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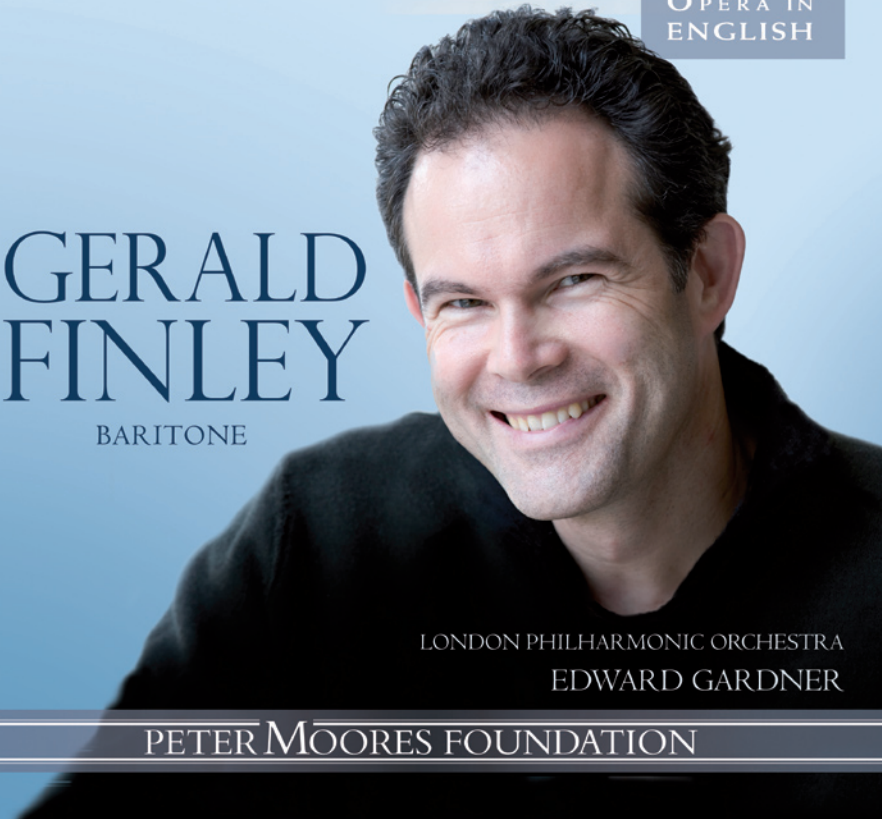
GREAT OPERATIC ARIAS

CHANDOS

OPERA IN
ENGLISH

GERALD
FINLEY

BARITONE



LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

EDWARD GARDNER

PETER MOORES FOUNDATION



Great Operatic Arias
with
Gerald Finley

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Gerald Finley <i>baritone</i> London Philharmonic Orchestra Gareth Hancock assistant conductor Edward Gardner		

On session: Gerald Finley



On session: Edward Gardner

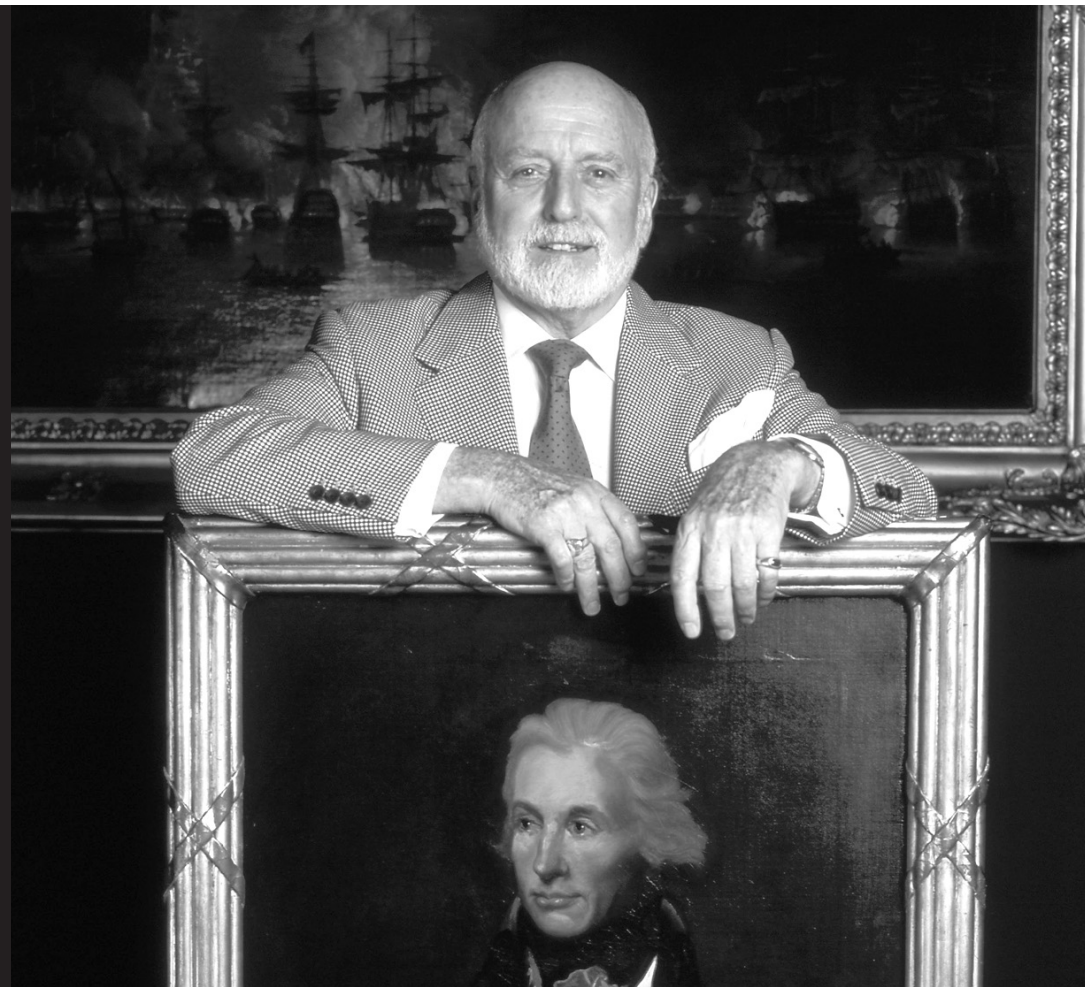


Gerald Finley is an artist who sets alight the stage and delights the ear, whatever the role he portrays. On this recording, his first for Opera in English, he explores a broad range of repertory: old favourites, hidden treasures and roles which he himself has created. Join him on these travels, please, and enjoy your journey!

