



FRANZ SCHUBERT: DER EINSAME

ILKER ARCAYÜREK

ILKER ARCAYÜREK *tenor*  
SIMON LEPPER *piano*

## FOREWORD

Schubert and the feeling of solitude have been my companions for many years. We can find ourselves alone as the result of many different circumstances in life – unhappiness in love, a bereavement, or simply moving to another country. For me, however, being alone has never meant being ‘lonely’.

As in Schubert’s song *Der Einsame*, I try to enjoy the small things in life, and, especially in those times when I am alone, to consciously take time out of everyday life and reflect on my own experiences. I find that making music is a particularly good way of occupying myself in moments of solitude.

A running brook, a broken heart, the bitter-sweet release of death – few composers have succeeded in setting these varied images to music as transparently as Schubert did. His diverse emotional and musical world had me under its spell from an early age. This developed into such a thirst for more that now I can hardly wait to sing works by Schubert that are new to me. I let myself be guided by these feelings and try to bring them together in my singing in a sincere and unaffected way. For only then, when I myself am moved by the music, can I reach the listener.

As it is my first album, this recording is particularly special to me. In Simon Lepper I have found a wonderfully sensitive duo partner who has been accompanying and supporting me since 2012. I would like to thank our generous hosts Mary and David Bowerman, the production team, and particularly BBC Radio 3 and the New Generation Artists scheme, who introduced me to Champs Hill Records. The friendly environment at Champs Hill created the perfect setting for a heartfelt recording.



## TRACK LISTING

### FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797–1828)

- |     |  |       |
|-----|--|-------|
| 1   | <b>Frühlingsglaube</b> D686                  | 03'13 |
| 2   | <b>Nachtstück</b> D672                       | 05'51 |
| 3   | <b>Sehnsucht</b> D879                        | 02'46 |
| 4   | <b>Schäfers Klagelied</b> D121               | 03'36 |
| 5   | <b>Der Museensohn</b> D764                   | 02'14 |
| 6   | <b>Romanze zum Drama 'Rosamunde'</b> D797/3b | 03'49 |
| 7   | <b>Der Schiffer</b> D536                     | 02'00 |
| 8   | <b>Der Jüngling an der Quelle</b> D300       | 01'45 |
| 9   | <b>Über Wildemann</b> D884                   | 02:19 |
| 10  | <b>Abendstern</b> D806                       | 02'29 |
|     | Drei Gesänge des Harfners D478               |       |
| i   | <b>Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt</b>        | 04'03 |
| ii  | <b>Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen aß</b>       | 04'46 |
| iii | <b>An die Türen will ich schleichen</b>      | 02'21 |
| 14  | <b>Der Einsame</b> D800                      | 04'02 |
| 15  | <b>An die Laute</b> D905                     | 01'51 |
| 16  | <b>Nacht und Träume</b> D827                 | 04'06 |
| 17  | <b>Die Liebe hat gelogen</b> D751            | 02'53 |
| 18  | <b>Rastlose Liebe</b> D138                   | 01'25 |
| 19  | <b>Schwanengesang</b> D744                   | 03'06 |
| 20  | <b>An den Mond</b> D193                      | 03'03 |
| 21  | <b>Meeres Stille</b> D216                    | 02'16 |
| 22  | <b>Am Flusse</b> D766                        | 01'47 |
| 23  | <b>Wandrer's Nachtlied II</b> D768           | 02'26 |

Total time: 68'12



Co-production with BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artists scheme  
Produced and edited by Matthew Bennett Engineered by Dave Rowell  
Recorded on 3rd January & 23-25th February 2017 in the Music Room, Champs Hill, West Sussex, UK  
Photos of Ilker Arcayuerk © Janina Laszlo  
Executive Producer for Champs Hill Records: Alexander Van Ingen Label Manager for Champs Hill Records: Joanna Wilson

