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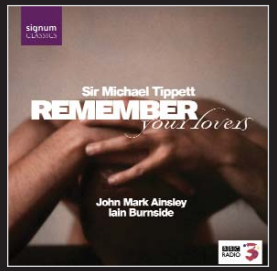

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BRITTEN ABROAD
BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913 - 1976)

Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo, Op.22

1. Sonetto XVI: *Si come nella penna e nell'inchiostro* [2.09]
2. Sonetto XXXI: *A che piu debb'io mai l'intensa voglia* [1.35]
3. Sonetto XXX: *Veggio co'bei vostri occhi un dolce lume* [4.21]
4. Sonetto LV: *Tu sa'ch'io so, signior mie, che tu sai* [2.03]
5. Sonetto XXXVIII: *Redete a gli occhi miei, o fonte o fiume* [2.02]
6. Sonetto XXXII: *S'un casto amor, s'una pieta superna* [1.27]
7 . Sonetto XXIV: *Spirto ben nato, in cui si specchia evede* [4.25]

The Poet's Echo, Op.76

8. Echo [3.03]
9. My Heart ... [1.51]
10. Angel [2.15]
11. The Nightingale and the Rose [4.00]
12. Epigram [0.48]
13. Lines written during a sleepless night [4.24]

Four French Folksong Arrangements

14. La Noël passée [3.52]
15. Voici le Printemps [2.02]
16. Fileuse [2.00]
17. Le roi s'en va-t'en chasse [2.12]
18. **Um Mitternacht (1960)** [4.26]

Sechs Hölderlin-Fragmente, Op.61

19. Menschenbeifall [1.32]
20. Die Heimat [2.31]
21. Sokrates und Alcibiades [2.30]
22. Die Jugend [2.03]
23. Hälfte des Lebens [2.22]
24. Die Linien des Lebens [2.24]

Four French Folksong Arrangements

25. La belle est au jardin d'amour [2.51]
26. Il est quelqu'un sur terre [4.35]
27. Eho! Eho! [1.59]
28. Quand j'étais chez mon père [2.06]

Total timings [73.50]

SUSAN GRITTON - SOPRANO
MARK PADMORE - TENOR
IAIN BURNSIDE - PIANO

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BRITTEN ABROAD

Britten's extraordinary skill and fluency for setting his own native language has sometimes obscured the brilliance with which he embraced a wide range of foreign poetry throughout his career. In fact Britten left a series of exquisite settings, some of his very finest, in French, Italian, Latin, German, Russian, Scots dialect and Medieval English; and the role-call of poets attests to the diversity and sophistication of his literary tastes, including the work of Victor Hugo, Paul Verlaine, Artur Rimbaud, Michelangelo Buonarroti, Friedrich Hölderlin, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Alexander Pushkin, Bertolt Brecht and William Soutar. The earliest of these works (written when Britten was just fourteen) was the *Quatre chansons françaises,* settings of Hugo and Verlaine for high voice and orchestra, written in the summer of 1928 for his parents' twenty-seventh wedding anniversary. *Les Illuminations* followed a decade later; Latin settings were a constant throughout his career, for his many liturgical settings and notably in *War Requiem* and the *Cantata misericordium;* we find Scots dialect in his Souter settings, *Who are these children?* and his authentic response to the challenge of early English texts is demonstrated in his mystery-play settings, *Canticle II: Abraham and Isaac* and *Noye's Fludde,* and profoundly so in one of his very last works, the choral setting of eight medieval English lyrics, *Sacred and Profane.* But Britten's settings of Italian, Russian, French and German, are certainly amongst the most distinctive and very finest examples of his art, each fashioned specifically for a much-loved and favoured artist.

The *Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo* were completed in America in October 1940 and were the first songs written specifically for Britten's life-long partner and principal interpreter, the tenor Peter Pears, to whom they are dedicated and unquestionably addressed. The metaphysical love sonnets of Michelangelo are rare in their juxtaposition of emotional intensity and closely worked argument, a tension between the senses and the intellect that inspired Britten to some of his finest inventions in this cycle and a theme to which he was to return towards the end of his life in the last major work he wrote for Pears, the opera *Death in Venice.*

True to the *bel canto* tradition that inspired the *Michelangelo Sonnets,* the vocal line in these

songs governs the internal structure and musical language as never before with Britten. The cycle is framed by songs of high rhetoric: the first asserts that just as in art there are high, middle and low styles, so in love one evokes what is fitting to oneself; the final song is a celebration of the immortality of love, the piano and voice only gradually uniting in praise of abiding love. In Sonnet XXI the vulnerability of deep attachment is expressed in gentler, lilting, pleading terms. Sonnet XXX is one of Britten's profoundest inventions, an intimation of things that can only be realised through the presence of the beloved, expressed in a seamless *bel canto* that climaxes in a yearning rising ninth in the voice. The more intense dramatic tension of Sonnet LV gives way to the wistful serenata of Sonnet XXXVIII in which the rejected lover begs for the return of his senses so that he may love again. Another ardent setting of Sonnet XXXII precedes the final rhetoric of 'Spirito, ben nato'.
Britten and Pears premiered the Michelangelo Sonnets at the Wigmore Hall on 23 September 1942.

The Poet's Echo was written during a holiday that Britten and Pears spent in the Soviet Union with Galina Vishnevskaya and Mstislav Rostropovich in August 1965. By this time Britten had already written the *Sonata in C* (1961), the *Cello Symphony* (1963) and the *First Cello Suite* (1964) for Rostropovich and had conceived the soprano solo in *War Requiem* for Vishnevskaya. Since 1963 he had been considering the possibility of setting Russian texts for a song collection or cycle for the great Bolshoi diva and on his departure from the UK for this Armenian trip he bought a copy of Pushkin's poems (in Russian with a parallel English translation) for the journey. Britten wrote this cycle while resident at the Composers' Union in Armenia and the central theme of the work is reflected in the title, referring, to the artist's struggle to elicit some response from an uncomprehending world, a theme explored from the very outset in *Echo. My heart* touches on Britten's personal preoccupation with the heartache so often aroused by the presence of great beauty. The confrontation between Satan and the Angel in the third song takes this tension onto another plane - closer to the conflict between good and evil common to many of the stage works. The next two songs provide strong dramatic contrast, juxtaposing the lyricism of *The Nightingale and the Rose* with a folk-like *Epigram* with more than a nod to Mussorgsky - brief, acerbic and thrown off in peasant style.

