



STJOHN'S
CAMBRIDGE

DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN | SCHUBERT
IESTYN DAVIES | JOSEPH MIDDLETON



DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN OP.25 (D. 795)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

1	Das Wandern	[2.32]	13	Mit dem grünen Lautenbände	[1.58]
2	Wohin?	[2.15]	14	Der Jäger	[1.11]
3	Halt!	[1.32]	15	Eifersucht und Stolz	[1.36]
4	Danksagung an den Bach	[2.24]	16	Die liebe Farbe	[4.40]
5	Am Feierabend	[2.22]	17	Die böse Farbe	[1.57]
6	Der Neugierige	[4.01]	18	Trockne Blumen	[4.08]
7	Ungeduld	[2.32]	19	Der Müller und der Bach	[4.29]
8	Morgengruß	[4.17]	20	Des Baches Wiegenlied	[7.44]
9	Des Müllers Blumen	[3.15]			
10	Tränenregen	[4.01]		Total timings:	[64.22]
11	Mein!	[2.22]			
12	Pause	[4.54]			

IESTYN DAVIES COUNTERTENOR
JOSEPH MIDDLETON PIANO

www.signumrecords.com

IESTYN AND ST JOHN'S

Iestyn had already been in the choir for four years when I arrived at St John's in 1991. Still only 11, he was already almost a veteran. He and his friend, Christopher de la Hoyde saw me through what could have been two very challenging years. Their voices can be heard on several recordings, notably of Gibbons Verse Anthems and a Purcell CD under the late Richard Hickox.

Iestyn, in particular, was a natural performer who exemplified many of the virtues of George Guest's excellent choir – expressive quality, sensitive phrasing allied to the shape and sense of the text, judicious vibrato, and an ability to communicate. He sang with remarkable warmth and understanding for one so young. He made everything look and sound easy, but behind this was deeply serious intent. As Head Chorister he led by example with calm authority. I can picture him now, standing in the middle of his side, anticipating some exposed passage. He would seem to grow a couple of inches, and with a discreet restraining gesture would seem to imply 'I'm doing this'.

Happily he and his friend returned to the choir in due course as choral scholars. During this time Iestyn's voice gradually settled and he gained much from the teaching, support and



Christopher Robinson © Stephen Stokes

friendship of David Lowe. Following a spell at the Royal Academy of Music, his career path became obvious and (unsurprisingly) took off in a spectacular way.

Anyone who has heard Iestyn make an after-dinner speech will be aware of his sharp wit and mischievous sense of humour. I gather that his many followers on social media are greatly entertained by his gift for mimicry. Like all good actors he has a keen eye and ear for the ridiculous and for the eccentricities of human behaviour. Like Alan Bennett, perhaps?

Dr Christopher Robinson CVO CBE
Director of Music 1991-2003



© James Beal

FRANZ SCHUBERT
1797-1828
**DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN / THE
BEAUTIFUL MAID OF THE MILL)**
D. 795 (COMPOSED 1823)

Texts by Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)
from *Sieben- und siebenzig Gedichte aus
den hinterlassenen Papieren eines reisenden
Waldhornisten* (77 Poems from the Posthumous
Papers of a Wandering Horn-Player), 1820

Das Wandern / Journeying
Wohin? / Where to?
Halt! / Halt!
Danksagung an den Bach / Thanksgiving to the
brook
Am Feierabend / When work is over
Der Neugierige / The inquisitive one
Ungeduld / Impatience
Morgengruß / Morning greeting
Des Müllers Blumen / The miller's flowers
Tränenregen / Rain of tears
Mein! / Mine!
Pause / Pause
Mit dem grünen Lautenbände / To accompany
the lute's green ribbon
Der Jäger / The hunter
Eifersucht und Stolz / Jealousy and pride

Die liebe Farbe / The beloved color
Die böse Farbe / The hateful color
Trockne Blumen / Withered flowers
Der Müller und der Bach / The miller and the brook
Des Baches Wiegenlied / The brook's lullaby

Franz Schubert was newly diagnosed with syphilis when he discovered a poetic cycle by a contemporary of his, the poet Wilhelm Müller, who tells the tale of a young lad done to death by his first erotic experience. That the composer was drawn to a story about the coupling of Eros and Death at this turning point in his own life is a coincidence to make anyone ponder the mysteries of time and fate. The characters in this narrative cycle in 20 stages are medieval in origin – many listeners will know them in comic guise from Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* – but here they are mythic archetypes for something fundamental in human existence. Few of us make the journey from cradle to grave without being clawed by love's very sharp talons at some point, and Schubert's cycle traverses a tragic arc from Songs of Innocence to Songs of Experience.

In the late autumn of 1816, the 23-year-old poet Wilhelm Müller took part in a weekly artistic salon at the home of the Berlin privy councillor Friedrich August von Stägemann. The other

members of the group included the 22-year-old artist Wilhelm Hensel, who would later marry Fanny Mendelssohn; his 18-year-old sister Luise Hensel; Friedrich Förster, who would become an eminent historian; and the 16-year-old daughter of the household, Hedwig von Stägemann. The young people embarked on the composition of a *Liederspiel* (song-play) on the venerable theme of the miller maid (Hedwig) wooed by a variety of suitors: a gardener (Luise Hensel in a "pants-role"), a hunter (Wilhelm Hensel), Müller (predestined by his name to be the miller lad), and a *Junker*, or country squire (Förster). The antique tale was "in the air" at the time: Giovanni Paisiello's comic opera *L'amor contrastato, o sia La bella Molinara* of 1788 was popular in Germany as *Die schöne Müllerin*; Goethe had written four mill-ballads in different national styles; and Romantic writers followed suit. Only fragments of the Stägemann *Liederspiel* are extant, but from them, we learn that it ended with the miller maid, overcome by remorse, drowning herself in the same brook in which the miller lad died. The young Müller, the best poet in the group of young people, was in love with Luise Hensel, but she was being strenuously courted by the older Romantic poet Clemens Brentano (she never married, however). In a traditional remedy for a broken heart, Müller left

Berlin in 1817 for journeys to Austria and Italy, where he became a philhellene, or supporter of Greek independence from the Ottoman Empire and one of Lord Byron's earliest German biographers. Returning to his native Dessau in 1818, Müller began revising the *Liederspiel* as a monodrama, a poetic cycle spoken or sung by a single character. Everyone we meet, everything we see, everything we know comes from him, or so goes Müller's feint. He was proud of the finished work, as well he might be, and gave it pride of place in his first poetic anthology: 77 *Poems from the Posthumous Papers of a Wandering Horn-player*. The title is a mocking "send-up" of as many Romantic clichés as Müller could cram into a single line (magic numbers, death, wandering, the *Waldborn* or natural horn as the Romantic instrument par excellence), and it tells us that Müller was a latecomer to Romanticism. The parenthetical subtitle of the poetic cycle, "(To be read in winter)," bespeaks someone looking back in wintry disillusionment at the springtime of Romantic ideals.

Literary critics used to decry Müller's poetry as naïve, but in actuality these poems overflow with literary references, their university-educated creator trafficking in allusions to Goethe, Elizabethan poetry, medieval romance, and folk

poetry. "Ungeduld" (Impatience), for example, is modeled on a passage from Sir Edmund Spenser's "Colin Clouts come home again" of 1595. In another example, the framing prologue and epilogue of *Die schöne Müllerin* – Schubert omitted them from his cycle – are drenched in Pirandello-esque irony. Both are in the voice of "The Poet," a combination-carnival huckster and egotistical artist who derides his chosen subject matter as rustic but congratulates himself on his skill in making something new out of these "country matters."

