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ANNA GREVELIUS *mezzo soprano*  
RUBY HUGHES *soprano*  
BENEDICT NELSON *baritone*  
MATTHEW ROSE *bass*  
JOSEPH MIDDLETON *piano*

*"The singers steer a convincing stylistic course, balancing the sometimes contradictory demands of the source material and the arrangement... Middleton's playing is precisely coloured and characterised."*

BBC Music Magazine



CHRC0037

### RICHARD STRAUSS: SONGS

FELICITY LOTT *soprano*  
GRAHAM JOHNSON *piano*

*"[Lott's] voice and phrasing are still at their glorious finest, and so is her partnership with Johnson. The result is a magical recital, naturally recorded."*

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# SONNETS

BEN JOHNSON *tenor*  
GRAHAM JOHNSON *piano*

Britten | Brahms | Liszt  
Parry | Schubert

## I TRACK LISTING

- |    |   |       |
|----|---|-------|
|    | FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797–1828)  |       |
| 1  | <b>SONETT III, D630</b><br>Nunmehr, da Himmel, Erde schweig <i>Petrarch (1304–1374)</i>   | 05'22 |
| 2  | <b>SONETT I, D628</b><br>Apollo, lebet noch dein hold Verlangen <i>Petrarch</i>   | 02'48 |
| 3  | <b>SCHATZGRÄBERS BEGEHR, D761</b> <i>Franz von Schober (1796–1882)</i>  | 03'42 |
|    | JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833–1897)   |       |
| 4  | <b>EIN SONETT, Op.14 No.4</b> <i>Johann Gottfried Herder (1744–1803)</i>  | 02'11 |
|    | FRANZ LISZT (1811–1886)   |       |
|    | <b>TRE SONETTI DI PETRARCA</b> <i>Petrarch</i>  |       |
| 5  | <b>PACE NON TROVO</b>   | 06'12 |
| 6  | <b>BENEDETTO SIA'L GIORNO</b>   | 05'55 |
| 7  | <b>I' VIDI IN TERRA</b>   | 05'58 |
|    | WILLIAM AIKIN (1857–1939)   |       |
| 8  | <b>SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO A SUMMER'S DAY</b> <i>William Shakespeare (1564–1616)</i>  | 03'15 |
|    | SIR CHARLES HUBERT HASTINGS PARRY (1848–1918)   |       |
| 9  | <b>NO LONGER MOURN FOR ME</b> <i>William Shakespeare</i>  | 03'20 |
| 10 | <b>FAREWELL, THOU ART TOO DEAR</b> <i>William Shakespeare</i>   | 03'14 |
| 11 | <b>BRIGHT STAR</b> <i>John Keats (1795–1821)</i>  | 03'15 |
|    | RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872–1958)  |       |
| 12 | <b>SILENT NOON</b> <i>Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882)</i>  | 04'25 |
|    | DAVID BOWERMAN (1936– )   |       |
| 13 | <b>WHEN MOST I WINK</b> <i>William Shakespeare</i>  | 02'38 |
|    | ANDRÉ CAPLET (1878–1925)  |       |
| 14 | <b>DOUX FUT LE TRAIT</b> <i>Pierre de Ronsard (1524–1585)</i>   | 02'26 |
|    | HENRI SAUGUET (1901–1989)   |       |
| 15 | <b>JE TE VOIS EN RÊVE</b> <i>William Shakespeare</i>  | 03'08 |
|    | BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913–1976)  |       |
| 16 | <b>TO LIE FLAT ON THE BACK</b> <i>W H Auden (1907–1973)</i><br><b>SEVEN SONNETS OF MICHELANGELO</b> <i>Michelangelo (1475–1564)</i> | 02'31 |
| 17 | Sonetto XVI: Si come nella penna  | 02'06 |
| 18 | Sonetto XXXI: A che più debb'io mai   | 01'37 |
| 19 | Sonetto XXX: Veggio co' bei vostri occhi  | 04'00 |
| 20 | Sonetto LV: Tu sa' ch'ì' so   | 02'05 |
| 21 | Sonetto XXXVIII: Rendete agli occhi miei  | 01'59 |
| 22 | Sonetto XXXII: S'un casto amor  | 01'23 |
| 23 | Sonetto XXIV: Spirtot ben nato  | 04'43 |

Total playing time: **78'16**

Produced and edited by Mark Brown  
 Engineered by Dave Rowell  
 Recorded on 18th – 20th August 2014 in the Music Room, Champs Hill, West Sussex, UK  
 Executive Producer for Champs Hill Records: Alexander Van Ingen  
 Label Manager for Champs Hill Records: Matt Buchanan

## FOREWORD

Though the sonnet originated in Italy, it is Wales that I have to thank for the genesis of this programme. Cardiff-bound for the Singer of the World competition, I set my mind to choosing a Song Prize recital that could somehow be linked together yet also offer a great range of repertoire. After many a false start, I came across Schubert's settings of Petrarch (in Schlegel's translation). This led me to the famous Liszt settings that were already in my repertoire. And so the idea was born. This enduring poetic form seemed the perfect glue to bind musical settings from across the centuries, encompassing such an incredible variety of musical styles and personal approaches from composers.