Peter Moores

Sir Peter Moores, CBE, DL
February 2010

Sir Peter Moores with a portrait of Admiral Lord Nelson
by Lemuel Francis Abbott, acquired for Compton Verney
© Lyndon Parker



Great Operatic Arias

In days of old, just as it was well known that every infant was destined to be 'either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative', so the male of the species would turn out in time to be either a tenor or a baritone. There was a duet about it, for tenor and baritone as it happened. The choice lay between the sweet and melodious on the one hand (that was the tenor) and the rich and resounding (baritone) on the other. Generally speaking, it seems Nature made the choice for most males and came down on the side of the baritone.

He was rewarded in the drawing room. The baritone had an extensive repertoire of songs in praise of England, Devon being the most favoured county. Drake and cider, highwaymen, hills and gardens were other popular subjects. And the baritone, honest, genial and manly, was the man for them. The tenor, with his tendency to go red in the face (or resort to falsetto) over his top 'A's, and the real rocked-in-the-cradle-of-the-deep bass, were all a bit too much, if in contrary respects. The baritone had the best of both and, with it, the gift of moderation. In the drawing room, singing round the piano, baritone was best.

But on the operatic stage the balance was restored. There, the tenor was the lover and it was he who 'got the girl'. If only to satisfy the exigencies of casting, therefore, the baritone had to be the villain. At his worst he is represented in this recital by Iago in *Otello* and Baron Scarpia in *Tosca*. There are exceptions, such as the loveable Hans Sachs of *The Mastersingers of Nuremberg*, but then he tends to be a role generally regarded as belonging to that modified version, the bass-baritone.

The word 'baritone' itself means 'heavy tone', the 'bar', as prefix, being cognate with such words as 'barometer', 'barology' and 'barycentric' ('pertaining to the centre of gravity'). In music the word is found, spelt with a 'y', in the early 1600s, but not with any regularity till mid-eighteenth century. Even so, not until roughly a hundred years later does it come into general use with something like its modern connotation. The lower male voices of Handel's day and Mozart's, for instance, were classified alike as basses (thus the cast of *Don Giovanni* numbered four basses, although Giovanni, Masetto and sometimes Leporello now fall quite frequently to baritones). Clearly there existed

from the start a distinction of timbre – some parts are interchangeable but not, for instance, in *The Magic Flute*, the roles of Papageno and Sarastro. By Rossini's time the need for a brighter tone-quality and the agility that comes more readily to a lighter, higher voice was needed for, say, a Figaro as opposed to a Don Bartolo. And with Verdi the larger orchestra and more dramatic style almost inevitably called into being the baritone we know today, who is at least as near to the tenor in timbre and tessitura as to the bass.

In relatively modern times the baritone has become a freshly popular voice with composers. The movement in opera has been away from the love-centred plot, demoting the essentially lover-ly tenor. There has also been a growing sense that the baritone is good for character; the voice is readily adaptable from good to bad, with intermediate moral stages comprehended. When the American composer Robert Ward took *The Crucible* as the subject of an opera he made the good (and central) John Proctor a baritone. In Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra*, Antony is a baritone. Even Britten (with Peter Pears to cater for) casts Billy Budd as a baritone. Back a little in time, we find Busoni's Faust and Mephistopheles reversing the conventional voice-roles. And, turning to the present recital,

we find the baritone cast as protagonist in both of the chosen modern operas.¹

Neither *The Silver Tassie* nor *Doctor Atomic* can be said to have as its principal character anything resembling a conventional operatic hero. Both are troubled men, Harry Heegan in *The Silver Tassie* with his life in ruins as a result of his wounds from the first World War, Julius Robert Oppenheimer in John Adams' *Doctor Atomic* because he comes to see that his great scientific achievement will produce death on an unprecedented scale, an infinite multiplication of Harry Heegan, each with his loss intensified.

The Silver Tassie has had probably the nearest thing to a genuinely popular success that any new opera has enjoyed in recent times. It was first produced by English National Opera at the London Coliseum on 16 February 2000. Mark-Anthony Turnage, with Amanda Holden as librettist, had worked skilfully on Sean O'Casey's play and, as music-drama, it hit hard.

¹ Turnage declares his preference for the baritone in an interview printed in the ENO programme: 'If you're for the real, traditional thing then Harry should be a tenor. I'm not against tenors, it's just that I prefer baritones to tenors and mezzos to sopranos. I think lower voices are more lyrical. Also it's to get words across.'

The incorporation of songs, as in the play, was another factor; still more powerful, the use of the chorus, overwhelmingly effective in the Second Act, which takes place in the trenches. The ‘tassie’ of the title is the cup awarded to the winner of a football match at home in Dublin. Harry’s team has won it on the last afternoon of his leave. He calls for the wine which traditionally is to be drunk from the cup and in the meantime gets his things together for France (track [2]). This is his moment of glory. When the opera ends, his life is a wreck, and the silver tassie lies alone on an empty stage.

Doctor Atomic had its premiere at San Francisco five years later, the production a fearsome challenge to all concerned, with a proportionate weight of responsibility falling on the baritone who plays the leading role of Oppenheimer. The libretto, which is by the opera’s producer, Peter Sellars, confines itself to the preparations for the testing of the first atomic bomb in the desert at the site called Trinity. To that extent it is not ‘about’ Oppenheimer (if he personally were the centre of concern, the scenario would probably have taken a different form, the second half dealing with the aftermath and its effects upon him). Nevertheless, the First Act concentrates largely upon him, ending with the solo heard here

(track [3]), a recitation to himself of Donne’s Holy Sonnet, ‘Batter my heart, three-person’d God’.