Loneliness is the theme that links all the songs on this CD, and we begin with *Frühlingsglaube*, a song which Hermann Hesse in *The Glass Bead Game* saw as an archetypal expression of longing; soon after the publication of Uhland's poem in 1812, several of the lines were accorded *Geflügelte Worte* status by Georg Büchmann in his celebrated *Book of Quotations* – and the poem's popularity soared still further when Schubert wrought his magic on Uhland's verse in September 1820. Johann Mayrhofer, the poet of 47 Schubert songs, worked in Vienna as a book censor and shared lodgings with Schubert for a while in the Wipplingerstraße, from the autumn of 1818 until the winter of 1820, during which period *Nachtstück* was composed. After the wonderful prelude – a sort of polyphonic nocturne in miniature – we see an old man who, feeling death upon him, steps into the moonlit night and prays for peace. The trees and grasses wish him well, and the song ends with an extraordinary passage that depicts the onset of death, as the music moves from E flat, via D flat, to the tranquility of C major. Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804–1875) was a friend of Schubert, and spent much of his life in Vienna as curator, schoolmaster, book-censor, poet and civil servant. He was responsible for modernising the text of the Austrian national anthem, and published poems both in dialect and High German, including a long and touching poem written the day before Schubert's funeral, entitled 'Meinem Freunde Franz Schubert!' Schubert set eleven of his poems, including *Sehnsucht* (1826), which with its cold rush of triplets and D minor shifts to D major anticipates 'Erstarrung' from *Winterreise*. Goethe's *Schäfers Klagelied*, written in the spring of 1801, was based on a folksong he had heard at a party: 'Da droben auf jenem Berge'. He was so impressed by the tune that he decided to write a poem of his own to fit it. Schubert's early masterpiece was composed in 1814, when he had not yet turned 17. C minor turns in the central verses to A flat major/minor; then suddenly, with a succession of *sforzandi*, we are in the midst of the storm – in nature and the poet's heart. Richard Capell, writing of the song in Schubert's Songs (Duckworth, 1928), calls it 'dainty, amusingly dainty', an apt description of Zelter's version but not Schubert's, which is surely a cry from the heart.

Goethe quotes the beginning of *Der Musensohn* in his autobiography *Dichtung und Wahrheit* (part 4, chapter 16) as exemplifying the way in which his poetical effusions used to pour out of him. He describes how he would wake up in the middle of the night and rush to his desk in order to write down poems such as 'Der Musensohn' that were already fully formed in his brain; and how he preferred to use a pencil, since the scratching of the quill would disturb his 'somnambulistic writing'. Having flitted his indefatigable way through the landscape, the son of the muses asks when he too will rest 'in his beloved's embrace' – an image of the lonely Schubert springs to mind playing his music at the Schubertiaden while his friends dance the evening away. There is a sadness in the final bars, suggested by the *pianissimo* marking in the last verse, and an exquisite ritardando on 'Busen'.

The *Romanze zum Drama 'Rosamunde'*, though not strictly a Lied, was included by Peters in Volume 6 of his selection of Schubert songs. The Romance actually comes from Schubert's incidental music to Wilhelmine von Chézy's play that was staged at the Theater an der Wien on 23 December 1823. The performance was a flop (there's a fascinating account of the fiasco by Moritz von Schwind) and the play has been lost. Fortunately, Schubert's nine numbers of incidental music survive, including *Der Vollmond strahlt auf Bergeshöhn*. The Romance was sung in the play by Axa, Princess Rosamunde's 'old protectress' (Rosamunde had, on a whim of her father's, been brought up as a shepherdess), and it was with Axa that Rosamunde sought refuge as she attempted to win back her throne. The wonderful melody that seems to suggest the glint of the moon on the heath made a great impression on Wilhelmine von Chézy who, in a letter of 2 February 1824 to a Dresden friend, wrote of 'the delightful melodies' composed by Schubert for Axa's romance. And in a letter printed in the *Wiener Zeitschrift für Kunst, Literatur, Theater und Mode* on 13 January 1824 she called Schubert's incidental music to *Rosamunde* 'glorious', 'sublimely melodious' and 'indescribably moving and profound'.

Mayrhofer was at heart a melancholic, convinced that only belief in an ideal world could make terrestrial misery bearable. In many of his poems Death is seen as a

palliative for earthly sorrow, but there are exceptions, one of which, *Der Schiffer*, describes a boatman confronting and conquering the raging storm. The poet symbolically expresses his belief in the ideals of Greek antiquity, and his conviction that man, if he has lofty ideals, can fashion his own destiny. Schubert rises magnificently to the challenge. The marking is 'geschwind und feurig' (swift and fiery) and there is no let up from start to finish, as the boatman/poet seeks to tame the wild forces of nature. Schubert gives almost palpable expression to this mighty struggle in the harmonic clashes at 'Ich peitsche die Wellen mit mächtigem Schlag' ('I lash the waves with powerful strokes') and at the same point in each subsequent verse. He pits the marcato bass octaves against the rapid, flowing semiquavers, and we seem to see the boat's prow scatter the spray heavenward.