As any seasoned programmer will tell you, it's never about what you put into a recital, but what you leave out. The latter being a vastly larger pile of scores than the former. I must here pay homage to my friend and inspiring musical partner Graham Johnson, who, once the dust had settled on the competition, suggested I expand the programme for a disc. With his expert help we came up with the product you are now (hopefully) enjoying. Liszt and Britten feature heavily in their Italian settings of Petrarch and Michelangelo respectively; Schubert and Brahms in German and delightful songs by Sauguet and Caplet in French. The variety of the settings in English is of particular interest. The well-known to rarities (Vaughan Williams and William Aikin, for example) are grouped around a central group from C.H.H. Parry. His settings of the sonnet form were to me quite extraordinary, and deserve a much more mainstream place in the song repertoire.

It is most pleasing of all to include a setting of Shakespeare's 'When most I wink' by Champs Hill's very own David Bowerman, a keen and sensitive composer. We were thrilled to include this beautiful song of David's (especially as we have the text set in French translation by Sauguet also on the disc). And it must be to David and Mary and indeed all at Champs Hill that I give my hugest thanks. It's a very special thing to be at once so hospitable, so acutely aware of a musician's needs and so astonishingly accomplished in producing the excellent recordings that are now, quite rightly, earning prestigious awards.



Ben Johnson

## PROGRAMME NOTE

The sonnet does not, at first sight, seem the ideal poetic form for musical setting. Most successful songs have far fewer than 14 lines, and the length of the hendecasyllabic line of the iambic pentameter would likewise seem to militate against song composition. Yet the sonnet (which derives its name from the word 'song') has always attracted composers, from Monteverdi's miraculous settings of Petrarch, to Britten's profoundly moving *Holy Sonnets of John Donne*. This highly original CD presents the sonnets of nine different poets from the 14th to the 20th century set to music by 10 different composers.

The sonnet was born in Italy, and amongst the earliest practitioners was Guittone d'Arezzo (1230–1294) who divided its 14 lines into two stanzas. It was not, however, until Dante (1265–1321) and Petrarch (1304–1374) that the sonnet became associated, almost exclusively, with the theme of love. Dante's great *Vita Nuova* cycle, and Petrarch's *Canzoniere* remain two of the greatest collections of sonnets in world literature. Petrarch, in his poems to Laura, often puns on her name: laurel wreaths were presented to poets in recognition of their poetic gifts – hence the term 'poet laureate'. Petrarch's love of Laura is well known, and it originated from the time that he caught a fleeting glimpse of her as a young girl in an Avignon church. Although she does not appear in the first of the three sonnets set by Schubert (**Sonett I [Apollo, lebet noch dein hold Verlangen]**), August von Schlegel tells us in a note to his translation that the laurel tree mentioned in Petrarch's poem is a symbol for Laura herself. In the poem, Petrarch apostrophises Apollo and begs him to restore Laura to life. Schubert solved the demanding problem of composing a sonnet by setting the poem as recitative and arioso. For **Sonett III (Nunmehr, da Himmel, Erde schweigt)** Schubert used the translation by Johann Diederich Gries. This poem, perhaps the most celebrated of all Petrarch's sonnets, was set to music of incomparable beauty by Claudio Monteverdi – a madrigal for six voices from Book Eight of the *Madrigali guerrieri e amorosi*, published in 1638. Although the twenty-one-year-old Schubert is no match for Monteverdi at the height of his powers, he composed a song that does more than justice to the various moods of

Petrarch's poem: the serene opening description of nature; the lyrical outburst when he thinks of Laura; the depiction of his war-like state; the cantabile expression of the bitter-sweet emotions that Laura arouses in him; and the wonderfully bare setting of the passage describing the poet's metaphorical death ('So weit entfernt noch bin ich, zu gesunden').

Schubert's syphilis was probably diagnosed in late 1822, a period which saw the composition of **Schatzgräbers Begehrt**, a sonnet by his close friend Franz von Schober. The song shares the same key as 'Der Tod und das Mädchen', and a striking Death figure rumbles throughout the whole song, which ends with the plea: 'A grave is surely granted to every man;/ Then will you not grant me one too, my friends?' The shift to D major in the final stanza can be deeply moving, as the composer longs for the peace of the grave.

**Ein Sonett**, one of Brahms's earliest songs, is also one of his finest. The 13th century text – a translation by Herder of a sonnet by Thibault de Champagne – talks about an infatuated lover's adoration of an inaccessible lady – and Brahms's song breathes devotion in every bar. Note, in particular, how in the opening bars the accompaniment descends for more than two octaves in helpless subjugation; then rises again at 'Mein Herz, mein Herz kann es nie!', as the lover realizes that he cannot forget the object of his passion.

Liszt's **Petrarch Sonnets** exist in four versions, two for voice and two for piano. First to appear was the early vocal version (c. 1839) for tenor which was quickly followed by the first piano version. Liszt then made a much freer adaptation of the first piano version, which was eventually included in Volume 2 of the *Années de Pèlerinage*. The second vocal version for baritone (1861, and not published until 1883) is to a large extent a new composition, much more restrained and austere than most of the earlier Lieder. We hear the earlier version on this CD. The songs are dedicated to the opera singer, Mario Rubini, a famous *tenore di grazia* with whom Liszt toured in 1842–3, and require a singer with an enormous range (the highest notes are given *ossia* versions).