Oppenheimer is portrayed at the outset as a hard man, single-minded in his purpose to see his scientific task successfully completed. At first the humanitarian scruples and wider historical view of his colleague Edward Teller have no apparent place in his mind. And whatever troubles he has along these lines, they are never spelt out either in Faust-like internal debate or as a Damascene revelation. But the intimate and tender passage with his wife shows another side of his nature, and we guess at his agony. Oppenheimer was a devoted reader of Donne, and is said to have named the desert site ‘Trinity’ after the ‘three-person’d God’ of this poem. The sweated urgency of the lines is a cry for conversion: it will require a sort of violence enacted upon his soul to effect it, and that is what he passionately desires. This is one of the opera’s precious lyrical passages, and it must come gratefully to the singer after so much painfully angular declamation. Yet it moves the tessitura, or vocal ‘lie’ of the role upwards, and coming as it does at the end of such a long and arduous Act, it makes an extreme demand, both for sheer control of the singing voice and, even more insistently, for an unremitting concentration of feeling and enunciation.

These two roles have been among the highlights of Gerald Finley’s career and it may be worth recalling at this point that we are privileged in being able to include, in the case of both of these works, performances by the artist who first performed them. From the earliest days of recording the gramophone has set high store by its ‘creator’s records’, with samples of Francesco Tamagno’s *Otello* and Victor Maurel’s *Iago* and *Falstaff* among its first trophies. Finley uses the word ‘privilege’ too, saying what an honour he deems it ‘to be associated with the people who are creating our culture’. These, he says, are men who ‘understand the real world [and] write about real issues’.

Among parts in the more standard repertoire, that of **Don Giovanni**, sung by Gerald Finley at Covent Garden, has been a notable success and one of his best-known numbers is included here. The style of *Don Giovanni*’s share in the duet (track [7]) is suavely seductive. Zerlina, after the manner of maids reputedly from time immemorial, would like to comply but at the same time feels she should not. After a little persuasion, and with references on Giovanni’s part to castles and wedlock, she agrees and (later) yells out soon enough when he shows he means business.

Don Giovanni is no doubt a thoroughly bad lot, though it is probable that, left to ourselves, we would not take him so seriously as various writers and producers would like. The rest of the baritoneal characters who people this recital form a fair cross-section of humanity from the good-hearted Sachs to the demi-devil *Iago*. Somewhere a little to the redeemable side of that extreme category is the villain of Weber’s **Euryanthe**. He is Lysiart, Count of Forest and Beaujolais, and at present consumed by jealousy of a fellow knight who loves the beauteous but elusive Euryanthe. His solo at the start of Act II (track [2]) begins with the orchestra’s dramatic depiction of his tormented rush from the castle and subsequent lapse into reflection. Next we have the passage in which he tries to tame his desires and face facts that makes Lysiart a human being rather than simply a stage-figure labelled ‘villain’. For a while it seems that the better part of his nature may prevail, but the thought of his rival succeeding where he has failed is too much. The swirling orchestral background to his own firm statement of intent places him, in operatic lineage, as son of Pizarro in Beethoven’s *Fidelio* and father to a whole progeny of Wagnerian trouble-makers from the Dutchman to Klingsor in *Parsifal*.

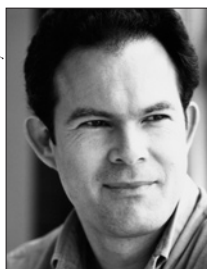
The line of evil descends to Verdi's Iago and Puccini's Scarpia. The villain of **Otello** (track [4]) attributes his nature to the God that made him, and in **Tosca** the chief of police praises God in church while planning in his mind a programme of lust and judicial murder (track [12]). From these extremes we graduate through Bizet's Toreador in **Carmen** (track [9]), altogether too pleased with himself and directed to sing his famous song 'avec fatuité', to the more sympathetic characters. **Linda of Chamounix's** old dad (track [11]) sings of his love for the home which he thinks he may be about to lose. Robert, Duke of Burgundy in Tchaikovsky's last opera **Iolanta** (track [1]) sings blithely of his beloved Matilda. Wolfram, faithful friend of **Tannhäuser**, makes his contribution to proceedings in the Hall of Song (track [5]) and tenderly observes Elisabeth, whom he loves selflessly, she being for ever in love with his friend (track [6]). And Hans Sachs, master-cobbler, master-singer and most loved and respected citizen of Nuremberg, accepts the honours conferred upon him (track [10]). He gives advice and a blessing to the assembly of townsfolk, so leading the great civic opera and the most genial of Wagner's works to its conclusion.

And there remains just time for an encore. Take a stranger whose eyes meet those of

another in a crowded room. The evening gains enchantment and the world a song that ripens as the years go by (track [13]).

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Gerald Finley began singing as a chorister in Ottawa, Canada, and completed his musical studies at the Royal College of Music in London, and at King's College, Cambridge, and the National Opera Studio. He has

become one of the leading singers and dramatic interpreters of his generation, with award-winning performances and recordings on CD and DVD with major labels, and performing at the world's major opera and concert venues in a wide variety of repertoire.

In opera he has sung all the major baritone roles of Mozart. His *Don Giovanni* has been seen in New York, London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Prague and Budapest, with further appearances to include Glyndebourne and Munich. As the Count (*Le nozze di Figaro*),

he has appeared with The Royal Opera, the Salzburg Festival, and in Paris and Amsterdam. Further repertoire includes critical successes as Eugene Onegin and Golaud at Covent Garden. In contemporary opera Gerald Finley has excelled in creating leading roles, most notably J. Robert Oppenheimer in John Adams' *Doctor Atomic* (at the Metropolitan Opera, for English National Opera, and in San Francisco, Chicago and Amsterdam), as Harry Heegan in Mark-Anthony Turnage's *The Silver Tassie* at English National Opera, and in 2001 he took the lead role of Jaufré Rudel in Kaija Saariaho's *L'Amour de loin* for the premieres in Santa Fe, Paris and Helsinki. Gerald Finley will return to the Metropolitan Opera as Marcello (*La Bohème*) and to Glyndebourne as Don Giovanni. He will also give his role debut as Verdi's Iago with Sir Colin Davis and the London Symphony Orchestra in concert.

