

The NAXOS logo is located in the top left corner, featuring the word "NAXOS" in white capital letters on a blue rectangular background. Above the text are several small, stylized icons of musical instruments.

NAXOS

2 CDs

DELIUS

A Mass of Life

Prelude and Idyll

Watson • Wyn-Rogers • Kennedy • Opie
The Bach Choir • Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra
David Hill

Frederick
DELIUS
(1862-1934)

CD 1 **47:31**

A Mass of Life (First Part)

- | | |
|--|-------|
| 1 I. 'O Du mein Wille!' (Animato, con fervore) | 5:27 |
| 2 II. 'Erhebt eure Herzen' (Recit: Animoso, con alcuna licenza) | 2:02 |
| 3 III. 'In dein Auge schaute ich jüngst' (Andante tranquillo con dolcezza) | 13:50 |
| 4 IV. 'Wehe mir!' (Agitato ma moderato) | 2:39 |
| 5 V. 'Nacht ist es' (Andante molto tranquillo) | 8:47 |

A Mass of Life (Second Part)

- | | |
|---|------|
| 6 Auf den Bergen (Orchestra) (Andante) – | 5:36 |
| 7 I. 'Herauf! nun herauf' (Con elevazione e vigore) | 4:21 |
| 8 II. 'Süße Leier!' (Andante) | 4:49 |

CD 2 **70:48**

A Mass of Life (Second Part, contd.)

- | | |
|--|-------|
| 1 III. Lento (Orchestra) – La-la-la – Laßt vom Tanze nicht ab (Moderato) | 18:28 |
| 2 IV. 'Heißer Mittag schläft' (Lento molto) | 14:37 |
| 3 V. 'Gottes Weh ist tiefer' (Allegro ma non troppo, con gravità) | 4:32 |
| 4 VI. 'Kommt! Laßt uns jetzo wandeln!' (Largo, con solennità) | 13:16 |

Prelude and Idyll

- | | |
|--|-------|
| 5 Prelude (Orchestra) – | 3:18 |
| 6 Once I pass'd through a populous city (Andante moderato) | 16:37 |

Janice Watson, Soprano (CD 1 3 7, CD 2 2 4 6)

Catherine Wyn-Rogers, Mezzo-soprano (CD 1 3 7, CD 2 2 4)

Andrew Kennedy, Tenor (CD 1 3 7, CD 2 2 4)

Alan Opie, Baritone (CD 1 2-5 8, CD 2 1-4 6)

The Bach Choir (CD 1 1 3-5 7, CD 2 1-4)

Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra • David Hill

Frederick Delius (1862-1934)

A Mass of Life

Although *A Mass of Life* in its entirety dates from 1904-5, most of the concluding section was written earlier and performed on its own at an all-Delius concert in London in 1899. After the score's completion a substantial portion was heard at Munich in 1908, but it was not until the following year that the whole work was given for the first time when Thomas Beecham (1879-1961) conducted it in London at Queen's Hall on 7 June, 1909.

During that conductor's lifetime, apart from two performances by Hamilton Harty in the 1930s, three by Malcolm Sargent between 1944 and 1954 and a handful of single performances by others, all the work's hearings were at Beecham's hands. Notable among them were those at the Delius festivals he organised in 1929 and 1946 and his last, in 1951, for which he brought from Germany the 23-year old baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau to make his English début. Beecham made the first-ever recording of the work in 1952-3.

At all these performances, except for the last and in his recording, the *Mass* was sung in the English translation of the German which Beecham himself had commissioned for the 1909 première to replace the hopelessly unidiomatic text by John Bernhoff printed in the original score. Beecham said he needed something that could be sung before an English audience 'without creating either amazement or hilarity', and he asked the composer and writer on music William Wallace (1860-1940) to provide it. In recent years, *A Mass of Life* has increasingly come to be sung in the original language. Wallace's translation is printed here, alongside the German.

At the time he composed the work Delius was at the height of his powers. He had long been in thrall to the writings of the poet and philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900), but it was when the conductor Fritz Cassirer (a champion of his music who had premièred his operas *Koanga* and *A Village Romeo and Juliet*) assembled a selection of passages from Nietzsche's *Also Sprach*

Zarathustra ('Thus spake Zarathustra') that Delius felt impelled to pour his admiration for its author into music. He had no time for religions or creeds, and scorned Christianity with what he saw as its hopeful promises of 'life-eternal'; he was as devoted as his hero to the concept of man as superman, energetic, strong, fearless and ultimately capable of domination.

All the same, his instinct was always for Nietzsche the poet rather than the philosopher, and he chose only such passages as suited his musical conception. Four soloists and large choral and orchestral forces are employed in a sequence of eleven movements divided into two parts. The singers share Zarathustra's words, though he himself is embodied in the baritone soloist, who has by far the largest share of the work. The text, biblical in style and mingling poetry, metaphor and irony declaims, meditates but always blends into the orchestral texture, Delius's favoured composing style.

Prelude and Idyll

In 1902 Delius completed a one-act opera, *Margot la Rouge*, hoping to win with it the *Concorso Melodrammatico Internazionale*, a competition for new opera sponsored by the Italian publisher Sonzogno. When it failed to do so he put it away, and it was destined never to be heard in his lifetime. In 1932, however, during the Indian summer of composition made possible through the assistance of his amanuensis Eric Fenby (1906-97) he decided to see whether any of its music might be adapted to another purpose. Discarding the opera's libretto (which told of a love-triangle set in 1899 Paris that ended in the deaths of both men involved, one avenged by Margot la Rouge herself) and retaining only those musical passages that particularly appealed to him, he produced an entirely different composition, a vocal work for the concert hall involving soprano and baritone solo singers and orchestra. The new words came from the poems of Walt Whitman, compiled for him by his friend, the poet Robert Nichols (1893-1944).

At its first performance the new work was simply entitled *Idyll*, but subsequently Delius decided to use the prelude to *Margot la Rouge* as a new orchestral introduction. The Whitman poem 'Once I pass'd through a populous city' (No. 13 of a collection entitled *Children of Adam* dating from 1860) sung by the baritone provided the opening lines, telling of the woman he casually met 'who detained me for love of me'. His thoughts are echoed by hers ... 'day by day, night by night, we were together'. Their mutual feelings reach impassioned heights before Delius's recurring theme of the transience of life and love intrudes, and they part, their love becoming a memory. The work received its first performance at a Promenade Concert in London on 3 October 1933 when the singers were Dora Labbette and Roy Henderson with the BBC Symphony Orchestra under Sir Henry Wood.