The virtuosic accompaniment is demanding throughout, and reminds us that Liszt came to Lieder by way of the piano – in a similar way to Schumann. His first original songs were composed immediately after his transcriptions of songs by Rossini and Schubert, and he adapted some twenty of his own songs as piano solos. Though dedicated to Rubini, the *Tre Sonetti di Petrarca* were clearly inspired by the Countess Marie d'Agoult, who bore him three children. What better way for Liszt to express his love than to set to music these love poems that were written in 1327 by Petrarch, inspired by his love for Laura?

William Aikin was an English eccentric, whose great wealth enabled him to employ two servants and a cook, and live a life of luxury. He retired at the age of 54 and by the time of his death in 1939 had spent the huge inheritance bequeathed him by his father. By profession a surgeon, he was a passionate amateur musician and in 1910 published *The Voice*, an introduction to practical phonology. He composed a number of songs, the most successful of which is **Shall I compare thee to a summer's day**, a setting of Shakespeare's Sonnet 18, published by Stainer & Bell in 1911 – a poem that has attracted more composers than any other of the Bard's sonnets, most notably Havergal Brian, Alan Bush, Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Deryck Cooke, John Dankworth, Gerald Finzi (only a sketch survives), Philip Hagemann, Frederick Keel, Hubert Parry, Einojuhani Rautavaara and Mátyás Seiber.

The 12 sets of Hubert Parry's *English Lyrics*, published between 1885 and 1920, represent a pioneering achievement in English art song. Inspired perhaps by his own love of German Lieder and his passion for English literature, Parry set about demonstrating that great English poetry could be enriched by serious musical settings. Of the 74 songs that comprise *English Lyrics*, well over half are settings of poems of undisputed pedigree by such writers as Byron, Herrick, Jonson, Keats, Lovelace, Rossetti, Suckling, Shakespeare, Shelley and Sidney. Parry did for English song what Gounod, born three decades before him, did for the *mélodie*: he showed how poetry and music could interact in a way that hitherto only Lieder had been able to express. Set Two (1886) is devoted to Shakespeare – all poems from plays, except **No longer mourn for me**, a Brahmsian setting of Sonnet

71. **Farewell, thou art too dear** belongs to *Four Sonnets*, published in 1887 and translated into German by Friedrich Bodenstedt, the poet of Grieg's celebrated 'Ein Traum' from Opus 48. It was originally set in Bodenstedt's German translation, although Parry also provided a setting of Shakespeare's original with some rhythmical alterations.

**Bright star** sets a sonnet written by Keats in October 1819. Fanny Brawne, Keats's beloved, inscribed the poem in her own hand on the fly-leaf of Dante's *Inferno*, which the poet had acquired for her and which they would read together – and that Fanny is the subject of this famous sonnet is suggested by a letter Keats wrote her on Sunday, 25 July 1819, which ends: 'I will imagine you Venus to-night and pray, pray, pray to your star like a heathen. Yours ever, fair star, John Keats.' Although Keats is writing about the North Star in his poem, and not Venus, the way 'fair star' at the end of the letter echoes the vocative 'Bright star' at the start of the poem, is perhaps not entirely coincidental. Parry's setting forms part of Set Four of *English Lyrics*; composed in 1885 and revised for publication in 1896, it shows Parry's mastery of through-composed song and reminds us that most composers, when setting sonnets, use the through-composed form rather than the strophic or modified strophic.

**Silent noon** comes from Vaughan Williams's *The House of Life*, for which he chose six of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's 101 sonnets. It was composed before the others in 1903, and published the following year as the second song of the cycle. 'Silent noon', like Debussy's 'Green', is a description of amorous fatigue, and has, with its softly pulsating accompaniment, arpeggiated bass line, expressive rests and that wonderfully suspended moment at 'the dragonfly/Hangs like a blue thread', rarely been surpassed as an expression of languorous content.

Pierre de Ronsard, the poet of Caplet's **Doux fut le trait**, was the leading figure in the Pléiade group and the greatest poet of the French Renaissance. His achievement was to assimilate Greek, Latin and Italian models, whilst retaining his own individuality and creating his own style. Though he wrote philosophic, political and pastoral verse, his reputation is now largely based on his love poetry, especially the *Sonnets pour Hélène* of

his middle age. Originally written for voice and harp in 1924, 'Doux fut le trait' was Caplet's contribution to the 400th anniversary celebrations of Ronsard's birth.

When Henri Sauguet came to compose his *Deux Poèmes de Shakespeare* (1929), he had already tried his hand at the sonnet form in the wonderful *Six Sonnets de Louise Labé* (1927). **Je te vois en rêve** is a setting of Sonnet 43 ('When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see'), a poem that has also attracted Frank Bridge, Benjamin Britten (in *Nocturne*), Aribert Reimann, Bernard van Dieren and David Bowerman. Bowerman, a largely self-taught composer, has composed many songs, some of which have been performed by Felicity Lott in the Music Room at Champs Hill. This 160-seat hall in the West Sussex countryside, where this CD was recorded, has given many young artists the opportunity to play in public and make recordings (Champs Hill Records was founded in 2010 and now boasts over 100 titles); and many established artists have also performed there, including Christine Brewer, Sir Thomas Allen, Ian Bostridge, Felicity Lott, Stephen Isserlis and Graham Johnson.

