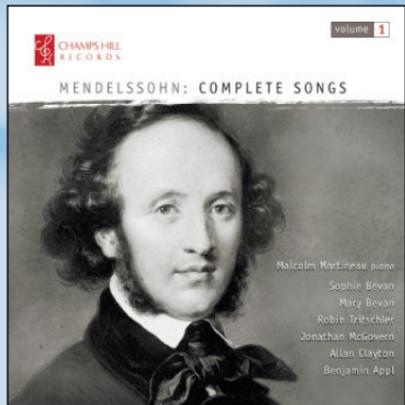


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MENDELSSOHN: COMPLETE SONGS VOL. 1

CHRC056

Malcolm Martineau (piano) is joined by Benjamin Appl, Mary Bevan, Sophie Bevan, Allan Clayton, Jonathan McGovern and Robin Tritschler, for this exploration of five themes in the first volume of the Complete Mendelssohn Songs: songs of journeys; departures and greetings from afar; songs of Spring; the boy Mendelssohn; antique strains and voices from yesteryear; and a set of spirited duets.

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volume 2

MENDELSSOHN: COMPLETE SONGS

Malcolm Martineau *piano*

Benjamin Appl

Mary Bevan

Sophie Bevan

Jonathan McGovern

Paula Murrihy

Robin Tritschler

Kitty Whately

TRACK LISTING

FELIX MENDELSSOHN (1809–1847)

SPRING SONGS

1	Frühlingsglaube, Op.9, No.8	<i>Robin Tritschler</i>	01'42
2	Minnelied im Mai, Op.8, No.1	<i>Jonathan McGovern</i>	01'51
3	Gruss, Op.19a, No.5	<i>Robin Tritschler</i>	01'16
4	Frühlingslied, Op.71, No.2	<i>Mary Bevan</i>	03'20
5	Andres Maienlied (Hexenlied), Op.8, No.8	<i>Jonathan McGovern</i>	02'07

LOVE SONGS

6	Romanze, Op.8, No.10	<i>Sophie Bevan</i>	02'22
7	Minnelied, Op.47, No.1	<i>Robin Tritschler</i>	01'45
8	Der Blumenstrauß, Op.47, No.5	<i>Jonathan McGovern</i>	02'08

MENDELSSOHN AND GOETHE

9	Suleika, Op.34, No.4	<i>Mary Bevan</i>	02'39
10	Suleika, Op.57, No.3	<i>Mary Bevan</i>	03'21
11	Die Liebende schreibt, Op.86, No.3	<i>Sophie Bevan</i>	02'44
12	Suleika	<i>Mary Bevan</i>	02'20

MENDELSSOHN AND LORD BYRON

13	Keine von der Erde Schönen	<i>Jonathan McGovern</i>	02'43
14	Schlafloser Augen Leuchte	<i>Jonathan McGovern</i>	02'23

NIGHT SONGS

15	Des Mädchens Klage	<i>Mary Bevan</i>	02'14
16	Pagenlied	<i>Robin Tritschler</i>	02'05
17	Abendlied, Op.8, No.9	<i>Benjamin Appl</i>	01'33
18	Der Mond, Op.86, No.5	<i>Sophie Bevan</i>	02'05

THE SECHS GESANGE, OP.99 (1852)

19	Erster Verlust, Op.99 No.1	<i>Paula Murrìhy</i>	03'17
20	Die Sterne schau'n in stiller Nacht, Op.99 No.2	<i>Paula Murrìhy</i>	03'42
21	Liebingsplätzchen, Op.99 No.3	<i>Paula Murrìhy</i>	03'16
22	Das Schifflein, Op.99 No.4	<i>Paula Murrìhy</i>	03'12
23	Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden, Op.99 No.5	<i>Paula Murrìhy</i>	02'39
24	Es weiß und rät es doch Keiner, Op.99 No.6	<i>Paula Murrìhy</i>	02'34
25	Da lieg ich unter den Bäumen, Op.84 No.1	<i>Benjamin Appl</i>	04'08
26	Herbstlied, Op.84 No.2	<i>Benjamin Appl</i>	04'37

THE MENDELSSOHN AND NIKOLAUS FRANZ NIEMBSCH VON STREHLENAU

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802–1850)

27	Auf der Wanderschaft, Op.71 No.5	<i>Benjamin Appl</i>	01'49
28	Schilflied, Op.71 No.4	<i>Benjamin Appl</i>	03'04

FANNY MENDELSSOHN-HENSEL (1805–1847)

29	Abendlied, Op.10 No.3	<i>Kitty Whately</i>	02'11
30	Im Herbst, Op.10 No.4	<i>Kitty Whately</i>	02'09
31	Nacht ist wie ein stilles Meer, Op.10 No.10	<i>Kitty Whately</i>	01'33

Total playing time: **78'49**

Recorded on 2nd–4th December, 2013 and 16th–17th March, 2015 in the Music Room, Champs Hill, West Sussex, UK

December 2013 sessions:
Engineered, edited and produced by Andrew Mellor

March 2015 sessions:
Produced by Nigel Short
Engineered and edited by Dave Rowell

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Executive Producer for Champs Hill Records: Alexander Van Ingen
Label Manager for Champs Hill Records: Matt Buchanan

I have always had a real affection for Felix Mendelssohn, maybe because we share a birthday! Ever since I learnt the G minor piano concerto as a teenager, I have loved his exuberance and his ability to write wonderful melodies.

He has been unjustly neglected as a song composer in comparison with his more tortured contemporaries, but he has his own distinctive voice and it is wrong to think of him only as the composer of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. He can provide sunshine like no one else in his *Songs of Spring*, and yet he can also plumb the depths of emotion in his settings of Goethe and Eichendorff in songs such as *Die Liebende schreibt* and *Nachtlied*. Indeed, many of his darker songs can stand proudly beside the greatest of Schumann's renowned Lieder. Furthermore, Mendelssohn also has a similar knack to Schubert with strophic songs, providing music which can express three or four different sets of words extremely successfully without any sense of repetition.

I have hoped to show the immense variety in Mendelssohn's song output by inviting a group of wonderfully imaginative young singers to join me for this recording. Many of them had not sung Mendelssohn Lieder before, and were all surprised and delighted with their songs; I hope that you are too, as you listen to this disc, the first in a series which will record both Felix Mendelssohn and Fanny Mendelssohn's complete song works.



Malcolm Mariner

For this second array of songs by Felix Mendelssohn, the performers have focused on three favorite themes – spring, love, and night – in his 125 or so solo lieder and on his involvement with two very famous poets (and the gifted woman one of them loved). Spring songs are always marketable in cold, gray climes, but Mendelssohn was especially prone to them; there are more than the six selected here. Mendelssohn's setting of Ludwig Uhland's (he was a Romantic poet, philologist, and important literary historian) **Frühlingsglaube** is very different from Franz Schubert's famous version (D.686, September 1820); where Schubert took his cue from the gentle breezes, Mendelssohn is all fizzing excitement and vivacity in one of the most irresistible paeans to spring of them all. Schubert had set Ludwig Höltz's **Minnelied** to music in 1816, but it would not be published until 1885; Felix's version *seems* simple and modest until one realizes the artfulness of its construction, for example, the twofold scalewise descent in the bass that is followed by a pedal point on the dominant and a return of the moving bass line near the end, before a prayerful conclusion – the poet is begging for his lady's favors so that his heart might blossom as in May. Höltz, who died young of tuberculosis, was the most gifted member of the group known as the Göttingen Hainbund, or Brotherhood of the Grove, an association of nature-loving literati founded by secret ritual in an oak grove at midnight in 1772.

In Günter Metzner's giant catalogue of settings of Heinrich Heine's poetry, some 250 composers were drawn to the poem 'Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt', which Mendelssohn entitles **Gruss**. There is none of Heine's famous irony and love of paradox here: this is purest lyrical rejoicing in spring and an open invitation to composers because here, spring sings. For this tiny, strophic song, Mendelssohn begins with elemental sounds in the piano (open fifths in the bass and broken chordal fragments wafting upwards), followed by a song in which the harmonic shift for the admonition, 'Ring out, little song of spring', and the melodic opening up at the end for the words 'ins Weite' are economically magical in effect. **Frühlingslied** on a poem by Karl Klingemann, a diplomat and close friend of the Mendelssohns from 1824 onward, hails the advent of spring with a vivacity that should make every

listener smile with delight. In almost every bar, we hear the thrumming pulsations of new life and joy. For the third verse, Mendelssohn's harmonic and tonal shifts tell in hushed tones of winter's ice breaking in Nature and in human hearts until at last, spring bursts forth in full force.

The 'German Homer' Johann Heinrich Voss, who translated the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, took considerable liberties in editing Ludwig Hölty's poem for Mendelssohn's famous **Hexenlied/Andres Maientlied** about a witches' coven celebrating the arrival of spring on the famously haunted Brocken mountaintop, where a gallimaufry of creatures swarm to worship Beelzebub. For this lighthearted exercise in the comic-diabolic (note the draconic food-delivery service), Mendelssohn devises a piano part bubbling and boiling over with brilliant figuration: 'Did I leave anything out?', one imagines the composer asking himself as he conceived this send-up of Paganini-style virtuosity (Paganini, of course, was reputed to have sold his soul to the devil for his seemingly inhuman performing skills). The final chord of this irresistible song is more a shout of laughter than of Satanic triumph.

Romanze was originally intended for Mendelssohn's two-act Singspiel *Die Hochzeit des Camacho*, performed at the Berlin Schauspielhaus in April 1827; the pitying or harsh critiques caused Mendelssohn to cancel further performances, his operatic ambitions blighted at the outset. In the episode from *Don Quixote* on which this comedy is based, the Don and Sancho Panza become embroiled with the lovers Basilio and Quiteria, whose relationship is threatened when the latter's father insists she marry the rich, but insufferable, Camacho. This passionate song, with its operatic high pitches (two high B-flats on the first page!) and aria-like melismatic flourishes, was clearly meant for Quiteria. In Ludwig Tieck's **Minnelied**, a man pays his sweetheart an extravagant compliment, telling her that she outdoes the whole catalogue of Nature's beauties in spring and summer; 'Minne' is the Middle High German word for courtly love, and Tieck, one of the founders of German Romanticism, was fascinated by all things medieval. In Mendelssohn's setting, the right hand keeps up a murmuring susurration of 'Nature-music' to accompany a melody marked by gently lilting motion.