One of today's foremost recitalists, he works regularly with Julius Drake. This season they will perform in Berlin, Brussels, The Hague, Madrid and in North America in Toronto, Vancouver, Philadelphia, Atlanta and New York.

Recent recordings with Julius Drake, which include Barber and Ives songs, 'Dichterliebe and other Heine settings' by Schumann and 'Songs by Ravel', have all been critically acclaimed.

Geoffrey Mitchell's singing career has encompassed a remarkably wide repertoire. Early conducting experience with the BBC led to a wider involvement with his own singers and in turn to the establishment of the **Geoffrey Mitchell Choir**. Early recordings resulted in the Choir's long-term involvement with Opera Rara for which it has made over thirty recordings. The Choir is enjoying a growing reputation with further work from the BBC and international record companies. For Chandos the Geoffrey Mitchell Choir has participated in more than twenty recordings in the acclaimed Opera in English series supported by the Peter Moores Foundation.

In the 2007/08 season the **London Philharmonic Orchestra** celebrated its seventy-fifth birthday, inaugurated Vladimir Jurowski as its new Principal Conductor and moved back into its splendidly restored Royal Festival Hall home. In 2008/09 the Orchestra welcomed Yannick Nézet-Séguin as its Principal Guest conductor.

The London Philharmonic Orchestra is recognised as one of the world's great orchestras, and following Sir Thomas Beecham's founding tenure, the ensemble's Principal Conductorship has been passed from one celebrated musician to another. It is the only symphony orchestra in the

UK to combine an annual subscription concert season with regular work in the opera house – resident at both the Royal Festival Hall and Glyndebourne Festival Opera (also performing regularly in the nearby south coast towns of Brighton and Eastbourne). The Orchestra regularly appears in North America, Europe and the Far East.

The London Philharmonic Orchestra has long been embraced by the recording, broadcasting and film industries, and it has made a number of recordings for Chandos including *Don Pasquale*, *Pagliacci*, *The Magic Flute*, *The Flying Dutchman* and numerous recital discs, all as part of the Opera in English series. The Orchestra has broadcast regularly on domestic and international television and radio from both the concert hall and the opera house, and has worked extensively with both the Hollywood and UK film industries.

In May 2007 **Edward Gardner** began his tenure as Music Director of English National Opera with a new critically acclaimed production of Britten's *Death in Venice*. Under his direction, English National Opera has presented a series of new productions, including *Boris Godunov*, *Cavalleria rusticana* and *Pagliacci*, *Der Rosenkavalier*, *Riders to the*

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Sea, Punch and Judy and *Peter Grimes*. In recognition of his talent and commitment, Edward Gardner has received a Royal Philharmonic Society Award for Best Conductor and the Olivier award for

Outstanding Achievement in Opera.

Equally successful outside English National Opera, his future operatic engagements include debuts with Lyric Opera of Chicago, The Metropolitan Opera New York and La Scala, Milan. Since making his debut with Paris Opera in 2004/5, he has returned each season, his most recent production being the Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* in 2006/7. In 2008, he returned to Glyndebourne with a production of Britten's *Turn of the Screw*.

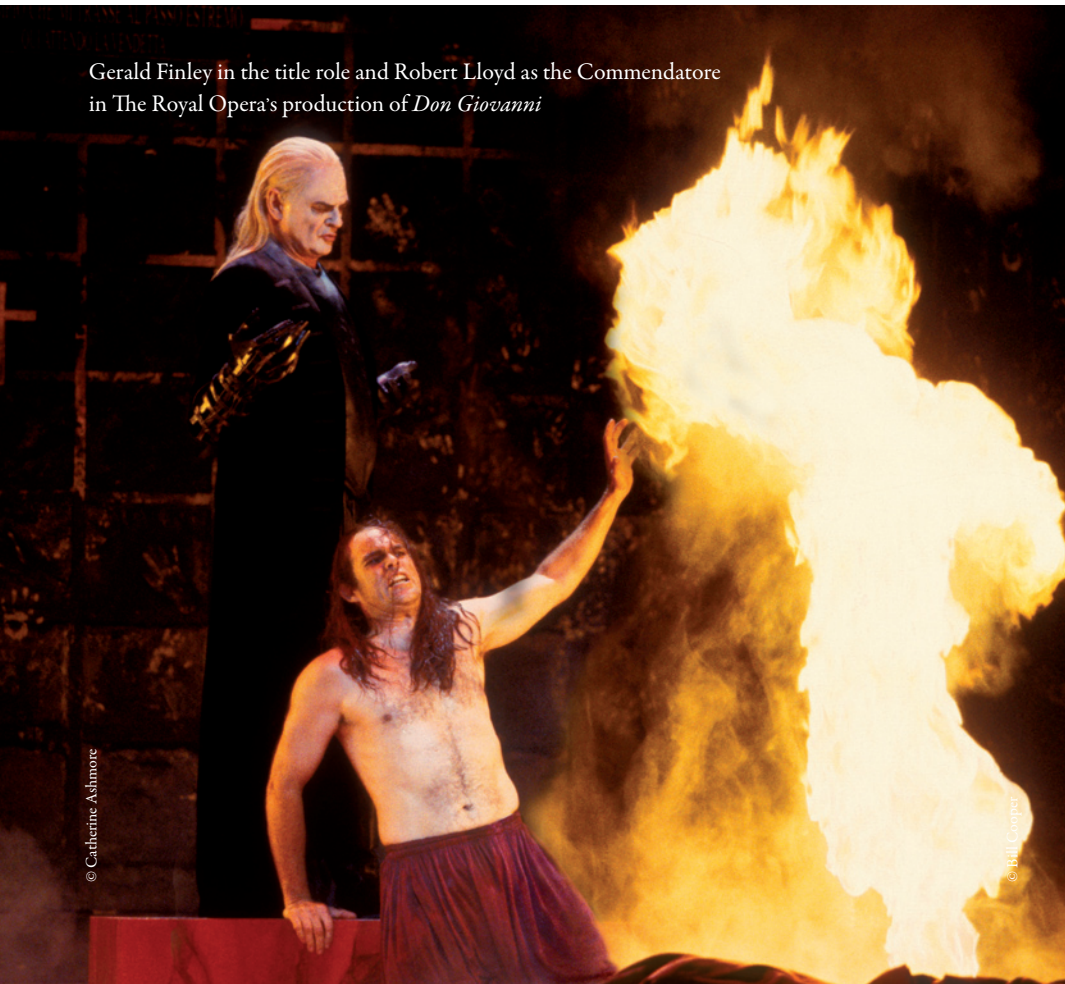
Since making his successful debut in 2005 with the BBC Symphony Orchestra at the Aldeburgh Festival, Edward Gardner has been re-invited each year to the orchestra and in 2008 conducted the UK premiere of Saariaho's *Adriana Mater* in concert at the Barbican as well as making his Proms debut. Now recognised as one of the most talented