Lines written during a sleepless night, returns to the cycle's central theme, drawing the cycle to a close on an uncomfortable, almost eerie note of

uncertainty. And the strange circumstances of the first run-through of the cycle, in the Pushkin Museum, towards the end of their trip to Russia, has certainly added to the disturbing quality of the song, as Pears later recalled in his *Armenian Holiday* diary:

> The last song of the set is the marvellous poem of insomnia, the ticking clock, persistent night-noises and the poet's cry for a meaning in them. Ben has started this with repeated staccato notes high-low high-low on the piano. Hardly had the little old piano begun its dry tick tock tick tock, than clear and silvery outside the window, a yard from our heads, came ding, ding, ding, not loud but clear, Pushkin's clock joining in his song. It seemed to strike far more than midnight, to go on all through the song, and afterwards we sat spellbound.

The cycle is dedicated to 'Galya and Slava' and was first performed by the dedicatees in the Small Hall of the Moscow Conservatoire, on 2 December 1965.

Britten first began arranging folk songs for his war-time recitals with Pears, initially in America and, after 1942, in England. The settings were published in a series of six volumes between 1943 and 1961, with an additional collection for voice and harp completed in the summer of 1976 and published four years later. The volume of eight *French Folksongs Arrangements* (the second of the published collections) was written for the Swiss soprano, Sophie Wyss, an important artist for Britten in the Thirties, premiering *Our Hunting Fathers* (1936), *On This Island* (1937) and *Les Illuminations* (1939). The collection of *French Folksongs,* completed in December 1942 and published four years later, is dedicated to Sophie Wyss's two sons, Arnold and Humphrey, the younger of whom was Britten's godson. Unlike Britten's other folksong collections, which aspire to the originality of Percy Grainger though are unquestionably 'British' in tone, this volume of French songs sounds authentically Gallic. They also, perhaps surprisingly, reflect Britten's early admiration of Mahler and specifically Mahler's own folksong inspired *Des Knaben Wunderhorn,* notably so in the opening of *'Eho! Eho!'* and in the Ländler-derived *'Quand j'étais chez mon père'.* As always with Britten (and this is as true of the folksong arrangements as with the art songs) the piano parts intensify the story being told, often

providing a commentary or subtext. And if one turns to Britten's later orchestrations of six of these songs, one gets a vivid indication of the sonorities he had in mind when writing the piano originals - sonorities he himself was able to evoke with extraordinary mastery at the keyboard.

Um Mitternacht was written around 1960. Its precise date of composition is uncertain and it remained unpublished during the composer's lifetime. It was first performed by the soprano Lucy Shelton and pianist Ian Brown at the 1992 Aldeburgh Festival and only entered the repertory with the publication of *The Red Cockatoo & Other Songs* by Faber Music in 1994. It's a poignant and characteristically unsettling reflection on the passing of time, written as the composer was approaching his fiftieth birthday. It is unique in that it's Britten's only setting of Goethe, an anthology of whose verse he received around this time from his friend Prince Ludwig of Hesse and the Rhine, the dedicatee of the final song-cycle on the present disc, the *Sechs Hölderlin-Fragmente.* These were written in the summer of 1958 and described by Britten at the time as 'probably my best vocal works so far'. They were written as a fiftieth birthday gift for Prince Ludwig, who was a great admirer of the poet. Britten's six settings (the closest he ever got to writing model German Lieder, though owing more to Berg than Schubert) last little more than eleven minutes; not a note (nor indeed a silence) is wasted in the projection of Hölderlin's very personal fusion of Lutheran theology and fervent Hellenism. The lyrics dwell on thoughts of middle age and love *(Sokrates und Alcibiades),* Britten making a characteristically shrewd selection from Hölderlin's shorter poems and fragments, progressing from a consideration of the fragility of worldly fame *(Menschenbeifall)* via a characteristic longing for a return to the innocence of childhood *(Die Jugend* and *Hälfte des Lebens),* ultimately to thoughts of self-doubt *(Die Linien des Lebens).* A somewhat strange fiftieth birthday gift, one might think, though it's likely that Britten and Prince Ludwig shared this perspective on the frailty of their own worldly fame and the inevitability of their advancing years, with all that implies.

Britten and Pears recorded the *Sechs Hölderlin-Fragmente* for the BBC Third programme on 20 October 1958 and it was subsequently broadcast on 14 November (effectively its UK premiere), just a week before their private performance for Prince Ludwig and his wife, Margaret, at Schloss Wolfsgarten near Darmstadt.

© Dr John Evans

1 - 7 **Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo, Op.22**
for tenor and piano
Texts by Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475-1564)
Publisher: Winthrop Rogers Edition
© 1943 Boosey & Co Ltd.
Translations © by Carl Johengen

1 Sonetto XVI: *Si come nella penna e nell'inchiostro*

Sì come nella penna e nell'inchiostro
È l'alto e 'l basso e 'l mediocre stile,
E ne' marmi l'immagin ricca e vile,
Secondo che 'l sa trar l'ingegno nostro;
Così, signor mie car, nel petto vostro,
Quante l'orgoglio, è forse ogni atto umile:
Ma io sol quel c'a me proprio è e simile
Ne traggo, come fuor nel viso mostro.