At the end, the rustling, murmuring sounds in the piano die away and then stop, bidden to do so by the persona. In **Der Blumenstrauß**, it is the woman who pays her lover compliments from Nature when she assembles a bouquet in the 'language of flowers' for him. Mendelssohn marks the song 'Grazioso', and it is indeed a graceful and delicate specimen of sentimentality. At the end of each stanza, the persona repeats the last words, 'an ihn, der mich liebt so treu' and 'der süsseste Frühling spricht', with 'ihn' (him) and 'süsseste' (sweetest) the most attenuated – the most important – of all.

One of the most famous encounters between a great poet (a lion in winter) and a composer (a child prodigy) took place in November 1821, when the twelve-year-old Mendelssohn lived for two weeks in Goethe's house on the Frauenplan in Weimar. 'Every morning I receive a kiss from the author of *Faust* and of *Werther*, and every afternoon two kisses from Goethe, friend and father', Felix wrote his father Abraham. On November 8th, there was a party, with Ludwig Rellstab (music journalist and the poet of five *Schwanengesang* songs by Schubert) among the guests; the boy Felix's improvisations and compositions were evaluated against the Mozartean standard, with Goethe and the others concluding that Felix was an even better version of the young Mozart. Felix and Fanny both would have thought that the words of **Suleika** were by Goethe, taken from 'Suleika Nameh' or The Book of Suleika in his *West-östlicher Divan* of 1819, the poetic record of his short-lived fascination with Persian poetry. Neither could have known that the poem was actually written by Marianne von Willemer, to whom Goethe was drawn when he met her in 1814, shortly before her wedding to the Frankfurt banker who had taken her in as an orphan and educated her. Goethe visited her briefly later in 1814 and again in 1815; they never saw each other again, but they corresponded for the rest of his life. After her death in 1860 came the revelation that she was 'Suleika' to his 'Hatem' in this famous anthology. The two Suleika poems set by Schubert, in which the east and west winds are imagined to carry messages between parted lovers, also attracted the Mendelssohn siblings, with Felix setting the latter poem twice. In Op.34, the yearning in 'Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen' (the

west wind song) is gentle, more wistful; not even the turn to major mode joy in anticipation of nearness can entirely dispel awareness of separation in Mendelssohn's reading. In the Op.57 setting of 'Was bedeutet die Bewegung' (the east wind), the mood is more impassioned, feverish, throbbing; all those rapid repeated chords are a true work-out for the pianist. The undated setting of the west wind song, only recently published, is quite different from the Op.34 version, a fleet creation driven by love's ecstatic energies. The brief, swelling figure we hear in the piano introduction evokes both the wind's motion and rising passion.

On 10 August 1831, the year before Goethe's death, Mendelssohn set Goethe's **Die Liebende schreibt**, published posthumously as Op.86, No.3, to music. Here too, lovers are separated, and here too, the 'woman' writes a yearning missive to her beloved. Mendelssohn knew from Bach how to create expressive tension over pedal points in the bass, and he also avoids the tonic key until the end, when the woman begs for a sign of reciprocal love.

Lord Byron's meteoric rise to fame meant that his verse was translated into German very quickly and became the stuff of songs by Robert Schumann, Carl Loewe, both Mendelssohns, Hugo Wolf, and many others. **Schlafloser Augen Leuchte** comes from Byron's *Hebrew Melodies* of 1815, published in two versions: one with Sephardic liturgical melodies compiled by Isaac Nathan (circa 1792-1864, the first Jewish musician to attain public recognition in England) and another with just the poems. Here, the light of a distant star (the chiming right-hand pitches we hear at the start) is the analogy to bygone happiness; if it still shines, it is far-off and cold, and it cannot dispel the darkness. Mendelssohn's song is notable both for the occasional pinpricks of dissonant pain, for the despair occasioned by the 'joy remembered well', and for the threefold descent from that height of anguish. According to Mendelssohn's biographer R. Larry Todd, this song gave Felix another chance to bring together both his Jewish ancestry and Christian faith, this as he was working on his oratorio *Paulus*: in Nathan's explanation, the star referred to Balaam's third oracle in Numbers 24:17

('A star shall come out of Jacob'), but this passage was also read as a prophesy of the Star of Bethlehem. In the mellifluous love-song **Keine von der Erde Schönen**, the image of moonlight weaving a golden net on the waves sends the middle of the song to a network of chromatic harmonies before rejoining the main key.

In the final group of songs, night is the time for lovers to lament, sing serenades, and give vent to their longing, and it is also a premonition of the final rest in death. For Mendelssohn's generation (and Schubert's just before him), knowledge of Schiller's writings was a touchstone of *Bildung* (cultivation), especially his powerful dramas. The words for **Des Mädchens Klage** are taken from the third act of *Die Piccolomini*, the second play in a trilogy about Albrecht Wenzel Eusebius von Wallenstein, the Bohemian-born generalissimo of the Habsburg armies during the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648). His daughter Thekla falls in love with Max, the son of Wallenstein's lieutenant Octavio Piccolomini; the two families are, however, sworn enemies, and Thekla, parted from Max, sings this lament. Schubert set it three times (D.6, D.191, and D.389), and both Fanny and Felix tried their hands at it. Mendelssohn brews up a mighty storm in the piano introduction, followed by rising chromatic tension for the power of breaking waves 'I have lived and loved', Thekla sings at the end as she begs the Virgin to call her out of life, and Mendelssohn crowns the verb at the heart of it all – 'liebet' – with a touch of heavenly major mode in the final bars, after so much minor mode darkness.

The text of **Pagenlied** is the second poem in a cycle entitled *Der wandernde Musikant* (The wandering musician) from the *Wanderlieder* (Wandering Songs) at the start of the German Romantic master Joseph von Eichendorff's first poetry anthology. Eichendorff wrote numerous *Rollenlieder*, or poems in which archetypal characters are the focus; here, the title allows us to imagine a page at a court far away from his native Italy and in love with someone who reciprocates that love – but the affair, we infer, is secret. At the end of the song, we hear the plucked mandolin chords and the youthful lover's footsteps recede, grow softer, and vanish. Mendelssohn's setting is the perfect paradox for this persona: a lightly skipping song in minor mode.

The deeply pious Lutheran translator–poet Voss hymns the peaceful end of a day’s work in stanza 1 of **Abendlied** and the ‘better rest’ in God that awaits us at the end of a well-lived life. In Mendelssohn’s setting, appropriately in the ‘Trinity’ key of E-flat major, ‘blessed light envelops the world’ in rich dark harmonies, this in music that flows gently, unstopably, from start to finish.

Emanuel Geibel, the skillful translator (along with his collaborator Paul Heyse) of the *Spanisches Liederbuch* and the *Italienisches Liederbuch*, also wrote original poetry, including **Der Mond**; here, an impassioned lover compares himself to the dark night, his beloved to the moon whose glance alone can still his longing. However soft this hushed song, with only three very brief outbursts of louder passion, might be, the repeated ostinato pitches and thrumming syncopated chords in the right hand bespeak an unquiet heart.

Few people have expressed the sense of feeding one’s grief over loss, hugging it to oneself as the sole possible companion, better than Goethe in the poignant miniature **Erster Verlust**. Here, it is not a specific person who is lamented, but the time of innocence when love was brand-new and wholly beautiful. Goethe originally wrote this poem as an aria for the character of the Baroness in his Singspiel *Die ungleichen Hausgenossen* (The Dissimilar Lodgers), inspired by a comedy by Carlo Gozzi; another source was Lorenzo da Ponte’s libretto for *Le nozze di Figaro*, when the Countess Almaviva laments the loss of the Count’s love in her Act 3 aria, “Dove sono”. Loss was perhaps on Mendelssohn’s mind: he had just the previous month, in July 1841, left the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra for an appointment at the Prussian royal court in Berlin, thus exchanging artistic freedom for reunion with his family. What evidently captivated him in the poem was the notion of nurturing one’s grief; over and over, his persona repeats Goethe’s spare words, wringing multiple nuances from the words ‘Ah, who will bring the fair days back, those days of first love, ah, who will bring but one hour back of that radiant time!’ First, the singer lingers over the word ‘Liebe’, with the left hand disappearing in a tell-tale emblem of absence, then it is the adjective

‘holden’ (lovely) that is repeated, sustained and differently colored, with more repetitions and changes to follow. At the end, an ethereal melisma impresses on us yet again just how ‘lovely’ that bygone time was.

The second song in this posthumously published opus, **Die Sterne schau’n in stiller Nacht**, tells the sentimental tale of a weeping maiden at her sick mother’s bedside; this is Mendelssohn’s only song to words by Albert Graf von Schlippenbach, friend of Heinrich Heine and Adelbert von Chamisso. The narrator implores the stars above to send a guardian angel so that the mother might sleep and recover. Mendelssohn decried over-indulgence in text-painting in song, but in this work we hear a grandiose gesture in the vocal line for the ‘rollenden Welten Lauf’ (the path of revolving worlds), gentle rustling in the piano for the descent of sleep, and angelic harp-playing to accompany the narrator’s thanks to the guardian angel on behalf of all humanity.