Johann Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis (1762–1834) was a Swiss nobleman who in 1789 made a tour of Germany during which he met Goethe, Schiller, Herder and other literary figures of importance. Schubert set thirteen of his poems, the most popular of which, *Der Jüngling an der Quelle*, was probably composed in 1821. There is no more hypnotic song in all Schubert. The poem tells us that the young man had come to the brook to seek consolation and respite from the girl who does not respond to his advances – but the brook's 'Schlummergeräusch' (sleepy murmurings) and the 'flüsternden Pappeln' ('whispering poplars') awaken nothing but love, and sigh her name (Luise). It must have been the murmuring brook and the whispering poplars that inspired the purling semiquavers of the right hand; the vocal line is repetitive, as befits a song that deals with the obsession of love, but at the end of the phrase describing how the boy's love is roused ('wecket die Liebe nur auf'), the voice leaps an octave with remarkable psychological penetration, as the young man is jolted out of his reverie.

Ernst Schulze, the poet of ten Schubert songs, was one of literature's most celebrated stalkers. Sexually mature at an earlier age than most of his contemporaries at school, he vented his frustration in poetry, which eventually led to the hundred poems of his *Poetisches Tagebuch* (Verse Diary), which were almost entirely inspired by his love for

Adelheid and Cäcilie Tychsen, the daughters of a celebrated orientalist and archaeologist. Neither sister returned his affection, and though he was forbidden to enter their home, he poured out his obsession in verse that often deludedly depicts his love as requited. The last of the Schulze poems to be composed was *Über Wildemann*. From high above the mountain village, trudging through forests and snow, the poet looks down into the sunny valley below, with its green fields and ripening meadows. This is the most violent of the Schulze songs, and the cause of the poet's commotion is mentioned at the end of stanza 3 ('Und ach! nur Eine/Ihr Herz verschließt'). But as in 'Erstarrung', there are lines of retrospective happiness, and Schubert responds in verse 4 by allowing the voice to luxuriate in A major, the key of so many of Schubert's happy songs of love and springtime. Only in the final verse does winter return, more furious than before.

Back to Mayrhofer with *Abendstern*, a poem that voices the homosexual poet's loneliness and isolation, and his inability to procreate ('I sow, but see no shoots'). The poem takes the form of a dialogue, almost as if Mayrhofer were seeking a solution to his predicament: one voice urges him to immerse himself in the world, the other suggests that this is impossible, and hints at why. Schubert wrote this wonderful song in March 1824 between the A minor and D minor string quartets, and the key keeps veering between A minor and A major; for one moment the warmth of the major key is attained – but the ecstasy is ephemeral, minor reasserts itself and the poet is left to reflect with resignation on his solitude.

It was in Weimar that Goethe started his novel *Wilhelm Meisters theatralische Sendung* that later developed into *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*. It contains several of Goethe's finest lyric poems – the songs sung by Mignon, Philine and the Harper that have reached a wider audience through the songs of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann and Wolf. Some knowledge of the context of the Harper's songs within the novel is needed to understand them properly. The Harper, of noble Italian birth, had been destined by his father for the Church; having spent some time in a monastery, he returned home after his father's death and struck up a friendship with Sperata. The

friendship developed into an illicit affair: she turned out to be his sister, and the child of their incestuous union was Mignon. He fled to Germany where he was devoured by guilt and despair (he refers to his incest in the final line of 'Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen aß'). Schubert, Schumann and Wolf all approached these poems – the loneliest in all Goethe – in different ways. The pathological nature of the Harper's character is portrayed by Wolf through intense chromaticism, tortuous melody, daring dissonances and a seeming absence of tonality; Schumann paints his portrait with the help of manic splashes of sound and virtuoso pianistic flourishes. Schubert's way in his *Gesänge des Harfners* is simpler: plaintive, heartrending melodies, all in A minor, his key of disenchantment and derangement that he was also to use in 'Der Leiermann'. Goethe's *Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt* throbs with an obsessive 'ei' assonance, present not just in the key words 'Einsamkeit' and 'Einsamen', but in virtually every line. This conveys a remarkable feeling of loneliness which Schubert intensifies in the postlude's gently falling chromatic bass. *An die Türen will ich schleichen* seems to foreshadow the opening song of *Winterreise*; the crotchets have the same melancholy tread as those in 'Gute Nacht', and both songs originally bore the idiosyncratic marking: *mäßig, in gehender Bewegung*. Perhaps the bleakest of Schubert's three Harper songs is *Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen aß* in which, following Goethe's narrative, he makes the old man repeat each verse. The effect of this and the *sforzandi* of the postlude is as chilling as anything in Schubert.