Auden's sexually suggestive sonnet, **To lie flat on the back**, describes the poet and a friend sunbathing on a roof, aware of the rising sexual tension between them – conveyed both by the piano's triplets and the vocal line that in the middle section sings twelve whole bars of repeated E naturals. It is surprising to find the word 'sidewalk' in a poem that was written before Auden went to America – a word that Britten stresses, unidiomatically, on the second syllable. The sonnet was sent by Auden to Christopher Isherwood in 1934, and the song dates from 1937.

Britten's **Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo** (1940) were dedicated 'To Peter'. It is not surprising that Britten warmed to Michelangelo's sonnets; they were, after all, an expression of the octogenarian artist's love for the young Tommaso Cavalieri and, as such, a scarcely veiled expression of Britten's own affection for Peter Pears, whom he had met four years earlier in 1936. There is a muscular lyricism in these songs that we have not seen in previous collections – as though Britten were reinterpreting the *bel canto* tradition, allowing the vocal line to determine the shape of the songs. The cycle is meticulously

planned to climax in the final song. The noble tone of the opening, marked *tempo giusto*, of **Si come nella penna** (Sonnet XVI), is conveyed by the *marcato* octaves that double the voice; the second song, **A che più debb'io mai** (Sonnet XXXI), should, according to Britten, be performed *con moto appassionato* to convey the 'intensa voglia' ('ardent desire') of the poem, which invokes death and, in its final lines, puns on the name of Cavalieri: 'Resto prigion d'un Cavalier armato'. The song ends on a quiet C minor chord, thus introducing the *andante tranquillo* of the third song, **Veggio co' bei vostri occhi** (Sonnet XXX) which, with its Verdi-like lyricism and radiant G major opening, expresses Michelangelo's utter dependence on his beloved. The fourth song, **Tu sa' ch'ì so** (Sonnet LV) starts restlessly (*poco presto ed agitato*) but attains an extraordinary serenity at 'Quel che nel tuo bel volto bramo' ('That which I yearn for in your lovely face'). **Rendete agli occhi miei** (Sonnet XXXVIII) is marked *allegretto quasi una serenata*, and conjures up the serenader's guitar and the splashing fountain; while **S'un casto amor** (Sonnet XXXII) with its tumbling semiquavers seems to mock gently the rapidity of Italian speech. The cycle ends with **Spirto ben nato** (Sonnet XXIV), a song that speaks of the perfection and immortality of love. The grandeur of the theme is reflected in the gravity of Britten's music, which begins with a solemn introduction and ends with a grave coda.

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## I SONG TEXTS

### 1 **Sonnet III: Nunmehr, da Himmel, Erde schweigt D630**

PETRARCH (1304–1374) SONNET 164

Nunmehr, da Himmel, Erde schweigt  
und Winde,  
Gefieder, Wild des Schlummers Bande tragen,  
Die Nacht im Kreise führt den  
Sternenwagen,  
Und still das Meer sich senkt in seine  
Gründe:

Nun wach' ich, nun sinn' ich, glüh' und  
wein' und finde  
Nur sie, die mich verfolgt mit süßen Plagen.  
Krieg ist mein Zustand, Zorn und  
Mißbehagen:  
Nur, denk' ich sie, winkt Friede mir gelinde.  
So strömt, was mich ernährt, das Süß'  
und Herbe,  
Aus eines einz'gen Quell's lebend'gem Strahle,  
Dieselbe Hand gibt Heilung mir und Wunden.  
Und daß mein Leiden nie ein Ziel erreiche,  
sterb'  
Und ersteh' ich täglich tausendmale,  
So weit entfernt noch bin ich, zu gesunden.

*Now heaven and earth keep silent, and  
the winds,  
birds, and beasts are wrapped in bonds  
of sleep;  
night moves the constellations in their orbits  
and, silent, the ocean sinks into its depths.*

*I wake now, ponder, burn, and weep to see  
her only, tracking me with honeyed torment.  
My normal state is warfare, wrath, unease:  
the thought of her, though, gently betokens peace.*

*So streams my nourishment, both sweet and bitter,  
from one single fountain's living jets –  
the selfsame hand doles cure that deals the wounds.*

*And since my griefs are never done,  
I die and revive each day a thousand times,  
so far am I, even now, from being healed.*

### 2 **Apollo, lebet noch D628**

PETRARCH SONNET 34

Apollo, lebet noch dein hold Verlangen,  
Das an thessal'scher Flut die blonden Haare  
In dir entflammt, und ist's im Lauf der Jahre  
Nicht unter in Vergessenheit gegangen:

Vor Frost und Nebeln, welche feindlich hangen,  
Solang' sich uns dein Antlitz birgt, das klare,  
Jetzt dies geehrte heil'ge Laub bewahre,  
Wo du zuerst und ich dann ward gefangen.

Und durch die Kraft von dem verliebten Hoffen,  
Das in der Jugend nicht dich liess vergehen,  
Lass, von dem Druck befreit, die Luft erwärmen.

So werden wir, vom Staunen froh getroffen,  
Im Grünen uns're Herrin sitzen seh'n,  
Und sich beschatten mir den eignen Armen.