Lyndon Jenkins

Producer's Note

The question of where the interval should be taken between the two parts of the *Mass of Life* has long been an arbitrary one. Both Sir Thomas Beecham and Sir Malcolm Sargent made the break between movements II and III of Part 2, and it is that tradition that is followed in this recording.

Andrew Walton

Janice Watson



Photo: Mark Douet

A regular guest with the English National Opera and the Welsh National Opera, Janice Watson has sung with the opera houses of Lyon, Amsterdam, Munich, Berlin, Hamburg, Oviedo, Naples, Turin, Milan, Santa Fe, San Francisco and Chicago, and for Opera Australia, the Vienna State Opera, Theater an der Wien, the Royal Opera, Covent Garden and at the Metropolitan Opera. She has recorded extensively for Virgin Classics, Chandos and Philips Classics, appears on the LSO Live label with Sir Colin Davis, and received a GRAMMY® Award for the Chandos *Peter Grimes*. Janice Watson returned to the Vienna State Opera for the title rôle in *Kát'a Kabanová* in 2011.

Catherine Wyn-Rogers



Photo: Paul Foster-Williams

Catherine Wyn-Rogers graduated from the Royal College of Music and works with Diane Forlano. She has sung for the Scottish Opera, the Welsh National Opera, Opera North, the Netherlands Opera, and at the opera houses of Dresden, Madrid, Valencia, Chicago and Houston. She has also appeared with the Salzburg and Edinburgh festivals, and at the BBC Proms. She is a regular guest of English National Opera, the Royal Opera House and the Bavarian State Opera. In concert she has performed with Slatkin, Haitink, Andrew Davis, Colin Davis, Rozhdestvensky, Mackerras, Norrington, Sondergard, Ticciati and Mehta. She makes her début with La Scala, Milan, in *Peter Grimes* in 2012.

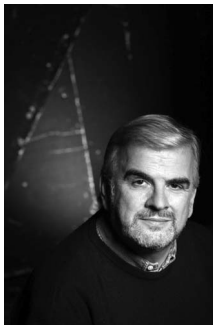
Andrew Kennedy



Photo: Benjamin Ealovega

Andrew Kennedy studied at King's College, Cambridge, and the Royal College of Music in London. His operatic rôles include Tamino (English National Opera), Ferrando (Glyndebourne Touring Opera), Tom Rakewell (La Scala, La Monnaie, Opéra de Lyon), Captain Vere and Peter Quint (Houston Grand Opera), Tito in *La Clemenza di Tito*, and Don Ottavio (Opéra de Lyon). In concert his extensive repertoire includes Mozart's *Requiem* (London Symphony Orchestra/Davis), Finzi's *Intimations of Immortality* (BBC Symphony Orchestra/Daniel), Bach's *St Matthew Passion* (Netherlands Philharmonic/Davis), and Britten's *Les Illuminations* (Edinburgh Festival). Andrew Kennedy gives numerous recitals in Europe and the United Kingdom.

Alan Opie



Baritone Alan Opie has been a regular guest at the Metropolitan Opera New York, La Scala, Vienna State Opera, Bavarian State Opera Munich, Deutsche Oper Berlin, Santa Fe Festival, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, English National Opera and the Royal Opera House Covent Garden. He has appeared at the Bayreuth Festival as Beckmesser, a rôle he has repeated in Berlin, Amsterdam, Munich, Vienna and Turin. At English National Opera he was nominated for the Outstanding Achievement in Opera Olivier Award for his *Falstaff*. His extensive concert work ranges from Mendelssohn to Britten, Walton, Vaughan Williams and Elgar, and he has recorded for CBS, EMI, Hyperion, Chandos, and Decca.

The Bach Choir



of whom are committed to a challenging schedule of up to twenty concerts in a season, as well as recordings, special engagements and overseas tours which have included Australia, the United States, South Africa and Europe. David Hill has been Musical Director of The Bach Choir since 1998 and, under his direction, the Choir has extended its repertoire with new and challenging works, now aiming to commission new choral music every two years. For further information please visit www.thebachchoir.org.uk

Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra



Photo: Chris Zuidyk

Founded in 1893, the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra has worked with many famous composers, conductors and musicians including Elgar, Sibelius, Holst, Stravinsky, Vaughan Williams and Thomas Beecham; and more recently with Michael Tippett, John Tavener and Peter Maxwell Davies. Principal conductors since the founder Sir Dan Godfrey have included Charles Groves, Constantin Silvestri, Andrew Litton, Marin Alsop and now the dynamic young Ukrainian, Kirill Karabits. The BSO has toured worldwide, performing at Carnegie Hall, New York, the Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Vienna Musikverein, and Berlin Philharmonie, as well as regular British appearances at the Royal Festival Hall and Royal

Albert Hall in London, the Symphony Hall in Birmingham and the Bridgewater Hall in Manchester. The BSO is known internationally through over three hundred recordings, and continues to release numerous CDs each year with Naxos. Recent critically acclaimed recordings have included CDs of Bernstein, Bartók, Sibelius, Glass, Adams and Elgar, and three discs featuring arrangements of Mussorgsky, Bach and Wagner by Stokowski were nominated for GRAMMY® awards in 2004, 2005 and 2006.

David Hill



Photo: John Wood

Renowned for his fine musicianship, David Hill is widely respected as both a choral and an orchestral conductor. He became The Bach Choir's ninth Musical Director in 1998; he is also Chief Conductor of the BBC Singers, Associate Guest Conductor of the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, Chief Conductor of the Southern Sinfonia and Music Director of the Leeds Philharmonic Society. Born in Carlisle and educated at Chetham's School of Music, David Hill became a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists at the age of seventeen. Having been Organ Scholar at St John's College, Cambridge, he returned to hold the post of Director of Music from 2004 to 2007. His other appointments have included Master of the Music at Winchester Cathedral, Master of the Music at Westminster Cathedral and Artistic Director of the Philharmonia Chorus. David Hill has a broad-ranging discography covering repertoire from Thomas Tallis to Judith Bingham. He has achieved prestigious GRAMMY® and Gramophone Awards, and many of his discs have been recommended as Critic's Choices.