The Mendelssohns’ friend Friederike Robert (whose beauty impelled notice from Heinrich Heine) wrote the words for **Lieblingsplätzchen**, which mingles talking flowers with a moral message: since life is short, it is better to suffer heartbreak from love than die loveless. Mendelssohn’s three stanzas are a perfect example of the folk-like art-song, filled with subtle touches of chromaticism, for example, the dissonance and touch of minor that inflects the word ‘gerne’ (gladly) with what seems like paradoxical melancholy – but the explanation follows. Ludwig Uhland’s narrator in **Das Schifflein** also muses on the vicissitudes of experience: three strangers meet on a boat (the ages-old symbolism of human life as a ship sailing on the ocean of Time) and make music together with horn, flute, and song, then go their separate ways. At the end, the narrator wonders when they will meet again in another little boat (life’s unlooked-for encounters or crossing the Styx to the land of the dead?).

Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden is associated with Jenny Lind, ‘the Swedish nightingale’, with whom Felix collaborated in two concerts at the Leipzig Gewandhaus in 1845. He was very taken with her; for Christmas that year, he sent her a little

group of songs that includes this song, composed December 22. 'Felix Mendelssohn comes sometimes to Berlin and I have often been in his company. He is a man, and at the same time he has the most supreme talent. Thus should it be', she wrote.

Es weiß und rät es doch Keiner was composed in Frankfurt for the composer Ferdinand Hiller's wife Antonka, a beautiful and accomplished Polish singer. (Hiller and Mendelssohn were friends from 1822 to 1843, when Mendelssohn's alarm over the Gewandhaus Orchestra's deterioration under Hiller's interim leadership put an intolerable strain on their relationship.) Antonka had arranged for the artist Carl Müller to sketch a portrait of Mendelssohn, and he agreed on the condition that she sing for him during the sitting. Schumann had set the same text (verses 1, 2, and 4, omitting stanza 3) two years earlier in his Eichendorff *Liederkreis*, Op.39, but Mendelssohn's setting draws out different shadings in a poem taken from the 1815 novel *Ahnung und Gegenwart*; after Erwin – who is actually a girl named Erwine – has embraced the protagonist Friedrich, she sings this song to wish that one, only one, might know of her love. She believes herself to be alone, but Friedrich overhears her. Mendelssohn's setting is divided into a gently melancholy first section in minor mode (note the more passionate setting of the wish 'that only one' should know) and a longer, livelier second section as her wishes take flight.

The creator of the melancholy words for **Da lieg ich unter den Bäumen** has not yet been located, but he or she inspired an extended song in a favorite three-part design of Mendelssohn's: stanzas 1-2, 3-4 are set to the same music, but the fifth and sixth stanzas are varied. Mendelssohn begins and ends the repeated first section in major mode but with a lengthy agitated passage in minor, its drumbeat repeated bass notes one index of doom-laden anxiety. At the end, for the realization that autumnal bleakness will give way to renewal in spring but his sorrow has no end, minor mode prevails.

We encounter Mendelssohn's friend Karl Klingemann once more in the **Herbstlied**, whose persona consoles himself in the midst of autumn's chill with the thought that

love and fidelity remain even if summer is fled. Mendelssohn's music for the first two verses (a bleak portrait of autumn) is filled with minor mode agitation, heartbeat chords pounding softly in dread, and small semitone and grace-note shudders. But all this gives way to major mode lyricism, with flowing harp arpeggiation in the piano, for the encomiums to 'Liebe' and 'Treue'.

Auf der Wanderschaft is the product of Felix's sojourn in Switzerland in the summer following Fanny's death in Berlin on 14 May 1847; Felix was in Frankfurt and only heard the news four days later. 'To dig and turn like a worm is preferable to human brooding', he observed in a letter of July 9, marking a return to musical endeavors (in the early days of grief, he expressed himself through watercolors). Lenau's poem must have seemed personal to him: as his persona wanders into a distant land, he is deprived of the beloved's 'last greeting'. We hear fury against fate in the emphatic setting of the words 'ist's nicht genug, dass du mir auch entreisest ihren letzten Gruss?' (Is it not enough [that I should leave my happiness behind, you raw, raw breath of wind] but must you also deny me of her last greeting?).

The city of Stockerau in Lower Austria called itself 'the Lenau City' because it was on nearby walks in the forest that the poet was inspired to write his *Schilflieder*, among his most beautiful poems. Mendelssohn's **Schilflied**, which sets the fifth poem in the cycle, was also included in the Christmas 1845 gift of song for Jenny Lind; while not composed for her, its allusion to 'ein süßes Deingedenken' (a sweet memory of you) was no doubt something she could take personally. It perfectly exemplifies 19th-century definitions of a barcarolle, a song to be sung on the water: in minor mode (but with a change to parallel major for the 'sweet thoughts'), with a melody of surpassing loveliness, and 'water music' in the piano.

We end with three songs by Fanny Mendelssohn-Hensel, who is finally emerging from her brother's shadow and receiving long-delayed recognition as one of the most important women composers of the 19th century. It used to be the done thing to

decry her music as derivative, especially as she and Felix were trained in music together, but now we can appreciate the frequent chromatic richness and individual style of her songs: she had her own 'voice'. In **Abenlied**, the first of three odes entitled *Abendbilder*, Lenau leaves his signature melancholy aside to paint an idyllic picture of Nature and a family suffused with peacefulness and love. Fanny (who wrote a cluster of seven Lenau songs in 1846) responds with an accompaniment somewhat reminiscent of Schubert's 'Ave Maria' (Ellens dritter Gesang) and a serene, beautifully lyrical melody; after the poet's second verse, Fanny pauses for an instant of silence – another Schubertian hallmark – and then goes back to repeat the first verse, Nature's peace thus enclosing human love. We hear much more of Fanny's signature chromaticism, rendering the main key unstable, in **Im Herbst**, a lament for lost love; like a last vine in autumn still clinging to a garden wall, the pain of it clings to the persona and will not let go. We hear the influence of Fanny's great idol, Johann Sebastian Bach, in the song's climax, the anguished invocation of 'all nights, all days' to a line that descends by semitones from high G while the piano weaves an extraordinary dissonant texture over a pedal point. In Fanny's last years, she had frequent recourse to verse by the great Romantic poet Joseph von Eichendorff, to whom Felix also gravitated for song texts, including **Nacht ist wie ein stilles Meer** (the poet's title is 'Die Nachtblume' ['The Nocturnal Flower']). In the quiet ocean of night, our desires and feelings float together confusedly in gentle waves, while our wishes, like clouds in the sky's expanse, blend in the mild winds and cannot be distinguished from thoughts or dreams. At the end, the persona says that if he no longer laments aloud to the stars, the waves of emotion are still present in the heart's depths, a space as vast as sea and sky. In Fanny's rising and falling staccato waves in the piano, we hear again her signature love of chromatic harmony, her deft way with enharmonic transformation, and her subtle way of underscoring key words and images with particularly striking chords.

Susan Youens

I SONG TEXTS

1 **Frühlingsglaube** Ludwig Uhland, 1830

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
 Sie säuseln und weben Tag und Nacht,
 Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
 O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
 Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!
 Nun muß sich Alles, Alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,
 Man weiß nicht, was noch werden mag,
 Das Blühen will nicht enden.
 Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal:
 Nun, armes Herz, vergiß der Qual!
 Nun muß sich Alles, Alles wenden.

2 **Minnelied im Mai** Ludwig Christoph Hölty, 1826

Holder klingt der Vogelsang,
 Wenn die Engelreine,
 Die mein Jünglingsherz bezwang,
 Wandelt durch die Haine.

Röter blühen Tal und Au,
 Grüner wird der Wasen,
 Wo die Finger meiner Frau
 Maienblumen lasen.

Ohne sie ist alles tot,
 Welk sind Blüt und Kräuter;
 Und kein Frühlingsabendrot
 Dünkt mir schön und heiter.

Traute, heißgeliebte Frau,
 Wolltest nimmer fliehen,
 Daß mein Herz, gleich dieser Au,
 Mög in Wonne blühen!

Faith in Spring

*The gentle breezes are awakened,
 They stir and whisper night and day,
 Everywhere active, creative.
 O fresh fragrance, O new sounds!
 Now, poor heart, be not afraid!
 Now must all things, all things change.*

*The world grows fairer with every day,
 We do not know what might yet be,
 The blooming will not end.
 The deepest, most distant valley blooms:
 Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
 Now must all things, all things change.*

Love song in May

*Birdsong sounds more beautiful
 When the pure angel
 Who has won my young heart
 Wanders through the grove.*

*Valley and meadow bloom redder,
 The grass grows greener,
 Where my lady's fingers
 Gathered Maytime flowers.*

*Without her all is dead,
 Flowers and herbs are withered,
 And the spring sunset
 Seems neither radiant nor fair.*

*Gentle, ardently loved lady,
 Do not ever leave me;
 That my heart, like this meadow,
 Might bloom in bliss.*

3 **Gruss** Heinrich Heine

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt
Liebliches Geläute.
Klinge, kleines Frühlingslied,
Kling hinaus ins Weite.

Kling hinaus, bis an das Haus,
Wo die Veilchen sprießen.
Wenn du eine Rose schautst,
Sag, ich lass' sie grüßen.

4 **Frühlingslied** Karl Klingemann

Der Frühling naht mit Brauen,
Er rüstet sich zur Tat,
Und unter Sturm und Sausen
Keimt still die grüne Saat;
Drum wach, erwach, du Menschenkind,
Dass dich der Lenz nicht schlafend find't!

Tu ab die Wintersorgen,
Empfange frisch den Gast;
Er fliegt wie junger Morgen,
Er hält nicht lange Rast.
Die Knospe schwillt, die Blume blüht,
Die Stunde eilt, der Frühling flieht.

Dir armen Menschenkinde
Ist wund und weh ums Herz,
Auf, spreng getrost die Rinde,
Schau mutig frühlingwärts!
Es schmilzt das Eis, die Quelle rinnt,
Dir taut der Schmerz und löst sich lind.