The three main characters in *Die schöne Müllerin* have a long literary ancestry beginning in the Middle Ages and extending all the way to World War I. In German folklore, hunters are fearless, independent, at home in Nature, disdainful of civilization, and possessed of irresistible sexual magnetism. They have the advantage in the ages-old *chasse d'amour*, or "hunt of love," and shy, poetically-inclined miller lads can hardly compete with so much masculinity mantled in so much myth. But the myths of handsome, seductive hunters also have a dark side in violence. In "Der Jäger," Müller even calls up associations with German legends of "der wilde Mann" (the wild man) when his miller lad angrily cries out to a hunter who is not

even there (the lad talks to himself), "And shave the bristling hair from your chin." The stricken youth can hardly believe that the sweetheart he thinks is so saintly could reciprocate the desires of an uncivilized macho man when she could have a sweet, tender poet who worships her.

For those who had read the right books, however, it was easy to believe, as mills were the traditional site for carnality; Chaucer created the most famous example of sexual conniving at the medieval mill in the Reeve's Tale from his *Canterbury Tales*. Some of Germany's oldest folk poems also tell of lusty miller maids and shy young apprentices who yearn for their favors, but Müller's lad has read all the wrong books. He is a figure transposed from the medieval poetry of courtly love to a rustic context; Müller translated a collection of Minnesong poetry from Middle High German into modern German in 1816, just before the Stägemann song-play. The courtly lover controls lust by desiring a lady who is seen as too wonderful for the dross of sexuality; what the knight-poet does with bodily desire is to sing of it in verse stylized to the utmost. Following the chivalric model, the miller lad idealizes the miller maid as pure and

perfect, and he sings songs to tell of her beauty and of his love for her. But not many women can survive this kind of exaltation, and few among us can spiritualize desire without a struggle. The result in this cycle is the classic virgin-whore dichotomy in which the beloved is first worshipped as the image of perfection and then excoriated as a slut when she proves to have a carnal side.

Müller was not the first to create young men destroyed by the difference between love on the printed page and love as it really is (which then becomes literature); Goethe's Werther was only one of many such characters Müller might have known. In fact, *his* miller lad suffers more than Schubert's. The composer omitted not only the prologue and epilogue but three poems from the body of the narrative, poems in which the miller lad 1) idealizes the maiden as a rustic saint, 2) spies on the hunter and miller maid making love, and 3) undergoes a harrowing surge of sexual revulsion that destroys him: this is why he kills himself. By eliminating these poems, Schubert allows us to infer that the lad's love was possibly unrequited and that some passing kindness on her part permits him in "Mein!" (Mine!) to fantasize that she is his before the truth of her liaison with the

hunter becomes something he cannot deny. His miller is more innocent than the poet's.

The genesis of D. 795 marks the beginning of the end of Schubert's life. He discovered that he had contracted syphilis sometime in late 1822 or early 1823, and it was in 1823 that he composed this tale of a poet-singer who dies in the aftermath of erotic experience. "Imagine a man whose health will never be right again ... whose most brilliant hopes have perished ... whom enthusiasm for all things beautiful threatens to forsake," Schubert wrote to a friend: this is the backdrop to *Die schöne Müllerin*. The initial stages of his illness were so severe that he had to be hospitalized, possibly in the summer of 1823. The cycle was published the following year (1824) in five booklets as Op. 25 by the Viennese firm of Sauer & Leidesdorf. Schubert dedicated the first edition to his friend, the Baron Carl von Schönstein, who had, according to numerous reports, a lyrical high baritone voice; Franz Liszt was moved to tears when he heard Schönstein sing in 1838, ten years after Schubert's death. We are told that in his later years, the aristocratic singer would receive mail addressed only to "Baron von Schönstein, Journeyman Miller;" the tale may be apocryphal but one hopes it is true.



For reasons about which we can only conjecture, *Die schöne Müllerin* did not immediately strike the public fancy, and there were no reviews in Schubert's lifetime. His friend Franz Schober tried to comfort him, writing, "And your miller songs have also brought no great acclaim? These hounds have no feelings or minds of their own, and they blindly follow the noise and opinions of others." But "the hounds" would soon atone for their initial neglect.

In this cycle, Schubert spans the gamut from the strict strophic, pseudo-folkloric sound of "Das Wandern" (Journeying) to the formal complexities of "Eifersucht und Stolz" (Jealousy and Pride) and "Die böse Farbe" (The hateful color), from the simpler harmonic language of "Mit dem grünen Lautenbande" (To accompany the lute's green ribbon) to the radical harmonic language of "Pause," from the hammered fury of "Der Jäger" (The Hunter) to the exquisite tenderness of the elegy at the end. The details of his reading of this poetry are too numerous to recount them all; a few examples will have to suffice. When the lad in "Ungeduld" harps on the same tune over and over and stays in the same key, we hear his monomaniacal fervor; he cannot sit still, however, and his impatience is evident in the colorful inflections and thrumming

triplets. Youthful ardor and impatience are again evident in "Morgengruß" (Morning Greeting), a serenade that starts with a preliminary bit of rehearsal: the piano begins with a two-bar phrase to which the lad will subsequently sing, "Guten Morgen, schöne Müllerin" (Good morning, beautiful miller maid). He is too impatient to rehearse beyond the first phrase, however, and quickly concludes the introduction so that he can utter his thoughts aloud. In "Eifersucht und Stolz," when the lad tells the brook to convey his reproaches to the miller maid ("Geh', Bächlein, hin und sag ihr das," or "Go, little brook, and tell her that"), the thought occurs to him so quickly that there is barely time for the singer to take a gasping breath before the imperative "Geh'" (Go), sung as an upbeat. Schubert mimics the motions of a mind in turmoil and does so within a formal structure of impeccable design. Something similar happens in "Die böse Farbe" (The hateful colour), when the miller says that he would like "to make the green grass deathly pale [totenbleich] with my weeping." In Schubert's reading, the lad realizes a split second after he sings "toten—" (deathly) that he is actually contemplating his own death. The shock sends him reeling and the music jolting upwards, a massive disruption of the harmonies. In a different context, "bleich" (pale) would not

receive such emphasis, but Schubert makes us hear the moment of revelation when it happens. In "Trockne Blumen" (Withered Flowers), the miller tries to convince himself that there is meaning in his death, that love will triumph in resurrection. In Müller's poetic cycle, the delusion dies somewhere between this poem and the one that follows it ("Der Müller und der Bach"), but Schubert makes us hear false reassurance vanishing in the piano postlude to "Trockne Blumen," the music sinking downwards and all vitality draining away. In every bar of every song, there are similar marvels to be found.

At the end, neither Müller nor Schubert allows tragedy to have the last word. In the final poem, the brook sings an exquisite lullaby to console the dying lad. It was the custom in 1820s Vienna for parish churches to ring the "Züggelöcklein," the "passing bell," when one of their parishioners was dying so that all who heard it might pray for the person's soul, and Schubert accordingly rings the passing bell in the outermost tones of the right-hand part. A majestic spiritual vision unfolds at the close, invoked by the brook that has been the lad's confidante all along, in whose depths he lies dying. When it tells of the full moon rising into the heavens, dispelling the mist symbolic of all

that evades our understanding in this life, it insists upon the ultimate victory of harmony and beauty in the realm of the infinite.