EINE MESSE DES LEBENS

Erster Teil

The Mass begins with an imposing choral statement addressed to Zarathustra's ruling passion, man's own Will: 'Dispeller thou of care! Thou mine essential in life!' He asks to be safeguarded from all petty conquests so that in his prime he may experience joy in 'the eternal recurrence of all things' and be preserved for one great triumph.

① CHOR

O du mein Wille! Du Wende aller Not, Du meine
Notwendigkeit! Bewahre mich vor allen kleinen Siegen!
Du Schickung meiner Seele, die ich Schicksal heiße! Du
in-mir! Über-mir! Bewahre und spare mich, auf zu Einem
großen Schicksale! Daß ich einst bereit und reif sei im
großen Mittage: bereit und reif gleich glühendem Erze,
bereit zu mir selber und zu meinem verborgensten Willen:
Ein Bogen brünstig nach seinem Pfeil, ein Pfeil, brünstig
nach seinem Sterne: ein Stern bereit und reif in seinem
Mittage, glühend, durchbohrt; selig vor vernichtenden
Sonnenpfeilen: eine Sonne selber und ein unerbittlicher
Sonnenwille zum Vernichten bereit im Siegen!

O Wille, Wende aller Not, Du meine Notwendigkeit!
Spare mich auf zu Einem großen Siege!

Zarathustra urges all higher men to sanctify laughter and embrace the dance.

② BARITON

Erhebt eure Herzen, meine Brüder, hoch! Höher! und
vergeßt mir auch die Beine nicht! Erhebt auch eure Beine,
ihr guten Tänzer; und besser noch, ihr steht auch auf dem
Kopf. Diese Krone des Lachenden, diese Rosenkranzkrone:
ich selber setze mir diese Krone auf, ich selber sprach
heilig mein Gelächter. Keinen Anderen fand ich heute stark
genug dazu. Dem Winde tut mir gleich, wenn er aus seinen
Berghöhen, stürzt: nach seiner eignen Pfeife will er tanzen,
die Meere zittern und hüpfen unter seinen Fußstapfen.
Diese Krone des Lachenden, diese Rosenkranzkrone, euch,
meinen Brüdern, werfe ich diese Krone zu! Das Lachen
sprach ich heilig, ihr höheren Menschen, lernt mir lachen!

A MASS OF LIFE

First Part

CHORUS

O thou my Will! dispeller thou of care! thou mine essential
in life! preserve me from all petty conquests! My soul's
predestination which I call my fate, thou in me, over me,
preserve me for one great final destiny; that I may stand
prepared and ripe in the full noon-tide, prepared and ripe,
like glowing ore in the furnace, prepared for my self and
for my deepest and most secret Will: a bow craving its
arrow, an arrow seeking its mark among the stars, a star
prepared and ripe in its noon-tide splendour, glowing,
transpierced, enraptured 'mid the blaze of the sun's bright
arrows; yea, a sun itself, and a stern, inflexible sun-will
swaying, for destruction prepared, for triumph!

O will, dispeller of care, thou mine essential in life!
Preserve me for one great triumph!

BARITONE

Now lift up your hearts, all, lift them, brothers, high, higher!
and forget not also to dance for joy. Lift your feet, ye merry
dancers, or better still, stand right up on your heads. Lo, this
crown of the Laughing One, this fair garland of roses I have
set on my own head! I myself pronounce holy my laughter;
none other found I strong enough to do the same. Be like
unto the wind when he darts from the mountain-tops: he'll
dance but to the tune himself he whistles. The billows
tremble and tumble when they feel his foot stamping. Lo,
this crown of the Laughing One, this fair garland of roses, to
you, my brothers into your midst this crown I cast! All
laughter called I holy. Ye higher mortals, learn ye laughter!

Tenor, soprano and contralto soloists contemplate the vision of man pursuing his loved one, Life. Distant voices are heard as Life dances before Zarathustra, and the pace gradually quickens until all are involved in a whirling, elating dance. Zarathustra is ecstatic, but the mood is dissipated as Life (contralto) movingly declares that he will forsake her. Mens' voices warn him to mark the approaching midnight hour.

③ TENOR

In dein Auge schaute ich jüngst, O Leben. Gold sah ich in deinem Nachtauge blinken, mein Herz stand still vor dieser Wollust.

SOPRAN

Einen goldenen Kahn sah ich blinken auf nächtigen Gewässern, einen sinkenden, trinkenden, wieder winkenden goldenen Schaukelkahn.

MEZZO-SOPRAN

Nach meinem Fuße, dem tanzwütigen, warfst du einen Blick, einen lachenden, fragenden, schmelzenden Schaukelblick.

TENOR

Zweimal nur regtest du deine Klapper mit kleinen Händen, da schaukelte schon mein Fuß vor Tanzwut.

MEZZO-SOPRAN

Meine Fersen bäumten sich, meine Zehen horchten, dich zu verstrehen.

TENOR

Zu dir hin sprang ich! da flogst du zurück vor meinem Sprunge und gegen mich züngelte deines fliehenden, fliegenden Haars Zunge!

SOPRAN

Von dir weg sprang ich und von deinen Schlangen.

TENOR

Da standst du schon halbgewandt, das Auge voll Verlangen.

SOPRAN UND MEZZO-SOPRAN

Mit krummen Blicken lehrst du mich krumme Bahnen; auf krummen Bahnen lernt mein Fuß Tücken.

TENOR

In thine eyes I gazed of late, O wondrous Life. Gold saw I in thy night-dark eyes gleaming. My heart stood still, seized with voluptuous longing.

SOPRANO

Then a golden boat saw I glitter on night's deep silent waters, a sinking, drinking, winking golden boat.

MEZZO-SOPRANO

At my feet that longed for the dance one look didst thou cast, a smiling, questioning, melting, quivering look.

TENOR

Twice only shookest thou soft thy castanets with tiny hands, when my foot began tripping in dance impassioned.

MEZZO-SOPRANO

High my heels then rose from the ground, and my toes attentive would fain understand thee.

TENOR

Towards thee I bounded; from my bound thou didst swiftly recoil, and in my face was wafted thy fluttering, wild-flowing hair.

