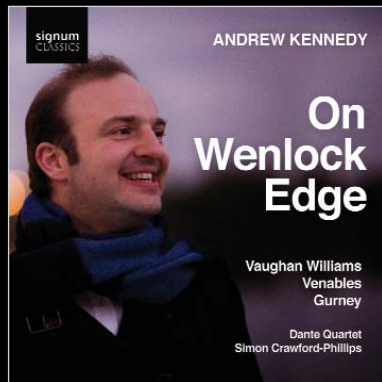


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LISZT ABROAD

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REBECCA EVANS SOPRANO • ANDREW KENNEDY TENOR
MATTHEW ROSE BARITONE • IAIN BURNSIDE PIANO

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Liszt Abroad

I have latterly travelled through many new countries, have seen many different places, and visited many a spot hallowed by history and poetry; I have felt that the varied aspects of nature, and the different incidents associated with them, did not pass before my eyes like meaningless pictures, but that they evoked profound emotions within my soul ... I have tried to give musical utterance to some of my strongest sensations, some of my liveliest impressions.

Franz Liszt, from Preface to *Suisse, Années de Pèlerinage*

How could Liszt not write wonderful songs? Consider his credentials: one of the greatest pianists in history; champion and imaginative transcriber of songs by Schubert, Schumann and Chopin; conductor of operas by Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven, Donizetti, Verdi, Meyerbeer and Berlioz; oh, and of course, Wagner's father-in-law. With voice and piano woven into the fabric of his life, Liszt's songs were destined to be special.

As well as offering a personal selection of Liszt songs this recording has another agenda: to spotlight Liszt's uniquely polyglot position in

nineteenth century song. He composed songs in no less than six different languages: French, German, Italian, English, Russian and Hungarian. This Francophone Magyar embodied the Euro-citizen, travelling extraordinary distances as a young virtuoso in those *années de pèlerinage*, before putting down roots first in Paris, then Weimar and eventually Rome. All these cultures played a part in Liszt's life. Russia represented an uncomfortable element in Weimar through tortured, tangled negotiations over the eastern estates of his lover, the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein; while Britain had a walk-on cameo role through the Princess's former governess and treasured family retainer, Janet 'Scotchy' Anderson. One more European flavour enhances this disc. While Liszt does not set the Spanish language, the Gothic horror that is *Gastibelza* takes us to Spain. The only piece I can think of that is simultaneously Mad Song and Bolero, *Gastibelza* abounds in flamboyant local colour, complemented by the bracing Spanish guitars of *Comment, disaient-ils*.

Liszt's Euro-citizenship had a flipside. Nowhere was he a musical native. He stood outside the worlds both of French *mélodie* and German Lieder. His freshness and originality, the very qualities we now find so appealing in both spheres, were not embraced with enthusiasm by his contemporaries.

German critics, Robert and Clara Schumann among them, took particular issue with the lack of unity in his Lieder, singling out an unhealthy tendency to develop, rather than stick to a single mood. Ironically one could wish for no better summary of why Liszt's Heine settings move forward from Schumann's. As so often in Liszt's career, he was not thanked for blazing a trail.

The music on this disc spans over four decades. The earliest songs are among the most remarkable. Liszt was only in his twenties when he chose three sonnets by Petrarch, propelled by their poetic complexity into a new musical language, a cross-pollination of Italianate operatic vocal writing and virtuoso pianism. Liszt here moves beyond the confines of the salon, demanding from each performer a more heightened level of projection, a bigger range and sound palette, than any song composer had demanded before. And yet the end of the third sonnet leaves us *con intimo sentimento*, with singer and pianist barely whispering.

Most of our music was written in the following decade. The 1840s saw the Victor Hugo songs, inspired by Marie d'Agoult, and most of the Heinrich Heine settings, hot on Schumann's heels. With the passing of time Liszt's music becomes more ascetic; his textures sparer; his vocal writing

narrower in range. At the same time, his harmony becomes more daring. The bleak, visionary fragment *Und wir dachten an die Toten* belongs in the twentieth century; as in a quite different way does the cheeky major ninth arpeggio, offbeat and unresolved, that greets the morning sun in *Wie singt die Lerche schön*.