Susan Youens



© James Beddoe

DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN / THE BEAUTIFUL MAID OF THE MILL D. 795
POEMS BY WILLHELM MÜLLER (1794-1827)
TRANSLATION BY RICHARD STOKES ©
FROM *THE BOOK OF LIEDER* (FABER, 2005)

1 Das Wandern / Journeying

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,
Das Wandern!
Das muß ein schlechter Müller sein,
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,
Das Wandern.

*To journey is the miller's joy,
To journey!
A wretched miller he must be
Who never thought of journeying,
Of journeying.*

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,
Vom Wasser!
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,
Das Wasser.

*We've learnt this from the water,
The water!
It never rests by day or night,
But always thinks of journeying,
The water.*

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,
Den Rädern!
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde drehn,
Die Räder.

*We've learnt it from the mill-wheels too,
The mill-wheels!
They don't like standing still at all,
And will never, ever tire,
The mill-wheels.*

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,
Die Steine!
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,
Die Steine.

*Even the mill-stones, heavy as they are,
The mill-stones!
They join in the merry dance
And long to move even faster,
The mill-stones.*

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,
O Wandern!
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
Laßt mich in Frieden weiter ziehn
Und wandern.

2 Wohin? / Where to?

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
Hinab zum Tale rauschen
So frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,
Ich mußte auch hinunter
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Hinunter und immer weiter,
Und immer dem Bache nach,
Und immer frischer rauschte
Und immer heller der Bach.

Ist das denn meine Straße?
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

*O journeying, journeying, my joy,
O journeying!
Master and mistress,
Let me go my way in peace,
And journey*

*I heard a brooklet murmuring
From its rocky source,
Murmuring down into the valley,
So bright and wondrous clear.*

*I do not know what seized me,
Or what prompted me,
I too had to journey down
With my wanderer's staff.*

*Down and ever onwards,
Always following the stream,
As it murmured ever brighter
And murmured ever clearer.*

*Is this, then, my path?
O brooklet, say where it leads?
You have with your murmuring
Quite bemused my mind.*

Was sag' ich denn vom Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
Es singen wohl die Nixen
Tief unten ihren Reihn.

Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen,
Und wandre fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
In jedem klaren Bach!

3 Halt! / Halt!

Eine Mühle seh' ich blinken
Aus den Erlen heraus,
Durch Rauschen und Singen
Bricht Rädergebraus.

Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,
Süßer Mühlengesang!
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!
Und die Fenster, wie blank!

Und die Sonne, wie helle
Vom Himmel sie scheint!
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
War es also gemeint?

*Why do I speak of murmuring?
That's no murmuring I hear:
It must be the water nymphs
Singing and dancing below.*

*Let them sing, let the stream murmur,
And follow it cheerfully!
For mill-wheels turn
In every clear stream!*

*I see a mill gleaming
Among the alder trees,
The roar of mill-wheels is heard
Through the murmuring and singing.*

*Welcome, O welcome,
Sweet song of the mill!
And how inviting the house looks!
And how the windows gleam!*

*And the sun, how brightly
It shines from the sky!
O brooklet, dear brooklet,
Is this what you meant?*

4 Danksagung an den Bach /
Thanksgiving to the brook

War es also gemeint,
Mein rauschender Freund,
Dein Singen, dein Klingeln,
War es also gemeint?

Zur Müllerin hin!
So lautet der Sinn.
Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?
Zur Müllerin hin!

Hat sie dich geschickt?
Oder hast mich berückt?
Das möcht' ich noch wissen,
Ob sie dich geschickt.

Nun wie's auch mag sein,
Ich gebe mich drein:
Was ich such', hab' ich funden,
Wie's immer mag sein.

Nach Arbeit ich frug,
Nun hab' ich genug,
Für die Hände, für's Herze
Vollauf genug!

*Is this what you meant,
My murmuring friend,
Your singing, your ringing,
Is this what you meant?*

*To the maid of the mill!
That is what you wish to say.
Have I understood you?
To the maid of the mill!*

*Was it she who sent you?
Or have you bewitched me?
I should dearly like to know,
Whether she it was who sent you.*

*Well, however it may be,
I accept my fate:
What I seek, I've found,
However it may be.*

*I asked for work,
Now I have enough,
For my hands, for my heart,
More than enough!*

5 Am Feierabend / When work is over

Hätt' ich tausend
Arme zu rühren!
Könn' ich brausend
Die Räder führen!
Könn' ich wehen
Durch alle Haine,
Könn' ich drehen
Alle Steine!
Daß die schöne Müllerin
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
Jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.
Und da sitz' ich in der großen Runde,
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
Und der Meister spricht zu Allen:
Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
Allen eine gute Nacht.

*If only I'd a thousand
Arms to work with!
If only I could keep
The mill-wheels roaring!
If only I could whirl
Through every wood,
If only I could turn
Every mill-stone!
That the beautiful maid of the mill
Might see my faithful love!*

*But my arm, alas, is so weak!
Whatever I lift, whatever I carry,
Whatever I cut, whatever I hammer,
Any apprentice could do as much.
And there I sit with them in a circle,
When work is over, in the cool and quiet,
And the master says to all of us:
'I am pleased with your work.'
And the sweet girl wishes
Us all a good night.*

6 Der Neugierige / The inquisitive one

Ich frage keine Blume,
Ich frage keinen Stern,
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,
Was ich erführt' so gern.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,
Ob mich mein Herz belog.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Wie bist du heut' so stumm!
Will ja nur Eines wissen,
E i n Wörtchen um und um.

Ja, heißt das eine Wörtchen,
Das andre heißet Nein,
Die beiden Wörtchen schließen
Die ganze Welt mir ein.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Was bist du wunderlich!
Will's ja nicht weiter sagen,
Sag', Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

*I ask no flower,
I ask no star,
None of them can tell me
What I'd so love to hear.*

*After all, I'm no gardener,
And the stars are too high;
I shall ask my brooklet
If my heart deceived me.*

*O brooklet of my love,
How silent you are today!
Just one thing I wish to hear,
One word repeatedly.*

*One little word is 'yes',
The other is 'no',
By these two little words
My whole world is bounded.*

*O brooklet of my love,
How strange you are!
I'll let it go no further –
Tell me, brooklet, does she love me?*

7 Ungeduld / Impatience

Ich schnitt' es gern in alle Rinden ein,
Ich grüb' es gern in jeden Kieselstein,
Ich möcht' es sä'n auf jedes frische Beet
Mit Kressensamen, der es schnell verrät,
Auf jeden weißen Zettel möcht' ich's schreiben:
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Ich möcht' mir ziehen einen jungen Star,
Bis daß er spräch' die Worte rein und klar,
Bis er sie spräch' mit meines Mundes Klang,
Mit meines Herzens vollem heißem Drang;
Dann säng' er hell durch ihre Fensterscheiben:
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Den Morgenwinden möcht' ich's hauchen ein,
Ich möcht' es säuseln durch den regen Hain;
O, leuchtet' es aus jedem Blumenstern!
Trüg' es der Duft zu ihr von nah und fern!
Ihr Wogen, könnt ihr nichts als Räder treiben?
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Ich meint', es müßt' in meinen Augen stehn,
Auf meinen Wangen müßt' man's brennen sehn,
Zu lesen wär's auf meinem stummen Mund,
Ein jeder Atemzug gäb's laut ihr kund;
Und sie merkt nichts von all' dem bangen Treiben:
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben!