conductors of his generation, he works regularly with the Hallé Orchestra, City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra and the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment. Internationally, he works with the Bamberg Symphony, Gothenburg Symphony, Bergen Philharmonic, Trondheim Symphony Orchestra, Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra, NAC Ottawa and the Indianapolis Symphony amongst others. In 2009/10 he

will make his debut with the NHK Symphony Orchestra, Houston Symphony and Netherlands Radio Symphony Orchestra.

Recordings include discs with Alison Balsom and the Gothenburg Symphony Orchestra, Kate Royal and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields and Kate Royal and English National Opera Orchestra. Edward Gardner now records exclusively for Chandos Records.

Gerald Finley in the title role and Robert Lloyd as the Commendatore
in The Royal Opera's production of *Don Giovanni*



© Catherine Ashmore

© Bill Cooper

Gerald Finley in the title role of The Royal
Opera's production of Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*



© Clive Barcla/Arenapal

PETER MOORES FOUNDATION

British philanthropist Sir Peter Moores established the Peter Moores Foundation in 1964 to realise his charitable aims and, to fulfill one of these, the Compton Verney House Trust in 1993 to create a new art gallery in the country. Through his charities he has disbursed millions of pounds to a wide variety of arts, environmental and social causes 'to get things done and open doors for people'.

Sir Peter's philanthropic work began with his passion for opera: in his twenties he helped a number of young artists in the crucial, early stages of their careers, several of whom – Dame Joan Sutherland, Sir Colin Davis and the late Sir Geraint Evans amongst them – became world-famous.

Today, the Peter Moores Foundation supports talented young singers with annual scholarships awarded through the Royal Northern College of Music, has made it possible for Chandos Records to issue the world's largest catalogue of operas recorded in English translation, and enabled Opera Rara to record rare bel canto repertoire which would otherwise remain inaccessible to the general public.

In live performance, the Foundation has encouraged the creation of new work and schemes to attract new audiences, financed the publication of scores, especially for world premieres of modern operas, and enabled rarely heard works to be staged by British opera companies and festivals.

Projects supported by the Foundation to help the young have ranged from a scheme to encourage young Afro-Caribbeans 'stay at school' for further education, to the endowment of a Faculty Directorship and Chair of Management Studies at Oxford University (providing the lead donation which paved the way for the development of the Said Business School).

In 1993 the Foundation bought Compton Verney, a Grade I Georgian mansion in Warwickshire, designed by Robert Adam, with grounds by Capability Brown. Compton Verney House Trust was set up by Sir Peter to transform the derelict mansion into a world-class art gallery that would provide an especially welcoming environment for the 'first-time' gallery visitor. The gallery, which houses six permanent collections, a Learning Centre for all ages, and facilities for major visiting exhibitions, was opened in March 2004 by HRH the Prince of Wales. The Compton Verney website can be found at: www.comptonverney.org.uk

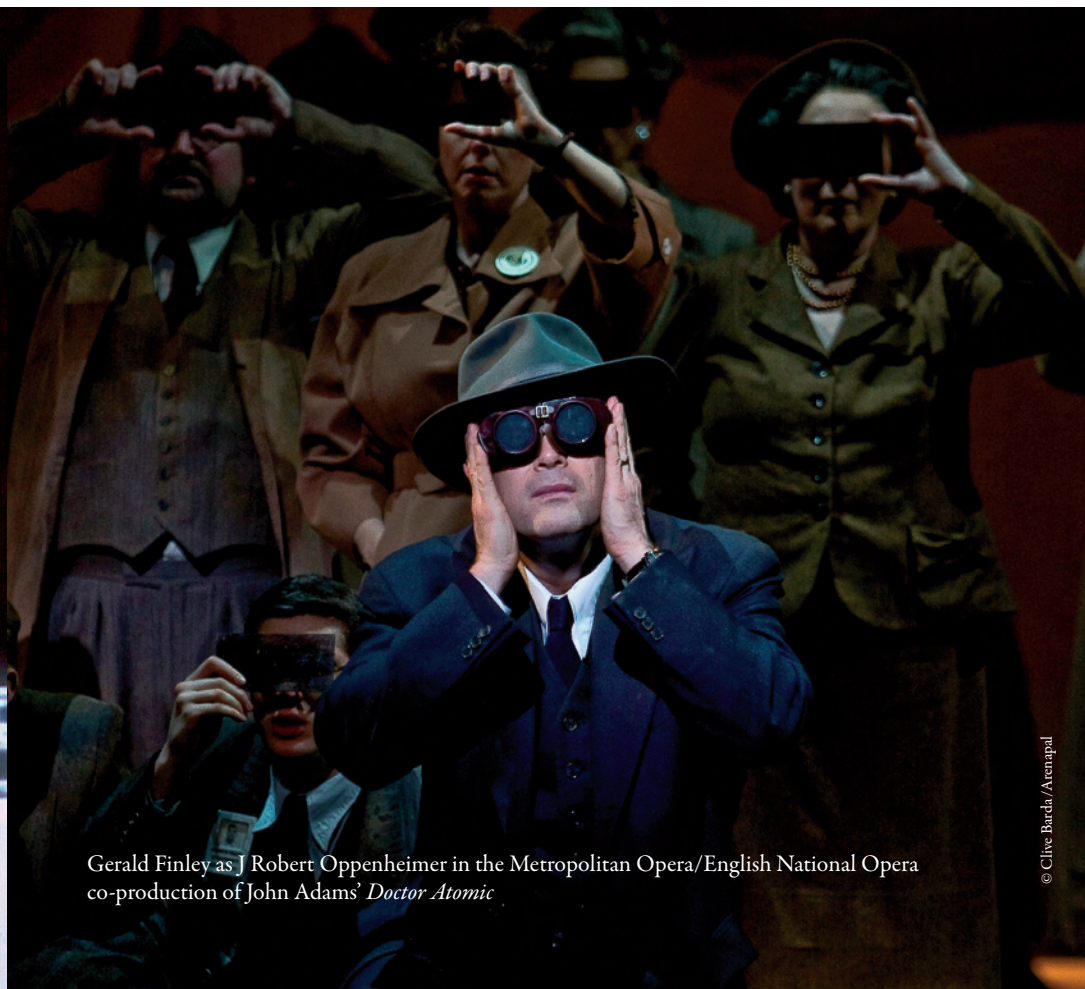
Sir Peter Moores was born in Lancashire and educated at Eton College and Christ Church, Oxford. He was a student at the Vienna Academy of Music, where he produced the Austrian premiere of Benjamin Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia*, and at the same time was an assistant producer with the Vienna State Opera, working with Viennese artists in Naples, Geneva and Rome, before returning to England in 1957 to join his father's business, Littlewoods. He was Vice-Chairman of Littlewoods in 1976, Chairman from 1977 to 1980 and remained a director until 1993.