Despite the decades and the vast stylistic chasm between them, early and late songs share certain characteristics. Liszt the orchestral conductor knew the power of recitative. In almost every song here the main action stops, for voice and piano to break off into a different mode of conversation. At the end of *Im Rhein* the camera pans away from the river, moving into close-up on the singer, absorbed in thoughts of his lover. The song is indeed not unified - that is entirely the point. It is imaginative. This recitative effect finds its apotheosis in *Die Loreley*. Liszt is masterly in setting up his time frame for Heine's story, again prematurely cinematic in invoking both present and past. After Heine's boat has hit the rocks in full chromatic splendour, it takes a single phrase from the singer, one rolled secco piano chord, to turn back the years.

Loreley shows another of Liszt's favourite gestures: repetitions of his own devising. *Und das hat mit*

ihrem Singen/Die Lorelei getan, the song ends. *And that's what, with her singing/Was done by Lorelei*. Liszt breaks into eight phrases what he could easily have set in one, shifting in the process the song's emphasis. *She did it. She did it with her singing. With her singing!* So Heine's cautionary tale of threatening female sexuality becomes Liszt's parable on the power of music. His one and only English song, Tennyson's *Go not, happy day* moves in the opposite direction. Three times over, with music endlessly teased out, we hear that *a rose is her mouth*. Liszt uses heavily sexual silences, refusing to cadence, to resolve, to settle. Did Tennyson have any idea of the erotic potential in his last line? Let us hope Liszt never played this song for 'Scotch' Anderson.

I have chosen to end our CD not with the latest song chronologically - *Und wir dachten an der Toten* claims that honour - but with the most Wagnerian. There must be a way of superimposing onto *Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh* the Prelude to Wagner's *Parsifal*. Liszt's opening sequence of sublime common chords has always evoked to me the Quest for the Grail. Yet the dates are totally wrong: Liszt wrote his song in 1848, nearly thirty years before Wagner put pen to manuscript paper. Just as the lives of these two great men were entangled, for richer or poorer, in musical sickness

and musical health, so too was their music. And while father-in-law was always generous in acknowledging his debt to son-in-law, the converse was not always true. Perhaps this final track can shed its own gentle light on that most intriguing musical connection.

Iain Burnside

TEXTS

1. Oh! Quand je dors

Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de ma couche,
Comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura,
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche;
Soudain ma bouche s'entrouvrira.

Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura,
Que ton regard comme un astre se lève;
Soudain mon rêve rayonnera!

Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme,
Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,
Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme;
Soudain mon âme s'éveillera!

Victor Hugo (1802 - 1885)

2. Enfant, si j'étais roi

Enfant, si j'étais roi, je donnerais l'empire,
Et mon char, et mon sceptre, et mon peuple à genoux,
Et ma couronne d'or, et mes bains de porphyre,
Et mes flottes, à qui la mer ne peut suffire,
Pour un regard de vous.

Translations © Uri Liebrecht - www.uritext.co.uk

Oh, Whilst I sleep

*Whilst I sleep, O, come by my bed
As Laura came to Petrarch,
And in passing, let me feel your breath;
Then my lips will part.*

*On my sad brow, which may reveal
That some black thought has lingered,
Let your gaze alight like a rising star;
And my dream will be transfigured.*

*Then, on my lips, aflame
With the light of love God himself made pure,
Place a kiss; no longer angel, now a woman;
And my soul will awaken.*

My child, if I were king

*My child, if I were king, I'd give my empire,
My coach, my sceptre, my people on bended knee,
My golden crown, my deep blue sapphire,
My fleet which all the seas require,
For just one look from thee.*

Si j'étais Dieu, la terre et l'air avec les ondes,
Les anges, les démons courbés devant ma loi,
Et le profond chaos aux entrailles fécondes,
L'éternité, l'espace et les cieux et les mondes,
Pour un baiser de toi.

Victor Hugo

3. Gastibelza

Gastibelza, l'homme à la carabine,
Chantait ainsi:
Quelqu'un a-t-il connu Dona Sabine?
Quelqu'un d'ici?
Dansez, chantez, villageois! La nuit gagne
Le mont Falou.
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou!

Quelqu'un de vous a-t-il connu Sabine,
Ma senora ?
Sa mère était la vieille Maugrabine
D'Antequera,
Qui chaque nuit criait dans la Tour-Magne
Comme un hibou.
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou.