*I'd like to carve it on every tree,
Engrave it on every pebble,
Sow it on every fresh plot
With cress-seed that would soon reveal it,
Write it on every scrap of white paper:
My heart is yours, and shall be forever!*

*I'd like to train a young starling
To say the words pure and plain,
To say them with my voice's sound,
With my heart's full urgent passion;
Then he'd sing brightly through her window:
My heart is yours, and shall be forever.*

*I'd like to breathe it to the morning breeze,
Murmur it through the quivering trees;
If it could shine from every flower!
If their scent could bring it her from near and far!
O water, are mill-wheels all you can move?
My heart is yours, and shall be forever.*

*I'd have thought it must show in my eyes,
Could be seen on my burning cheeks,
Could be read on my silent lips,
I'd have thought every breath proclaimed it loud;
And she sees nothing of this anxious pleading:
My heart is yours, and shall be forever!*

8 Morgengruß / Morning greeting

Guten Morgen, schöne Müllerin!
Wo steckst du gleich das Köpfchen hin,
Als wär' dir was geschehen?
Verdriest dich denn mein Gruß so schwer?
Verstört dich denn mein Blick so sehr?
So muß ich wieder gehen.

O laß mich nur von ferne stehn,
Nach deinem lieben Fenster sehn,
Von ferne, ganz von ferne!
Du blondes Köpfchen, komm hervor!
Hervor aus eurem runden Tor,
Ihr blauen Morgensterne!

Ihr schlummertrunknen Äugelein,
Ihr taubetrübten Blümelein,
Was scheuet ihr die Sonne?
Hat es die Nacht so gut gemeint,
Daß ihr euch schließt und bückt und weint,
Nach ihrer stillen Wonne?

Nun schüttelt ab der Träume Flor,
Und hebt euch frisch und frei empor
In Gottes hellen Morgen!
Die Lerche wirbelt in der Luft,
Und aus dem tiefen Herzen ruft
Die Liebe Leid und Sorgen.

*Good morning, beautiful maid of the mill!
Why do you dart your head back in,
As though something were troubling you?
Does my greeting so displease you?
Does my gaze so disturb you?
Then I must be on my way.*

*Oh, just let me stand from afar
And watch your dear window
From afar, from afar!
Little blond head, come out!
Gaze out from your round gates,
Blue morning stars!*

*Little sleep-drunk eyes,
Dew-afflicted little flowers,
Why do you fear the sun?
Was night so good to you
That you close and bow and weep
For its silent bliss?*

*Shake off now the veil of dreams,
And look up gladly and freely
At God's bright morning!
The lark is warbling in the sky,
And from the heart's depths
Love draws pain and sorrow.*

9 Des Müllers Blumen / The miller's flowers

Am Bach viel kleine Blumen stehn,
Aus hellen blauen Augen sehn;
Der Bach der ist des Müllers Freund,
Und hellblau Liebchens Auge scheint,
Drum sind es meine Blumen.

Dicht unter ihrem Fensterlein
Da will ich pflanzen die Blumen ein,
Da ruft ihr zu, wenn alles schweigt,
Wenn sich ihr Haupt zum Schlummer neigt,
Ihr wißt ja, was ich meine.

Und wenn sie tät die Äugelein zu,
Und schläft in süßer, süßer Ruh',
Dan lispelt als ein Traumgesicht
Ihr zu: Vergiß, vergiß mein nicht!
Das ist es, was ich meine.

Und schließt sie früh die Laden auf,
Dann schaut mit Liebesblick hinauf:
Der Tau in euren Äugelein,
Das sollen meine Tränen sein,
Die will ich auf euch weinen.

*Many little flowers grow by the brook,
Gazing out of bright blue eyes;
The brooklet is the miller's friend,
And my sweetheart's eyes are brightest blue,
Therefore they are my flowers.*

*Close beneath her little window
I shall plant my flowers,
Call up to her when all is silent,
When she lays down her head to sleep,
For you know what I mean to say.*

*And when she closes her little eyes,
And sleeps in sweet, sweet repose,
Then whisper as a dream:
'Forget, forget me not!'
That is what I mean to say.*

*And in the morning she opens the shutters,
Gaze up at her with a loving look:
The dew in your little eyes
Shall be my tears,
The tears I'll weep on you.*

10 Tränenregen / Rain of tears

Wir saßen so traulich beisammen
Im kühlen Erendach,
Wir schauten so traulich zusammen
Hinab in den rieselnden Bach.

Der Mond war auch gekommen,
Die Sternlein hinterdrein,
Und schauten so traulich zusammen
In den silbernen Spiegel hinein.

Ich sah nach keinem Monde,
Nach keinem Sternenschein,
Ich schaute nach ihrem Bilde,
Nach ihren Augen allein.

Und sahe sie nicken und blicken
Herauf aus dem seligen Bach,
Die Blümlein am Ufer, die blauen,
Sie nickten und blickten ihr nach,

Und in den Bach versunken
Der ganze Himmel schien,
Und wollte mich mit hinunter
In seine Tiefe ziehn.

Und über den Wolken und Sternen
Da rieselte munter der Bach,

*We sat so closely together
Beneath the cool alder roof,
We gazed so closely together
Into the rippling brook.*

*The moon had also appeared,
Followed by little stars,
And they gazed so closely together
Into the silvery mirror.*

*I did not look at the moon,
I did not look at the stars,
I gazed only at her reflection,
Only at her eyes.*

*I saw them nodding and gazing
Up from the blissful brook,
The little blue flowers on the bank
Were nodding and glancing at her.*

*And the whole sky seemed
Sunk beneath the brook,
And wanted to draw me down
Into its depths.*

*And over the clouds and stars
The brook rippled merrily on,*

Und rief mit Singen und Klingen:
Geselle, Geselle, mir nach.

Da gingen die Augen mir über,
Da ward es im Spiegel so kraus:
Sie sprach: Es kommt ein Regen,
Ade, ich geh' nach Haus.

11 Mein! / Mine!

Bächlein, laß dein Rauschen sein!
Räder, stell eur Brausen ein!

All' ihr muntern Waldvögelein,
Groß und klein,
Endet eure Melodein!

Durch den Hain
Aus und ein
Schalle heut' e i n Reim allein:
Die geliebte Müllerin ist m e i n !
M e i n !

Frühling, sind das alle deine Blümelein?
Sonne, hast du keinen hellern Schein?
Ach, so muß ich ganz allein,
Mit dem seligen Worte m e i n ,
Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung sein.

*And called with singing and ringing:
'Friend, friend, follow me.'*

*At that my eyes brimmed over,
The brook's surface blurred:
She said: 'it's about to rain,
Goodbye, I'm going home.'*

*Brooklet, cease your murmuring!
Mill-wheels, stop your roaring!
All you merry woodland birds,
Large and small,
Put an end to your songs!
Throughout the wood,
In and out,
Let one rhyme ring out today:
The maid of the mill I love is mine!
Mine!
Spring, have you no more flowers?
Sun, can't you shine more brightly?
Ah, then I must be all alone
With that blissful word mine,
Understood nowhere in all creation.*

12 Pause / Pause

Meine Laute hab' ich gehängt an die Wand,
Hab' sie umschlungen mit einem grünen Band –
Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz ist zu voll,
Weiß nicht, wie ich's in Reime zwingen soll.
Meiner Sehnsucht allerheißesten Schmerz
Durfst' ich aushauchen in Liederschmerz,
Und wie ich klagte so süß und fein,
Glaubt' ich doch, mein Leiden wär' nicht klein:
Ei, wie groß ist wohl meines Glückes Last,
Daß kein Klang auf Erden es in sich faßt?