He received the Gold Medal of the Italian Republic in 1974, an Honorary MA from Christ Church, Oxford, in 1975, and was made an Honorary Member of the Royal Northern College of Music in 1985. In 1992 he was appointed a Deputy Lieutenant of Lancashire by HM the Queen. He was appointed CBE in 1991 and received a Knighthood in 2003 for his charitable services to the arts. In July 2008 he received the Stauffer Medal, the highest award of Germany's Baden-Wurttemberg Province, and in October 2008 was made an Hon. DLitt. of the University of the West Indies.



Gerald Finley as Harry Heegan in English National Opera's production of Mark-Anthony Turnage's *The Silver Tassie*

© Clive Barda / Arenapal



Gerald Finley as J Robert Oppenheimer in the Metropolitan Opera/English National Opera co-production of John Adams' *Doctor Atomic*

© Clive Barda / Arenapal



Gerald Finley as Frank in The Royal
Opera's production of Korngold's
Die tote Stadt (*The Dead City*)

© Bill Cooper



Gerald Finley as Count Almaviva
in The Royal Opera's production
of Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*
(*The Marriage of Figaro*)

© Bill Cooper

from *Iolanta*
Robert's Aria

Robert

- [1] My only beloved Mathilde I claim,
my blood starts to race at the sound of her name,
the thought of her loveliness sets me aflame!
Her infinite passion, responding to mine,
can burn me, devour me, yes quite overpower me
like flame or like wine!
Mathilde entrances with amorous glances
which quicken the flood of joy in your blood!
When pensive or smiling, her looks are beguiling
and set me on fire with burning desire.
Her face is a promise of loving embraces,
her eyes, when they beckon me, tell of a prize;
united in gladness, a feeling of madness,
a tender perfection with no recollection
of trouble or sorrow, a joy that is endless; for all time!

*Modest Tchaikovsky, English translation
by David Lloyd-Jones*

from *Euryanthe*
Lysiart's Scene and Aria

Lysiart

- [2] What refuge here? How will I calm this fever?
Ah! What insanity! What black dismay to find the
girl no easy prey!
Let chasms open to entomb me
before I hear the hills reply with echoes of my

hopeless cry:
She'll not be mine! What agonies consume me!

Peace, burning passion, fires of madness!
Always she turns to Heaven above;
she lives in virtue, grace and gladness,
bathed in the light of truth and love.
Peace, burning passion, fires of madness!
Always she turns to Heaven above,
she turns her eyes to Heaven above.
What joy can wealth and titles buy?
Without her all is emptiness and pain!
How could I hope? All is in vain!
Forget! Forget her now, and fly!
She loves him!
Shall he live to taunt me?
Must I go crawling to grovel at my rival's feet?
Ah, no! His death is calling and then revenge will
be complete.
Dark powers!
She is gone beyond recalling...
She loves him! That is my defeat.

I swear, by all within my power,
that every thought and every deed
will flourish like an evil seed
that bears a grim and deadly flower.
I crush you, I crush you, dream of love!
Cease, blissful, tender pain!
Let death and vengeance ease my heart!

*Helmina von Chézy, English translation by
Christopher Cowell © August 2009*

from *Doctor Atomic*
Batter My Heart

Oppenheimer

- [3] Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
As yet but knock; breathe, shine, and seek to
mend;
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force to break, blow, burn and make me new.
I, like an usurpt town, to'another due,
Labour to'admit you, but oh, to no end;
Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy;
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

*Entire libretto by Peter Sellars, based on original texts,
'Batter my heart' based on a text by John Donne.
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from *Otello*
Iago's Aria

Iago

- [4] Take it: take the path to your ruin.
Your evil genius drives you,
your evil genius is Iago, and I'm impelled by
mine...