*If I were God, the earth I'd give, the sea,
The angels, demons subject to my law,
Chaos, multiplying ever more,
Space, eternity, the heavens would stand in awe,
For just one kiss from thee.*

Gastibelza

*Gastibelza, the man with the gun
Sang:
Did anyone know Donna Sabine?
Anyone here?
Dance, villagers, sing! Night is falling
On Mount Falou.
And the wind coming down from the mountain
Is driving me mad.*

*Did anyone know Sabine,
My mistress?
Her mother was old Maugrabine,
Of Antequerra,
Who'd screech every night
Like an owl
In the Tour Magne.
And the wind coming down from the mountain
Is driving me mad..*

Dancez, chantez, des biens que l'heure envoie
Il faut user.
Elle était jeune et son oeil plein de joie
Faisait penser.
À ce vieillard qu'un enfant accompagne
jetez un sou.
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou!

*Dance, sing, make the most
Of what the hours bring.
She was young and her eye, so full of joy,
Made me think on these things.
Throw the old man with a child
A penny.
And the wind coming down from the mountain
Is driving me mad.*

Dancez, chantez, villageois! La nuit gagne
Le mont Falou.
Sabine un jour a tout vendu, sa beauté de
colombe,
Et son amour,
Pour l'anneau d'or du comte de Saldagne
Pour un bijou.
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou!

*Dance, villagers, sing! Night is falling
On Mount Falou.
Sabine, one day sold everything, her dove-like
beauty,
And her love,
For the gold ring of the Count de Saldagne,
For a piece of jewellery.
The wind coming down from the mountain
Is driving me mad!*

Sur ce vieux banc souffrez que je m'appuie
Car je suis las.
Avec ce comte elle s'est donc enfuie!
Enfuie, hélas!
Par le chemin qui va vers la Cerdagne,
Je ne sais où.
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou!

*Here, on this old bench, let me rest
For I am tired.
Then, with this Count, she ran off!
Ran off, alas!
She took the road to the Serdagne,
Where to, I don't know.
The wind coming down from the mountain
Is driving me mad!*

Je la voyais passer de ma demeure
Et c'était tout.
Mais à présent je m'ennuie à toute heure,
Plein de dégoût.
Rêveur oisif, l'âme dans la campagne,
La dague au clou.
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou!

*I saw her pass my place
And that was all.
But now, I worry all the time,
Sick to my heart.
An idle dreamer, my spirit at war,
And my dagger beyond use.
The wind coming down from the mountain
Is driving me mad.*

Victor Hugo

4. Comment, disaient-ils

'Comment', disaient-ils,
'Avec nos nacelles,
Fuir les alguazils?'
'Ramez', disaient-elles.

'Comment', disaient-ils,
'Oublier querelles,
Misère et périls?'
'Dormez', disaient-elles.

'Comment', disaient-ils,
'Enchanter les belles
Sans philtres subtils?'
'Aimez', disaient-elles.

Victor Hugo

'Pray, how', said the Boys

'Pray how', said the boys
'Are we going to flee,
The police in our little boat?'
'Row', said the girls.

'Pray how', said the boys,
'Are we to forget danger,
Quarrels and hardship?'
'Sleep', said the girls.

'Pray how', said the boys
'Are we to enchant you
Without magic potions?'
'Love', said the girls.

5. Im Rhein

Im Rhein, im schönen Strome
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem großen Dome,
Das große, heil'ge Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldnem Leder gemalt
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau -
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein -
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

Heinrich Heine (1797 - 1856)

6. Die Loreley

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;

In the Rhine

*Mirrored in the waters
Of the mighty Rhine
Stands Cologne Cathedral,
That great and holy shrine.*

*Inside is a picture
On leather decked with gold
Which often brought me comfort
When life was harsh and cold.*

*Flowers and angels hover
About Our Lady's head -
Those eyes, those lips, those cheeks -
Could be my love's instead.*

Lorelei

*I do not know the reason why
To sorrow I'm inclined.
A story from the olden days
Is preying on my mind.*

*Light's fading and the air is cool
And quiet flows the Rhine,*

Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewaltige Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh,
Er schaut nicht die Felsenrisse,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn.
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

Heinrich Heine

7. Die Vätergruft

Es schritt wohl über die Heide
Zur alten Kapell' empor

*The mountain top's still glowing
As the sun's last rays decline.*

*Seated up there, gorgeous,
A maid beyond compare,
Her golden jewellery glitters,
She combs her golden hair.*

*She combs it with a golden comb
And sings a song betimes,
A song with a strange melody,
With strange and powerful rhymes.*

*The boatman in his little boat,
Gripped by a savage love,
Does not see the rocky reef,
Sees only what's above.*

*I think the waves consumed them,
Boat and boatman, bye and bye.
And that's what, with her singing,
Was done by Lorelei.*

The Ancestral Vault

*Striding across the moorland
Till the chapel came in sight,*

Ein Greis in Waffengeschmeide
Und trat in den dunkeln Chor.