Greeting

*A sweet sound of bells
Peals gently through my soul.
Ring out, little song of spring,
Ring out far and wide.*

*Ring out till you reach the house
Where violets are blooming.
And if you should see a rose,
Send to her my greeting*

Spring song

*Spring approaches with a roar,
Prepares itself for action,
And beneath storm and winds
Seeds are quietly growing green;
Awake, awaken now, O soul,
That spring doesn't find you sleeping!*

*Cast off the winter cares,
Bid spring a fresh welcome;
He flies like a new morning,
He doesn't stop long to rest.
Buds swell, flowers bloom,
Hours hasten by, spring flies along.*

*Your heart, poor creature,
Is sore and hurt,
Arise, break out of your shell,
Look bravely at spring's arrival!
The ice melts, the stream flows,
Your pain is eased and gently thaws.*

Und wie die Vöglein leise
Anstimmen ihren Chor,
So schall auch deine Weise
Aus tiefster Brust hervor:
Bist nicht verarmt, bist nicht allein,
Umringt von Sang und Sonnenschein!

5 **Hexenlied** Ludwig Hölty, emended by
Johann Heinrich Voss, 1827

Die Schwalbe fliegt,
Der Frühling siegt,
Und spendet uns Blumen zum Kranze,
Bald huschen wir
Leis' aus der Tür,
Und fliegen zum prächtigen Tanze!

Ein schwarzer Bock,
Ein Besenstock,
Die Ofengabel, der Wocken,
Reißt uns geschwind,
Wie Blitz und Wind,
Durch sausende Lüfte zum Brocken!*

Um Beelzebub
Tanzt unser Trupp,
Und küßt ihm die kralligen Hände;
Ein Geisterschwarm
Faßt uns beim Arm,
Und schwinget im Tanzen die Brände!

Und Beelzebub
Verheißt dem Trupp
Der Tanzenden Gaben auf Gaben;
Sie sollen schön
In Seide gehn
Und Töpfe voll Goldes sich graben.

*And as the silent little birds
Take up their songs once more,
So shall melody well up
From the depths of your soul:
You are not wretched, are not alone,
Song and sun surround you!*

Witches' song

*Swallows are flying,
Spring's triumphant,
Dispensing flowers for wreaths,
Soon we'll flit
Quietly outside,
And fly to the splendid dance!*

*A black goat,
A broomstick,
The furnace rake, the distaff
Whisks us on our way,
Like lightning and wind,
Through whistling gales to the Brocken!*

*Our coven dances
Round Beelzebub
And kisses his claw-like hands;
A ghostly throng
Seizes our arms,
Waving firebrands as they dance!*

*And Beelzebub
Pledges the throng
Of dancers gift after gift;
They shall be dressed
In beautiful silk
And dig themselves pots full of gold.*

Ein Feuerdrach'
Umflieget das Dach
Und bringet uns Butter und Eier.
Die Nachbarn dann sehn
Die Funken wehn,
Und schlagen ein Kreuz vor dem Feuer.

Die Schwalbe fliegt,
Der Frühling siegt,
Die Blumen erblühen zum Kranze.
Bald huschen wir
Leis' aus der Tür,
Juchheisa! zum prächtigen Tanze!

*The highest mountain in the Harz, where a witches' sabbath was said to be held each 'Walpurgisnacht' – the night of 30 April/1 May.

- 6 **Romanze** (aus dem Spanischen)
Spanish, originally intended for *Die Hochzeit des Camacho*, Op.10, to a libretto by Friedrich Voigt, revised by Karl August von Lichtenstein, based on *Don Quixote* by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (1547–1616)

Einmal aus seinen Blicken,
Von seinem süßen Mund,
Soll Gruß und Kuß erquicken
Des Herzens trüben Grund.

Ich kann ihn nicht vergessen,
Ich kann es nicht bereu'n,
Ich sünd'ge nicht vermessen,
Der Himmel wird verzeih'n

*A fiery dragon
Flies round the roof
And brings us butter and eggs.
The neighbours catch sight
Of the flying sparks,
And cross themselves for fear of the fire.*

*Swallows are flying,
Spring's triumphant,
Flowers are blooming for wreaths.
Soon we'll flit
Quietly outside –
Tally-ho to the splendid dance!*

- Romance** (from the Spanish)

*Only once from his glances,
From his sweet lips,
Shall greeting and kisses brighten
The troubled depths of my heart.*

*I cannot forget him,
I cannot regret,
I do not sin, I do no wrong,
Heaven will forgive!*

- 7 **Minnelied** Ludwig Tieck

Wie der Quell so lieblich klinget
Und die zarten Blumen küßt,
Wie der Fink' im Schatten singet
Und das nahe Liebchen grüßt,
Wie die Lichter zitternd schweifen,
Und das Gras sich grün erfreut,
Wie die Tannen weithin greifen,
Und die Linde Blüten streut!

In der Linde süß Gedüfte,
In der Tannen Riesellaut,
In dem Spiel der Sommerlüfte
Glänzet sie als Frühlingsbraut.
Aber Waldton, Vogelsingen,
Duft der Blüten, haltet ein,
Licht, verdunkle, nie gelingen
Kann es euch, ihr gleich zu sein!

- 8 **Der Blumenstrauss** Karl Klingemann

Sie wandelt im Blumengarten
Und mustert den bunten Flor,
Und alle die Kleinen warten
Und schauen zu ihr empor.

'Und seid ihr denn Frühlingsboten,
Verkündend was stets so neu,
So werdet auch meine Boten
An ihn, der mich liebt so treu.'

So überschaut sie die Habe
Und ordnet den lieblichen Strauss,
Und reicht dem Freunde die Gabe,
Und weicht seinem Blicke aus.

- Love song**

*How sweetly the spring sounds
And kisses the tender flowers,
How the finch sings in the shade
And greets his nearby love,
How the lights quiver and flit,
How the green grass rejoices,
How the pine trees spread their boughs,
And how the lime sheds its blossom!*

*In the lime's sweet scent,
In the pine trees' murmuring,
In the play of summer breezes,
She glitters like a summer bride.
But forest sounds, birdsong,
Fragrant blossoms – cease your activities,
Light – grow dark, you will never
Succeed in resembling her!*

- The posy**

*She walks in the flower garden
And gazes at the colourful blooms,
And all the little buds wait
And look up at her.*

*'If you be messengers of spring,
Announcing what is always so new,
Then be my messengers as well
To him who loves me so true.'*

*Thus she surveys all she owns
And fashions a lovely posy,
And gives it to her friend
And averts her gaze.*

Was Blumen und Farben meinen,
O deutet, o fragt das nicht,
Wenn aus den Augen der Einen
Der süßeste Frühling spricht.

9 **Suleika** Marianne von Willemer,
adapted by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;
Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;
Ach, für Leid müßt' ich vergehen,
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

*Do not ask the meaning
Of these colours and flowers,
When from the eyes of the one you love
Gazes the sweetest spring.*

Suleika

*Ah, West Wind, how I envy you
Your moist pinions:
For you can bring him word
Of what I suffer away from him!*

*The movement of your wings
Wakes silent longing in my heart;
Flowers, meadows, woods and hills,
Dissolve in tears where you blow.*

*Yet your mild, gentle breeze
Cools my sore eyelids;
Ah, I'd surely die of grief,
Did I not hope to see him again.*

*Hurry, then, to my beloved,
Whisper softly to his heart;
Take care, though, not to sadden him,
And hide from him my anguish.*

*Tell him, but tell him humbly:
That his love is my life,
That his presence here will fill me
With happiness in both.*

10 **Suleika** Marianne von Willemer,
adapted by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.

Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,
Kühlt auch mir die heißen Wangen,
Küßt die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüße;
Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,
Grüßen mich wohl tausend Küsse.

Und so kansst du weiter ziehen!
Diene Freunden und Betrübten.
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,
Dort find ich bald den Vielgeliebten.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebeshauch, erfrischt es Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.

Suleika

*What does this stirring portend?
Does the East Wind bring good tidings?
The fresh motion of its wings
Cools the deep wound in my heart.*

*Fondly it caresses the dust,
Whipping it into puffs of cloud,
Scurrying the happy insects
To the vine-leaves' safe retreat.*

*It gently soothes the heat of the sun,
And also cools my burning cheeks,
Flitting by, it kisses the grapes
That deck the hillsides and the fields.*

*And its soft murmur brings me
A thousand greetings from my friend;
Even before these hills darken,
I'll be greeted by a thousand kisses.*

*You may then go on your way!
Serving friends and those afflicted.
There, where lofty walls are glowing,
I'll soon find my dear beloved.*

*Ah, the true message from his heart,
The breath of love and life's renewal,
Will come to me only from his lips,
Can be given me only by his breath.*

11 **Die Liebende schreibt**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ein Blick von deinen Augen in die meinen,
Ein Kuß von deinem Mund auf meinem Munde,
Wer davon hat, wie ich, gewisse Kunde,
Mag dem was anders wohl erfreulich scheinen?

Entfernt von dir, entfremdet von den Meinen,
Führ ich stets die Gedanken in die Runde,
Und immer treffen sie auf jene Stunde,
Die einzige; da fang ich an zu weinen.

Die Träne trocknet wieder unversehens:
Er liebt ja, denk ich, her in diese Stille,
Und solltest du nicht in die Ferne reichen?

Vernimm das Lispeln dieses Liebewehens;
Mein einzig Glück auf Erden ist dein Wille,
Dein freundlicher zu mir; gib mir ein Zeichen!

12 **Suleika** Marianne von Willemer,

adapted by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;
Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;
Ach, für Leid müßt' ich vergehen,
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.

The beloved writes

*One glance from your eyes into mine,
One kiss from your mouth onto my mouth,
Who, like me, is assured of these,
Can he take pleasure in anything else?*

*Far from you, estranged from my family,
I let my thoughts rove constantly,
And always they fix on that hour,
That precious hour; and I begin to weep.*

*Suddenly my tears grow dry again:
His love, I think, he sends into this silence,
And should you not reach into the distance?*

*Receive the murmurs of this loving sigh;
Your will is my sole happiness on earth,
Your kind will; give me a sign!*

Suleika

*Ah, West Wind, how I envy you
Your moist pinions:
For you can bring him word
Of what I suffer away from him!*

*The movement of your wings
Wakes silent longing in my heart;
Flowers, meadows, woods and hills,
Dissolve in tears where you blow.*

*Yet your mild, gentle breeze
Cools my sore eyelids;
Ah, I'd surely die of grief,
Did I not hope to see him again.*

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

13 **Keine von der Erde Schönen**

from Zwei Romanzen von Lord Byron, text by
George Gordon Noel, Baron Byron

Keine von der Erde Schönen
Waltet zaubernd gleich dir;
Auf der Flut ein Silbertönen
Dünkt deine Stimme mir.

