wind

Tonight the same wind
and the same gleaming sail
are bearing your thoughts
and mine across seas where tenderness

turns to music and crystal light.
Our kiss became transparent –
if you were the water, I was the mirror –
it was as though we embraced a void.

Is our heaven, perhaps,
an eternal dream of kisses
made melody – an incorporeal
union, with burning eyes

and white flames and a sigh
as if caressing silken lilies?

Make my life transparent

Make my life transparent,
like your eyes;
make my hand wholly pure,
and to my thoughts
bring peace.
I desire no other adventure
than to follow
the white wake created
by your passage,
nor to languish
for being the mirror of your eyes.
I would wish to be like an oblivious river
that abandons itself to the sea,
the pure waters of every image,
yearning for the blue.
And to be happy then,
living far from dark loves
with hope for your heaven.

Song of the fair

The fair displays its wonders
for you to grasp in either hand.
I am weary with so much gazing
and my soul sighs.
Candyfloss, merry-go-round,
jugs of glass and earrings
gleam and dance as they quiver
amid the clamour of cymbals.
Your gaze, brimming with eagerness,
craves an immortal wish.
Are you seeking a new spectacle
beyond the glowing fair?
The stars pierce the whole expanse of sky.
The breeze scatters the sparks. Look:
How gradually the fire dies
beneath the light of that star.
Do you yearn to catch the star?
Ah, desire clutches your heart!
Never again will you crave golden jewel
or a clown's laughter.

7 Pastoral

Los caminos de la tarde
se hacen uno, con la noche.
Por él he de ir a tí,
amor que tanto te escondes.

Por él he de ir a tí,
como la luz de los montes,
como la brisa del mar,
como el olor de las flores.

Juan Ramón Jiménez

Trois comptines (1931)

8 **No.1 Dalt d'un cotxe**
Dalt d'un cotxe n'hi ha una nina
que en repica els cascabells.
Trenta, quaranta,
l'ametlla amarganta,
el pinyol madur:
ves-te'n tu.

9 **No.2 Margot la pie**
Margot la pie a fait son nid
dans la cour à David.
David l'attrape,
lui couple la patte;
ric-rac, ric-rac,
comme une patate.

10 **No.3 He vist dins la lluna**
He vist dins la lluna
tres petits conills
que menjaven prunes
com tres desvergonyits.
La pipa a la boca
i la copa als dits,
tot dient: "Mestressa,
poseu-nos un got
ben ple de vi."

Pastorale

The paths of evening
merge into one at night.
Upon that path I must go to you,
my love, who always hides.

Upon that path I must go to you,
like the light of the mountains,
like the breeze of the sea,
like the scent of the flowers.

Three ditties

On a buggy
On a buggy there's a girl
ringing little bells.
Thirty, forty,
the almond is bitter,
the kernel ripe.
Be off with you!

Margot the magpie
Margot the magpie built her nest
in David's courtyard.
David catches her,
cuts off her leg,
snip-snip, snip-snip,
like a potato.

I saw in the moon
I saw in the moon
three little rabbits
eating plums
like three naughty boys.
Pipe in mouth,
cup in hand,
they all say: Mistress!
Pour us a glass
brimming with wine.

Becquerianas

11 **Hoy la tierra y los cielos me sonrían**
Hoy la tierra y los cielos me sonrían,
hoy llega al fondo de mi alma el sol,
hoy la he visto..., la he visto y me ha
mirado...
¡hoy creo en Dios!

12 **Los invisibles átomos del aire**
Los invisibles átomos del aire
en derredor palpitan y se inflaman,
el cielo se deshace en rayos de oro,
la tierra se estremece alborozada.
Oigo flotando en olas de armonías
rumor de besos y batir de alas;
mis párpados se cierran... ¿Qué sucede?
¿Dime?... ¡Silencio! ¡Es el amor que pasa!

13 **Yo soy ardiente, yo soy morena**
– Yo soy ardiente, yo soy morena,
yo soy el símbolo de la pasión,
de ansia de goces mi alma está llena.
¿A mí me buscas?
– No es a ti: no.

– Mi frente es pálida, mis trenzas de oro,
puedo brindarte dichas sin fin.
Yo de ternura guardo un tesoro.
¿A mí me llamas?
– No: no es a ti.

– Yo soy un sueño, un imposible,
vano fantasma de niebla y luz;
soy incorpórea, soy intangible:
no puedo amarte.
– ¡Oh, ven; ven tú!