Die Särge seiner Ahnen
Standen der Hall' entlang,
Aus der Tiefe tät ihn mahnen
Ein wunderbarer Gesang.

Wohl hab ich euer Grüßen,
Ihr Heldengeister, gehört,
Eure Reihe soll ich schließen.
Heil mir! Ich bin es wert!

Es stand an kühler Stätte
Ein Sarg noch ungefüllt;
Den nahm er zum Ruhebetto,
Zum Pfühle nahm er den Schild.

Die Hände tät er falten
Auf's Schwert und schlummerte ein;
Die Geisterlaute verhallten,
Da mocht es gar stille sein.

Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787 - 1862)

8. Petrarch Sonnet No. 104 : Pace non trovo

Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra,
E temo, e spero, ed ardo, e son un ghiaccio:

*An old man wearing armour
Went in, out of the light.*

*The tombs of all his forebears
Were ranged along the wall.
A wondrous, stirring chorus sang
From deep inside the hall.*

*"Well have I heard your greeting,
Spirits, heroes from my birth.
I am the last to join your ranks.
Salute me! That is my worth."*

*In a cold, dark corner
Stood a tomb as yet unfilled.
He took it as a bed for rest,
His pillow was his shield.*

*With hands folded securely
About his sword, he slept.
The spirit voices faded
And silent vigil kept.*

Warfare I cannot wage

*Warfare I cannot wage, yet know not peace;
I fear, I hope, I burn, I freeze again;*

E volo sopra 'l cielo, e giaccio in terra;
E nulla stringo, e tutto 'l mondo abbraccio.

Tal m'ha in priggion, che non m'apre, né serra,
Né per suo mi ritien, né scioglie il laccio,
E non m'uccide Amor, e non mi sferra;
Né mi vuol vivo, né mi trahe d'impaccio.

Veggio senz'occhi; e non ho lingua e grido;
E bramo di perir, e cheggio aita;
Ed ho in odio me stesso, ed amo altrui:

Pascomi di dolor; piangendo rido;
Egualmente mi spiace morte e vita.
In questo stato son, Donna, per Voi.

Petrarch

9. Petrarch Sonnet No. 47 : Benedetto sia 'l giorno

Benedetto sia 'l giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno,
E la stagione, e 'l tempo, e l'ora, e 'l punto
E 'l bel paese e 'l loco, ov'io fui giunto
Da'duo begli occhi che legato m'anno;

E benedetto il primo dolce affanno
Ch'i' ebbi ad esser con Amor congiunto,
E l'arco e la saette ond' i' fui punto,
E le piaghe, ch'infino al cor mi vanno.

*Mount to the skies, then bow to earth my face;
Grasp the whole world, yet nothing can obtain.*

*His prisoner Love nor frees, nor will detain;
In toils he holds me not, nor will release;
He slays me not, nor yet will he unchain;
Nor joy allows, nor lets my sorrow cease.*

*Sightless I see my fair; though mute, I mourn;
I scorn existence, and yet court its stay;
Detest myself, and for another burn;
By grief I'm nurtured; and, though tearful, gay;*

*Death I despise, and life alike I hate:
Such, lady, dost thou make my wayward state!*

Translation by Sir Thomas Wyatt

Blest be the year

*Blest be the year, the month, the hour, the day,
The season and the time, and point of space,
And blest the beauteous country and the place
Where first of two bright eyes I felt the sway:*

*Blest the sweet pain of which I was the prey,
When newly doom'd Love's sovereign law to embrace,
And blest the bow and shaft to which I trace,
The wound that to my inmost heart found way:*

Benedette le voci tante, ch'io
Chiamando il nome di Laura ho sparte,
E i sospiri e le lagrime e 'l desio.

E benedette sian tutte le carte
Ov'io fama le acquisto, e il pensier mio,
Ch'è sol di lei, si ch'altra non v'ha parte.

Petrarch

**10. Petrarch Sonnet No. 123 : l' vidi in terra
angelici costumi**

l' vidi in terra angelici costumi,
E celesti bellezze al mondo sole;
Tal che di rimembrar mi giova, e dole:
Che quant'io miro, par sogni, ombre, e fumi.