Leiser wird des Meeres Rauschen,
Entzückt dir zu lauschen,
Legt sich der Wogen Schäumen,
Alle die Winde träumen.

Golden webt der Mond auf Wellen
Sein Netz, sanft scheint die Flut,
Die volle Brust zu schwellen,
Wie ein Kind schlummernd ruht.

So sink' ich zu deinen Füßen,
Anbetend dich zu grüssen;
Wie die See von West bewegt,
Voll und sanft in mir sich's reget.

*Hurry, then, to my beloved,
Whisper softly to his heart;
Take care, though, not to sadden him,
And hide from him my anguish.*

*Tell him, but tell him humbly:
That his love is my life,
That his presence here will fill me
With happiness in both.*

None of earth's beauties

*None of earth's beauties
Works its magic like you;
Your voice sounds to me
Like silver music on the waves.*

*The sea hushes its murmuring
To listen to you in rapture,
The foaming waves subside,
All the winds are dreaming.*

*The moon weaves its web of gold
On the waves, the sea's full breast
Seems gently to heave,
Like a slumbering child:*

*Thus I prostrate myself at your feet
To greet you and adore you;
Like the swell of the sea from the west,
My full heart gently stirs.*

14 **Schlafloser Augen Leuchte**

George Gordon Noel, Baron Byron

Schlafloser Augen Leuchte, trüber Stern,
Dess' tränengleicher Schein, unendlich fern,
Das Dunkel nicht erhellt, nur mehr es zeigt,
O wie dir ganz des Glück's Erinnerung gleicht!
So leuchtet längst vergangner Tage Licht:
Es scheint, doch wärmt sein matter Schimmer nicht,
Dem wachen Gram erglänzt die Luftgestalt,
Hell, aber fern, klar, aber ach, wie kalt!

15 **Des Mädchens Klage**

Friedrich Schiller, first published London, 1866 as 'The Girl's Lament'

Der Eichwald braust, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mädlein sitzt an Ufers Grün,
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie seufzt hinaus in die finstere Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet.

'Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter gibt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr,
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet!'

Es rinnet der Tränen vergeblicher Lauf,
Die Klage, sie wecket die Toten nicht auf;
Doch nenne, was tröstet und heilet die Brust
Nach der süßen Liebe verschwundner Lust,
Ich, die Himmlische, will's nicht versagen.

'Laß rinnen der Tränen vergeblichen Lauf,
Es wecke die Klage den Toten nicht auf!
Das süßeste Glück für die trauernde Brust,
Nach der schönen Liebe verschwundner Lust,
Sind der Liebe Schmerzen und Klagen.'

Light of sleepless eyes

*Light of sleepless eyes, dim star,
Whose eternally distant tearful glow
Cannot illumine but only increases the dark,
Ah, how the memory of bliss resembles you!
Thus the light of days long past now shines:
It glows, but faintly and gives no warmth,
The mirage gleams on sorrow's insomnia,
Distinct but distant, clear but, ah, how cold!*

The girl's lament

*The oak wood roars, the clouds race by,
The girl sits by the grassy shore,
The breakers crash with all their might,
And she sighs into the dark night,
Her eyes bedimmed with weeping.*

*'My heart is dead, the world is void
And no longer yields to my desires,
Holy Mother, call back your child,
I have enjoyed earthly bliss,
I have lived and loved!'*

*In vain the tears pour down her cheek,
No lament of hers can wake the dead;
But say, what heals and comforts the heart,
When the joy of sweet love has vanished –
I, the Heavenly Maid, shall not refuse it.*

*'Let my tears pour down in vain,
Let my lament not wake the dead!
The sweetest joy for a grieving heart,
When the pleasures of love have vanished,
Is love's sorrow and lament.'*

16 **Pagenlied**

Joseph von Eichendorff, Christmas 1832, published in a supplement to the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* for 1838

Wenn die Sonne lieblich schiene
Wie in Welschland lau und blau,
Ging' ich mit der Mandoline
Durch die überglänzte Au'.

In der Nacht dann liebchen lauschte
An dem Fenster süß verwacht,
Wünschte mir und ihr, uns beiden,
Heimlich eine schöne Nacht.

17 **Abendlied**

Johann Heinrich Voss

Das Tagewerk ist abgetan,
Gib, Vater, deinen Segen!
Nun dürfen wir der Ruhe nahn;
Wir taten nach Vermögen.
Die holde Nacht umhüllt die Welt,
Und Stille herrscht in Dorf und Feld.

Wenn du getreu vollendet hast,
Wozu dich Gott bestellte,
Behaglich fühlst du dann die Rast
Vom Tun in Hitz und Kälte.
Am Himmel glänzt der Abendstern
Und zeigt noch bess're Rast von fern.

18 **Der Mond**

Emanuel Geibel

Mein Herz ist wie die dunkle Nacht,
Wenn alle Wipfel rauschen;
Da steigt der Mond in voller Pracht
Aus Wolken sacht,
Und sieh! der Wald verstummt in tiefem Lauschen.

Page's song

*If the lovely sun were to shine
As in Italy, from warm, blue skies,
I would go with my mandolin
Through the sun-drenched meadow.*

*In the night my love would listen
From her window, sweetly awake,
And she would wish both of us,
In secret, a lovely night.*

Evening song

*The day's work is done,
Father, give Thy blessing!
Now we may go to rest;
We have done our best.
Blessed night envelops the world
And peace reigns in village and field.*

*When you have faithfully completed
What God has ordained you to do,
Contentedly you will rest
From toil in heat and cold.
The evening star gleams in heaven,
Showing yet greater rest from afar.*

The moon

*My heart is like the dark night,
When all the tree-tops rustle;
The moon rises in full splendour
Gently from the clouds – and see!
The wood falls silent, raptly listening.*

Der Mond, der lichte Mond bist du:
In deiner Liebesfülle
Wirf einen, einen Blick mir zu
Voll Himmestruh',
Und sieh! dies ungestüme Herz wird stille.

*You are the moon, the shining moon
In the fullness of your love,
Throw me one, one single glance
Of brimming heavenly peace – and see!
This tempestuous heart is soothed.*

First loss

*Ah, who will bring the fair days back,
Those days of first love,
Ah, who will bring but one hour back
Of that radiant time!*

*In my loneliness I feed my wound,
And with ever renewed lament
Mourn the happiness I lost.*

*Ah, who will bring the fair days back,
That radiant time!*

The stars gaze down in silent night

*The stars gaze down in silent night
Upon the place of rest,
Where the blond girl sits and watches
By her sick mother's bed.
Why gaze up at us in loneliness?
Do you wish to fathom the path of
revolving worlds?*

*You stars, alas! do you not grasp
The daughter's anxious sorrow?
So that she, with the truest of eyes,
does not die,
Ah grant that they close in sweet slumber,
O starry throng, I love you dearly!
But a mother's love is the brightest star.*

Nun still, du weinend Mädchen, du!
Der Schlummer senkt sich nieder,
Ein holder Engel schliesst ihr zu
Die müden Augenlider;
Schau' nur, wie sanft sie ruht im Bett!
Ja, wenn nicht der Mensch seine Engel hätt!

*Be calm, now, O weeping girl!
Slumber is descending,
A blessed angel closes
Her weary eyes;
Just look how gently she rests in bed!
Indeed, what would man do without his angels!*

A favourite place

*Do you know where I like to be
In the cool of evening?
In the silent valley
There is a small mill,
And nearby a little stream,
Surrounded by trees.
Often I sit there for hours on end,
Gaze about me and dream.*

*And little flowers in the grass
Begin to speak,
And the little blue flower says:
See how my little head hangs down!
A tiny rose with its thorny kiss
Has pricked me so hard:
Ah! That makes me so sad
And has broken my heart.*

*A small white spider then draws near,
Saying: Be content;
One day you must die,
For thus it is on earth;
Better for your heart to break
From the rose's kiss,
Than never know love
And die unloved.*

19 Erster Verlust

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,
Jene Tage der ersten Liebe,
Ach, wer bringt nur eine Stunde
Jener holden Zeit zurück!

Einsam nähr' ich meine Wunde,
Und mit stets erneuter Klage
Traur' ich um's verlorne Glück.

Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,
Jene holde Zeit zurück!

20 Die Sterne schau'n in stiller Nacht

Albert Graf von Schlippenbach

Die Sterne schau'n in stiller Nacht
Herab zur Lagerstätte,
Wo's blonde Mädchen sitzt und wacht,
An kranker Mutter Bette.
Was blickst du einsam zu uns auf?
Willst spä'n der rollenden
Welten Lauf?

Ihr Sternlein, ach! versteht ihr nicht
Der Tochter bangen Kummer?
Dass nicht das treu'ste
Auge bricht,
O schenkt ihm süßen Schlummer,
Ihr Sternlein all', hab' euch so gern!
Doch Mutterlieb' ist der schönste Stern.

21 Lieblingsplätzchen

Friederike Robert

Wisst ihr, wo ich gerne weil'
In der Abendkühle?
In dem stillen Tale
Geht eine kleine Mühle,
Und ein kleiner Bach dabei,
Rings umher stehn Bäume.
Oft sitz' ich da stundenlang,
Schau umher und träume.

Auch die Blümlein in dem Grün
An zu sprechen fangen,
Und das blaue Blümlein sagt:
Sieh mein Köpfchen hangen!
Röslein mit dem Dornenkuss
Hat mich so gestochen:
Ach! Das macht mich gar betrübt,
Hat mein Herz gebrochen.