Chi semina sospir, lacrime e doglie,
(L'umor dal ciel terreste, schietto e solo,
A vari semi vario si converte),
Però pianto e dolor ne miete e coglie;
Chi mira alta beltà con sì gran duolo,
Dubbie speranze, e pene acerbe e certe.
Signior mie car.

Just as in pen and ink
There is a high, low, and medium style,
And in marble are images rich and vile,
According to the art with which we fashion it,
So, my dear lord, in your heart,
Along with pride, are perhaps some humble thoughts:
But I draw thence only what is proper for myself
In accordance with what my features show.

Who sows sighs, tears and lamentations
(Dew from heaven on earth, pure and simple,
Converts itself differently to varied seeds)
Will reap and gather tears and sorrow;
He who gazes upon exalted beauty with such pain
Will have doubtful hopes and bitter, certain sorrows.
My dear Lord.

2 Sonetto XXXI: *A che piu debb'io mai l'intensa voglia*

A che più debb'io mai l'intensa voglia
Sfogar con pianti o con parole meste,
Se di tal sorte 'l ciel, che l'alma veste,
Tard' o per tempo, alcun mai non ne spoglia?
A che 'l cor lass' a più morir m'invoglia,
S'altri pur dee morir?
S'altri pur dee morir? Dunque per queste
Luci l'ore del fin fian men moleste;
Ch'ogn' altro ben val men ch'ogni mia doglia.
Però se 'l colpo, ch'io ne rub' e 'nvolo,
Schifar non poss'; almen, s'è destinato,

Ch entrerà 'nfra la dolcezza e 'l duolo?
Se vint' e pres' i' debb'esser beato,
Maraviglia non è se nud' e solo,
Resto prigion d'un Cavalier armato.
Resto prigion d'un Cavalier armato.

To what purpose do I express my intense desire
With tears and sorrowful words
When heaven, which clothes my soul,
Neither sooner or later relieves me of it?
To what purpose does my weary heart long to die,
When all must die? So to these
Eyes my last hour will be less painful,
All my joy being less than all my pains.
If I cannot avoid the blow,
Even seek them; since it is destined,
Who will stand between sweetness and sorrow?
If I must be conquered in order to be happy,
No wonder then that I, unarmed and alone,
Remain the prisoner of an armed cavalier?

3 Sonetto XXX: *Veggio co'bei vostri occhi un dolce lume*

Veggio co' bei vostri occhi un dolce lume,
Che co' miei ciechi già veder non posso;
Porto co' vostri piedi un pondo, un pondo addosso,
Che de' mie zoppi non è già costume.
Volo con le vostr'ale senza piume;
Col vostr'ingegno al ciel sempre son mosso;
Dal vostr'arbitrio son pallido e rosso,
Freddo al sol, caldo alle più fredde brume.
Nel voler vostro è sol la voglia mia,
I mie' pensier nel vostro cor si fanno,
Nel vostro fiato son le mie parole.
Come luna da sè sol par ch'io sia;
Chè gli occhi nostri in ciel veder non sanno
Se non quel tanto che n'accende il sole, Il sole.

I see through your lovely eyes a sweet light
Which through my blind ones I yet cannot see;
I carry with your feet a burden
Which with my lame ones I cannot;
I fly with your wings, having none of my own;
With your spirit toward heaven I am always moving;
By your will I turn pale or blush,
Cold in the sun, warm in the coldest weather.
Within your will alone is my will,
My thoughts within your bosom are born,
In your breath are my words.
I am like the moon, alone,
Which our eyes cannot see in the heavens
Except that it is illumined by the sun.

4 Sonetto LV: *Tu sa'ch'io so, signior mie, che tu sai*

Tu sa, ch'io so, signor mie, che tu sai
Ch'i veni per goderti più da presso;

E sai ch'i' so, che tu sa' c'i' son desso:
A che più indugio a salutarci omai?
Se vera è la speranza che mi dai,
Se vero è 'l buon desio che m'è concesso,
Rompasi il mur fra l'uno e l'altro messo;
Chè doppia forza hann' i celati guai.
S'i' amo sol di te, signor mie caro,
Quel che di te più ami, non ti sdegni;
Che l'un dell'altro spirto s'innamora,
Quel che nel tuo bel volto bramo e 'mparo,
E mal compres' è degli umani ingegni,
Chi 'l vuol veder, convien che prima mora.

You know that I know, my lord, that you know
I have come to take pleasure in your presence;
And you know that I know that you know I
am constant.
Why then do we hesitate to greet one another?
If it is true, this hope that you give me,
If these desires are true which come over me,
Break down the wall between one and the other;
Hidden sorrows have twice the force.
If I love only in you, my dear lord,
That which you love most, do not be angry;
Let love spring up between our two souls.
That which in your noble face I seek
Is but ill-understood by humankind,
And he who wishes to see it must first die.

5 Sonetto XXXVIII: *Redete a gli occhi miei, o fonte o fiume*

Rendete agli occhi miei, o fonte o fiume, rendete,
L'onde della non vostra e salda vena.
Che più v'innalza, e cresce, e con più lena
Che non è 'l vostro natural costume.
E tu, folt'air, che 'l celeste lume
Tempri a' tristi occhi, de' sospir miei piena,
Rendigli al cor mio lasso e rasserena
Tua scura faccia al mio visivo acume.
Renda la terra i passi alle mie piante,
Ch'ancor l'erba germogli che gli è tolta;
E 'l suono Ecco, già sorda a' miei lamenti;
Gli sguardi agli occhi mie, tue luci sante,
Ch'io possa altra bellezza un'altra volta
Amar, po' che di me non ti contenti, contenti.

Give back to my eyes, o fountains and rivers,
The waves of powerful currents that are not yours,
Which swell you and surge with more force
Than was ever in your nature.
And you, dense air, heaven's light
Obscuring from my sad eyes, full of sighs,
Give them back to my weary heart, and lighten
Your dark features to my sight.
Let the earth return to me the traces of my steps,
That the grass may grow where it was crushed;
Give back the sounds, Echo, yet deaf to my laments;

Their glances return to my eyes, you blessed pupils,
That I may sometime love some other beauty
Since with me you are not satisfied.