SOPRANO

From thee I sprang back as if lashed by serpents.

TENOR

Then stoodst thou, half-turned towards me; thine eye was filled with longing.

SOPRANO AND MEZZO-SOPRANO

With crooked glances show'st thou me crooked pathways; on crooked pathways my foot learns cunning.

SOPRAN, MEZZO-SOPRAN UND TENOR

Ich fürchte dich Nahe, ich liebe dich Ferne; deine Flucht lockt mich, dein Suchen stockt mich: ich leide, aber was litt ich um dich nicht gerne! Deren Kälte zündet, deren Haß verführt, deren Flucht bindet, deren Spott rührt.

CHOR UND SOLISTEN

Das ist ein Tanz über Stock und Stein: Ich bin der Jäger, willst du mein Hund oder meine Gemse sein? Jetzt neben mir! Und geschwind, du boshafte Springerin! Jetzt hinauf und hinüber! Hier sind Höhlen und Dickichte: wir werden uns verirren! Halt! steh' still! wohin ziehst du mich jetzt? Ich tanze dir nach, ich folge dir auch auf geringer Spur. Wo bist du? Gib mir die Hand! Oder einen Finger nur! Du fletschest mich lieblich an mit weißen Zähnlein, deine bösen Augen springen gegen mich aus lockichtem Mählein! Siehst du nicht Eulen und Fledermäuse schwirren? Du Eule! Du Fledermaus! Du willst mich äffen?

BARITON

O meine neuen Freunde, ihr wunderlichen, ihr höheren Menschen, wie gut gefallt ihr mir nun, seit ihr fröhlich wurdet! Ihr seid wahrlich alle aufgeblüht: mich dünkt, solchen Blumen, wie ihr seid, tun neue Feste not.

MEZZO-SOPRAN

O Zarathustra! Jenseits von Gut und Böse fanden wir unser Eiland und unsere grüne Wiese. Wir zwei allein! Darum müssen wir schon einander gut sein! O Zarathustra, du bist mir nicht treu genug! Es gibt eine alte Brummglocke! Hörst du diese Glocke Mitternachts die Stunden schlagen, so denkst du daran, O Zarathustra, ich weiß es, daß du mich bald verlassen willst!

CHOR

O Mensch! Gib Acht!
Was spricht die tiefe Mitternacht? Ich schlief, ich schlief,
Aus tiefem Traum bin ich erwacht:
Die Welt ist tief
Und tiefer als der Tag gedacht.
Tief ist ihr Weh,
Lust tiefer noch als Herzeleid:

SOPRANO, MEZZO-SOPRANO AND TENOR

I fear thee near me, I love thee far off. Thy flight allures me, thy seeking stays me. I suffer, yet all would I suffer for thee right gladly. Thou, whose coldness kindles, whose hate beguiles, whose flight bindeth, whose scorn stirs.

CHORUS AND SOLOISTS

Now for a dance over hill and dale! I am the huntsman, wilt thou my hound or my chamois be? Now close to me, quickly, thou proud scornful leaper! Now up and away! here are caverns and undergrowth: we are sure to lose our pathway. Stay! Stand still! what way lurest thou me now? I'll dance to thy step, I'll follow thee e'en on the fairest track. Where art thou? Give me thy hand, or even one finger only. Thou show'st me thy snow-white teeth and snarlest sweetly, thy wicked eyes dart flashes at me from beneath thy wild tresses. Seest thou not owls and flitter-mice fluttering.? Thou owlet, thou flittermouse, dost thou dare mock me?

BARITONE

O ye my new companions, ye wonderful, higher-born mortals, how well ye please me today, since ye grew light-hearted! Ye have truly all now burst into bloom; methinks for such flowers as you are, new revels are required.

MEZZO-SOPRANO

O Zarathustra! Far beyond good and evil we discovered our island, and our meadow forever green – we two alone: so needs it must be that we love each other! O Zarathustra, thou art not true enough to me. There is an ancient bell tolling. When, waking from slumber at midnight thou hearest it tolling, recall then my words. O Zarathustra, I know that soon thou wilt have forsaken me.

CHORUS

O man, mark well!
What tolls the solemn midnight bell? I lay asleep,
Till haunting dreams broke slumber's spell.
The world is deep,
And deeper far than day can tell.
Deep is her woe:
Joy deeper still than grief of heart.

Weh spricht: Vergeh!
Doch alle Lust will Ewigkeit,
Will tiefe, tiefe Ewigkeit!

SOPRAN

Und sie sahen sich an und blickten auf die grüne Wiese,
über welche eben der kühle Abend lief und weinten mit
einander.

*Zarathustra reflects despairingly on these ponderings, searching his heart uneasily: he would die rather than reveal his
midnight-heart's deep thoughts.*

4) BARITON

Wehe mir! Wo ist die Zeit hin? Sank ich nicht in tiefe
Brunnen?

CHOR

Die Welt schläft, Ach! Der Hund heult, der Mond scheint.

BARITON UND CHOR

Lieber will ich sterben, als euch sagen, was mein
Mitternachtsherz eben denkt. Nun starb ich schon. Es ist
dahin. Spinne, was spinnst du um mich? Willst du Blut?
Ach! Der Tau fällt, die Stunde kommt, die Stunde wo
mich fröstelt und friert, die fragt und fragt: „Wer hat Herz
genug dazu? Wer soll der Erde Herr sein?“ „Wer will
sagen: so sollt ihr laufen, ihr großen und kleinen Ströme!“
Die Stunde naht! O Mensch, du höherer Mensch, gib
Acht! diese Rede ist für feine Ohren, für deine Ohren:
was spricht die tiefe Mitternacht?

Night reigns, awaking all the songs of lovers, of which Zarathustra would be one ... 'my own soul is the song of a lover.'

5) CHOR

Nacht ist es: nun reden lauter alle springenden Brunnen.
Und auch meine Seele ist ein springender Brunnen.

BARITON

Nacht ist es: nun erst erwachen alle Lieder der
Liebenden und auch meine Seele ist das Lied eines
Liebenden. Ein Ungestilltes, Unstillbares ist in mir: das
will laut werden. Eine Begierde nach Liebe ist in mir, die

Woe says: 'Begone!'
But Joy would have Eternity,
Ne'er ending, everlasting day!