E vidi lagrimar que' duo bei lumi,
Ch'han fatto mille volte invidia al sole;
Ed udi' sospirando dir parole
Che farian gir i monti, e stare i fiumi.

Amor! senno! valor, pietate, e doglia
Facean piangendo un più dolce concento
D'ogni altro, che nel mondo udir si soglia.

*Blest be the ceaseless accents of my tongue,
Unwearied breathing my loved lady's name:
Blest my fond wishes, sighs, and tears, and pains:
Blest be the lays in which her praise I sung,*

*That on all sides acquired to her fair fame,
And blest my thoughts! for o'er them all she reigns.*

Translation by Francis Wrangham

I beheld on earth angelic grace

*Yes, I beheld on earth angelic grace,
And charms divine which mortals rarely see,
Such as both glad and pain the memory;
Vain, light, unreal is all else I trace:*

*Tears I saw shower'd from those fine eyes apace,
Of which the sun ofttimes might envious be;
Accents I heard sigh'd forth so movingly,
As to stay floods, or mountains to displace.*

*Love and good sense, firmness, with pity join'd
And wailful grief, a sweeter concert made
Than ever yet was pour'd on human ear:*

Ed era 'l cielo all'armonia s'intento
Che non si vedea in ramo mover foglia.
Tanta dolcezza avea pien l'aer e 'l vento.

Petrarch

11. Go not, happy day

Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.

When the happy 'Yes'
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
Over glowing ships;
Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West;

Till the red man dance
By his red cedar-tree,
And the red man's babe
Leap, beyond the sea.

*And heaven unto the music so inclined,
That not a leaf was seen to stir the shade;
Such melody had fraught the winds, the atmosphere.*

Translation by Francis Wrangham

Blush from West to East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
Blush it thro' the West.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.

Lord Alfred Tennyson (1809 - 1892)

12. Gebet

V minutu zhizni trudnuju
tesnitsjal' v serdce grust',
odnu molitvu chudnuju
tverzhu ja najizust'.

Jest' sila blagodatnaja
v sozvuch'ji slova zhivykh,
i dyshit neponjatnaja,
svjataja prelest' v nikh.

S dushi kak bremja skatitsja,
sonnen'je daleko -
i veritsja, i plachetsja,
i tak legko, legko.

Mikhail Yur'yevich Lermontov (1814 - 1841)

Prayer

*At times when I'm despondent,
See darkness everywhere,
I find comfort and encouragement
In a wonderful little prayer.*

*Its solemn, holy words
Resound so full of life
That I feel true repentance,
Inspired, and free from strife.*

*Doubt meekly leaves my heart, then,
Burden I no longer bear.
I weep anew, believe anew,
Am walking, now, on air.*

13. Isten veled!

Isten veled, Isten veled!
Hajh! Tetöled messze távozom.
Ah! De képed' és szerelmed;
Szümben hordozom.

Leikemet, leikemet zálogul
Vedd, csak szerelmet adj.
Ah! De hivet hü szerelmet,
Csak szerelmet adj.

L. Horvath *

14. Morgens steh' ich auf und frage

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage:
Kommt Feinsliebchen heut?
Abends sink' ich hin und klage:
Aus blieb sie auch heut.

In der Nacht mit meinem Kummer
Lieg' ich schlaflos, wach;
Träumend, wie im halben Schlummer,
Wandle ich bei Tag!

Heinrich Heine

* newly edited text and meaning provided by Ildiko and Ernest Wollner

Farewell

*Fare thee well. I am going
Far away,
But in my heart you
And the love I have for you will stay.*

*I now pledge my soul to you
And hope the love you have for me is true.*

I wonder every morning

*I wonder every morning:
Will I see my love today?
And every evening I complain:
Again she stayed away.*

*Every night, with heartache,
I lie sleepless, wide awake,
And through the daylight hours I wait
In a dreamy, trancelike state.*

15. Ein Fichtenbaum

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam
Im Norden auf kahler Höh';
Ihn schläfert; mit weißer Decke
Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.

Er träumt von einer Palme,
Die, fern im Morgenland,
Einsam und schweigend trauert
Auf brennender Felsenwand.

Heinrich Heine

16. Du bist wie eine Blume

Du bist wie eine Blume
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, daß dich Gott erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.