6 Sonetto XXXII: *S'un casto amor, s'una pieta superna*

S'un casto amor, s'una pietà superna,
S'una fortuna infra dua amanti equale,
S'un'aspra sorte all'un dell'altro cale,
S'un spirto, s'un voler duo cor governa;
S'un'anima in duo corpi è fatta etterna,
Ambo levando al cielo e con pari ale;
S'amor c'un colpo e d'un dorato strale
Le viscer di duo petti arda e discerna;
S'amar l'un l'altro, e nessun se medesmo,
D'un gusto e d'un diletto, a tal mercede,
C'a un fin voglia l'uno e l'altro porre;
Se mille e mille non sarien centesmo
A tal nodo d'amore, a tanta fede;
E sol l'isdegno il può rompere e sciorre.

If there is a chaste love, a heavenly pity,
An equal fortune between two lovers,
A bitter fate shared by both,
And if a single spirit, just one, will govern two hearts;
If one soul in two bodies is made eternal,
Raising both to heaven on the same wings;
If love with one blow and one golden arrow
Can burn and pierce two hearts to the core;
If each loves the other rather than himself,
With a pleasure and delight so rewarding,
That to the same end they both strive;
If thousands upon thousands are not worth
a hundredth
Part of such a loving bond of such a faith;
Then shall anger alone break and dissolve it?

7 Sonetto XXIV: *Spirto ben nato, in cui si specchia evede*

Spirto ben nato, in cui si specchia e vede
Nelle tuo belle membra oneste e care
Quante natura e 'l ciel tra no' puo' fare,
Quand'a null'altra suo bell'opra cede;
Spirto leggiadro, in cui si spera e crede
Dentro, come di fuor nel viso appare,
Amor, pietà, mercè, cose sì rare
Che mà furn'in beltà con tanta fede;
L'amor mi prende, e la beltà mi lega;
La pietà, la mercè con dolci sguardi
Ferma speranz'al cor par che ne doni.
Qual uso o qual governo al mondo niega,
Qual crudeltà per tempo, o qual più tardi,
C'a sì bel viso morte non perdoni?

Noble spirit, in whom is reflected,
And in whose beautiful limbs, honest and dear,

one can see
All that nature and heaven can achieve within us,
Excelling any other work of beauty;
Graceful spirit, within whom one hopes and believes
Dwell - as they outwardly appear in your face -
Love, pity, mercy, things so rare
And never found in beauty so truly;
Love takes me captive, and beauty binds me;
Pity and mercy with sweet glances
Fill my heart with strong hope.
What law or power in the world,
What cruelty of this time or of a time to come,
Could keep Death from sparing such a lovely face?

8 - 13 **The Poet's Echo, Op.76**
for soprano and piano
Texts by Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837)
Publisher: © 1967 Faber Music Ltd.

1 **Echo**

From leafy woods the savage howl,
A distant horn, the thunder's roll,
A maiden singing up the hill,
To evr'y sound, to evr'y sound,
Your answ'ring cry the air doth fill
In quick rebound, in quick rebound.

You listen for the thunder's voice,
The ocean wave's wild stormy noise,
The distant mountain shepherd's cries
You answer free, you answer free, you answer free;
To you comes no reply, to you comes no reply.
Likewise O poet, to thee! To thee!

2 **My Heart…**

My heart, I fancied it was over,
That road of suffering and pain,
And I resolved: 'Tis gone for ever,
Never again! Never again!
That an ancient rapture and its yearning, and
its yearning,
The dreams, the credulous desire…
But now, but now old wounds have started burning
Inflamed by beauty and her fire.

3 **Angel**

At Eden's gate a gentle angel
With lowered head stood shining bright,
While Satan sullen and rebellious
O'er Hell's abysses took his flight.

Soul of negation, soul of envy,
He gazed at that angelic light,
And warm and tender glowed within him
A strange confusion at the sight.

"Forgive", he said, "now I have seen thee,
Not vainly didst thou shine so bright:
Not all in heaven have I hated,
Not all things human earn my spite.

4 **The Nightingale and the Rose**

The Garden's dark and still; 'tis spring; no night
wind blows.
He sings! He sings! The nightingale, his love song
to the rose.
She does not hearken, his rose beloved, disdainful
rose beloved,
And to his am'rous hymn, she dozes, nodding
and swaying, rose beloved.
With such words would you melt, cold beauty
into fire?
O Poet, be aware how far would you aspire!
She is not listening, no poems can entrance her;
You gaze; she only flowers; you call her;
there's no answer.

5 **Epigram**

Half a milord,
Half of a boss
Half of a sage, half of a baby,
Half of a cheat;
There's hope that may be,
He'll be a whole one by and by.

6 **Lines written during a sleepless night**

Sleep forsakes me, with the light;
Shadowy gloom and haunting darkness;
Time ticks on its way relentless.
And its sounds invades the night.
Fateful crones at their mumbling,
Set the sleepy night a-trembling,
Scurrying mouse-like, scurrying mouse-like,
scurrying mouse-like, life slips by…
Why did you disturb me, say?
What's your purpose, tedious whispers?
Do you breathe reproachful murmurs
At my lost and wasted day?
What is this you want to tell me?
Do you prophesy or call me?
Answer me, I long to hear!
Voices, make your meaning clear…

14 - 17 **Four French Folksong Arrangements**
for high voice and piano
Publisher: © 1946 Hawkes & Son (London) Ltd.

1 **La Noël passée**

La Noël passée,
Povret orphelin.
Ma goule affamée,

N'avait plus de pain
M'en fus sous fenestre
Du bon Roy Henry,
Et lui dis "Mon Maistre,
Oyez bien ceci".