SOPRANO

And they gazed at each other and gazed upon the
verdant meadow over which the cool shades of
eventide swept; and they sighed and wept together.

BARITONE

Woe is me! Whither is Time fled?
Sank I not 'neath deep, deep fountains?

CHORUS

The world sleeps. Ah, the hound howls, the moon shines.

BARITONE AND CHORUS

Rather would I die here than tell my midnight-heart's deep
thoughts. Now dead am I, and all is o'er. Spider, what
weav'st thou round me? Cravest thou blood? Ah, the dew
falls, the hour is nigh, the hour when I shall shiver and
freeze, the hour that asks and asks: 'Who hath the heart
for it? Who shall be Earth's master? Who shall order:
"Thus flow, ye rivers, ye streams and mighty water!" The
hour draws nigh. O man, thou higher-born man, mark
well! This my speech is meant for subtle senses. Attend
and hearken: what saith the solemn midnight hour?

CHORUS

Night reigneth. Now louder murmur the leaping crystalline
fountains; and my soul too is like a leaping fountain.

BARITONE

Night reigneth. Now awaken all the songs of lovers; and
my soul too is the song of a lover. The unrequited, ne'er
to be requited, dwells in me, that for utterance clamours,
and a deep longing for love is in me, that speaks itself

redet selber die Sprache der Liebe. Licht bin ich; ach, daß ich Nacht wäre! aber dies ist meine Einsamkeit, daß ich von Licht umgürtet bin.

CHOR

O Einsamkeit aller Schenkenden! O Schweigsamkeit aller Leuchtenden!

BARITON UND CHOR

Ach! daß ich Licht sein muß! Nun bricht wie ein Born aus mir mein Verlangen! Nacht ist es: nun reden lauter alle springenden Brunnen. Und auch meine Seele ist ein springender Brunnen! Nacht ist es: nun erst erwachen alle Lieder der Liebenden und auch meine Seele ist das Lied eines Liebenden.

Zweiter Teil

Delius paints an exquisite picture of the stillness of the high hills; horn calls echo down the valley as Zarathustra sits alone with his thoughts.

6 AUF DEN BERGEN (ORCHESTER)

Suddenly a tempestuous choral and instrumental outburst of sound floods the scene in praise of man's prime, his 'noon-tide'. Springtime has gone, and with it any lingering sorrows.

7 CHOR

Herauf! nun herauf, du großer Mittag! Das Meer stürmt: Wohlan! Wohlauf! Ihr alten Seemannsherzen! Dorthin will unser Steuer, wo unser Kinderland ist! Dort hinaus, stürmischer als das Meer, stürmt unsre große Sehnsucht! Werdet hart!

SOPRAN, MEZZO-SOPRAN, TENOR UND CHOR

Vorbei die zögernde Trübsal meines Frühlings. Sommer wurde ich ganz und Sommermittag! Ein Sommer im Höchsten mit kalten Quellen und seliger Stille: O! kommt, meine Freunde, daß die Stille noch seliger werde! Denn dies ist unsre Höhe und unsre Heimat; Nachbarn den Adlern, Nachbarn dem Schnee, Nachbarn der Sonne!

nought but love's sweetest language. Light am I; oh, would that I were Night! But this is my solitude, that I am girdled round with Light.

CHORUS

O solitude of all Givers! O silence deep of all Light-shedders!

BARITONE AND CHORUS

Woe that I Light must be! Now burst from out me my longing like a fountain. Night reigneth. Now louder murmur the leaping crystalline fountains; and my soul too is like a leaping fountain. Night reigneth. Now awaken all the songs of lovers; and my soul too is the song of a lover.

Second Part

ON THE MOUNTAINS (ORCHESTRA)

CHORUS

Arise, now arise, thou glorious noon-tide! The sea storms. Away, away, ye ancient ocean-farers! Steer our ship to the regions where our dear children's country lies. That way fare! Wilder than storm-rack'd sea rages our heartfelt longing. Wax ye hard!

SOPRANO, MEZZO-SOPRANO, TENOR AND CHORUS

'Tis gone, the lingering sorrow of my springtide. Summer am I become, yea summer's noon-tide, on mountain's high summits, by clear, cool waters, 'mid rapturous stillness. O come, my companions, and the silence shall enrapture our souls. This is now our home, on the heights – neighbours of the eagles, we, neighbours of the

Einem Sturme gleich kommt mein Glück und meine Freiheit!

Zarathustra calls to his muse: 'Sweet lyre, come, enchant me!' and, in an extended soliloquy, sings of the richness of the world to come.

8 BARITON

Süße Leier! Ich liebe deinen Ton, deinen trunkenen Unkenton! Wie lang her, wie fern her kommt mir dein Ton, weit her, von den Teichen der Liebe! Du alte Glocke, du süße Leier! jeder Schmerz riß dir in's Herz, Vaterschmerz, Vaterschmerz, Urvaterschmerz; deine Rede wurde reif, gleich goldenem Herbste und Nachmittage, gleich meinem Einsiedlerherzen nun redest du: die Welt selber ward reif, die Traube bräunt, nun will sie sterben, vor Glück sterben. Ihr höheren Menschen riecht ihr's nicht? Es quillt heimlich ein Geruch herauf, ein Duft und Geruch der Ewigkeit, ein rosenselig brauner Goldweingeruch von altem Glücke, von trunkenem Mitternachts-Sterbeglücke, welches singt: die Welt ist tief und tiefer als der Tag gedacht!

snows, neighbours of the sun. Like a sudden tempest comes my bliss, and brings me freedom.

BARITONE

Lyre, my solace, come, enchant me! I love thy sound, thy quivering, drunken sound! From far away, from ages past thy voice comes to me, from afar, from the founts of Love. Thou ancient toiler, my sweetest lyre, every pang tore at thy heart, pangs of a father, ancestors' pangs. Lo, thy speech waxed ripe, like mellow autumn and afternoon, like this hermit's heart of mine, I hear thee say: 'The world herself waxed ripe, the grape-vine purples and fain would die of joy.' Ye higher-born mortals, scent ye it not? An odour secret and sweet, an odour, a breath of Eternity, of roses mingled with golden-brown wine's sweet breath of bliss and rapture, of drunken Midnight's joy in dying, which sings: 'The world is deep, and deeper far than day can tell.'