14 **Yo sé cuál el objeto**
Yo sé cuál el objeto
de tus suspiros es.
Yo conozco la causa de tu dulce
secreteta languidez.
¿Te ríes...? Algún día
sabrás, niña por qué:
Tú lo sabes apenas
y yo lo sé.

Yo sé cuándo tú sueñas,
y lo que en sueños ves;
como en un libro puedo lo que callas
en tu frente leer.
¿Te ríes...? Algún día
sabrás, niña, por qué:
Tú lo sabes apenas
y yo lo sé.

Bécquer songs

Today the earth and heavens smile on me
Today the earth and heavens smile on me,
today the sun reaches the depth of my soul,
today I saw her... saw her and she looked
on me...
today I believe in God!

The invisible atoms of the air
The invisible atoms of the air
around me throb and flare,
the sky dissolves in rays of gold,
the earth shivers in ecstasy.
Floating on waves of harmony, I hear
the sound of kisses and fluttering wings;
my eyelids close... What is nigh?
Tell me?... Hush! It is love that passes by!

I am fiery, I am dark
– I am fiery, I am dark,
I am the symbol of passion,
my soul is filled with a thirst for pleasure.
Is it me you seek?
– No, it is not you. No.

– My brow is pale, my tresses gold,
I can offer you boundless joy.
A wealth of tenderness I hold.
Is it me you call?
– No: no, it is not you.

– I am a dream, an impossibility,
a futile phantom of mist and light;
I have no body, I am intangible:
I cannot love you.
– Oh come! Come!

I know the reason
I know the reason
for your sighs.
I know the cause of your sweet,
secret languor.
Your laugh...? Some day,
my love, you'll know why:
you scarcely sense it
and I know it.

I know when you dream,
and what in your dreams you see;
Like a book I can read on your brow
what you conceal.
You laugh...? Someday,
my love, you'll know why:
you scarcely sense it
and I know it.

Yo sé por qué sonríes
y loras a la vez:
yo penetro en los senos misteriosos
de tu alma de mujer.
¿Te ríes...? Algún día
sabrás, niña, por qué;
mientras tú sientes mucho y nada sabes,
yo que no siento ya, todo lo sé.

15 Volverán las oscuras golondrinas

Volverán las oscuras golondrinas
en tu balcón sus nidos a colgar,
y otra vez con el ala a sus cristales
jugando llamarán.

Pero aquéllas que el vuelo refrenaban
tu hermosura y mi dicha a contemplar,
aquéllas que aprendieron nuestros nombres...
éas... ¡no volverán!

Volverán lasupidas madreseivas
de tu jardín las tapias a escalar
y otra vez a la tarde aún más hermosas
sus flores se abrirán.

Pero aquellas cuajadas de rocío
cuyas gotas mirábamostremblar
y caer como lágrimas del día...
éas... ¡no volverán!

Volverán del amor en tus oídos
las palabras ardientes a sonar,
tu corazón de su profundo sueño
tal vez despertará.

Pero mudo y absorto y de rodillas
como se adora a Dios ante su altar,
como yo te he querido... desengáñate,
así... ¡no te querrán!

16 Olas gigantes

Olas gigantes que os rompéis bramando
en las playas desiertas y remotas,
envuelto entre la sábana de espumas,
¡llevadme con vosotras!

Ráfagas de huracán, que arrebatáis
del alto bosque las marchitas hojas,
arrastrado en el ciego torbellino,
¡llevadme con vosotras!

Nubes de tempestad que rompe el rayo
y en fuego ornáis las desprendidas orlas,
arreatado entre la niebla oscura,
¡llevadme con vosotras!

Llevadme, por piedad, adonde el vértigo
con la razón me arranque la memoria.
¡Por piedad! Tengo miedo de quedarme
con mi dolor a solas!

Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer

I know why you smile
and weep in one:
I can fathom the mysterious declivities
of your woman's soul.
You laugh...? Some day,
my love, you'll know why;
while you feel many things and know none,
I, who can no longer feel, know all.

The darkling swallows will return

The darkling swallows will return
to hang on your balcony their nests,
and brush again your windows with their wings
as they playfully call.

But those that lingered in their flight
to behold your beauty and my joy,
those that learned our names...
those... will not return!

The dense honeysuckle will return
to climb again your garden walls
and again at evening, lovelier still,
their flowers will unfold.

But those that hung bedecked with dew,
whose dewdrops we saw tremble
and fall like tears of day...
those... will not return!