that ruthless, cruel, angry God I believe in.
Yes, I believe in God who has created me,
like himself, cruel and vile he made me.
Born from some spawn of nature,
or from an atom, born into vileness.
So I am evil because I'm human,
primeval slime has left its vileness in me.
Yes! This is Iago's creed!
Truly I do believe,
just as the credulous widow in church believes in
god,
that all the evil that I do is destined
and fate alone directs me.
Man says he's honest, he is a fool and liar
in his face and his heart:
and all he does is falsehood, charity,
kindness, kissing, and the lies told by love.
Yes, I believe man is the fool of fortune;
the cradle holds an infant who's born to feed the
worm.
Then after life has run its course comes Death.
And then? And then?
In death there's nothing.
And heaven's a monstrous lie.
Arrigo Boito, English translation by Andrew Porter

from *Tannhäuser*
Wolfram's Aria

Wolfram

- [5] Turning my gaze upon this proud assembly,

warmth fills my heart to see so fair a sight
 so many heroes, valiant, wise and noble,
 a very forest, upright, fresh and green;
 and at their sides I see their virtuous ladies
 fresh as a field of fragrant springtime flowers.
 All mortal eyes are dazzled by their beauty;
 to praise it lies beyond a poet's powers.
 Then I look up to stars above me shining,
 one in the heavens shines more brilliant, fair:
 its radiance fills my heart with chaste devotion,
 and reverently my soul sinks down in prayer.
 And then I seem to see a mystic fountain
 so clear and pure I tremble at the sight:
 it is the source of every human pleasure
 and fills my heart with wonder and delight.
 I never could defile the fountain's beauty
 or cloud its purity with wanton deed:
 in humble devotion I kneel and guard it,
 this holy source of every human need.
 This anthem, hear and with good heart receive it;
 such is the power of love as I perceive it.

*Richard Wagner, English translation
 by Rodney Blumer*

from **Tannhäuser**
Wolfram's Aria

Wolfram

- [6] With dark foreboding twilight casts her shadow,
 and like a shroud enfolds the wood and meadow;
 the soul who would ascend toward the light,

starts out in terror through the realm of night.
 There shines a star, the fairest in the heaven
 to guide our way its gentle light was given,
 pierce thro' the darkness, part the twilight air,
 to show the path through this night of despair.
 Look down, oh gentle evening star,
 shine on this mortal from afar.
 For one who never spoke his love,
 watch over her as she soars above,
 far from this world to heaven ascending,
 to share with angels peace unending!

*Richard Wagner, English translation
 by Rodney Blumer*

from **Don Giovanni**
Don Giovanni and Zerlina's Duet

Don Giovanni

- [7] Come on, we're wasting time when at this
 moment, I would make you my bride.

Zerlina
 Me?

Don Giovanni
 Yes! I mean it. That is my little house: it's quiet
 and divine, and there, my precious jewel, I'll make
 you mine.

Don Giovanni

There will my arms enfold you,

there will you say I do:
 and if you let me hold you,
 your dreams will all come true.

Zerlina

(I want to go, but should I?
 Be still my trembling heart...
 He'd change my life or would he
 deceive me and depart?)

Don Giovanni

Come then, you must come with me!

Zerlina

(Masetto won't forgive me!)

Don Giovanni

You shall be poor no longer.

Zerlina

Yes then... I can't be stronger!

Don Giovanni

Come then, come then!
 Come then, you must come with me!
 You shall be poor no longer!
 Let's go! Let's go!

Zerlina

(Masetto won't forgive me.)

Yes then... I can't be stronger!

Don Giovanni and Zerlina

Let's go, my treasure
 to satisfy with pleasure
 the painful joys of love!

*Lorenzo da Ponte, English translation
 by Amanda Holden*

from **The Silver Tassie**
Harry's Song

Harry

- [8] Oh bring to me a pint of wine and fill it in a silver
 tassie,
 that I may drink before I go a service to my bonnie
 lassie.
 I'd rather stay where I belong than stride the
 battlefields of Crécy,
 but my resolve will yet be strong 'til I come back to
 my faithful Jessie.
 The trumpets play, the banners fly, the glittering
 spears ranked and ready;
 the shouts of war are heard afar, the battle closes
 thick and bloody.
 It's not the roar of sea or shore, that makes me
 longer wish to tarry,
 nor shout of war that's heard afar... it's leaving you,
 my bonnie lassie!
 Come on! To the trenches, to the trenches!

*Libretto by Amanda Holden, adapted from the
 original play by Sean O'Casey. Reproduced by
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from Carmen
Escamillo's Couplets

Escamillo

- [9] You're most kind, and in return I toast you,
Señors, señors, for we are allies.
Yes, the Toreros and you brave soldiers
have a bond – such a bond!
We fight for our lives!
The ring is full to bursting!
A holiday for everyone!
And through the crowd madness is raging:
men, women, children all shout as loud as they can!
Someone curses, the shouts redouble,
rising to fury in reply!
They know today's a day for courage!
And a day when a man may die!
Come on! Be ready! Ah!
Toreador, be ready!
Dream of a single voice among the roars.
Dream of two flashing eyes,
dream that her love is yours!

Frasquita, Mercedes, Carmen, Chorus
Toreador, be ready!
Dream of a single voice among the roars.
Dream of two flashing eyes,
dream that her love is yours!

Escamillo

All at once a deathly silence...
The crowd completely still...

No shouting! Here he comes!
It's the moment they release the bull from the
Toril!
Out he dashes! He's there, he's charging!...
A horse falls over, dragging down a Picador.
'Ah! Bravo! Toro!' people are yelling.
Back turns the bull and then charges once more!
He shakes his horn in angry triumph.
He runs about, he leaps: his blood is everywhere!
Our man's gone and the ring is empty!
Now it's your turn out there!
Come on! Be ready! Come on!
Toreador, be ready!
Dream of a single voice among the roars.
Dream of two flashing eyes,
dream that her love is yours!

Mercedes, Frasquita, Escamillo, Carmen
Her love! Her love is yours!

*Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy, English
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from The Mastersingers of Nuremberg
Sachs' Aria

Sachs

- [10] Do not disdain our Masters thus,
but honour well their art!

That which they love and prize the most
has made them take your part.
'Twas not your father's name and worth,
nor yet your title, wealth, or birth;
it was your poet's art that won a Master's heart.
Him must you thank for all your bliss.
So think with thankfulness on this.
Who could an art like ours despise
that brings him such a noble prize?
This art our masters well did guard.
They knew its true estate
and in its spirit firm they stood,
thus have they kept it great,
and though not honoured as of old,
when courts and kings its glories told;
when strife and turmoil grew,
nobly it stood and true,
and though our art was honoured less
throughout the years of storm and stress,
you see 'tis highly honoured still.
Then have the Masters done so ill?
Beware! Ill times now threaten all;
and if we German folk should fall
and foreigners should rule out land,
no king his folk would understand,
and foreign rule and foreign ways
would darken all our German days;
the good and true were soon forgot,
did they not live in Masters' art.
I say to you, honour your noble Masters.
Thus you will shun disasters;
if you hold them close to your heart;

Then may depart the fame of ancient Rome
we have at home our sacred German art!