Prenez vos musettes
Et vos épinettes
Prenez vos musettes
Et vos épinettes
Jésus, cette nuit,
S'est fait tout petit.
Jésus, cette nuit,
S'est fait tout petit.

En cette nuitée,
Au vieux temps jadis.
Naquit en Judée,
Un de mes amis
Avait pour couchette
Une crèche en bois,
Et dans la povrette
Des ramas de pois.

Prenez vos musettes
etc…

Et de sa chambrette,
Oyant mon récit,
Avecque amourette
Le bon Roy sourit.
Prit en sa cassette
Deux écus dorés;
De sa main Doucette
Me les a donnés.

Prenez vos musettes
etc…

Disant: "Petit ange,
Je suis content,
Afin si tu manges,
Voilà de l'argent
Pour la douce France
Et son Roy Henry,
Prie avecque instance
Ton petit amy!"

Prenez vos musettes
etc…

Last Christmas

One Christmas I'm starving,
The orphan child said,
And never a farthing,
To buy me some bread...
I went to the window

Of good King Henry,
And said to him, "My Lord,
Listen to this well".

Set your pipes ringing
and your spinets,
Set your pipes ringing
and your spinets,
Jesus, tonight,
Is born.

For this very evening
In days long gone by,
Was born in Judea,
A child such as I...
He lay in a manger,
His cradle of wood,
To guard him from danger
An ox by him stood.

Set your pipes ringing
etc…

And in his chamber,
On hearing my story,
For jubilation
The good King he smiled;
He took from a casket
Two golden crowns,
And his kind hand
Gave them to me.

Set your pipes ringing
etc…

He said: "Little angel,
It is my will,
That you never go hungry,
Here is some gold
For sweet France
and King Henry
spend it by right,
my little friend!"
Set your pipes ringing
etc…

2 Voici le Printemps

Voici le printemps qui passe;
"Bonjour, tisserand, bonjour!
Ami, cède-moi ta place,
J'en ai besoin pour un jour.
C'est moi qui fais la toilette
Des bois, des prés et des fleurs.
Donne vite ta navette;
Tu sais qu'on m'attend ailleurs".

Voici le printemps qui passe;
“Bonjour, mon peintre, bonjour!
Ta main s’obstine et se lasse,
A faire un semblant du jour.
Donne vite ta palette,
Ta palette et ton pinceau.
Tu vas voir le ciel en fête
Rajeunir dans mon tableau”.

Voici le printemps qui passe;
“Bonjour, fillettes, bonjour!
Donnez vos fuseaux, de grâce,
Que je travaille à mon tour.
J’ai promis sous les charmilles
Ma laine aux nids d’alentour.
Je vous dirai, jeunes filles,
Où se niche aussi l’amour”.

Here is the Spring

Here is the Spring passing by;
Good day, weaver, good day!
My friend, lend me your chair,
I need it for a day.
I am he who cleanses
The woods, the meadows and the flowers.
Quickly, lend me your shuttle;
I am awaited elsewhere, you know.”

Here is the Spring passing by;
Good day, painter, good day!
Your labouring hand grows weary
As it makes a likeness of the day.
Quickly, lend me your palette,
Your palette and your brush.
You will see the festive sky
Revitalized in my picture.”

Here is the Spring passing by;
Good day, maidens, good day!
Lend me your spindles, I implore you,
That I in my turn may work.
Under the arbours I promised
My wool to the nests round about.
I will tell you, O maidens,
The place where love also nestles.”

3 Fileuse

Lorsque j’étais jeunette, je gardais les moutons,
Tirouli, tiroula, tirouli, tiroulou,
Tirouli, tiroula, tirouli, rouli, roule.
N’étais jamais seulette à songer par les monts.
Tirouli etc. . .
Mais d’autres bergerettes avec moi devisaient.
Tirouli etc . . .
Parfois de sa musette un berger nous charmait.

Tirouli etc. . .
Il nous faisait des rondes, joli’ rondes d’amour.
Tirouli etc. . .
Mais me voilà vieille, reste seule toujours.
Tirouli!

The Spinster

When I was a young girl I tended the sheep,
Tirouli, tiroula, tirouli, tiroulou,
Tirouli, tiroula, tirouli, rouli, roule.
I never dreamt in solitude upon the mountainside.
Tirouli etc. . .
But other young shepherdesses would talk with me.
Tirouli etc . . .
Sometimes a shepherd would play the pipes for our delight.
Tirouli etc. . .
He would play pretty love dances for us.
Tirouli etc . . .
Yet now I am old, and still on my own.
Tirouli!

4 Le roi s’en va-t’en chasse

Le roi s’en va-t’en chasse,
Dans le bois des Bourbons,
Mon aimable bergère,
Dans les bois des Bourbons,
Bergère Nanon.

Ne trouve rien en chasse,
Ni cailles, ni pigeons,
Mon aimable bergère,
Ni cailles, ni pigeons.
Bergère Nanon.

Rencontre une bergère
Qui dormait dans les joncs,
Mon aimable bergère,
Qui dormait dans les joncs,
Bergère Nanon.

“Voulez vous être reine,
Dedans mes beaux donjons?
Mon aimable bergère,
Dedans mes beaux donjons,
Bergère Nanon?

“Vous aurez des carrosses
Et de l’or à faison,
Mon aimable bergère,
Et de l’or à faison,
Bergère Nanon.

“Et cour de grandes dames,
De ducs et de barons,
Mon aimable bergère,
De ducs et de barons,
Bergère Nanon.”

"Merci, merci, beau Sire,
Mais j'aime un pauv' garçon,
Qui aime sa bergère.
Mais j'aime un pauv' garçon,
Qui aime Nanon!"

The King goes hunting

The king goes hunting,
In the woods of Bourbons,
My adorable shepherdess,
In the woods of Bourbons,
Shepherdess Nanon.

He finds nothing out hunting,
Not a quail, not a pigeon,
My adorable shepherdess,
Not a quail, not a pigeon,
Shepherdess Nanon.