Upon your ears will fall again
the sound of ardent words of love;
your heart from its deep sleep
will then perhaps awake.

But mute and rapt and kneeling,
as God before His altar is adored,
as I loved you, you may be sure,
– none shall ever love you so!

Vast waves

Vast waves, breaking with a roar
on deserted and distant strands,
shroud me in a sheet of foam,
bear me away with you!

Hurricane gusts, snatching
the tall wood's withered leaves,
dragging all along in dark turbulence,
bear me away with you!

Storm clouds rent by lightning
with your edges bordered in fire,
snatch me up in a dark mist,
bear me away with you!

Bear me away, I beg, to where vertigo
eradicates my memory and reason...
Have mercy... I dread being left
alone with my grief!

Trois comptines (1943)

17 No.1 Aserrín, aserrán

Aserrín, aserrán,
Los maderos de San Juan.
Los de arriba sierran bien
y los de abajo también.
Al milano, ¿qué le dan?
Bellotitas con el pan.
Por la noche pan y pera,
y otra noche pera y pan.
Aserrín, aserrán,
los maderos de San Juan.

18 No.2 Petite fille de Paris

Petite fille de Paris,
prête-moi tes souliers gris.
Prête-moi tes souliers gris
pour aller en Paradis.
Nous irons un à un
dans le chemin des Saints,
deux à deux
dans le chemin des cieux.

19 No.3 Pito, pito, colorito

Pito, pito, colorito,
¿dónde vas tú tan bonito?
Pito, pito, colorito,
¿dónde vas tú tan bonito?
A la acera
verdadera.
Pim, pom, fuera.

20 Cantar del alma

Aquella eterna fuente está escondida,
que bien sé yo dó tiene su manida,
aunque es de noche.

Su origen no lo sé, pues no le tiene,
mas sé que todo origen de ella viene,
aunque es de noche.

Sé que no puede ser cosa tan bella
y que cielos ya tierra beben de ella,
aunque es de noche.

Sé ser tan caudalosas sus corrientes
que infernos, cielos riegan y las gentes,
aunque es de noche.

El corriente que nace de esta fuente,
bien sé que es tan capaz y tan potente,
aunque es de noche.

Aquesta viva fuente que yo deseo,
en este pan de vida yo la veo,
aunque es de noche.

San Juan de la Cruz

Three ditties

Sawing song

Saw away, saw away
at the logs of Saint John.
Those on top saw well
and those on bottom too.
What do they feed the kite?
Little acorns with bread.
Bread with pears at night,
and the next night pears with bread.
Saw away, saw away
at the logs of Saint John.

Little Parisian girl

Little Parisian girl,
lend me your grey shoes,
lend me your grey shoes
to go to Paradise.
We'll go one by one
on the pathway of the saints,
and two by two
on the pathway in the sky.

Pito, pito, full of colours

Pito, pito, full of colours,
where are you going, my pretty one?
Pito, pito, full of colours
where are you going, my pretty one?
To the pavement –
I swear I am.
Pim, pom, out!

Song of the soul

That eternal spring is hidden,
but well I know where it rises,
though it is night.

I do not know its source, for it has none,
but I know that all things stem from it,
though it is night.

I know there is nothing more beautiful
and that sky and earth drink from it,
though it is night.

I know its streams to be so full
that they water hell, heaven and mankind,
though it is night.

The stream that rises from this spring
is, well I know, so broad and so mighty,
though it is night.

This living spring that I desire
I see as the bread of life,
though it is night.

21 Aureana do Sil'

As arenas de ouro,
Aureana do Sil,
Son asbagoas acedas
que me fas chorar ti.
Si queres oura fino,
Aureana do Sil,
abre o meu corazón
tés de a topalo a li.

Co que collas no rio,
Aureana do Sil,
mercaras cando moito
un amor infeliz.
Para dar c'un cariño
verdadero has de vir
enxoitar os meus ollos,
Aureana do Sil.

Ramón Cabanillas

22 El niño mudo

El niño busca su voz.
(La tenía el rey de los grillos.)
En una gota de agua
buscaba su voz el niño.

No la quiero para hablar;
me haré con ella un anillo
que llevará mi silencio
en su dedo pequeñito.

En una gota de agua
buscaba su voz el niño.

(La voz cautiva, a lo lejos,
se ponía un traje de grillo.)

Federico García Lorca

Aureana of Sil

The golden sands,
Aureana do Sil,
are the bitter tears
you make me cry.
If you want fine gold,
Aureana do Sil,
open up my heart –
you shall find it there.