Carl Lappe, a schoolmaster in Stralsund, lived on the island of Rügen (famed for Caspar David Friedrich's wonderful painting 'Chalk Cliffs on Rügen'). His poems were published in *Gedichte* (1801), *Sämmtliche poetische Werke* (1836) and *Blüte des Alters* (1841). Schubert set 3 of his poems: two solo songs ('Im Abendrot' and 'Der Einsame'), and 'Flucht' for male-voice quartet. Despite the lonesome title and the fact that Schubert at the time of composition was in hospital (according to his first biographer, Kreissle), *Der Einsame* is a song of great contentment; as the poet reflects on the day he has just spent, we hear the chirp of the nocturnal crickets in the little semiquaver figure that surfaces intermittently throughout the song. Friedrich Rochlitz was a writer,

composer, music critic and editor who lived in Vienna for a while during 1822, when he made Schubert's acquaintance. Schubert set four of his poems, of which *An die Laute* is arguably the best known. This exquisite little serenade, marked 'etwas geschwind' and punctuated with lute-like arpeggios in almost every bar, is sung by the lover outside his sweetheart's window – *pianissimo*, so that the neighbours won't hear.

Matthäus von Collin (1779–1824), the poet of *Nacht und Träume*, was 18 years older than Schubert, and a reasonably successful dramatist, poet and critic, who qualified as a lawyer at the University of Vienna, spent some time in the capital as censor, and ended up working in the ministry of finance. Von Collin's poetry inspired three other masterpieces, 'Der Zwerg', 'Wehmut' and the duet 'Licht und Liebe', and since his poems were not published until 1827, the songs must have been set from manuscript. Perhaps 'Nacht und Träume', which is only 8 lines long, was written especially for Schubert, even though a near identical version was later to appear in von Collin's dramatic fragment *Fortunats Abfahrt nach Zypern*. From what must have been a flimsy, seemingly insignificant piece of paper, containing a poem that is nothing special in itself, Schubert created one of his greatest masterpieces. With its dark semiquavers, it looks like night on the page, and bears the sole dynamic pp. Beautiful tone and an unwavering *legato* are required, and though Schubert's original marking is *langsam*, the pulse must be maintained. The second verse brings with it an intensification of rapture: B modulates to G, and the singer cries out with swelling tone for night to remain. *Die Liebe hat gelogen* is Schubert's most searing song of unrequited love – a feeling he captures miraculously in the crotchet/quaver/quaver figuration, the great distance between the voice and piano parts and the syncopated motif of sobbing in the central section. The poet Platen, in full Karl August Georg Maximilian, Graf von Platen-Hallermünde, suffered from a sense of loneliness and isolation throughout his short life. A nobleman, he served as an officer in the army from 1814–18 – a career quite unsuitable for a gay and eccentric dreamer. Having left the army, he studied literature and language at

university, sought success as a playwright, failed, and then turned his back on Germany and spent the rest of his life in voluntary exile in Italy. His finest poetry (he published *Ghaselen* in 1821 and *Sonette aus Venedig* in 1824) deserves a place in any anthology of German verse. *Rastlose Liebe* was one of Schubert's first songs to win public approval, as we learn from an entry in his diary, dated 13 June 1816, in which he describes a concert at which he sang [sic.] the song to unreserved applause. Goethe's poetry, he modestly remarked, contributed greatly to the success.

Schubert, of course, never composed a song-cycle by the name of *Schwanengesang* – that was the title invented by Tobias Haslinger, when he published fourteen of Schubert's late songs in the spring of 1829. Schubert's only 'Schwanengesang' Lieder were two settings of minor verse, one by Ludwig Kosegarten in 1815, and one by Johann Senn, which he transformed into a miniature masterpiece in the autumn of 1822. Senn's *Schwanengesang* dates from 1822, and is contemporary, therefore, with Schubert's own poem, 'Mein Gebet' ('My Prayer'), which pleads with Death to release him from physical torment. Although there's a striking similarity between the two poems, Senn's is the more optimistic, as the swan, we are told, though terrified of dying, will sing 'verklärungsfroh' – joyously transfigured. Schubert expresses this ambivalent attitude towards death by alternating major and minor throughout the song. Schubert's setting of Ludwig Hölty's *An den Mond* begins with a theme, deep in the bass, that is somehow suggestive of night, while the undulating F minor arpeggios weave an arabesque of clouds about the moon which disappears, together with the opening time-signature and key, during the two middle stanzas which recall the happy times he spent with his beloved. But the pain is too great to bear, and the cloud-veiling arpeggios return.