*Apollo, if the sweet desire with which  
her blonde hair inflamed you by the waters  
of Thessaly still lives; and if, in the course  
of the years, it has not sunk into oblivion:*

*Then preserve from the hostile frost and mist  
which appear when your bright face is  
concealed,  
this revered and hallowed tree,  
where first you, then I, were taken captive.*

*And, by the power of those impassioned hopes  
which in your youth saved you from death,  
let the air grow warm, freed from an  
icy grasp.*

*Thus, in joyful astonishment,  
we shall behold our mistress seated on  
the grass,  
shading herself with her own arms.*

3 **Schatzgräbers Begehr D761**

FRANZ VON SCHÖBER (1798–1882)

In tiefster Erde ruht ein alt Gesetz,  
Dem treibt mich's rastlos immer nachzuspüren;  
Und grabend kann ich Andres nicht vollführen. 4  
Wohl spannt auch mir die Welt ihr  
goldnes Netz,

Wohl tönt auch mir der Klugheit seicht  
Geschwätz:

„Du wirst die Müh' und Zeit umsonst verlieren;“  
Das soll mich nicht in meiner Arbeit irren,  
Ich grabe glühend fort, so nun, wie stets.

Und soll mich nie des Findens Wonne laben,  
Sollt' ich mein Grab mit dieser Hoffnung  
graben:

Ich steige gern hinab, gestillt ist dann mein  
Sehnen.

Drum lasset Ruhe mir in meinem Streben!  
Ein Grab mag man wohl jedem gerne geben,  
Wollt ihr es denn nicht mir, ihr Lieben, gönnen?

*I feel a restless, ceaseless urge to seek it out,  
Deep in the earth sleeps an old law.  
and as I dig I can accomplish nothing else.  
Let the world spread its golden net to lure me, too;*

*Let wisdom's shallow prattle ring in my ears:  
'You are wasting your time and efforts to no avail!'  
That shall not turn me aside from my labour;  
I go on digging ardently, now as ever.*

*And even if the joy of discovery never rewards me,  
if I am digging my own grave with this hope,  
yet will I gladly climb down, for then my longing  
will be stilled.*

*So leave me in peace with my endeavour.  
A grave is surely granted to every man;  
Then will you not grant me one too, my friends?*

4 **Ein Sonett, Op.14 No.4**

JOHANN GOTTFRIED HERDER (1744–1803)

Ach, könnt' ich, könnte vergessen Sie!  
Ihr schönes, liebes, liebliches Wesen,  
Den Blick, die freundliche Lippe, die!  
Vielleicht ich möchte genesen!  
Doch ach! Mein Herz, mein Herz kann es nie!  
Und doch ist's Wahnsinn, zu hoffen Sie!  
Und um sie schweben,  
Gibt Muth und Leben,  
Zu weichen nie! –

Und denn, wie kann ich vergessen Sie,  
Ihr schönes, liebes, liebliches Wesen,  
Den Blick, die freundliche Lippe, die!  
Viel lieber nimmer genesen!

*Ah, could I, could I her charms forget,  
Those charms I daily newly discover.  
Her smile, that lingers before me yet,  
Perchance I might recover!  
But ah, my heart, it cannot forget,  
Though mad on her my hopes to set!  
Yet still as lover  
around I hover,  
her path to beset.  
And say, how could I her charms forget,  
Who daily, hourly, fresh ones discover?  
That smile which lingers before me yet!  
O rather never recover!*

5 **Tre Sonetti di Petrarca  
Pace non trovo**

PETRARCH SONNET No.104

Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra,  
E temo, e spero, ed ardo, e son un ghiaccio:  
E volo sopra 'l cielo, e giaccio in terra;  
E nulla stringo, e tutto 'l mondo abbraccio.  
Tal m'ha in priggion, che non m'apre, né serra,  
Né per suo mi ritien, né scioglie il laccio,  
E non m'uccide Amor, e non mi sfera;  
Né mi vuol vivo, né mi trahe d'impaccio.  
Veggio senz'occhi; e non ho lingua e grido;  
E bramo di perir, e cheggio aita;  
Ed ho in odio me stesso, ed amo altrui:  
Pascomi di dolor; piangendo rido;  
Egualmente mi spiace morte e vita.  
In questo stato son, Donna, per Voi.

*Warfare I cannot wage, yet know not peace;  
I fear, I hope, I burn, I freeze again;  
Mount to the skies, then bow to earth my face;  
Grasp the whole world, yet nothing can obtain.  
His prisoner Love nor frees, nor will detain;  
In toils he holds me not, nor will release;  
He slays me not, nor yet will he unchain;  
Nor joy allows, nor lets my sorrow cease.  
Sightless I see my fair; though mute, I mourn;  
I scorn existence, and yet court its stay;  
Detest myself, and for another burn;  
By grief I'm nurtured; and, though tearful, gay;  
Death I despise, and life alike I hate:  
Such, lady, dost thou make my wayward state!*

6 **Benedetto sia'l giorno**

PETRARCH SONNET No.47

Benedetto sia 'l giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno,  
E la stagione, e 'l tempo, e l'ora, e 'l punto  
E 'l bel paese e 'l loco, ov'io fui giunto  
Da'duo begli occhi che legato m'anno;  
E benedetto il primo dolce affanno  
Ch'ï ebbi ad esser con Amor congiunto,  
E l'arco e la saette ond' i fui punto,  
E le piaghe, ch'infino al cor mi vanno.