Heinrich Heine

A Pine Tree

*A pine tree stands dozing
On a barren, northern height,
All bedecked in snow,
So icy cold and white.*

*He's dreaming of a palm tree
In far off eastern lands,
Mourning alone, in silence,
On burning, sun-baked sands.*

You are like a flower

*You are like a flower,
So sweet and pure and fair;
But when I gaze upon you
My heart is filled with care.*

*I feel I should hold out
My hands above your hair
And pray that God preserve you,
So sweet and pure and fair.*

17. Wie singt die Lerche

Wie singt die Lerche schön
Im Tal und auf den Höh'n,
Wenn der Morgen graut,
Und die Blümlein, frisch betaut,
Harren auf den Sonnenschein.

So sing, mein Herz, nun auch
Beim frischen Morgenhauch.
Hast du auch gewacht
Unter Gram und Pein diese Nacht,
Dein auch hart ein Sonnenschein.

A H H von Fallersleben (1794-1874)

18. Blume und Duft

In Frühlings Heiligtume,
Wenn dir ein Duft an's Tiefste rührt,
Da suche nicht die Blume,
Der ihn ein Hauch entführt.

Der Duft läßt Ew'ges ahnen,
Von unbegrenztem Leben voll;
Die Blume kann nur mahnen,
Wie schnell sie welken soll.

Christian Friedrich Hebbel (1813-1863)

How prettily the Lark sings

*How prettily the lark sings
In the hills and in the vale
At the break of day
When bedewed flowers, crystalline,
Are waiting for the sun to shine.*

*So, too, my heart, sing
In the fresh morning air,
Though sleepless you have lain there
In grief and pain, supine,
Waiting for the sun to shine.*

Flower and Perfume

*If, in sacred spring,
Some perfume moves you deeply,
Don't look for the flower
Whence it blew importunely.*

*Perfume intimates eternity,
Life whose limits can't be surveyed;
The flower just reminds us of
How quickly it will fade.*

19. Und wir dachten an der Toten

Und nun kam die Nacht,
Und wir ritten hindann,
Rund um die Wachtfeuer lohten;
Die Rosse schnoben,
Der Regen rann,
Und wir dachten an der Toten.

Ferdinand Freiligrath (1810 - 1876)

20. Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh

Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde,
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch!

J W von Goethe (1749 - 1832)

And we thought of the Dead

*And now night came
And we rode up.
All around, the camp fires glowed red,
The horses were snorting,
Rain fell,
And we thought of the dead.*

On the Road at Eventide ...

*In the hills
All's still.
In the trees,
Barely a breeze
And no birdsong.
Just see, before long
You too'll be at ease.*

BIOGRAPHIES

REBECCA EVANS

Rebecca Evans was born in South Wales and studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama.

At the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, she has sung Pamina (Die Zauberflöte), Zerlina (Don Giovanni), Despina (Così fan tutte), Nannetta (Falstaff) and Johanna (Sweeney Todd). A regular guest at the Bayerische Staatsoper, Munich, her roles there have included Ginevra (Ariodante), Nannetta, Sophie (Der Rosenkavalier), Zdenka (Arabella), Servilia (La Clemenza di Tito), Ilia (Idomeneo) and Susanna (Le nozze di Figaro). Elsewhere she has sung for Deutsche Staatsoper, Berlin, Opera de Lausanne, Scottish Opera and ENO. She has also established a major operatic career in America where she has sung for the Metropolitan Opera, New York, Santa Fe Opera, the Lyric Opera of Chicago and San Francisco Opera.

Engagements this season include Zerlina at Covent Garden, her role debut as Countess Almaviva (Le nozze di Figaro) and Mimi for WNO. Her future plans include Ginevra in Oviedo,



© Sian Trenberth

Governess at the ENO, Countess at the Ravinia Festival and Mimi at Covent Garden.

In concert she has appeared at the Salzburg, Edinburgh, Tanglewood and Ravinia Festivals and she is a regular guest at the BBC Proms. She has sung with the San Francisco Symphony with Tilson Thomas, the Boston Symphony Orchestra with Tate, the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment with Mackerras, the Monteverdi Choir and Orchestra with Sir John Eliot Gardiner and the Sapporo Symphony Orchestra with Otaka. She has appeared in Gala Concerts with Bryn Terfel, Andrea Bocelli and with Luciano Pavarotti and she sang at the Gala Concert to celebrate the opening of the Welsh Assembly in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen and HRH The Prince of Wales.

In recital, she has sung at the Wigmore Hall, London; and the Barcelona, Ravinia, Buxton, Belfast and Beaulieu-sur-Mer Festivals.