Da naht sich ein Spinnlein weiss,
Spricht: sei doch zufrieden;
Einmal musst du doch vergehn,
So ist es hienieden;
Besser, dass das Herz dir bricht
Von dem Kuss der Rose,
Als du kennst die Liebe nicht
Und stirbst liebelose.

22 **Das Schifflein**

Ludwig Uhland

Ein Schifflein ziehet leise
Den Strom hin seine Gleise.
Es schweigen, die drin wandern,
Denn keiner kennt den andern.

Was zieht hier aus dem Felle
Der braune Waidgeselle?
Ein Horn, das sanft erschallet:
Das Ufer widerhallet.

Von seinem Wanderstabe
Schraubt jener Stift und Habe,
Und mischt mit Flötentönen
Sich in des Hornes Dröhnen.

Das Mädchen sass so blöde,
Als fehlt' ihr gar die Rede,
Jetzt stimmt sie mit Gesange
Zu Horn- und Flötenklänge.

Die Ruder auch sich regen
Mit taktgemässen Schlägen.
Das Schiff hinunter flieget,
Von Melodie gewieget.

Hart stösst es auf am Strande,
Man trennt sich in die Lande:
Wann treffen wir uns, Brüder,
Auf einem Schifflein wieder?

The little ship

*A little ship is quietly
Gliding down the river.
All on deck are silent,
For no one knows each other.*

*What does the swarthy huntsman
Draw from his coat of fur?
A horn that softly resounds:
Its echoes rebound from the shore.*

*Another unties from his staff
All of his possessions,
And mingles the playing of his flute
With the sounds of the horn.*

*The girl sitting there so impassively,
As if robbed of speech,
Now sings to the sound
Of flute and horn.*

*The oars too are plying
Their strokes in time.
The ship speeds along,
Rocked by melody.*

*With a jolt it reaches the shore,
All go their separate ways:
When shall we meet again, brothers,
All aboard a single ship?*

23 **Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden**

Emanuel Geibel

Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden,
Die sich dereinst geliebt,
Das ist ein grosses Leiden,
Wie's grösser keines gibt.
Es klingt das Wort so traurig gar:
Fahr wohl, fahr wohl auf immerdar,
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden,
Die sich dereinst geliebt.

Da ich zuerst empfunden,
Dass Liebe brechen mag:
Mir war's, als sei verschwunden
Die Sonn' am hellen Tag.
Im Ohre klang mir's wunderbar:
Fahr wohl, fahr wohl auf immerdar,
Da ich zuerst empfunden,
Dass Liebe brechen mag.

24 **Es weiß und rät es doch Keiner**

Joseph von Eichendorff

Es weiß und rät es doch Keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach, wüßst' es nur Einer, nur Einer,
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen soll!

So still ist's nicht draußen im Schnee,
So stumm und verschwiegen sind
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh',
Als meine Gedanken sind.

Ich wünscht', es wäre schon Morgen,
Da fliegen zwei Lerchen auf,
Die überfliegen einander,
Mein Herz folgt ihrem Lauf.

When two hearts say farewell

*When two hearts say farewell
That once loved each other,
That is the greatest suffering
There can ever be.
The word sounds so very sad:
Farewell, farewell for ever,
When two hearts say farewell
That once loved each other.*

*When I first discovered
That love could break:
It was as if the sun
Had vanished in broad daylight.
To my ear the word sounded strange:
Farewell, farewell for ever,
When I first discovered
That love could break.*

Silence

*No one knows and no one can guess
How happy I am, how happy!
If only one, just one person knew,
No one else ever should!*

*The snow outside is not so silent,
Nor are the stars on high
So still and taciturn
As my own thoughts.*

*I wish that morning were here,
Two larks then fly into the sky,
Skimming over each other,
My heart follows their flight.*

Ich wünschst', ich wär' ein Vöglein
Und zöge über das Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,
Bis daß ich im Himmel wär'!

25 **Da lieg ich unter den Bäumen**
Anon.

Da lieg' ich unter den Bäumen,
Trüb ist mein Herz mir und schwer.
O sage, sag' mir getreulich,
Mein Herz, was drückt dich so sehr?
Der Himmel ist düster umzogen,
Die Winde so schaurig weh'n,
Das bringt mir düst're Gedanken,
Drum muss in Trauer ich geh'n.

Du hast die Freude verlassen,
Es schweift in der Ferne dein Blick,
O komm zurück zu den Frohen,
O keh'r den Deinen zurück!
Es hat mich die Freude verlassen
Wo alles erstirbt in dem Hain,
Schon sinkt die herbstliche Sonne,
Bald bricht das Dunkel herein.

Lass scheiden die Tage der Wonne,
Lass fallen die Blätter herab!
Sie kehren ja alle dir wieder,
Verjüngt aus dunklelem Grab.
Wohl klärt sich der Himmel, die Sonne ersteht,
Es verjüngt sich der Hain,
Mein Hoffen schwand und ersteht nicht,
Das mag meine Trauer wohl sein.

*I wish I were a little bird,
And could fly across the sea,
Across the sea and further,
Until I were in heaven!*

There I lie beneath the trees

*There I lie beneath the trees,
My heart is sad and heavy.
O tell me, tell me truly,
My heart, what oppresses you so sorely?
The sky has clouded over,
The winds blow so eerily,
Bringing me gloomy thoughts –
So I must mourn wherever I go.*

*You have abandoned joy,
You gaze into the distance,
O return to those who are content,
O come back to your own kind!
Happiness has abandoned me,
Now everything in the grove is dying,
The autumn sun's already setting,
Darkness will soon come.*

*Let the days of rapture vanish,
Let the leaves fall!
They shall all return to you,
Rejuvenated from their dark grave.
The sky is clearing, the sun rises,
The grove is rejuvenated,
My hope vanished and does not rise again,
That must be the cause of my sorrow.*

26 **Herbstlied**
Karl Klingemann

Ach, wie so bald verhallet der Reigen,
Wandelt sich Frühling in Winterzeit!
Ach, wie so bald in trauendes Schweigen
Wandelt sich alle die Fröhlichkeit!
Bald sind die letzten Klänge verflogen!
Bald sind die letzten Säng'er gezogen!
Bald ist das letzte Grün dahin!
Alle sie wollen heimwärts zieh'n!

Wandelt sich Lust in sehndes Leid!
War't ihr ein Traum, ihr Liebesgedanken?
Süß wie der Lenz, und schnell verweht?
Eines, nur eines will nimmer wanken:
Es ist das Sehnen, das nimmer vergeht.

27 **Auf der Wanderschaft**
Nikolaus Lenau

Ich wandre fort ins ferne Land;
Noch einmal blickt' ich um, bewegt,
Und sah, wie sie den Mund geregt
Und wie gewinket ihre Hand.

Wohl rief sie noch ein freundlich Wort
Mir nach auf meinem trüben Gang,
Doch hört' ich nicht den liebsten Klang,
Weil ihn der Wind getragen fort.

Daß ich mein Glück verlassen muß,
Du rauher, kalter Windeshauch,
Ist's nicht genug, daß du mir auch
Entreißest ihren letzten Gruß?

Autumn song

*Ah, how soon does the seasons' round fade,
How soon does spring change to winter!
Ah, how soon into sad silence
Does all the merriment fade!
The last sounds will soon have vanished!
The last songsters will soon have gone!
The last verdure will soon have fled!
All of them wish to return home!*

*Pleasure changes to yearning anguish!
Were you a dream, you thoughts of love?
Sweet as the spring, and quickly gone?
One thing alone shall never falter:
That is the yearning which never fades.*

On the road

I travel to a distant land;
Once more I looked back in alarm,
And saw how her mouth quivered,
And how she waved her hand.

Though she uttered a friendly word
To me on my sad journey,
I did not hear that loveliest of sounds,
Because the wind bore it away.

I must leave my happiness behind,
You cold, raw breath of wind –
Is that not enough? Must you also
Deny me her last greeting?

28 **Schilflied**

Nikolaus Lenau

Auf dem Teich, dem regungslosen,
Weilt des Mondes holder Glanz,
Flechtend seine bleichen Rosen
In des Schilfes grünen Kranz.

Hirsche wandeln dort am Hügel,
Blicken durch die Nacht empor;
Manchmal regt sich das Geflügel
Träumerisch im tiefen Rohr.

Weinend muß mein Blick sich senken;
Durch die tiefste Seele geht
Mir ein süßes Deingedenken,
Wie ein stilles Nachtgebet!

29 **Abendlied**

Nikolaus Lenau

Friedlicher Abend senkt sich aufs Gefilde;
Sanft umschlummert Natur, um ihre Züge
Schwebt der Dämmerung zarte Verhüllung, und sie
Lächelt, die holde;

Lächelt, ein schlummernd Kind in
Vaters Armen,
Der voll Liebe zu ihr sich neigt; sein göttlich
Auge weilt auf ihr, und es weht sein Odem
Über ihr Antlitz.

Reed song

*On the pond, the motionless pond,
The moon's fair radiance lingers,
Weaving its pale roses
Into the reeds' green garland.*

*Red deer wander there on the hill,
Looking upwards through the night;
Dreamily in thick reeds
Birds will sometimes stir.*

*I must lower my tearful gaze;
Through the very depths of my soul
Sweet thoughts of you pass
Like a silent evening prayer!*

Image of evening

*A peaceful evening descends on the fields;
Nature gently falls asleep, around her features
Floats the soft veil of twilight, and she,
The gracious one, smiles;*

*Smiles, a slumbering child in the arms of
her father,
Who bends lovingly over her; his divine
Eye dwells on her, and his breath passes
Over her countenance.*

30 **Im Herbst**

Emanuel Geibel

Auf des Gartens Mauerzinne
Bebt noch eine einz'ge Ranke,
Also bebt in meinem Sinne,
Schmerzlich nur noch ein Gedanke.
Kaum vermag ich ihn zu fassen,
Aber dennoch von mir lassen
Will er, ach, zu keiner Frist;
Und so denk ich ihn und trage
Alle Nächte, alle Tage,
Mit mir fort die dumpfe Klage,
Dass du mir verloren bist.