He meets a shepherdess
Who sleeps in the rushes,
My adorable shepherdess,
Who sleeps in the rushes.
Shepherdess Nanon.

Would you like to be a queen,
In my fine castles?
My adorable shepherdess,
In my fine castles,
Shepherdess Nanon?

You would have carriages
And quite enough gold,
My adorable shepherdess,
And quite enough gold,
Shepherdess Nanon.

And a court of stately ladies,
Of dukes and of barons,
My adorable shepherdess,
Of dukes and of barons,
Shepherdess Nanon."

Thank you, thank you, good Sir,
But I love a humble boy,
Who loves his shepherdess,
But I love a humble boy,
Who loves Nanon!"

18 **Um Mitternacht**
for high voice and piano
Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)
Music © 1994 by Faber Music
Translation: © Uri Liebrecht

Um Mitternacht ging ich, nicht eben gerne,
Klein kleiner Knabe jenen Kirchhof hin

Zu Vaters Haus, des Pfarrers, Stern am Sterne
Sie leuchteten doch alle gar zu schön,
Um Mitternacht.

Wenn ich dann ferner in des Lebens Weite
Zur Liebsten mußte, mußte, weil sie zog
Gestirn und Nordschein über mir im Streite.
Ich gehend, kommend Seeligkeiten sog
Um Mitternacht.

Bis dann zuletzt des vollen Mondes Helle
So klar und deutlich mir ins Finstere drang,
Auch der Gedanke willig, sinnig, schnelle
Sich ums Vergangne wie ums Künftige schlang
Um Mitternacht.

At midnight

At midnight I went, none too keen,
Small, a small boy, to that churchyard,
To Father's house, the Vicar's; star upon star I'd seen
Shining all too beautifully;
At midnight.

When, further along the path of life,
My girl I had to, had to see because she called,
Above me stars and northern lights in strife,
I, going and coming, breathed rapture;
At midnight.

Till finally the full moon's light
Reached so clear and clearly into my darkness,
Thought, too, purposeful, considered, quite
Wrapped itself round what was past, round what was yet to come;
At midnight.

19 - 24 **Sechs Hölderlin-Fragmente, Op.61**
for tenor and piano
Text by Friedrich Hölderlin (1770-1843)
Publisher: © 1962 Boosey & Hawkes Music Publishers Ltd.
Translation: © Uri Liebrecht

1 **Menschenbeifall**

Ist nicht heilig mein Herz, schöneren Lebens voll,
seit ich liebe? Warum achtetet ihr mich mehr,
da ich stolzer und wilder,
wortereicher und leerer war?

Ach! der Menge gefällt, was auf den Markplatz taugt,
und es ehret der Knecht nur den Gewaltsamen;
an das Göttliche glauben
die allein, die es selber sind.

Public Approval

Has not my heart grown holy, filled with a better life
Since I do love? Why did you heed me more
When I was proud and wild,
Spoke many words, all empty?

Ah, people like what sells well in the market
And underlings respect but those with power.
Belief in godliness is
The sole province of the godly.

2 Die Heimat

Froh kehrt der Schiffer heim an den stillen Strom
von fernen Inseln, wo er geerntet hat;
wohl möcht' auch ich zur Heimat wieder;
aber was hab' ich, wie Leid, geerntet? -

Ihr holden Ufer, die ihr mich aufgezogt,
stillt ihr der Liebe Leiden? ach! gebt ihr mir,
ihr Wälder meiner Kindheit, wann ich
komme, die Ruhe noch einmal wieder?

Home

Happy, the boatman returns home to the quiet river
From distant islands where he took in his harvest.
Well would I, too, like to come home;
Yet what have I ever reaped but sorrow?
River banks whose delights nurtured me,
Can you soothe love's sorrow? And can you,
Forests of my childhood, when I arrive,
Restore to me that peace?

3 Sokrates und Alcibiades

"Warum huldigest du, heiliger Sokrates,
diesem Jünglinge stets? Kennst du Größers nicht?
Warum siehet mit Liebe,
wie auf Götter, dein Aug' auf ihn?"

Wer das Tiefste gedacht, liebt das Lebendigste,
hohe Tugend versteht, wer in die Welt geblickt,
und es neigen die Weisen
oft am Ende zu Schönem sich.

Socrates and Alcibiades

"Why do you, holy Socrates, so revere
This youth? Do you know nothing greater?
Why, as if on gods,
Does your eye rest lovingly on him?"

He with the deepest thoughts loves what's most full of life,
Moral philosophy is understood by one who's seen the world
And in the end, wise men
Incline, often, to Beauty.

4 Die Jugend

Da ich ein Knabe war,
rettet' ein Gott mich oft
vom Geschrei und der Rute der Menschen,
da spielt' ich sicher und gut
mit den Blumen des Hains,
und die Lüftchen des Himmels
spielten mit mir.

Und wie du das Herz
der Planzen erfreust,
wenn sie entgegen dir
die zarten Arme strecken,
so hast du mein Herz erfreut,
Vater Helios!
und, wie Endymion,
war ich dein Liebling,
heilige Luna!

O all ihr treuen
freundlichen Götter!
Daß ihr wüßtet,
wie euch meine Seele geliebt!
Mich erzog der Wohllaut
des säuselnden Hains,
und lieben lernt' ich
unter den Blumen.

Im Arme der Götter wuchs ich groß.

Youth

When I was a boy
A god would rescue me
From scolding, beating people
And I played happily and safe
With the flowers of the field
Whilst heavenly breezes
Played with me.

And as you delight
The hearts of flowers
When their gentle arms
Stretch out towards you,
So you, Father Helios,
Warmed my heart,
and I, like Endymion,
Sacred Luna, was your darling.

Ah, you faithful,
Friendly gods!
You should know
How much my soul did love you!
I grew up to the sound
Of whispering trees,
Learned love among the flowers

And grew to manhood in the arms of gods.