With what you glean from the river,
Aureana do Sil,
you will buy, at most,
an unhappy love.
To find a true love
you must come
to bewitch my eyes,
Aureana do Sil.

The silent child

The little boy is looking for his voice.
(The king of the crickets had it.)
In a drop of water
the little boy was looking for his voice.

I don't want to use it for speaking;
with it I'll make a ring
that my silence will wear
on its little finger.

In a drop of water
the little boy was looking for his voice.

(Far away, his captive voice
was dressing up as a cricket.)

23 Le nuage

S'embarquer, ô lente nef,
à ton bord sans capitaine ;
s'embarquer, ô blanc vaisseau,
à ton bord sans gouvernail,
rompues les amarres du souvenir meme,
perdu le sextant du désir concret.
Aller voguer dans une douce dérive,
sur une mer sans couleur
vers des îles sans contour.
Voguer, aller, aller...
Le silence diaphane
tenant lieu pour espace,
le cœur ne martelant plus
la scansion des seconds
qu'en battements étouffés.
Aller voguer, voguer
à chaque coup de roulis
perdre un peu de sa figure,
perdre un peu de sa substance.
Voguer, aller
jusqu'à ce point idéal
où la mer du ciel se comble
pour baigner le clair visage
d'une terre plus fleurie ;
mon esquif plus frêle
que neige en avril,
fondue au soleil la haute misaine,
l'étrave rongée par les alizés,
du beau port en vue
mollement couler...

Mathilde Pomès

24 Primeros pasos

Tu cuerpo como un árbol,
tus ojos como un lago,
y yo soñaba hundirme
debajo de tu abrazo.
Tu tiempo no era tiempo,
tu ser era un milagro
y te busqué hasta hallarte
debajo de tu abrazo.
El sol murió en el cielo,
tus pasos se alejaron
y se quedó mi sueño
debajo de tu abrazo.

Clara Janés

25 Neu

No és neu, són flors de cel.
Cor meu com te desfulles.
Són fulls de ma vida esquinqats.
Plugeta de paper blanc.
No és neu, són flors de cel.
Dolor, com te desfulles.
¡Ai! Quina tristesa fa.

Frederic Mompou

The cloud

To embark, o languid ship,
on your deck devoid of captain;
to embark, o white vessel,
on your deck devoid of helmsman,
the mooring ropes of memory itself broken,
the sextant of concrete desire lost.
To sail in a sweet drift,
on a sea devoid of colour
toward islands devoid of shape,
to sail, to go, to go...
The diaphanous silence
in lieu of space,
the heart now hammering
the scansion of seconds
with mere stifled beats.
To sail, sail,
with every roll
losing a fraction of one's form,
losing a fraction of one's substance.
To sail, to go
to that ideal point
where the sea fills with sky
to bathe the bright face
of a more blossoming land;
my skiff more frail
than April snow,
the high foresail melted in the sun,
the stem-post gnawed by trade winds,
with the beautiful port in sight,
gently gliding...

First steps

Your body like a tree,
your eyes like a lake,
and I dreamed I was drowning
in your embrace.
Your time was not time,
your existence was a miracle,
and I sought you till I found you
in your embrace.
The sun died away in the sky,
your steps faded away,
and my dream was left
in your embrace.

Snow

Not snow but flowers from the sky.
O my heart, how you are unleaving!
Lacerated pages from my life.
Fine rain of white paper.
Not snow but flowers from the sky.
O suffering, how you are unleaving!
Ah, how sad!

Also available on Opus Arte



Francesco Meli



Leo Nucci

Recording: 10–12 September 2008, St John's,
Smith Square, London
Produced, engineered and edited by **Simon Kiln**
Packaging design **Jeremy Tilston for WLP Ltd.**
Cover photo © **Marta Escobar**
Booklet note © **George Hall**
Translations © **Richard Stokes** (1, 2, 4–21, 23–25),
Susannah Howe (3, 22); **Noémie Gatzler** (Français);
Leandra Rhoese (Deutsch)

Artistic Consultant **Iain Burnside**
Executive Producer for Rosenblatt Recitals **Ian Rosenblatt**
Executive Producer for Opus Arte **Ben Pateman**
© Opus Arte 2014
© Opus Arte 2014

DDD

OPUS ARTE
Royal Opera House
Enterprises
Covent Garden
London
WC2E 9DD

tel: +44 (0)20 7240 1200
email: opusarte@roh.org.uk

OPUS
ARTE