Nun, liebe Laute, ruh' an dem Nagel hier!
Und weht ein Lüftchen über die Saiten dir,
Und streift eine Biene mit ihren Flügeln dich,
Da wird mir so bange und es durchschauert mich.
Warum ließ ich das Band auch hängen so lang?
Oft fliegt's um die Saiten mit seufzendem Klang.
Ist es der Nachklang meiner Liebespein?
Soll es das Vorspiel neuer Lieder sein?

13 Mit dem grünen Lautenbande / To accompany the lute's green ribbon

„Shad' um das schöne grüne Band,
„Daß es verbleicht hier an der Wand,
„Ich hab' das Grün so gern!“
So sprachst du, Liebchen, heut' zu mir;

*I've hung my lute on the wall,
Have wound a green ribbon round it –
I can sing no more, my heart's too full,
I don't know how to force it to rhyme.
The most ardent pangs of my longing
I could express in playful song,
And as I lamented, so sweetly and tenderly,
I still thought my sorrows heavy enough:
Ah, how my happiness must weigh on me
That no sound on earth can contain it.*

*Rest now, dear lute, here on this nail!
And if a breeze move across your strings
Or a bee brush you with its wings,
I feel so afraid and shudder.
Why did I let the ribbon hang so low?
Often it trails across the strings with a sighing sound.
Is this the echo of my love's torment?
Or the prelude to new songs?*

*'A pity this lovely green ribbon
Should fade here on the wall,
I'm so fond of green!
So, my love, you told me today;*

Gleich knüpf' ich's ab und send' es dir:
Nun hab' das Grüne gern!

Ist auch dein ganzer Liebster weiß,
Soll Grün doch haben seinen Preis,
Und ich auch hab' es gern.
Weil unsre Lieb' ist immergrün,
Weil grün der Hoffnung Fernen blühn,
Drum haben wir es gern.

Nun schlinge in die Locken dein
Das grüne Band gefällig ein,
Du hast ja 's Grün so gern.
Dann weiß ich, wo die Hoffnung wohnt,
Dann weiß ich, wo die Liebe thront,
Dann hab' ich's Grün erst gern.

14 Der Jäger / The hunter

Was sucht denn der Jäger am Mühlbach hier?
Bleib', trotziger Jäger, in deinem Revier!
Hier gibt es kein Wild zu jagen für dich,
Hier wohnt nur ein Rehlein, ein zahmes, für mich.
Und willst du das zärtliche Rehlein sehn,
So laß deine Büchsen im Walde stehn,
Und laß deine klaffenden Hunde zu Haus,
Und laß auf dem Horne den Saus und Braus,
Und schere vom Kinne das struppige Haar,
Sonst scheut sich im Garten das Rehlein fürwahr.

*I untie it at once and send it you:
Now be fond of green!*

*Though he you love be dressed all in white,
Green too deserves praise,
And I too am fond of it.
Because our love is evergreen,
Because distant hope blossoms green,
That's why we're fond of it.*

*Now twine the green ribbon
Prettily in your hair,
Since you're so fond of green.
Then I'll know where hope dwells,
Then I'll know where love reigns,
Then I'll truly be fond of green.*

*What does the hunter want here by the millstream?
Keep, haughty hunter, to your own preserve!
There's no game here for you to hunt,
Only one doe, a tame one, lives here for me.
And if you would see that gentle doe,
Then leave your guns in the forest,
And leave your yapping hounds at home,
And leave off blowing your blaring horn,
And shave that scraggy beard from your chin,
Or the doe will take fright in her garden.*

Doch besser, du bliebest im Walde dazu,
 Und liebest die Mühlen und Müller in Ruh'.
 Was taugen die Fischlein im grünen Gezweig?
 Was will denn das Eichhorn im bläulichen Teich?
 Drum bleibe, du trotziger Jäger, im Hain,
 Und laß mich mit meinen drei Rädern allein;
 Und willst meinem Schätzchen dich machen beliebt,
 So wisse, mein Freund, was ihr Herzchen betrübt:
 Die Eber, die kommen zu Nacht aus dem Hain,
 Und brechen in ihren Kohlgarten ein,
 Und treten und wühlen herum in dem Feld:
 Die Eber, die schieße, du Jägerheld!

15 Eifersucht und Stolz / Jealousy and pride

Wohin so schnell, so kraus und wild,
 mein lieber Bach?
 Eilst du voll Zorn dem frechen Bruder
 Jäger nach?
 Kehr' um, kehr' um, und schilt erst
 deine Müllerin,
 Für ihren leichten, losen, kleinen Flattersinn.
 Sahst du sie gestern abend nicht am Tore stehn,
 Mit langem Halse nach der großen Straße sehn?
 Wenn von dem Fang der Jäger lustig zieht nach Haus,
 Da steckt kein sittsam Kind den Kopf zum
 Fenster 'naus.
 Geh', Bächlein, hin und sag' ihr das, doch sag'
 ihr nicht,

*But better by far if you stayed in the forest,
 And left both millers and mills in peace.
 What good are fish among green branches?
 What can the squirrel want in the bluish pond?
 So, haughty hunter, keep to the wood,
 And leave me alone with my three wheels;
 And if you want to win my love's favour,
 Then know, my friend, what's troubling her heart:
 The wild boar that come by night from the wood
 And break into her cabbage patch,
 And trample and root about in the field:
 Shoot the wild boar, you big bold hunter!*

*Where are you so bound, dear brook, so fast, so
 furrowed, so wild?
 Are you dashing angrily after our insolent huntsman
 friend?
 Turn back, turn back, and scold first your
 maid of the mill
 For her frivolous, wanton and fickle ways.
 Didn't you see her last night by the gate,
 Craning her neck to watch the wide road?
 When a huntsman returns happy from the kill,
 Nice girls don't peer from their window.
 Go tell her that, my brooklet, but don't say*

Hörst du, kein Wort, von meinem traurigen Gesicht;
 Sag' ihr: Er schnitzt bei mir sich eine Pfeif' aus Rohr,
 Er bläst den Kindern schöne Tänz' und Lieder vor.

16 Die liebe Farbe / The beloved colour

In Grün will ich weich kleiden,
 In grüne Tränenweiden,
 Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.
 Will suchen einen Zypressenhain,
 Eine Heide von grünem Rosmarein,
 Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

Wohlauf zum frölichen Jagen!
 Wohlauf durch Heid' und Hagen!
 Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.
 Das Wild, das ich jage, das ist der Tod,
 Die Heide, die heiß ich die Liebesnot,
 Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.

Grabt mir ein Grab im Wasen,
 Deckt mich mit grünem Rasen.
 Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern,
 Kein Kreuzlein schwarz, kein Blümlein bunt,
 Grün, alles grün so rings und rund!
 Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

*A word, do you hear, about my unhappy face;
 Tell her: he's wit me, cutting reed pipes,
 And piping pretty dances and songs for the children.*

*I'll clothe myself in green,
 In green weeping willow,
 My love's so fond of green.
 I'll seek out a cypress grove,
 A heath full of green rosemary,
 My love's so fond of green.*

*Up, away to the merry hunt!
 Away over thicket and heath!
 My love's so fond of hunting.
 The game I hunt is called Death,
 I call the heath Love's Anguish,
 My love's so fond of hunting.*

*Dig me a grave in the turf,
 Cover me with green grass,
 My love's so fond of green.
 No black cross, no bright flowers,
 Nothing but green all around!
 My love's so fond of green.*

17 Die böse Farbe / The hateful colour

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,
Hinaus in die weite Welt,
Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär'
Da draußen in Wald und Feld!

Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all'
Pflücken von jedem Zweig,
Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all'
Weinen ganz totenbleich.

Ach Grün, du böse Farbe du,
Was siehst mich immer an,
So stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,
Mich armen weißen Mann?

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür,
Im Sturm und Regen und Schnee,
Und singen ganz leise bei Tag und Nacht
Das eine Wörtchen Ade!

Horch, wenn im Wald ein Jagdhorn schallt,
Da klingt ihr Fensterlein,
Und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht aus,
Darf ich doch schauen hinein.

O binde von der Stirn dir ab
Das grüne, grüne Band,

*I'd like to go out into the world,
Into the wide world,
If only it weren't so green
Out there in wood and field!*

*I'd like to pluck the green leaves
From every single branch,
I'd like to weep the green grass
As pale as death with my tears.*

*Ah, green, you hateful colour,
Why must you always stare
So proud, so bold, so gloating
At me, a poor white miller?*

*I'd like to lie outside her door
In storm and rain and snow,
And sing softly all day and night
The single word: Farewell!*

*When a horn sounds in the wood,
Listen – I hear her window open,
And though it's not for me she looks out,
Yet I can look in at her.*

*O untie from your forehead
The green green ribbon,*

Ade, Ade! und reiche mir
Zum Abschied deine Hand

18 Trockne Blumen / Withered flowers

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab,
Euch soll man legen
Mit mir ins Grab.

Wie seht ihr alle
Mich an so weh,
Als ob ihr wüßtet,
Wie mir gescheh'?

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wie welk, wie blaß?
Ihr Blümlein alle
Wovon so naß?

Ach, Tränen machen
Nicht maiengrün,
Machen tote Liebe
Nicht wieder blühen.

Und Lenz wird kommen,
Und Winter wird gehn,
Und Blümlein werden
Im Grase stehn,

*Farewell, farewell! and give me
Your hand in parting!*

*All you flowers
She gave me,
You shall be laid
With me in my grave.*

*How sadly
You all gaze at me,
As if you knew
Of my fate!*

*All you flowers,
Why faded, why pale,
All you flowers,
What makes you so wet?*

*Ah, tears do not bring back
The green of May,
Nor cause dead love
To bloom again.*

*And spring will come
And winter will go,
And little flowers
Spring up in the grass,*

Und Blümlein liegen
In meinem Grab,
Die Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab.

*And little flowers
Will lie in my grave,
All the flowers
She gave me.*

Und wenn sie wandelt
Am Hügel vorbei,
Und denkt im Herzen:
D e r meint' es treu!

*And when she wanders
By the mound
And thinks in her heart:
His feelings were true!*

Dann Blümlein alle,
Heraus, heraus!
Der Mai ist kommen,
Der Winter ist aus.

*Then, all you flowers,
Spring up, spring up!
May has come,
Winter is past.*

**19 Der Müller und der Bach /
The miller and the brook**

DER MÜLLER
Wo ein treues Herze
In Liebe vergeht,
Da welken die Lilien
Auf jedem Beet.

*THE MILLER
Where a true heart
Dies of love,
Then lilies wither
In every bed.*

Da muß in die Wolken
Der Vollmond gehn,
Damit seine Tränen
Die Menschen nicht sehn;

*The full moon then
Slips behind clouds,
So that mortals
Don't see its tears;*

Da halten die Englein
Die Augen sich zu,
Und schluchzen und singen
Die Seele zur Ruh'.

*Then little angels
Cover their eyes
And sob and sing
The soul to rest.*

DER BACH
Und wenn sich die Liebe
Dem Schmerz entringt,
Ein Sternlein, ein neues,
Am Himmel erblinkt.

*THE BROOK
And whenever love
Breaks free from sorrow,
A tiny new star
Shines in the sky.*

Da springen drei Rosen,
Halb rot und halb weiß,
Die welken nicht wieder,
Aus Dornenreis.

*Then three roses spring up,
Half red and half white,
From branches of thorn,
And wither no more.*

Und die Engelein schneiden
Die Flügel sich ab,
Und gehn alle Morgen
Zur Erde herab.

*And the little angels
Clip off their wings,
And every morning
Descend to earth,*

DER MÜLLER
Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
Du meinst es so gut:
Ach, Bächlein, aber weißt du,
Wie Liebe tut?

*THE MILLER
Ah, brooklet, dear brooklet,
You mean so well:
Ah, brooklet, but do you know
What love can do?*

Ach, unten, da unten,
Die kühle Ruh'!
Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
So singe nur zu.

*Ah, there, down there,
Is cool repose!
Ah, brooklet, dear brooklet,
Sing on, sing on.*

20 Des Baches Wiegenlied / The brook's lullaby

Gute Ruh', gute Ruh'!
Tu' die Augen zu!
Wandrer, du müder, du bist zu Haus.
Die Treu' ist hier,
Sollst liegen bei mir,
Bis das Meer will trinken die Bächlein aus.

Will betten dich kühl,
Auf weichen Pfühl,
In dem blauen kristallinen Kämmerlein.
Heran, heran,
Was wiegen kann,
Woget und wieget den Knaben mir ein!

Wenn ein Jagdhorn schallt
Aus dem grünen Wald,
Will ich sausen und brausen wohl um dich her.
Blickt nicht herein,
Blaue Blümelein!
Ihr macht meinem Schläfer die Träume so schwer.

Hinweg, hinweg
Von dem Mühlensteg,
Böses Mägdelein, daß ihn dein Schatten nicht weckt!
Wirf mir herein
Dein Tüchlein fein,
Daß ich die Augen ihm halte bedeckt!

*Rest well, rest well!
Close your eyes!
Weary wanderer, you are home.
There is constancy here,
You shall lie with me
Till the sea drinks all the brooklets dry.*

*I shall bed you down
On a cool soft pillow
In my little blue crystal chamber.
Draw near, draw near,
Whoever can rock,
Flow about him and rock my boy to sleep!*

*When a hunting horn brays
From the green forest,
I shall surge about you and roar.
Do not look in,
Little blue flowers!
You'll give my sleeper such bad dreams.*

*Away, away
From the mill-bridge,
Wicked maid, lest your shadow wake him!
Throw in to me
Your fine shawl
That I may cover his eyes!*

Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!
Bis alles wacht,
Schlaf' aus deine Freude, schlaf' aus dein Leid!
Der Vollmond steigt,
Der Nebel weicht,
Und der Himmel da oben, wie ist er so weit!

*Good night, good night!
Till all the world wakes,
Rest from your joy, rest from your sorrow!
The full moon is rising,
The mists are parting,
And the heavens up there stretch on and on!*



IESTYN DAVIES COUNTERTENOR

Iestyn Davies began his singing life as a chorister in the Choir of St John's College, Cambridge. Later, after returning as a choral scholar and graduating in Archaeology and Anthropology he continued his singing studies at the Royal Academy of Music. The very start of his career was under the management and guidance of Andrew Hammond, now Chaplain of St John's College, Cambridge.

An esteemed Handelian, he has astounded audiences globally with his vocal agility in roles such as Orlando, Rinaldo, Ottone/Agrippina and David/Saul. His intelligent and considered interpretations have led to fruitful collaborations with Thomas Adés, George Benjamin and Nico Muhly.

Iestyn received an Olivier Award nomination for singing the role of Farinelli in *Farinelli and the King* opposite Mark Rylance, a Globe Theatre production that had successful runs on the West End and Broadway.