31 **Nacht ist wie ein stilles Meer**

Joseph von Eichendorff

Nacht ist wie ein stilles Meer,
Lust und Leid und Liebesklagen
Kommen so verworren her
In dem linden Wellenschlagen.

Wünsche wie die Wolken sind,
Schiffen durch die stillen Räume,
Wer erkennt im lauen Wind,
Ob's Gedanken oder Träume?

Schliess' ich nun auch Herz und Mund,
Die so gern den Sternen klagen,
Leise doch im Herzensgrund
Bleibt das linde Wellenschlagen.

30 **In the autumn**

*High on the garden wall
One last vine quivers,
Just as in my mind there quivers
Painfully a single thought.
I am scarce able to grasp it
And yet it will not leave me
Alas, not even for a moment;
And so I think it, and carry
All nights and all days,
With me the numb lament
That you are lost to me.*

Night is like a silent sea

*Night is like a silent sea,
joy and pain and lovers' laments
mingle in confusion
in the gentle lapping of the waves.*

*Wishes are like the clouds,
floating through silent space,
who can tell in the warm breeze
if they be thoughts or dreams?*

*Though I now close my heart and lips
which so love lamenting to the stars:
still, in the depths of my heart,
the waves pulse gently on.*

BIOGRAPHIES

BENJAMIN APPL *baritone*

German baritone Benjamin Appl studied at the Hochschule für Musik und Theater Munich and the Bayerische Theaterakademie August Everding, and graduated from the Guildhall School of Music & Drama. He was the last private pupil of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, has worked with Edith Wiens and continues his studies with Rudolf Piernay. He is a member of the Yehudi Menuhin Foundation Live Music Now! and recipient of many awards, including the 2012 Schubert Prize awarded by the Deutsches Schubert Gesellschaft.

In concert he has appeared with the Gabrieli Consort and Paul McCreech, the Bach Collegium Stuttgart and Helmuth Rilling and the Akademie für Alte Musik, Berlin. As an established recitalist he performed at Carnegie Hall, the Ravinia, Rheingau and Oxford Lieder festivals, de Singel Antwerp, Heidelberger Frühling, and with Graham Johnson at the KlavierFestival Ruhr and Wigmore Hall. He took part in the BBC Radio 3 *Schubert Week* and has recorded Mendelssohn and Schumann lieder with Malcolm Martineau. Benjamin's many appearances with the Schubertiade Festival include a 'Liederabend', accompanied by Helmut Deutsch, and performances of *Die schöne Müllerin* with Martin Stadtfeld and Graham Johnson.

Opera appearances include *Il mondo della luna* (Ernesto) in Augsburg, *La Bohème* (Schaunard) and Carl Orff's *Die Kluge in Munich*, *Die Fledermaus* (Dr. Falke) in Regensburg, Schaunard in Puccini's *La Bohème* with the Munich Radio Orchestra under Ulf Schirmer, Eötvös's *Tri Sestri* (Baron Tusenbach) for the Deutsche Staatsoper Berlin, Count in *Le nozze di Figaro* at the GSMD, *Owen Wingrave* (title role) at the Banff Festival, *Dido and Aeneas* (Aeneas) in Aldeburgh, and a new commission for the Bregenz Festival (*Das Leben am Rande der Milchstraße* by Bernhard Gander).

We are delighted that Benjamin Appl was accepted for the BBC New Generation Artists scheme until the end of 2016.



photo: David Jerusalem

MARY BEVAN *soprano*



photo: Christina Haldane

Mary Bevan trained at the Royal Academy Opera, and read Anglo-Saxon Norse and Celtic at Trinity College, Cambridge. She received various awards and prizes at the RAM, and was a member of the Royal Academy Song Circle, and the soprano soloist for the Kohn Foundation Bach Cantata Series. She is currently a Harewood Artist at the English National Opera.

Her recent operatic highlights include Barbarina *The Marriage of Figaro* and Rebecca in the world premiere of *Two Boys* by Nico Muhly at the ENO, Pamina *The Magic Flute* for Garsington Opera at West Green House, and Zerlina for Garsington. Other

operatic engagements include Barbarina *The Marriage of Figaro* at Garsington Opera, Despina *Così fan tutte* for Vignette Productions and Papagena *The Magic Flute* for British Youth Opera. Mary is currently an Associate Artist of the Classical Opera, with whom she has recently sung Tamiri *Il re pastore*, Thomas Arne's *Alfred* and Handel's *Apollo e Daphne*. At the RAM she sang Iris *Semele* under Sir Charles Mackerras, Despina and Emmie *Albert Herring*.

In demand on the concert platform, Mary Bevan recently made her debuts at the Edinburgh International Festival in Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra under Sir Roger Norrington, and at the BBC Proms as Kate in Gilbert & Sullivan's *Yeomen of the Guard* with the BBC Concert Orchestra under Jane Glover. She has also sung Deceit *The Triumph of Time* and Truth with Ludus Baroque, and recorded Vaughan Williams' Symphony No.3 and Schubert *Rosamunde* with the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra under Paul Daniel. A dedicated recitalist, Bevan recently sang Zekfa in Janáček's *Diary of One who Disappeared* at Grimeborn Festival, a solo and also a joint recital with Sophie Bevan at the Oxford Lieder Festival, and at the Wigmore Hall with the Royal Academy Song Circle.

Her discography includes *Fen and Flood* by Patrick Hadley with the Bournemouth

Symphony Orchestra under Paul Daniel for the Vaughan Williams Society and Handel in the Playhouse, a selection of Handel duets and songs with L'Avventura London for Opella Nova Records. She has also recorded Handel *Ode on St Cecilia's Day* with Ludus Baroque.

SOPHIE BEVAN *soprano*

Sophie Bevan graduated from the Benjamin Britten International Opera School where she was awarded the Queen Mother Rose Bowl Award.

Conductors she works with include Sir Antonio Pappano, Daniel Harding, Andris Nelsons, Edward Gardner, Laurence Cummings, Sir Mark Elder, Sir Neville Marriner and Sir Charles Mackerras. She is a noted recitalist and has performed at the Concertgebouw Kleine Zaal with Malcom Martineau and made her Wigmore Hall recital debut with Sebastian Wybrew to critical acclaim. Sophie has also appeared at the BBC Proms and the Edinburgh, Aldeburgh and Tanglewood festivals. Her operatic roles for English National Opera include Despina *Così fan tutte*, soprano solos *Messiah*, Polissena *Radamisto*, Yum Yum *Mikado*, Telair in Rameau's *Castor and Pollux* and her first Sophie *Der Rosenkavalier*. For Garsington Opera she has performed Pamina and her first Susanna, for Welsh National Opera she has sung the title role in *The Cunning Little Vixen* and for Frankfurt Opera she appeared as Ninetta in Rossini's *La gazza ladra*. She made her Glyndebourne Festival debut as Michal *Saul* in a new production by Barrie Kosky. For the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden she has appeared as Waldvogel *Siegfried*, Ilia *Idomeneo* and Pamina *Die Zauberflöte*.

In 2010 Sophie was the recipient of the UK Critics' Circle Award for Exceptional Young Talent in music. She was nominated for the 2012 Royal Philharmonic Society



photo: Sussie Ahlburg

Awards and was the recipient of *The Times* Breakthrough Award at the 2012 South Bank Sky Arts Awards and the Young Singer award at the 2013 inaugural International Opera Awards.

JONATHAN MCGOVERN *baritone*

A graduate of King's College, London and the Royal Academy of Music (DipRAM), Jonathan McGovern is the recipient of the Second Prize at the 2011 Kathleen Ferrier Awards, the Gold Medal and First Prize at the Royal Over-Seas League Annual Music Competition in 2010, the Karaviotis Prize at the 2011 Les Azuriales Competition and the Jean Meikle Duo Prize at the 2011 Wigmore Hall/Kohn Foundation International Song Competition, where he was also a finalist. Jonathan is a former Britten-Pears Young Artist and an Associate Artist with Classical Opera.



photo: Benjamin Ealovega

A regular guest at ENO, his roles to date have included Jake in the world premiere of *Two Boys* by Nico Muhly, Yamadori *Madama Butterfly*, Simon Vines in Michel van der Aa's world premiere *The Sunken Garden*, co-produced with Amsterdam, Lyon and Toronto, and Restaurant Waiter in Deborah Warner's acclaimed production of *Death in Venice*. Elsewhere, he sang Sid for the Britten Festival in Aldeburgh in a new production of *Albert Herring* conducted by Stuart Bedford and directed by Oliver Mears, Wu Tianshi and Pokayne in the premiere of Sir Peter Maxwell Davies' opera *Kommilitonen!*, Shane

(*Postcards from Dumbworld*) at Belfast Grand Opera House and most recently, Figaro *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* for the Verbier Festival Academy.

An outstandingly gifted recitalist, Jonathan has performed with pianists Malcolm Martineau, Julius Drake, Simon Lepper, James Baillieu, Timothy End and James Cheung. He is a member of the Royal Academy of Music Song Circle, with whom he

has appeared at the Wigmore Hall and at the King's Place Festival. He was a member of the French Song Residency at the 2012 Aix-en-Provence Festival Academie.

Recent appearances include Opera de Lille and Julius Drake's Machynlleth Festival, his Royal Over-Seas League Prizewinner's recital, a Kirckman Concert Society concert and the Ferrier Celebration Concert, all at Wigmore Hall. In 2012/13, he appeared at the Brighton Festival, London Song Festival and at Iain Burnside's English Song weekend in Ludlow. With Malcolm Martineau he has also recorded songs by Claude Debussy (Hyperion), both released in 2014.