A Grammy Award winning artist, she has recorded prolifically including Marzelline, Pamina and Gretel with Sir Charles Mackerras, Ilia with David Parry and Laila with Brad Cohen (Chandos); Nanetta with Sir John Eliot Gardiner (Philips); a series of Gilbert and Sullivan recordings with Sir Charles Mackerras and a solo recording of Italian

songs (EMI). On television she has appeared on the BBC in 'Maestro', as Belinda (Dido and Aeneas) and as host of her own series 'A Touch of Classics'.

ANDREW KENNEDY

Andrew Kennedy studied at King's College, Cambridge and the Royal College of Music in London. He was a member of the Young Artists Programme at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden where he performed many solo principal roles.

Andrew has won numerous prizes and awards including the 2005 BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Rosenblatt Recital Prize. He is a Borletti-Buitoni Trust Award winner and won the prestigious Royal Philharmonic Society Young Artists' Award in 2006. He was also a member of BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artists Scheme.

Operatic roles include Tamino (The Magic Flute) for English National Opera; Flute (A Midsummer Night's Dream) for Royal Opera Covent Garden and Jaquino (Fidelio) for Glyndebourne Festival. He has also appeared for Glyndebourne Touring Opera, Opera North, La Monnaie, Opéra de Lyon and Houston Grand Opera.

Concert engagements include Jaquino (Fidelio), Francesco (Benvenuto Cellini) and Mozart *Requiem* for the LSO/Sir Colin Davis (all recorded for the LSO Live CD label); Novice (Billy Budd) for LSO/Harding, recorded on EMI/Virgin Classics; Tom Rakewell *The Rake's Progress* (Stresa Festival/Noseda), Orfeo in Haydn *Orfeo e Euridice* (Boston Handel and Haydn Society/Norrington); Tobia *Il Ritorno di Tobia* (OAE/Norrington); Mozart *Requiem* and Young Man in Korngold's *Das Wunder der Heliane* (LPO/Jurowski); Finzi *Intimations of Immortality* (BBCSO/Daniel); Mozart *Mass in C Minor* (Hallé Orchestra/Elder); *St. Matthew Passion* (Netherlands Philharmonic/Colin Davis) and Elgar *Spirit of England* at the 2007 Last Night of the BBC Proms. Performances of Britten include *Nocturne* (BBC National Orchestra of Wales), *Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings* (CBSO, BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra and BBC National Orchestra of Wales and at the BBC Proms with the Nash Ensemble/Edward Gardner) and *Les Illuminations* (Edinburgh International Festival / Scottish Ensemble and with the Orchestre de Picardie).

Equally passionate about song repertoire, Andrew gives numerous recitals in Europe and the UK and appears regularly with the pianists Julius Drake, Roger Vignoles, Iain Burnside and Malcolm Martineau. Andrew's fast growing discography includes



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four solo albums ('Strauss Songs' with Roger Vignoles for Hyperion; 'On Wenlock Edge' with the Dante Quartet/Simon Crawford Philips for Signum Classics; 'The Dark Pastoral' with Julius Drake and Simon Russell Beale for Altara Classics and 'The Curlew' with Simon Lepper for Landor Records) and several shared recital discs (including 'On Buying

A Horse' with Iain Burnside for Signum Classics). Andrew will record his first orchestral album of Gluck, Berlioz and Mozart arias later on this year.

MATTHEW ROSE

British bass Matthew Rose studied at Christ Church University, Canterbury and at the Curtis Institute of Music in the United States before becoming a member of the Young Artists' Programme at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

For the Royal Opera his roles have included Bottom (A Midsummer Night's Dream), Colline (La bohème), Masetto (Don Giovanni), Zuniga (Carmen), Tom (Un ballo in maschera), Collatinus (The Rape of Lucretia) and, in concert, Albert (La Juive).

In 2005 he made an acclaimed debut at the Glyndebourne Festival as Bottom for which he received the John Christie Award. Other appearances include Bottom at the Opera National de Lyon and for the Houston Grand Opera; Mozart's Figaro in Lille; Collatinus at the Teatro Réal in Madrid; Speaker (The Magic Flute) and Colline at the English National Opera and, for the Welsh National Opera, the Monk (Don Carlos) and Mozart's Figaro. In the U.S. he has also performed with the Opera Company of Philadelphia and for the Opera Festival of New Jersey.