© Chris Sorensen

On the opera stage, he has appeared at the Metropolitan Opera, New York; the Lyric Opera of Chicago; Teatro alla Scala Milan; the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; English National Opera; Glyndebourne Festival Opera; Welsh National Opera; Salzburg Festival and in Munich, Vienna and Zurich.

Concert engagements have included performances at the Teatro alla Scala, Milan with Dudamel, the Concertgebouw and Tonhalle with Koopman and at the Barbican, Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Lincoln Centre and at the BBC Proms in the Royal Albert Hall with orchestras that include the New York Philharmonic, Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic, English Concert, Britten Sinfonia, Concerto Köln, Concerto Copenhagen, Ensemble Matheus, the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Academy of Ancient Music and Scottish Chamber Orchestra.

A committed recitalist, his repertoire ranges from Dowland to Clapton and he has performed at Carnegie Hall, New York and enjoys a successful relationship with the Wigmore Hall where he has curated residencies.

He has won a Grammy Award, 3 Gramophone Awards for recital recordings, the Royal Philharmonic Society Young Artist of the Year, and the 2013 Critics' Circle Awards for Exceptional Young Talent (Singer). In 2017 he was awarded an MBE by the Queen for his services to music.

iestyndavies.com

Instagram: **[@iestyndavies](https://www.instagram.com/iestyndavies)**

Twitter: **[@iestyn_davies](https://twitter.com/iestyn_davies)**

JOSEPH MIDDLETON PIANO

Pianist Joseph Middleton specializes in the art of song accompaniment and chamber music and has been highly acclaimed in this field. Described in *Opera Magazine* as 'the rightful heir to legendary accompanist Gerald Moore', by 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*. He is Director of Leeds Lieder, Musician in Residence at Pembroke College, Cambridge and a Fellow of his alma mater, the Royal Academy of Music, where he is also a Professor. He was the first accompanist to win the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist Award.

Joseph is a frequent guest at major music centres including London's Wigmore Hall (where he has been a featured artist), Royal Opera House and Royal Festival Hall, New York's Alice Tully Hall and Park Avenue Armory, Het Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Konzerthaus Vienna, Zürich Tonhalle, Kölner Philharmonie, Strasbourg, Frankfurt, Lille and Gothenburg Opera Houses, Philharmonie Luxembourg, Musée d'Orsay Paris, Oji Hall Tokyo and Festivals in Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh,



© Sussie Ahlburg

Barcelona, Schloss Elmau, Edinburgh, Munich, Ravinia, San Francisco, Schubertiade Hohenems and Schwarzenberg, deSingel, Seoul, Stuttgart, Toronto and Vancouver. He made his BBC Proms debut in 2016 alongside Iestyn Davies and Carolyn Sampson and returned in 2018 alongside Dame Sarah Connolly where they premiered recently discovered songs by Benjamin Britten.

Joseph enjoys recitals with internationally established singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Louise Alder, Mary Bevan, Ian Bostridge, Allan Clayton, Dame Sarah Connolly, Lucy Crowe, Iestyn Davies, Fatma Said, Samuel Hasselhorn, Wolfgang Holzmair, Christiane Karg, Katarina Karnéus, Angelika Kirchschrager, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, John Mark Ainsley, Ann Murray DBE, James Newby, Mark Padmore, Miah Persson, Sophie Rennert, Ashley Riches, Amanda Roocroft, Kate Royal, Matthew Rose, Carolyn Sampson, Nicky Spence and Roderick Williams.

He has a special relationship with BBC Radio 3, frequently curating his own series and performing alongside the BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artists. His critically acclaimed and fast-growing discography has seen him

awarded a Diapason D'or, Edison Award and Priz Caecilia as well as receiving nominations for Gramophone, BBC Music Magazines and International Classical Music Awards. He enjoys a particularly fruitful collaboration with Carolyn Sampson on the BIS label. Further recording projects include: an English Song recital with Dame Sarah Connolly for Chandos; Strauss Lieder, 'A Russian Connection' and 'Chère Nuit' with Louise Alder, also for Chandos; 'Voyages' and 'A Divine Muse' with Mary Bevan for Signum Records; 'Stille Liebe' with Samuel Hasselhorn for Harmonia Mundi; 'I wonder as I wander' with James Newby for BIS; 'A Musical Zoo' with Ashley Riches for Chandos; 'Nocturnal Variations' with Ruby Hughes, 'Elgar in Sussex' with Dame Felicity Lott, 'Tell me the Truth about Love' with Amanda Roocroft, 'This other Eden' with Kitty Whately, the Lieder of Ludwig Thuille with Sophie Bevan and Jennifer Johnston and the complete Purcell/Britten realizations with Ruby Hughes, Allan Clayton and Matthew Rose, all for Champs Hill Records. His interest in the furthering of the song repertoire has led Gramophone Magazine to describe him as 'the absolute king of programming'.

josephmiddleton.com

Acknowledgements

The Choir thanks those who continue to support the 'St John's Cambridge' recording label through **The Album Recording Fund**, in particular Mr Archie Burdon-Cooper.

Publishers:

Music – Bärenreiter
Translation – Faber & Faber
(from *The Book of Lieder*, 2005)

Recorded at Potton Hall Recording Studio, Suffolk, UK,
15th-19th June 2020

Producer and Engineer – Andrew Mellor
German Language Coach – Gerhard Gall
Piano Technician – Iain Kilpatrick (Cambridge Pianoforte)
Dean – The Rev'd Canon Mark Oakley
Project Manager – James Beddoe

Cover Image – Stokesley Mill Wheel, North Yorkshire
James Beddoe, edited by Premm Design

Design and Artwork – Woven Design www.wovendesign.co.uk

© 2021 The copyright in this sound recording is owned by the Signum Records Ltd
© 2021 The copyright in this CD booklet, notes and design is owned by Signum Records Ltd

Any unauthorised broadcasting, public performance, copying or re-recording of Signum Compact Discs constitutes an infringement of copyright and will render the infringer liable to an action by law. Licences for public performances or broadcasting may be obtained from Phonographic Performance Ltd. All rights reserved. No part of this booklet may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior permission from Signum Records Ltd.

SignumClassics, Signum Records Ltd., Suite 14, 21 Wadsworth Road,
Perivale, Middlesex UB6 7JQ, UK. +44 (0) 20 8997 4000 E-mail:
info@signumrecords.com www.signumrecords.com

POSTSCRIPT

I am very grateful to Iestyn and Joseph for making this recording. Joseph has coached several of our finest St John's singers and pianists in recent years, helping to prepare and inspire them for future professional careers. Iestyn and I started at St John's on the same day in 1987 – he as a seven-year-old probationer, and me as an organ scholar. Iestyn's singing as a chorister epitomised the very best qualities of the St John's choir; it has stayed in my memory as a gold standard over the subsequent decades.

Andrew Nethsingha | Director of Music

AWARD-WINNING RECORDINGS FROM THE CHOIR OF ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

Latest Release



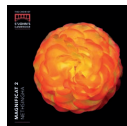
The Tree SIGCD691

An album of live performances that presents a range of choral textures conducted by three St John's Directors of Music, building from a single treble line to a massed choir and congregation of hundreds at our 2019 Reunion Evensong.