Concert work includes *The Yeoman of the Guard* with Jane Glover and the BBC Philharmonic at the 2011 BBC PROMS, Mahler's *Songs of a Wayfarer* with the Orchestra of the City at St James's, Piccadilly, Bernstein's *Candide* with the Cambridge Philharmonic, Fauré's *Requiem* at Southwark Cathedral, an opera Gala at Stanley Hall alongside Dame Felicity Lott, Boatswain in *HMS Pinafore* at London's Barbican and in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester and Birmingham, the title role in Telemann's *Orpheus* with Classical Opera and Ian Page at the London Handel Festival and Beethoven's *Choral Fantasy* with the Verbier Festival Orchestra under Charles Dutoit at the 2013 Verbier Festival.

PAULA MURRIHY *mezzo soprano*

Mezzo soprano Paula Murrihy is a native of County Kerry, Ireland. She received her Bachelor in Music from DIT Conservatory of Music and Drama in Dublin before going on to study for a Masters in Vocal Performance at New England Conservatory.

Paula has appeared with the Handel and Haydn Society in performances of Mozart's *Requiem*, Handel's *Messiah* and Monteverdi's *Orfeo*. She was soloist in Mendelssohn's *Elijah* with Utah Symphony, Haydn's *Harmoniemesse* for the Gabrieli



photo: Barbara Aumueller

Consort, Honneger's *Judith* with Nederlandse Programma Stichting, Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* with the RTÉ, Messiah with Ulster Orchestra and Beethoven 9 with North Carolina Symphony Orchestra.

Operatic roles include Ino Semele for Boston Lyric Opera, Dido *Dido & Aeneas* at the Teatro Comunale, Bologna, title role *Ariodante* for Emmanuel Music and Good Witch *Transformations* and Cherubino *The Ghosts of Versaille* for Wexford Festival Opera. Paula made her debuts at Covent Garden as Tebaldo in a new production of *Don Carlo*, at Chicago Opera Theater and Théâtre du Capitole Toulouse as Annio *La Clemenza di Tito* and at Opéra de Nice as Medoro *Orlando Furioso*.

Paula is a member of the ensemble at Oper Frankfurt where roles have included title role *Giulio Cesare*, Maddalena *Il Viaggio a Reims*, Medoro *Orlando Furioso*, Kreusa *Medea*, Lazuli *L'étoile*, Baba the Turk *The Rake's Progress* and Fulvia *Ezio*. Elsewhere she has performed the roles of Ascanio in a new production of Benvenuto Cellini for ENO and Dido with Los Angeles Opera.

ROBIN TRITSCHLER *tenor*

Acclaimed for his "radiantly lyrical" voice, Robin Tritschler has garnered praise from critics and audiences for his performances. In concert, Robin has appeared with many leading orchestras including the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Yannick Nézet-Séguin and Vladimir Jurowski), L'Orchestre National de Lyon (Yutaka Sado), Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon, the Hong Kong Philharmonic Orchestra (Edo de Waart), the Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra (Philippe Herreweghe), the Moscow Virtuosi (Vladimir Spivakov), and the BBC Philharmonic (Juanjo Mena). With the RTÉ Concert Orchestra, Robin performed the *Messiah* before Pope Benedict XVI to celebrate the 80th Anniversary of the Vatican State. This season Robin gave the UK premiere of CPE Bach's *St John Passion* with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra under Kirill Karabits.



With Welsh National Opera, Robin's operatic roles include Count Almaviva (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*), Nemorino (*L'elisir d'amore*), Narraboth (*Salome*), Ferrando (*Così fan tutte*), Don Ottavio (*Don Giovanni*) and Belmonte (*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*). He recently made his debut with the Royal Opera, Covent Garden in *Wozzeck*. Robin also enjoys performing contemporary opera, creating the tenor roles in Roger Waters' *Ça Ira* and Will Gregory's *Piccard in Space*, and appearing in Jonathan Harvey's *Wagner Dream* (WNO) and productions of John Cage's *Europas 1 & 2* and Louis Andriessen's *De Materie* with the RuhrTriennale Festival.

Robin frequently appears in recital at London's Wigmore Hall with leading accompanists Graham Johnson, Malcolm Martineau and Julius Drake. He has also performed recitals at many other renowned venues such as the Köln Philharmonie, Het Concertgebouw, and the Kennedy Centre (Washington DC), and at the Aldeburgh Festival, Aix-en-Provence Festival, the Klavier-Fest Ruhr and the West Cork Chamber Music Festival. In 2012 Robin was selected as a BBC New Generation Artist and has broadcast extensively with their orchestras, including appearing at the BBC Proms. He also broadcasts regularly across Europe, including the Britten Centenary Song recitals for Radio France and Danish Radio. His growing discography includes a critically acclaimed recording of Britten's *Winter Words* with Malcolm Martineau (*Onyx*), *Poulenc: The Complete Songs* with Graham Johnson (Hyperion) and a recording of World War One songs with Malcolm Martineau (Signum).

KITTY WHATELY *mezzo soprano*

"Kitty Whately sang with style and grace ... disciplined by a firm technique, and she has a winning stage personality ..." *Daily Telegraph*

Kitty Whately was a BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artist for the 2013–15 scheme and has been announced as an HSBC Laureate for the Aix-en-Provence Festival. She recently made her debuts at the Aix-en-Provence Festival in Vasco Mendonça's *The House Taken Over* (world premiere) directed by Katie Mitchell, and at the English National Opera in Vaughan Williams' *The Pilgrim's Progress* under Martyn Brabbins.

Highlights so far include *The House Taken Over* in Antwerp and Strasbourg, Ippolita and Pallade in Cavalli's *Elena* (co-production with Aix-en-Provence Festival) in Montpellier and Versailles, Nancy *Albert Herring* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra, songs from Rodgers and Hammerstein, Jerome Kern and Cole Porter with the BBC Concert Orchestra, Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with Ulster Orchestra and Bach *B minor Mass* with Scottish Chamber Orchestra.

Other recent operatic highlights include a return to English Touring Opera for Dorabella *Così fan tutte* following her critically acclaimed performances as Rosina *Barber of Seville*. She has also appeared in the prestigious Verbier Festival Academy as Cherubino *Le nozze di Figaro*, and returned this summer for masterclasses with Thomas Quasthoff, and a Beethoven concert under Charles Dutoit. Increasingly in demand on the concert platform, recent engagements include *Chansons d'Auvergne* and Durufé *Requiem* with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, *Dream of Gerontius* at St John's, Smith Square, *Messiah* at the Royal Albert Hall and Christmas Concerts at the Verbier Festival and in Norway.



Winner of the Kathleen Ferrier Award 2011 and an outstanding interpreter of songs, Kitty Whately has been invited to give recitals at the Edinburgh International Festival, Oxford Lieder Festival, Wigmore Hall, the Elgar Room (RAH), Leeds Lieder, Buxton Festival and Leighton House. She works with international accompanists such as Roger Vignoles, Graham Johnson, Malcolm Martineau, Gary Matthewman and Joseph Middleton.

Her previous appearances as a young artist include Cherubino and Dorabella for RCMIOS, Kate Owen *Wingrave* for Nuremberg International Chamber Music Festival, and Edith in Arne's *Alfred* for the Classical Opera Company. She has also sung cover roles in the world premiere of Peter Eötvös' *Love and Other Demons* for Glyndebourne Festival Opera, and Idamante *Idomeneo* for Buxton Festival Opera.

Kitty Whately trained at Chetham's School of Music, the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, and the Royal College of Music International Opera School where she was awarded the Aldama Scholarship and numerous prizes. She won the 59th Royal Overseas League Award for Singers in 2011 and was also a finalist at the Les Azuriales International Singing Competition 2010.

MALCOLM MARTINEAU *piano*

Malcolm Martineau was born in Edinburgh, read Music at St Catharine's College, Cambridge and studied at the Royal College of Music.

Recognised as one of the leading accompanists of his generation, he has worked with many of the world's greatest singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Janet Baker, Olaf Bar, Barbara Bonney, Ian Bostridge, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Della Jones, Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschrager, Magdalena Kozena, Solveig Kringelborn, Jonathan Lemalu, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Lisa Milne, Ann Murray, Anna Netrebko, Anne Sofie von Otter, Joan Rodgers, Amanda Roocroft, Michael Schade, Frederica von Stade, Sarah Walker and Bryn Terfel.

He has presented his own series at the Wigmore Hall (a Britten and a Poulenc series and *Decade by Decade – 100 years of German Song* broadcast by the BBC) and at the Edinburgh Festival (the complete lieder of Hugo Wolf). He has appeared throughout Europe (including London's Wigmore Hall, Barbican, Queen Elizabeth Hall and Royal Opera House; La Scala, Milan; the Châtelet, Paris; the Liceu, Barcelona; Berlin's Philharmonie and Konzerthaus; Amsterdam's Concertgebouw and the Vienna Konzerthaus and Musikverein), North America (including in New York both Alice Tully Hall and Carnegie Hall), Australia (including the Sydney Opera House) and at the Aix-en-Provence, Vienna, Edinburgh, Schubertiade, Munich and Salzburg festivals.



photo: Russell Duncan

Recording projects have included Schubert, Schumann and English song recitals with Bryn Terfel (for Deutsche Grammophon); Schubert and Strauss recitals with Simon Keenlyside (for EMI); recital recordings with Angela Gheorghiu and Barbara Bonney (for Decca), Magdalena Kozena (for DG), Della Jones (for Chandos), Susan Bullock (for Crear Classics), Solveig Kringelborn (for NMA); Amanda Roocroft (for Onyx); the complete Fauré songs with Sarah Walker and Tom Krause; the complete Britten Folk Songs for Hyperion; the complete Beethoven Folk Songs for Deutsche Grammophon; the complete Poulenc songs for Signum; and Britten Song Cycles as well as Schubert's *Winterreise* with Florian Boesch for Onyx.

He was given an honorary doctorate at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in 2004, and appointed International Fellow of Accompaniment in 2009. Malcolm was the Artistic Director of the 2011 Leeds Lieder+ Festival.