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

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

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

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

*Blest be the ceaseless accents of my tongue,  
Unwearied breathing my loved lady's name:  
Blest my fond wishes, sighs, and tears,  
and pains:*

*Blest be the lays in which her praise I sung,  
That on all sides acquired to her fair fame,  
And blest my thoughts! for o'er them all  
she reigns.*

*Trans. Francis Wrangham*

7 **I' vidi in terra**

PETRARCH SONNET No.123

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

8 **Shall I compare thee**

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) SONNET 18

*Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;*

*And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course,  
untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his  
shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.*

9 **No longer mourn for me**

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE SONNET 71

*No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Then you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms  
to dwell:*

*Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would  
be forgot,*

*If thinking on me then should make  
you woe.*

*O, if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
When I perchance compounded am with  
clay,*

*Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;  
But let your love e'en with my life decay:  
Lest the wise world should look into  
your moan,  
And mock you with me after I am gone.*

10 **Farewell, thou art too dear**

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE SONNET 87

*Farewell! Thou art too dear for my  
possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate.  
The charter of thy worth gives thee  
releasing;*

*My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
And for that riches where is my deserving?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is swerving.  
Thy self thou gav'st, thy own worth then not  
knowing,  
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing.  
Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter:  
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.*

11 **Bright Star**

JOHN KEATS (1795–1821)

*Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art —  
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,  
And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,  
The moving waters at their priestlike task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask  
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors —  
No — yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,*

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
And so live ever — or else swoon to death.

12 **Silent Noon**

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828–1882)

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, —  
The finger-points look through like rosy  
blooms:

Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams  
and glooms

'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.  
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge  
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn-  
hedge.

'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.  
Deep in the sun-searched growths the  
dragonfly

Hangs like a blue thread loosened from  
the sky: —

So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.  
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless  
dower,

This close-companioned inarticulate hour  
When twofold silence was the song of love.

13 **When most I wink**

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE SONNET 43

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best  
see,

For all the day they view things unrespected;  
But when I sleep, in dreams they look  
on thee,

And darkly bright are bright in dark directed;  
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth  
make bright,

How would thy shadow's form form  
happy show

To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?  
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made  
By looking on thee in the living day,  
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth  
stay?

All days are nights to see till I see thee,  
And nights bright days when dreams do  
show thee me.

14 **Doux fut le trait**

PIERRE DE RONSARD (1524–1585)

Doux fut le trait, qu'Amour hors de sa trousse  
Pour me tuer, me tira doucement,  
Quand je fus pris au doux commencement  
D'une douceur si doucettelement douce.  
Doux est son ris et sa voix qui me pousse  
L'âme du corps, qui s'enfuit lentement  
Devant son luth touché mignardement  
Chantant mes vers animez de son pouce.  
Telle douceur de sa voix coule en l'air  
Qu'on ne sçaurait sans l'entendre parler,  
Sçavoir comment le plaisir nous appelle.  
Sans l'ouyr, dis-je, Amour mesme enchanter,  
Doucement rire et doucement chanter  
Et moi mourir doucement auprès d'elle.

*Sweet was the dart that Love from his quiver  
To slay me, sweetly shot at me,  
When I was taken at the sweet beginning  
By a sweetness so quietly, subtly sweet.  
Sweet is her laugh and her voice which  
removes*

*My soul from my body, slowly fleeing  
Before her lute, artfully plucked,  
Singing my verse brought to life by her  
thumb.*

*Such sweetness flows from her voice into  
the air*

*That one cannot, without hearing her speak,  
Know how pleasure calls us.*

*Without hearing her, say I, Love himself  
enchant,*

*Sweetly laugh and sweetly sing,  
And I beside her sweetly die.*

15 **Je te vois en rêve**

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE SONNET 43,  
Translation by François Guizot (1787–1874)

Lorsque mes yeux se ferment, c'est alors  
qu'ils voient le mieux,  
car tout le jour ils voient des choses  
auxquelles ils ne prennent pas garde;  
mais, lorsque je dors, je te vois en rêve.  
Obscurément brillants, leur éclat se dirige  
vers l'obscurité,  
et toi dont l'ombre illuminerait les ombres,  
comme la forme  
de ton ombre serait un spectacle charmant  
dans le jour pur,  
l'éclairant de ta lumière plus pure encore,  
puisque ton ombre brille ainsi à des  
yeux fermés.

Comme mes yeux seraient heureux, de te  
contempler,  
pendant la vie du jour, puisque pendant  
la mort  
de la nuit ta belle ombre imparfaite apparaît  
à travers  
un lourd sommeil à des yeux sans regards.  
Tous les jours me sont des nuits, tant que  
je ne te vois pas,  
et les nuits sont des jours éclatants,  
lorsque mes rêves te voient devant moi.

*When most I wink, then do mine eyes  
best see,*

*For all the day they view things unrespected;  
But when I sleep, in dreams they look  
on thee,*

*And darkly bright are bright in dark directed;  
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth  
make bright,*

*How would thy shadow's form form happy show  
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?*

*How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made  
By looking on thee in the living day,  
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?*

*All days are nights to see till I see thee,*

16 **To lie flat on the back**

W H AUDEN (1907–1973)

To lie flat on the back with the knees flexed  
and sunshine on the soft receptive belly,  
or face down, the insolent spine relaxed,  
no more compelled to cower or to bully,  
is good; and good to see them passing by  
below on the white sidewalk in the heat,  
the dog, the lady with parcels, and the boy:

Yes, we are out of sight and earshot here.  
Are you aware what weapon you are loading,  
to what that teasing talk is quietly leading?  
Our pulses count but do not judge the hour.  
Who are you with, from whom you turn away,  
At whom you dare not look? Do you know why?

**Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo**

MICHELANGELO (1475–1564)

17 **Sonetto XVI: Sì come nella penna**

Sì come nella penna e nell'inchiostro  
È l'alto e 'l basso e 'l mediocre stile,  
E ne' marmi l'immagin ricca e vile,  
Secondo che 'l sa trar l'ingegno nostro;  
Così, signor mie car, nel petto vostro,  
Quante l'orgoglio, è forse ogni atto umile:  
Ma io sol quel c'a me proprio è e simile  
Ne traggio, come fuor nel viso mostro.  
Chi semina sospir, lacrime e doglie,  
(L'umor dal ciel terreste, schietto e solo,  
A vari semi vario si converte),  
Però pianto e dolor ne miete e coglie;  
Chi mira alta beltà con sì gran duolo,  
Dubbie speranze, e pene acerbe e certe.  
Signior mie car.

*As pen and ink alike serve him who sings*

*In high or low or intermediate style;*

*As the same stone hath shapes both rich  
and vile*

*To match the fancies that each master brings;  
So, my loved lord, within thy bosom springs  
Pride mixed with meekness and kind  
thoughts that smile:*

*Whence I draw nought, my sad self to beguile,  
But what my face shows—dark imaginings.*

*He who for seed sows sorrow, tears, and sighs,  
(The dews that fall from heaven, though pure  
and clear,*

*From different germs take divers qualities)*

*Must needs reap grief and garner*

*weeping eyes;*

*And he who looks on beauty with sad cheer,  
Gains doubtful hope and certain miseries.*

18 **Sonetto XXXI: A che più debb'io mai**

A che più debb'io mai l'intensa voglia  
Sfogar con pianti o con parole meste,  
Se di tal sorte 'l ciel, che l'alma veste,  
Tard' o per tempo, alcun mai non ne spoglia?  
A che 'l cor lass' a più morir m'invaglia,  
S'altri pur dee morir? Dunque per queste  
Luci l'ore del fin fian men moleste;  
Ch'ogn' altro ben val men ch'ogni mia doglia.  
Però se 'l colpo, ch'io ne rub' e 'l vno,  
Schifar non poss'; almen, s'è destinato,  
Chi entrerà 'nfra la dolcezza e 'l duolo?  
Se vint' e pres' i' debb'esser beato,  
Maraviglia non è se, nud' e solo,  
Resto prigion d'un Cavalier armato.

*Why should I seek to ease intense desire*

*With still more tears and windy words of grief,*

*When heaven, or late or soon, sends no relief  
To souls whom love hath robbed around with fire?*

*Why need my aching heart to death aspire,  
When all must die? Nay, death beyond belief  
Unto these eyes would be both sweet and brief,  
Since in my sum of woes all joys expire!*

*Therefore because I cannot shun the blow  
I rather seek, say who must rule my breast,  
Gliding between her gladness and her woe?*

*If only chains and bands all make me blest,  
No marvel if alone and bare I go  
An arméd Knight's captive and slave  
confessed.*

19 **Sonetto XXX: Veggio co' bei vostri occhi**

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

*With your fair eyes a charming light I see,  
For which my own blind eyes would peer  
in vain;*

*Stayed by your feet the burden I sustain  
Which my lame feet find all too strong for me;  
Wingless upon your pinions forth I fly;  
Heavenward your spirit stirreth me to strain;  
E'en as you will, I blush and blanch again,  
Freeze in the sun, burn 'neath a frosty sky.  
Your will includes and is the lord of mine;  
Life to my thoughts within your heart  
is given;*

*My words begin to breathe upon your breath:  
Like to the moon am I, that cannot shine  
Alone; for lo! our eyes see nought in heaven  
Save what the living sun illumineth.*

20 **Sonetto LV: Tu sa' ch'io so**

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

*Thou knowest, love, I know that thou  
dost know  
That I am here more near to thee to be,  
And knowest that I know thou knowest me:  
What means it then that we are sundered so?  
If they are true, these hopes that from  
thee flow,  
If it is real, this sweet expectancy,  
Break down the wall that stands 'twixt me  
and thee;*

*For pain in prison pent hath double woe.  
Because in thee I love, O my loved lord,  
What thou best lovest, be not therefore stern:  
Souls burn for souls, spirits to spirits cry!  
I seek the splendour in thy fair face stored;  
Yet living man that beauty scarce can learn,  
And he who fain would find it, first must die.*

21 **Sonetto XXXVIII: Rendete a agli occhi miei**

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

*Give back unto mine eyes, ye fount and rill,  
Those streams, not yours, that are so full  
and strong,  
That swell your springs, and roll your waves  
along  
With force unwonted in your native hill!  
And thou, dense air, weighed with my sighs  
so chill,  
That hidest heaven's own light thick  
mists among,  
Give back those sighs to my sad heart,  
nor wrong  
My visual ray with thy dark face of ill!  
Let earth give back the footprints that I wore,  
That the bare grass I spoiled may sprout  
again;  
And Echo, now grown deaf, my cries return!  
Loved eyes, unto mine eyes those looks  
restore,  
And let me woo another not in vain,  
Since how to please thee I shall never learn!*