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His engagements this season and beyond include Bottom at La Scala, Milan; Polyphemus (Acis and Galatea) at Covent Garden; his role debut as Leporello (Don Giovanni) at Santa Fe as well as returns to the Glyndebourne Festival and his debut at the Metropolitan Opera, New York.

In concert, his recent engagements have included appearances with the LSO with Sir Colin Davis, Daniel Harding and Michael Tilson Thomas; the Dresden Staatskapelle, Scottish Chamber Orchestra and Philharmonia Orchestra with Mackerras; the Tonhalle Orchestra Zurich with Dutoit and the BBC Symphony Orchestra with Belohlávek. He appears regularly at the Edinburgh International Festival and the BBC Proms.

In recital he has appeared at the Chester and Cheltenham International Festivals and he has performed Schubert's 'Schwanengesang' with Malcolm Martineau at St John's Smith Square and in Edinburgh.

His recordings include Der Steuermann (Tristan und Isolde) with Pappano; Ratcliffe (Billy Budd) with Harding and Bel Canto arias with Natalie Dessay and Evelino Pido for EMI; Mozart arias with the Classical Opera Company for Sony; Mozart's 'Requiem' with Belohlávek and Tippett's 'A Child of our Time' and Berlioz's 'L'enfance du Christ' with Sir Colin Davis for LSO Live.

He is the recipient of the Independent Opera / Wigmore Hall Fellowship.

IAIN BURNSIDE

Interweaving roles as pianist and Sony-Award-winning radio presenter with equal aplomb, Iain Burnside ("pretty much ideal" BBC Music Magazine) is also - as his Century Songs demonstrated - a master programmer with an instinct for the telling juxtaposition. His recordings straddle an exuberantly eclectic repertoire ranging from Schoenberg and Copland to Debussy and Judith Weir - with a special place



reserved for the highways and byways of English Song, as his acclaimed Signum recordings of FG Scott and Herbert Hughes have proved. Other Signum releases include two volumes of Beethoven songs with Ann Murray, John Mark Ainsley and Roderick Williams; Britten Abroad with Mark Padmore and Susan Gritton; Korngold songs with Sarah Connolly and William Dazeley. Naxos recordings feature Vaughan Williams, Ireland and the complete Finzi songs; future releases include Ivor Gurney songs with Susan Bickley.

He currently presents Sunday Morning on BBC Radio 3.

IAIN BURNSIDE ON SIGNUM RECORDS

Britten Abroad (SIGCD122)
Susan Gritton · Mark Padmore · Iain Burnside

“5 stars ... a powerfully eloquent performance”
The Guardian

“5 stars ... flawless music-making of the first order”
BBC Music Magazine

“Mark Padmore’s singing of the Michelangelo Sonnets has all the grace of the young Pears without his mannerisms ... Iain Burnside is a tower of strength throughout” **The Sunday Telegraph**

Beethoven: Lieder und Gesänge (SIGCD145)
John Mark Ainsley · Iain Burnside

“There is something monumental about John Mark Ainsley’s Beethoven. Iain Burnside’s fluid playing is delightful, while Ainsley’s artistry is fascinating.”
The Independent

“John Mark Ainsley’s delivery is faultless, his masterly control of the line revealing profound emotion in these often under-estimated gems; Burnside’s piano parts are beautifully judged, too.” **Klassisk Musikkmagasin**

A Purse of Gold: Irish Songs by Herbert Hughes (SIGCD106)
Ailish Tynan · Iain Burnside

“The word ‘arrangement’ as Burnside suggests, doesn’t do justice to the inventive piano writing and pacing of so many of these pieces ... Soprano Ailish Tynan’s feeling for the musical idiom and, above all, the poetry of her countrymen, matched by Burnside’s delightfully poetic pianism, prove irresistible. Highly recommended” **Classic FM**



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Recorded at the Warehouse, London.
Rebecca Evans (tracks 1, 4, 8, 9, 10, 17 & 20) recorded 26th & 30th March 2008.
Engineer - Michael Bacon

Andrew Kennedy (tracks 2, 5, 6, 11, 13, 14, 16 & 18) recorded 19th July 2007.
Engineer - Michael Bacon

Matthew Rose (tracks 3, 7, 12, 15 & 19) recorded 21st November 2007.
Engineer - Tracy Ross

Producer - Emma Bloxham
Cover Image - iStockPhoto
Design and Artwork - Woven Design www.wovendesign.co.uk

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