CD 2

The orchestra depicts an evening scene. The wandering Zarathustra surprises a group of young girls dancing in a meadow. He calms their agitation and they resume with wilder steps but, tiring as night approaches, leave Zarathustra to his thoughts.

1 LENTO (ORCHESTER)

CHOR: SOPRANE UND ALTE

La la la

BARITON

Laßt vom Tanze nicht ab, ihr lieblichen Mädchen! Kein Spielverderber kam zu euch mit bösem Blick, kein Mädchenfeind, Gottes Fürsprecher bin ich vor dem Teufel: der aber ist der Geist der Schwere. Wie sollte ich, ihr Leichten, göttlichen Tänzen Feind sein? Oder Mädchenfüßen mit schönen Knöcheln? Wohl bin ich ein Wald und eine Nacht dunkler Bäume: doch wer sich vor meinem Dunkel nicht scheut, der findet auch Rosenhänge unter meinen Cypressen. Und auch den kleinen Gott findet er wohl, der den Mädchen der liebste ist: neben dem Brunnen liegt er, still, mit geschlossenen Augen. Wahrlich am hellen Tag schlief er mir ein, der Tagedieb.

Haschte er wohl zu viel nach Schmetterlingen? Zürnt mir nicht, ihr schönen Tanzenden, wenn ich den kleinen Gott ein wenig züchtige! Schreien wird er wohl und weinen, aber zum Lachen ist er noch im Weinen! Und mit Tränen im Auge soll er euch um einen Tanz bitten, und ich selber will ein Lied zu seinem Tanze singen: Ein Tanz- und Spottlied auf den Geist der Schwere, meinen allerhöchsten, großmächtigsten Teufel, von dem sie sagen, daß er „der Herr der Welt sei.“

CHOR: SOPRANE UND ALTE

La la la

BARITON

Die Sonne ist lange schon hinunter, die Wiese ist feucht, von den Wäldern her kommt Kühle. Ein Unbekanntes ist von mich und blickt nachdenklich. Was! Du leubst noch,

LENTO (ORCHESTRA)

CHORUS: SOPRANOS AND ALTOS

La la la

BARITONE

Stop not dancing, I pray, ye beautiful maidens! I came not hither to spoil your sport with angry looks. No woman-hater I, but God's counsel before the Devil, who is the spirit of heaviness. Then how should I be e'er averse to the divine art of dancing, or to maidens' feet with graceful ankles? True, I am a forest and a night dark with foliage, but he that is not afraid of my darkness will find rosy bowers beneath my cypress-shade. And e'en the tiny god he there may find whom all the maidens love the most, lying still, with his eyes closed in slumber. Truly, in broad daylight fell he asleep, the lazy rogue!

Sought he to catch too many butterflies? Chide me not, ye beauteous light-footed maidens, if I chastise our little god of love! He is sure to cry and clamour, but his weeping will excite your laughter; and with tears in his eyes, he shall come and beg a dance of you, and I myself will sing a song to which he'll caper – a dancing, mocking song on the spirit of heaviness, on his Highness the Devil, who, so they tell me, is the 'Lord of Creation'.

CHORUS: SOPRANOS AND ALTOS

La la la

BARITONE

The sun has long gone down in all his glory: the meadow is damp, and from the woodlands cometh coolness. An unknown power surroundeth me and gazes thoughtfully.

Zarathustra? Warum? Wofür? Wodurch? Wohin? Wo?
Wie? Ist es nicht Torheit, noch zu leben? Ach, meine
Freunde, der Abend ist es, der so aus mir fragt. Vergebt
mir meine Traurigkeit! Abend ward es; vergebt mir, daß
es Abend ward!

CHOR

Ah!

Zarathustra dozes contentedly in the noonday sunshine, a shepherd's pipe sounding in the distance. He disdains urgings to rouse himself, as choral and solo voices comment quietly on the scene: 'Now agèd noon-tide sleeps.'

CHOR

Heißer Mittag schläft auf den Fluren. Du liegst im Grase.
Still.

TENOR

Wie ein zierlicher Wind ungesehen auf getäfeltem Meere
tanzt, leicht, federleicht, so tanzt der Schlaf auf mir. Das
ist die heimliche feierliche Stunde, wo kein Hirt die Flöte
bläst.

CHOR

O Heimlichkeit des bunten Grases! O Glück!

BARITON

Was geschah mir? Horch! flog die Zeit wohl davon? falle
ich nicht? fiel ich nicht? Horch! in den Brunnen der
Ewigkeit? O zerbrich, zerbrich, Herz nach solchem
Glücke! Still! Willst du wohl singen, O! meine Seele?

MEZZO-SOPRAN

Singe nicht, Still! flüstere nicht einmal, die Weit ist
vollkommen. Still!

CHOR

Der alte Mittag schläft.

SOPRAN, TENOR UND CHOR

Trinkt er nicht eben einen alten braunen Tropfen
goldenen Glücks, goldenen Weins? Es huscht über ihn
hin, sein Glück lacht! So lacht ein Gott.

What! thou liv'st still, Zarathustra? And why? For what?
By what? Thine aim? Where? How? It is not folly still to
be living? O my companions, the evening filleth my soul
with doubts, forgive me my sadness. Evening it was,
forgive me that evening has fallen upon me!

CHORUS

Ah!

CHORUS

Glowing Noon-tide sleeps on the meadows. Thou liest in
the heather.

TENOR

Like a delicate breeze that none can see as o'er ocean
becalm'd it dances lightly, feather-light: so danceth steep
on me. This is the secret hour of solemn silence when no
shepherd sounds his flute.

CHORUS

O solitude of purpling heather. O bliss!

BARITONE

What befell me? Hark! was it Time that fled from hence?
Am I not failing? Fell I not, hark! in the fountain of
Eternity? Oh, now break, heart, that hast known such
rapture! Wouldst thou now carol, O my fond spirit?

MEZZO-SOPRANO

Stay thy song – hush! whisper not e'en a word. The world
is grown perfect.

CHORUS

Now agèd Noon-tide sleeps.

SOPRANO, TENOR AND CHORUS

Sits he not drinking e'en now a well-seasoned brown
drop of golden bliss, golden wine? And o'er him, rustling
her wings, fair Fortune smiles.