22 **Sonetto XXXII: S'un casto amor**

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

*If love be chaste, if virtue conquer ill,  
If fortune bind both lovers in one bond,  
If either at the other's grief despond,  
If both be governed by one life, one will;  
If in two bodies one soul triumph still,  
Raising the twain from earth to heaven beyond,  
If Love with one blow and one golden wand  
Have power both smitten breasts to pierce  
and thrill;  
If each the other love, himself forgoing,  
With such delight, such savour, and so well,  
That both to one sole end their wills combine;  
If thousands of these thoughts, all thought  
outgoing,  
Fail the least part of their firm love to tell:  
Say, can mere angry spite this knot untwine?*

23 **Sonetto XXIV: Spirto ben nato**

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

*Choice soul, in whom, as in a glass, we see,  
Mirrored in thy pure form and delicate,  
What beauties heaven and nature can create,  
The paragon of all their works to be!  
Fair soul, in whom love, pity, piety,  
Have found a home, as from thy outward state  
We clearly read, and are so rare and great  
That they adorn none other like to thee!  
Love takes me captive; beauty binds my soul;  
Pity and mercy with their gentle eyes  
Wake in my heart a hope that cannot cheat.  
What law, what destiny, what fell control,  
What cruelty, or late or soon, denies  
That death should spare perfection so complete?*

## BEN JOHNSON

Internationally acclaimed tenor Ben Johnson represented England in BBC Cardiff Singer of the World 2013 and won the Audience Prize. Renowned for his warm tone and sensitive musicality, Johnson is a former BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artist, 2008 winner of the Kathleen Ferrier Award, 2011 Wigmore Hall Emerging Talent, and a 2013–2015 English National Opera Harewood Artist. He is the Founder and Chief Conductor of the Southrepps Sinfonia as well as joint Artistic Director of the Southrepps Classical Music Festival, and is professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music in London.

Operatic highlights include *Lysander A Midsummer Night's Dream* for Bergen National Opera, *Carlo Giovanna d'Arco* at Buxton Festival, *Oronte Alcina* with the English Concert, *Alfredo La Traviata*, *Tamino The Magic Flute*, and *Nemorino The Elixir of Love* for ENO, *Don Ottavio* for Glyndebourne, ENO and Opéra National de Bordeaux; *Novice* in *Billy Budd* at Glyndebourne, and *Copland's The Tender Land* at Opéra de Lyon.

On the concert platform, Johnson has sung Nielsen *Springtime in Funen* for the BBC Proms, *Evangelist* in *St John Passion* and *St Matthew Passion* with the Choir of King's College, Cambridge and The Bach Choir respectively, *Mendelssohn's Lobegesang* with Gulbenkian Orchestra, *Britten's Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings* with the Residentie Orkest and the English Chamber Orchestra at the BBC Proms, *Tippett's A Child of Our Time* with the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

In recital he works regularly with Graham Johnson, James Baillieu, and Tom Primrose, performing at the Wigmore Hall, Aldeburgh Music, the City of London Festival, Rosenblatt Recitals and Kings Place. Baillieu also accompanied his album of Britten *Canticles* with Signum Classics which was released in early 2013 and earned major acclaim.



Photograph: Chris Gloat

## GRAHAM JOHNSON

Graham Johnson studied at the Royal Academy of Music and subsequently with the late Geoffrey Parsons. He worked regularly with Peter Pears and Elizabeth Schwarzkopf. In 1976 he formed the Songmakers' Almanac and has appeared in recital throughout the world with Sir Thomas Allen, Victoria de los Angeles, Elly Ameling, Arleen Auger, Ian Bostridge, Brigitte Fassbaender, Matthias Goerne, Thomas Hampson, Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschrager, Philip Langridge, Serge Leiferkus, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Edith Mathis, Ann Murray, Lucia Popp, Christoph Prégardien, Dame Margaret Price, Thomas Quastoff, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Dorothea Röschmann, Kate Royal, Christine Schaefer, Peter Schreier, Dame Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Sarah Walker.

For Hyperion Records, he has devised and accompanied a set of complete Schubert Lieder on 37 discs, and a complete Schumann series, and an ongoing French Song series includes Chausson, Chabrier and Fauré. He has also recorded for Sony, BMG, Harmonia Mundi, Forlane, EMI and DG. Awards include the *Gramophone* solo vocal award in 1989 (with Dame Janet Baker), 1996 (with Ian Bostridge), 1997 (with Christine Schäfer) and 2001 (with Magdalena Kozena). He was The Royal Philharmonic Society's Instrumentalist of the Year in 1998; in June 2000 he was elected a member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music. He is author of *The Songmakers' Almanac; Twenty years of recitals in London, The French Song Companion* for OUP (2000), *The Vocal Music of Benjamin Britten* (Guildhall 2003) and *Gabriel Fauré - the Songs and their Poets* (2009).

Graham Johnson is Senior Professor of Accompaniment at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. He was made an OBE in the 1994 Queen's Birthday Honours list, created Chevalier in the Ordre des Arts et Lettres by the French Government in 2002 and made an Honorary Member of the Royal Philharmonic Society in 2010. In 2013 he was awarded the Wigmore Hall Medal, and Honorary Doctorates from both Durham University and the New England Conservatory of Music. He was awarded the Hugo Wolf Medal in 2014 for his services to the art of song.



Photograph: Clive Barde