5 **Hälfte des Lebens**

Mit gelben Birnen hänget
und voll mit wilden Rosen
das Land in den See,
ihr holden Schwäne,
und trunken von Küssen
tunkt ihr das Haupt
ins heilignüchterne Wasser.
Weh mir, wo nehm' ich, wenn
es Winter ist, die Blumen, und wo
den Sonnenschein,
und Schatten der Erde?
Die Mauern stehn
sprachlos und kalt, im Winde
klirren die Fahnen.

The Middle of Life

Laden with yellow pears
And full of wild roses
The land dips down to the lake,
You noble swans,
And drunk with kisses
You dip your heads
Into the pure hallowed waters.

Where, oh where, when it is winter
Will I find the flowers and where
The sunshine and shadow of earth?
The walls stand
Speechless and cold, in the wind
The weather-vanes clatter.

6 **Die Linien des Lebens**

Die Linien des Lebens sind verschieden,
Wie Wege sind, und wie der Berge Grenzen.
Was hier wir sind, kann dort ein Gott ergänzen
mit Harmonien und ewigen Lohn und Frieden.

Lines of Life

The lines life follows are varied
As are roads and the mountains' border.
What we are here, a god there can perfect
With harmony, eternal peace and order.

25 - 28 **Four French Folksong Arrangements**
for high voice and piano
Publisher: © 1946 Hawkes & Son (London) Ltd.

1 **La belle est au jardin d'amour**

La belle est au jardin d'amour,
Il y a un mois ou cinq semaines.
Laridondon, laridondaine.

Son père la cherche partout,
Son amoureux qui est en peine.
Laridondon, laridondaine.

"Berger berger, n'as tu point vu,
Passer ici celle que j'aime?"
Laridondon, laridondaine.

"Elle est là-bas dans ce vallon,
A un oiseau conte ses peines."
Laridondon, landondaine.

Le bel oiseau s'est envolé,
Et le chagrin bien loin emmène.
Laridondon, laridondaine.

Beauty is in the garden of love

Beauty is in the garden of love.
There she has lain for a month or five weeks.
Laridondon, laridondaine.

Her father seeks her everywhere,
Her lover is broken-hearted.
Laridondon, laridondaine.

Shepherd, O shepherd, have you not seen,
My beloved pass by here?"
Laridondon, laridondaine.
She is down in yonder valley,
Recounting her woes to a bird."
Laridondon, laridondaine.

The beautiful bird has flown,
And sorrow carries him far away.
Laridondon, laridondaine.

2 **Il est quelqu'un sur terre**

Il est quelqu'un sur terre,
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train,
et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
Il est quelqu'un sur terre,
Vers qui me rêves vont.

Il est dans la vallée,
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train,
et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
Il est dans la vallée,
Un moulin près du pont.

L'amour y moud' sa graine,
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train,
et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
L'amour y moud' sa graine,
Tant que le jour est long.

La nuit vers les étoiles,
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train,
et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
La nuit vers les étoiles,
Soupire sa chanson.

La rou' s'y est brisée.
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train,
et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
La rou' s'y est brisée.
Finie est la chanson.

There is someone in the world

There is someone in the world,
Turn, little wheel!
Gently turn, go your way,
and whisper your sweet refrain,
There is someone in the world
To whom my dreams incline.

There is in the valley,
Turn, little wheel!
Gently turn, go your way,
and whisper your sweet refrain,
There is in the valley,
A windmill by the bridge.

Love grinds the barley there,
Turn, little wheel!
Gently turn, go your way,
and whisper your sweet refrain,
Love grinds the barley there,
For as long as is the day.

Night turns towards the stars,
Turn, little wheel!
Gently turn, go your way,
and whisper your sweet refrain,
Night turns towards the stars,
And sings her song.

The wheel there is broken.
Turn, little wheel!
Gently turn, go your way,
and whisper your sweet refrain,
The wheel there is broken.
The song is at an end.

3 **Eho! Eho!**

Eho! Eho! Eho! Les agneaux vont aux plaines,
Eho! Eho! Eho! Et les loups vont aux bois.

Tant qu'aux bords des fontaines
Ou dans les frais ruisseaux,
Les blancs moutons s'y baignent,

Y dansant au pré-au.

Eho! Eho! ...

Mais queuq'-fois par vingtaine
Y s'éloign' des troupeaux,
Pour aller sous les chênes,
Aux herbages nouveaux.
Eho! Eho! ...

Et les ombres lointaines
Leur-z'y cach' leurs bourreaux,
Malgré leurs plaintes vaines,
Les loups mang' les angneaux.

Eho! Eho! ...

T'es mon agneau, ma reine.
Les grand' vill' c'est le bois,
Par ainsi Madeleine,
T'en vas pas loin de moi!

Eho! Eho! ...

Eho! Eho!

Eho! Eho! Eho! The lambs go to the plains,
Eho! Eho! Eho! and the wolves go to the woods.

Just by the fountains
Or in the fresh brooks,
The white sheep bathe,
Gambolling in the meadow.

Eho! Eho! ...

But sometimes about twenty
Go some distance from the flocks
To wander under the oaks
To pastures new.

Eho! Eho! ...

And the distant shadows
Hide their executioners within,
Despite the futile cries,
The wolves devour the lambs.

Eho! Eho! ...

You are my lamb, my queen.
The wood is big cities
Just like the Madeleine,
Do not stray far from me!

4 **Quand j'étais chez mon père**

Quand j'étais chez mon père,
apprenti pastoureau,
il m'a mis dans la lande,
pour garder les troupiaux.

Troupiaux, troupiaux,
je n'en avais guère.
Troupiaux, troupiaux,
je n'en avais biaux.

Mais je n'en avais guère,
je n'avais qu'trois agneaux;
et le loup de la plaine
m'a mangé le plus biau.

Troupiaux, troupiaux ...

Il était si vorace
n'a laissé que la piau,
n'a laissé que la queue,
pour mettre à mon chapiau.