Magnificat 2 SIGCD667

"These are inspirational performances, music wonderfully shaped and words unflinchingly invested with meaning" *Opera Today*

"A package that no lover of the Anglican choral tradition will want to miss" *BBC Music Magazine*



Gramophone
Editor's Choice

"They're on cracking form right now... there's that sort of earthy ferocity that is totally exhilarating... the control, the pianissimo and the clarity this recording brings is magnificent" *BBC Radio 3 Record Review*

"This choir's singular qualities – responsiveness, sophistication of line and texture and a chameleonic stylistic acumen that never loses sight of its own core, identifying sound – are all in play here" *Gramophone*

Advent Live - Volume 2 SIGCD661

"It is a real album, the mystery and expectation of Advent coursing through a repertoire that never stoops below this ensemble's judicious idea of what constitutes high-quality music, whatever the century... The qualities of the choir hardly need repeating" *Gramophone*

"The fantastic balance of anthems, hymns and organ music leaps out in this arresting, fabulously performed Advent programme" *BBC Music Magazine*

Gramophone
Editor's Choice

Michael Finnissy – *Pious Anthems & Voluntaries* SIGCD624
★★★★★ “The sequence maintains a powerfully communicative grip... The choir makes the music sound as lived-in as Byrd or Howells” *BBC Music Magazine*
“Essential listening” *Planet Hugill*

★★★★★ “Exquisitely beautiful, sensual music” *Choir & Organ*
“An 84-minute work that might well change your listening life” *Classical Music*
“This is some of the most compelling music written for the ‘English choral tradition’ in many years... the results are infinitely rewarding” *Europadisc*

BBC Music Magazine
Choral & Song Choice

Ash Wednesday SIGCD605
“The malleable, sensitive trebles have what seems to me an unparalleled ability to invest text and phrase with meaning” *Gramophone*
“It’s the most glorious, glorious music making” *BBC Radio 3, Record Review*
„Vor allem das *Misere mei, Deus* von Allegri und Byrds überwältigende Motette *Ne Irascaris, Domine* gehen unter die Haut, genau wie das zum Schluss erklingende *e-Moll Präludium für Orgel* von Johann Sebastian Bach“ (Above all, the *Miserere mei, Deus* by Allegri and Byrd’s overwhelming motet *Ne Irascaris, Domine* get under the skin, as indeed does Johann Sebastian Bach’s *Prelude in E minor*, heard at the end) *Südwest-Presse* (Germany)

Top Ten Recording
of the Year
Europadisc

★★★★★ “Exceptionally satisfying. Bravo. Bravissimo” *AllMusic*

Magnificat SIGCD588
“extreme perception of blend (vowel and timbre), words and phrasing; a true ensemble” *Gramophone*
★★★★★ “A fascinating hour’s music” *Choir & Organ*
« Superbe. Les petits trebles sont en grande forme » *Diapason (France)*
“A finely calibrated sense of tone colour. Don’t miss it” *Limelight (Australia)*

Gramophone
Editor's Choice

Locus Iste SIGCD567
★★★★★ “a glint of sunlight, inspired and inspiring” *BBC Music Magazine*
“Beautifully captured” *BBC Radio 3, Record Review*
“This disc really soars” *Gramophone*

Advent Live SIGCD535
“Under Andrew Nethsingha’s inspired direction, the choir has retained its renowned clarity, flamboyance and readiness to take risks” *Gramophone*
“Sung with typical St John’s verve and character, this superbly programmed collection will take your Advent listening in unexpected, but entirely apposite, directions” *BBC Music Magazine*

BBC Music Magazine
Choral & Song Choice

Vaughan Williams – *Mass in G Minor* SIGCD541
★★★★★ “Formidably attractive” *BBC Music Magazine*
“Director Andrew Nethsingha shapes a performance of profound dignity and power, beautifully sung by this always impressive choir” *The Guardian*
“The choral recordings that St John’s College Choir have released on this label so far have been uniformly excellent, and this is another golden string to add to their bow” *MusicWeb International*

Poulenc | Kodály | Janáček – *KYRIE* SIGCD489
“The treble voices of St John’s bring an ineffably poised gravity... a signal virtue of this new recording is the moulded caress of every luscious harmony in what are predominantly homophonic works” *Gramophone*
“These two contrasting masses and Janáček’s *Lord’s Prayer* (Otče náš) are sung with characteristic ‘European’ ripeness of tone and precision by the choir of St John’s College” *The Observer*

★★★★★ "...a superb reading from Nethsingha and his forces... Throughout, the choir sing with their justly famed blend and perfect intonation. An essential disc..." *Choir & Organ*

SUBITO – Julia Hwang (Violin) SIGCD486

"The appeal here, quite aside from some excellent playing, is in the way the programme has been planned... Julia Hwang is a model of expressive purity in the solo part [of *The Lark Ascending*] while Charles Matthews provides her with an appropriately stilled accompaniment" *Rob Cowan, Gramophone*

"Hwang's virtuosic spell dazzles with note-to-note precision and piercing clarity... This recording, then, is a winner for anyone interested not only in virtuosic violin playing in its various moods, but also in good playing generally" *Young-Jin Hur, MusicWeb International*

"In all four works, Julia Hwang shows admirable poise and technical control, but most importantly she plays with remarkable maturity and charm so that more virtuoso pieces become far more than showpieces. An impressive and delightful debut" *Planet Hugill*

Christmas with St John's SIGCD458

"Under Nethsingha, St John's Choir rides high among the Cambridge colleges... Nethsingha's programming is eclectic while retaining a 'traditional' core" *The Sunday Times*

"A fine showcase of a choir on the top of its form" *planethugill*

"proving yet again, they are as good as it gets" *Classic FM*

"it's a sign of how classy and successful a programme has been compiled, that Michael Finnissy's John the Baptist fits so well into the weave of Christmas with St John's" *Gramophone*

"showcases a choir and its director who are currently in very fine fettle indeed." *MusicWeb International*

"a meticulously sung carol collection from the always classy choir of St John's... shimmering tone clusters and delicious suspensions" *The Guardian*

"an evocatively sung collection...glowing with devotional joy, wonder and a kaleidoscope of colours and emotions" *Choir & Organ*

BBC Music Magazine
Award Winner

Gramophone
Editor's Choice

Jonathan Harvey – DEO SIGCD456

★★★★★ "ecstatic...the Choir tackles it all with confidence and clarity" *The Observer*

★★★★★ "characterful yet authoritative performances of which they can be justly proud" *Choir & Organ*

KYRIE
POULENC | KODÁLY | JANÁČEK
NETHSINGHA

THE CHORUS OF
ST JOHN'S
CAMBRIDGE



PIOUS ANTHEMS & VOLUNTARIES
FINNISSY | NETHSINGHA

THE CHORUS OF
ST JOHN'S
CAMBRIDGE



DEO | HARVEY
NETHSINGHA

THE CHORUS OF
ST JOHN'S
CAMBRIDGE



MAGNIFICAT
NETHSINGHA

THE CHORUS OF
ST JOHN'S
CAMBRIDGE



LOCUS ISTE
NETHSINGHA

THE CHORUS OF
ST JOHN'S
CAMBRIDGE



CHRISTMAS WITH ST JOHN'S
NETHSINGHA

THE CHORUS OF
ST JOHN'S
CAMBRIDGE



ADVENT LIVE
NETHSINGHA

THE CHORUS OF
ST JOHN'S
CAMBRIDGE



VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
MASS IN G MINOR
NETHSINGHA

THE CHORUS OF
ST JOHN'S
CAMBRIDGE



ASH WEDNESDAY
NETHSINGHA

THE CHORUS OF
ST JOHN'S
CAMBRIDGE



A BBC recording