MEZZO-SOPRAN

Auf, du Schläfer! Zarathustra! Du Mittagsschläfer!

BARITON

Laßt mich doch! Still! ward die Welt nicht eben vollkommen?
O des goldenen runden Balls! Wer bist du doch, O meine
Seele? Wie wenig genügt schon zum Glücke! Wie lange
erst darfst du nach solchem Schlaf dich auswachen.

CHOR

O Glück! Der alte Mittag schläft.

Zarathustra, now in the eventide of life, muses on the past. Choral voices join him and the music builds to an imposing climax: 'Joy is deeper still than grief of the heart!'

3 BARITON

Gottes Weh ist tiefer, du wunderliche Welt, greife nach
Gottes Weh, nicht nach mir, was bin ich? Eine trunkene
süße Leier, eine Mitternachtsleier, eine Glockenunke, die
Niemand versteht, aber welche reden muß vor Tauben,
ihr höheren Menschen; denn ihr versteht mich nicht.

CHOR

Dahin! O Jugend! O Mittag! O Nachmittag! Nun kam
Abend und Mitternacht. Ach! wie sie seufzt! Wie sie lacht,
wie sie röchelt und keucht, die Mitternacht! Wie sie eben
nüchtern spricht, diese trunkene Dichterin! Sie übertrank
wohl ihre Trunkenheit! Sie wurde überwacht? Ihr Weh
kaut sie zurück, im Traume, die alte Mitternacht, und
mehr noch ihre Lust, wenn schon Weh tief ist.

BARITON UND CHOR

Lust ist tiefer noch als Herzeleid!

The music sinks to a soft drum-roll, out of which a motif associated with Zarathustra (heard earlier in Part Two No. III / CD 2 [1]) emerges from the orchestral basses. He sings of what solemn midnight has revealed to him and urges his assembled companions to mark well the tolling bell. The Mass concludes with a majestic exclamation of joy as soloists and chorus crave 'eternal, everlasting, endless day'.

4 BARITON

Kommt! Laßt uns jetzo wandeln! Es ist die Stunde! Laßt
uns in die Nacht wandeln. Ihr höheren Menschen, es

MEZZO-SOPRANO

Rise, thou sleeper, Zarathustra! Thou noon-tide sleeper!

BARITONE

Rouse me not! Hush! Waxed not the world this moment
perfect? Lo, the golden rounded ball! Who art thou, tell
me, my soul? How little sufficeth thee to be happy! How
long stay waking!

CHORUS

O bliss! Now agèd Noon-tide sleeps!

BARITONE

God's woe is deeper, thou strangely wondrous world!
Snatch thou at God's deep woe, not at me! What am I? I'm
a drunken, dulcet lyre, I am Midnight's lyre, I'm a belfry spirit
who no one understands, but who yet must speak to deaf
ears, ye higher-born mortals, for ye understand me not.

CHORUS

Thou art gone, O time of youth! O Noon-tide! O afternoon!
Then came Evening and Midnight. Oh, how she sighs, how
she laughs, how she gasps and groans, doth Midnight.
Hark what sober sense she speaks, this drunken poetess;
she must have outrunk her drunkenness. She waxed
over-wakeful? Her grief she swallows down in dreams –
and if her grief be deep, then even more her joy.

BARITONE AND CHORUS

Joy is deeper still than grief of heart.

BARITONE

Come now let us wander! The hour is come now! Let us
walk in Night's darkness! Ye higher-born mortals, the

geht gen Mitternacht: da will ich euch etwas in die Ohren sagen, wie jene alte Glocke es mir in's Ohr sagt, so heimlich, so schrecklich, so herzlich, wie jene Mitternachtsglocke zu mir es redet, die mehr erlebt hat als ein Mensch. Welche schon eurer Väter Herzens-Schmerzschläge abzählte. Ach! wie sie seufzt! wie sie im Traume lacht! die alte tiefe, tiefe Mitternacht! Still! Still! Da hört sich Manches, das am Tage nicht laut werden darf; nun aber bei kühler Luft, da auch aller Lärm eurer Herzen stille ward, nun redet es, nun hört es sich, nun schleicht es sich in nächtliche überwachte Seelen! Ach, wie sie seufzt! wie sie im Traume lacht! hörst du's nicht, wie sie heimlich, schrecklich, herzlich zu dir redet. Die alte tiefe, tiefe Mitternacht!

BARITON UND CHOR

O Mensch! Gib Acht
Was spricht die tiefe Mitternacht!
Ich schlief, ich schlief,
Aus tiefem Traum bin ich erwacht:
Die Welt ist tief,
Und tiefer als der Tag gedacht:
Tief ist ihr Weh,
Lust tiefer noch als Herzeleid.
Weh spricht: Vergeh!
Doch alle Lust will Ewigkeit,
Will tiefe, tiefe Ewigkeit!

SOLISTEN UND CHOR

Alle Lust will aller Dinge Ewigkeit! Was will nicht Lust!
Sie ist durstiger, herzlicher, hungriger, schrecklicher,
heimlicher als alles Weh: Sie will Liebe, sie will Haß,
sie ist überreich, so reich ist Lust, daß sie nach Wehe
durstet. Nach Welt, ihr höheren Menschen, nach euch
sehnt sie sich, die Lust, die unbändige, selige, O Glück!
O Schmerz! O brich Herz! Lust will Ewigkeit! Lust will
aller Dinge Ewigkeit! Will tiefe, tiefe Ewigkeit.

Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900)

midnight hour is nigh. Now in your ears there's something
I would whisper, what yonder ancient bell to me has told –
as secret, as dreadful, as heartfelt as what yon midnight
bell to me revealeth, yon bell which more hath known than
any man, which hath counted the pulsings of the sorrowful
hearts of our forefathers. Oh, how she sighs, how she
laughs in dreams, that ancient, solemn, tolling midnight
bell! Hush! Hush! Much then is told us which in daytime
must not be heard. Lo, now, in cooler air, when all our
heads' loud clamour is lulled to rest, it softly speaks,
grows audible and steals upon night-haunted over wakeful
souls! Oh, how she sighs, as in her dreams she laughs!
Dost thou not hear how in secret, in awe her heart to thee
now speaketh – the aged, deep and solemn Midnight?