Troupiaux, troupiaux ...

Mais des os de la bête
me fis un chalumiau
pour jouer à la fete,
à la fêt' du hamiau.

Troupiaux, troupiaux ...

Pour fair' danser l'village,
dessous le grand ormiau,
et les jeun's et les vieilles,
les pieds dans les sabiots.

Troupiaux, troupiaux ...

When I lived with my father

When I lived with my father
As an apprentice shepherd,
He sent me to the moor
To look after the sheep.

Sheep, sheep,
I had but a few.
Sheep, sheep,
I had none that were bonny.

No, I had but a few,
I had but three lambs;
And the wolf from the plain
Ate the finest of those.

Sheep, sheep ...

He was so ravenous
He left only the pelt,

He left only the tail
To put on my hat.

Sheep, sheep ...

But the bones of the animal
Made me a pipe
To play at the fair,
At the village fair.

Sheep, sheep ...

So the village could dance
Beneath the great elm,
Young women and old
With clogs on their feet.

BIOGRAPHIES

MARK PADMORE

Mark Padmore was born in London and grew up in Canterbury. He was a choral scholar at King's College, Cambridge and graduated with an honours degree in music in 1982. In the opera house he has worked with such distinguished directors as Peter Brook, Katie Mitchell, Mark Morris and Deborah Warner and has sung at English, Welsh and Scottish National Operas, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Opéra de Paris, Opéra de Lausanne, Théâtre du Châtelet and the Aix-en Provence Festival.

He has appeared with many of the world's greatest orchestras including the Berlin, New York and Vienna Philharmonics, the London Symphony Orchestra and the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra. He has given recitals in Amsterdam, Barcelona, Brussels, Copenhagen, London, Moscow, New York, Paris and Zürich with pianists such as Imogen Cooper, Julius Drake, Till Fellner, Steven Osborne and Roger Vignoles.

He has made numerous recordings including Bach's Passions, Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and

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La Clemenza di Tito, Handel's *Messiah* and Britten's *Turn of the Screw.* His most recent recording is a disc of Handel arias with Andrew Manze and the English Concert on Harmonia Mundi.

Further information can be found at
www.markpadmore.com

SUSAN GRITTON

Winner of the 1994 Kathleen Ferrier Award, she studied Botany at Oxford and London Universities. Her roles at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden include Liù *(Turandot),* Micäela *(Carmen),* Ismene *(Mitridate)* and Marenka *(The Bartered Bride).* At the Bayerische Staatsoper, Munich she has sung Konstanze *(Die Entführung aus dem Serail),* Vitellia *(La clemenza di Tito),* Rodelinda, Cleopatra *(Giulio Cesare)* and Romilda *(Serse).* At the Glyndebourne Festival she has sung Susanna *(Le nozze di Figaro)* and the title role of Theodora.

Her many roles for the English National Opera include Countess Almaviva *(Le nozze di Figaro),* Pamina *(Die Zauberflote),* Fiordiligi *(Cosi fan tutte)* and Vixen. Elsewhere she has sung Donna Anna *(Don Giovanni)* for Opera de Montreal, Marzelline *(Fidelio)* in Rome and Tytania *(A Midsummer Night's Dream)* at La Fenice, Venice.

A respected Britten interpreter, her roles include Governess *(The Turn of the Screw)* at Aldeburgh, Ellen Orford *(Peter Grimes)* for Opera Australia, Miss Wordsworth *(Albert Herring)* at Glyndebourne and Tiny *(Paul Bunyan)* at Covent Garden.

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Her recital appearances have included London and New York and, in concert, she appears regularly with many of the world's great orchestras in venues such as the Vienna Konzerthaus, Salzburg Mozarteum, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Berlin Philharmonie and at the BBC Proms with conductors such as Rattle, Colin Davis, Mackerras, Norrington, Tate and Harding. A Grammy nominated artist, she has recorded prolifically.

IAIN BURNSIDE

Iain Burnside enjoys a unique reputation as pianist and broadcaster, forged through his commitment to the song repertoire and his collaborations with leading international singers. In recent seasons such artists have included Galina Gorchakova, Ailish Tynan, Lisa Milne, Rebecca Evans, Joan Rodgers, Susan Gritton and Yvonne Kenny, Susan Bickley, Ann Murray and Sarah Connolly, John Mark Ainsley, Mark Padmore and Andrew Kennedy, Roderick Williams, Christopher Maltman and Bryn Terfel.

His recording portfolio reflects Iain's passion for British music. For Signum he has recorded Tippett (Ainsley,) Judith Weir (Tynan/Bickley/Kennedy), FG Scott (Milne/Williams) and Herbert Hughes (Tynan). Naxos CDs include the complete songs of Gerald Finzi (Ainsley/Williams), together with Vaughan Williams and William Alwyn. Forthcoming Signum releases include Korngold (Connolly/Maltman), Liszt (Evans/Kennedy/Rose) and 2 volumes of Beethoven (Murray/Ainsley/Williams). More Vaughan Williams has just been released on the new Albion label. Black Box recordings feature Debussy, Schoenberg and an acclaimed disc of Copland with the late Susan Chilcott.

Acclaimed as a programmer, Iain has devised a number of innovative recitals combining music and poetry, presented with huge success in Brussels and Barcelona with the collaboration of actors such as Fiona Shaw and Simon Russell Beale. His professorial position at London's Guildhall School has been expanded to include a directorial role, staging specially conceived programmes with student singers and pianists.

He has given masterclasses throughout Europe, at New York's Juilliard School and the Banff Centre, Canada.

Iain's broadcasting career covers both Radio and TV and has been honoured with a Sony Radio Award. Following BBC Radio3's Voices, he now presents his own Sunday morning programme *Iain Burnside*. Television includes The Proms, Cardiff Singer of the World, Leeds International Piano Competition and BBC Young Musician of the Year.

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