People

Honour your noble Masters,
if ye would shun disasters;
let each one hold them in his heart,
then may depart
the fame of ancient Rome,
no change will come to holy German Art.
Hail! Sachs! Nuremberg's potent Sachs!

*Richard Wagner, English translation by
Frederick Jameson, revised by Norman Feasey and
Gordon Kember*

from Linda of Chamounix
Antonio's Aria

Antonio

- [11] In this valley we shared our childhood;
here I led you to the altar,
here you bore our precious daughter
and my father, here my father passed away.
Home and fireside are my greatest joy and pleasure
and our village is a jewel that I treasure;
so I suffer for you and Linda
lest our ruin should come to pass this very day.
Ah! How I suffer lest our ruin comes today!

Maddalena

If you're certain his noble lordship
is our ally then why this fear?

Antonio

I have told my friend, the Prefect,
of the hope that I hold dear...

Maddalena

And so?

Antonio

He was trembling while he was near me,
seemed uncertain what to say,
but his eyes spoke all too clearly
of compassion and dismay.
Now suspicion begins to haunt me,
bringing fears I cannot hide!
Linda!
The Lord will be our guide!

Maddalena

Hope will conquer your doubt and trouble; trust
me!
Hope will conquer doubt and trouble,
for the Lord will be our guide!
My heart is filled with fear I cannot hide!

*Gaetano Rossi, English translation
by Christopher Cowell © August 2009*

from Tosca

Te Deum

Scarpia

- [12] Three agents, quick as you can now... Hurry!
Follow wherever she leads you...
Don't lose her... Be careful!

Spoletta

We will sire.

Where do we meet you?

(Exit Spoletta hurriedly.)

Scarpia

Palazzo Farnese!

(smiling sardonically)

Go, Tosca!

Now your fate is ruled by Scarpia...

*(The Cardinal and his following advance to the high
altar; the Swiss Guard thrust back the crowd, which
ranges itself on either side of the procession.)*

Go, Tosca!

Now Scarpia unleashes the savage falcon guarding
your jealous passion.

Maybe I'll profit from your doubts and suspicions!

Now your fate is ruled by Scarpia...

Go, Tosca!

*(He bows reverently as the Cardinal passes by.
The Cardinal blesses the kneeling throng.)*

The Chapter

Adjutorum nostram in nomine Domini.
Sit nomen Domini benedictum.

Chorus

Qui fect coelum et terram.
Et hoc nunc et usque un saeculum.

Scarpia

Two targets draw me, I must have my way.
The head of this young rebel is a prize I long for.
Ah, but to quell the dark imperious eyes of Tosca,
see her grow faint and languish in my arms,
feel her surrender languishing in my arms...
One for the gallows and my arms round the
other...

*(The whole crowd turns towards the high altar;
many kneel.)*

Chorus

Te Deum laudamus:
te Dominum confitemur!

Scarpia *(starting, as in a dream)*

Tosca, you turn my mind away from God!

Scarpia and Chorus

Te aeternum Patrem omnis terra... venerator!

*Luigi Illica and Giuseppe Giacosa, English
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from South Pacific

Some Enchanted Evening

- [13] Some enchanted evening
you may see a stranger
across a crowded room,
and somehow you know,
you know even then
that somewhere you'll see her
again and again.
Some enchanted evening
someone may be laughing,
you may hear her laughing
across a crowded room,
and night after night
as strange as it seems,
the sound of her laughter
will sing in your dreams.
Who can explain it?
Who can tell you why?
Fools give you reasons,
wise men never try.
Some enchanted evening
when you find your true love,

when you feel her call you
across a crowded room,
then fly to her side
and make her your own,
or all through your life
you may dream all alone.
Once you have found her, never let her go!

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and Oscar Hammerstein II

Gerald Finley as Harry Heegan in
English National Opera's production of
Mark-Anthony Turnage's *The Silver Tassie*



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Gerald Finley as J Robert Oppenheimer and Sasha Cooke as Kitty Oppenheimer
in English National Opera's production of John Adams' *Doctor Atomic*



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On session: Matthew Long, Kathryn Jenkin, Deborah Miles-Johnson, Anne Marie Gibbons, Emma Brain-Gabbott and Lucy Crowe

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On session: Edward Gardner



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GERALD FINLEY

- 1 from Tchaikovsky's *Iolanta*
'My only beloved Mathilde I claim' 2:14
- 2 from Weber's *Euryanthe*
'What refuge here?' 8:39
- 3 from Adams's *Doctor Atomic*
'Batter my heart' 7:40
- 4 from Verdi's *Otello*
'Yes, I believe in God who has created me' 5:07
- 5 from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*
'Turning my gaze upon this proud assembly' 5:21
- 6 'With dark foreboding twilight casts her shadow' 5:25
- 7 from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*
'There will my arms enfold you'
with Lucy Crowe *soprano* 3:46
- 8 from Turnage's *The Silver Tassie*
'Oh bring to me a pint of wine' 3:37

- 9 from Bizet's *Carmen*
'Toreador, be ready!' 5:02
with Deborah Miles-Johnson *mezzo-soprano*
Emma Brain-Gabbott *soprano* • Kathryn Jenkin *soprano*
Geoffrey Mitchell Choir

- 10 from Wagner's *The Mastersingers of Nuremberg*
'Do not disdain our Masters thus' 6:48
with Geoffrey Mitchell Choir

- 11 from Donizetti's *Linda of Chamounix*
'In this valley we shared our childhood' 5:05
with Anne Marie Gibbons *mezzo-soprano*

- 12 from Puccini's *Tosca*
'Three agents, quick as you can now' 4:47
with Matthew Long *tenor* • Geoffrey Mitchell Choir

- 13 from Rodgers and Hammerstein's *South Pacific*
'Some enchanted evening' 3:40
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London Philharmonic Orchestra
Edward Gardner