BARITONE AND CHORUS

O man, mark well!
What tolls the solemn midnight bell?
I lay asleep
Till haunting dreams broke slumber's spell.
The world is deep,
And deeper far than day can tell.
Deep is her woe:
Joy deeper still than grief of heart.
Woe says: 'Begone!'
But Joy would have Eternity,
Ne'er ending, everlasting day!

SOLOISTS AND CHORUS

Every joy for all things craves Eternity. What craves not
Joy? She is more thirsty, more hungry, more heart-felt,
more awful, more secret than all our woe; she craves
love, she craves hate, she is over-rich, so rich is Joy that
she for Grief is thirsty. For earth, ye higher-born mortals, for
you longeth even Joy the intractable, Joy the rapturous. O
Bliss, O pain! O break, heart! Joy craves Eternity, Joy craves
for all things endless day, eternal, everlasting, endless day!

Translation by William Wallace

6 IDYLL

MAN

Once I pass'd through a populous city,
Imprinting my brain with all its shows
Of that city I remember only a woman,
A woman I casually met,
Who detained me for love of me.
Day by day and night by night we were together –
 all else has been forgotten by me.
Again we wander, we love, we separate,
Again she holds me by the hand, I must not go.
Day by day and night by night together!

WOMAN

Day by day, night by night we were together.

MAN

I hear her whisper.

WOMAN

I love you, before long I die,
I have waited long merely to look on you,
For I could not die till I had once looked on you.

MAN

I see her close beside me with lips sad and tremulous.

WOMAN

A long while amid the noises of coming and going,
Then we two content, happy in being together,
 speaking little, day by day, night by night together.

MAN

Behold me when I pass, hear my voice, approach,
 draw close, but speak not.
Be not afraid of me.
For you and I, what is it to us what the rest do or think?

WOMAN

I am she who adorned herself and folded her
 hair expectantly,
My lover has come and it is dark.

MAN

We two, how long we were fooled,
Now transmuted we escape as Nature escapes;
We are Nature, long have we been absent
 but now we return.
Ah love and perfect equal!

MAN

How calm, how solemn it grows to ascend
 to the sphere of lovers.

WOMAN

I ascend, I float in the regions of your love, O man
Ah, Love and perfect equal
O power and liberty at last!

WOMAN

We two, we two together.

MAN

We two together.

WOMAN

Double yourself and receive us, darkness...
We two content, happy in being together.

MAN

We two together.

MAN

This is thy hour... O soul, thy free flight
into the wordless.

Thee, fully forth emerging, silent, gazing,
pondering the themes thou lovest best:

Night, sleep, death, love and the stars.

O to speed where there is space enough and
air enough at last!

We are two hawks, we soar above and look down.

What is all else to us, who have voided all
but freedom and all but our own joy?

WOMAN

O you and I what is it to us, what the rest do you think?

What is all else to us who have voided
all but freedom and all but our own joy?

BOTH

As nearing departure, as the time draws nigh
A cloud – a dread beyond I know not what – darkens me.

MAN

Face so pale, with wonderous eyes, very dear,
gather close yet, closer yet.

WOMAN

Dearest comrade all is over and long gone.

But love is not over.

Dearest comrade, all is over and long gone.

But love is not over.

MAN

Perfume therefore my chant, O love, immortal love.

Make me a fountain

That I exhale love wherever I go.

Sweet are the blooming cheeks of the living,

Sweet are the musical voices sounding.

But sweet, ah sweet, are the dead

With their silent eyes.

WOMAN

I ascend, I float to the regions of your love, O man,

All is over and long gone, but love is not over.

MAN

Dearest comrade, love is not over.

Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

the **Delius** society

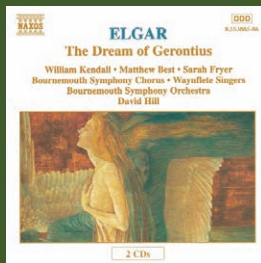
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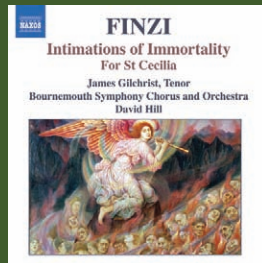
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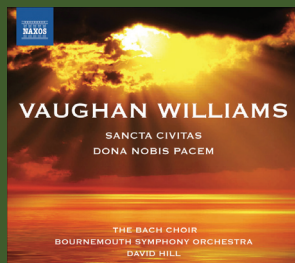
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Playing Time
1:58:19

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Booklet notes in English
Made in the USA

Long an admirer of Nietzsche's poetry, Frederick Delius composed *A Mass of Life* while at the height of his powers, blending passages from *Also Sprach Zarathustra* into orchestral textures of great expressive depth and striking beauty. Written in his final years, the *Prelude and Idyll* sourced music from a long discarded opera, transforming a story of lust and vengeance into one which emphasizes the transience of life and love. David Hill's previous BSO recordings include a "perfectly judged" *Dies natalis* by Gerald Finzi (*The Guardian* on 8.570417), while his Vaughan Williams *Sancta Civitas* (8.572424) was described as "thrilling... a great case for a neglected work". (*Classic FM*)



Frederick
DELIUS
(1862-1934)

**CD 1**[1]-[5] **A Mass of Life (First Part)***[6]-[8] **A Mass of Life (Second Part)*****CD 2**[1]-[4] **A Mass of Life (Second Part, contd.)***[5]-[6] **Prelude and Idyll****47:31****14:45****32:46****70:48****50:53****19:55**

Janice Watson, Soprano • Catherine Wyn-Rogers, Mezzo-soprano*

Andrew Kennedy, Tenor* • Alan Opie, Baritone

The Bach Choir* • Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra

David Hill

The Michael Marks
Charitable Trust

This recording was generously supported by the Delius Trust
and the Michael Marks Charitable Trust.

Recorded at The Lighthouse, Poole, Dorset, UK, from 26th to 28th November, 2011
Producer and editor: Andrew Walton (K&A Productions Ltd.) • Engineer: Mike Clements
Booklet notes: Lyndon Jenkins • Publisher: Boosey & Hawkes Music Publishers, Ltd.
A detailed track and artist list can be found on page 2 of the booklet.

The sung texts and translations are included in the booklet and can also be accessed at
www.naxos.com/libretti/572861.htm • Cover photograph by Toltek (iStockphoto.com)