Goethe's *Meeres Stille* was first published, with 'Glückliche Fahrt', in Schiller's *Musenalmanach* for 1796. The two poems have always been printed together, since Goethe clearly wished to display the contrasting ideas of stillness and movement. They can also be seen as exercises in the use of trochaic and dactylic metres – the incessant trochees (long/short) of 'Meeres Stille' reflecting the stillness of the ocean,

as the sailor is becalmed. Both poems refer to a voyage that Goethe made in 1787 on his Italian Journey, when he crossed the sea from Naples to Sicily, and, on the return journey, experienced a flat calm (perfectly caught by no fewer than 32 semibreve chords in Schubert's great song) and frightening storms. Schubert's first version of Goethe's *Am Flusse* was composed in 1815, that remarkable year of song in which he wrote no fewer than 150 Lieder, while teaching in his father's school in the ninth Bezirk. Goethe's poem, written in 1768 reflects his obsession with Kätchen ('Annette') Schökopf in Leipzig, to which he refers in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. The song is marked *wehmütig* (sadly) – unsurprisingly, since the poet enjoins the river to bear his songs of unrequited love into oblivion. The semiquavers, however, that Schubert usually employs to depict the river, are here only sparingly used – as though he were more intent on conveying the numb sadness of the poet's mood. It was not until 1822 that Schubert returned to the poem a second time (the version recorded here), a few months before the composition of *Die Schöne Müllerin*, and this time he focusses not on the poet's sadness but on the image of the rippling stream.

There is no more frequently anthologized poem in the German language than Goethe's 'Ein gleiches', which Schubert renamed *Wandlers Nachtlied II* ('Über allen Gipfeln'). Goethe was actually known as 'Der Wanderer' among his family and closest friends (see *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, Book 12), and this poem is undeniably autobiographical; the notion of impending death is suggested by the progression from large open spaces ('Gipfeln'), via tree-tops ('Wipfeln'), to the enclosed forest and the coffin. There is no better example in all music of how a great poem, even though it is corrupted by Schubert's repetition of certain words, can be recreated and perhaps even surpassed by a composer of genius.

Richard Stokes © 2017

Richard Stokes has recently published *The Penguin Book of English Song: Seven Centuries of Poetry from Chaucer to Auden* (Penguin Classics, 2016)

1 FRÜHLINGSGLAUBE (LUDWIG UHLAND)

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 NACHTSTÜCK (JOHANN MAYRHOFER)

Wenn über Berge sich der Nebel breitet,  
 Und Luna mit Gewölken kämpft,  
 So nimmt der Alte seine Harfe, und schreitet,  
 Und singt waldeinwärts und gedämpft:  
 „Du heil'ge Nacht!  
 „Bald ist's vollbracht.  
 „Bald schlaf' ich ihn  
 „Den langen Schlummer,  
 „Der mich erlöst  
 „Von allem Kummer.“

„Die grünen Bäume rauschen dann,  
 „Schlaf suss, du guter alter Mann;  
 „Die Gräser lispeln wankend fort,  
 „Wir decken seinen Ruheort;  
 „Und mancher liebe Vogel ruft,  
 „O lass ihn ruh'n in Rasengruft!“

Der Alte horcht, der Alte schweigt –  
 Der Tod hat sich zu ihm geneigt.

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.*

NOCTURNE

*When mist spreads over the mountains,  
 And Luna battles with the clouds,  
 The old man takes up his harp, and steps  
 Into the forest, singing softly:  
 'O holy night!  
 Soon it shall be done.  
 Soon I shall sleep  
 The long sleep,  
 That shall free me  
 From all affliction.*

*Then the green trees will rustle:  
 Sleep well, good old man;  
 The swaying grass will whisper:  
 We will cover his resting-place;  
 And many a sweet bird will call:  
 O let him rest in his grassy grave!*

*The old man listens, the old man is silent.  
 Death has inclined towards him.*

3 SEHNSUCHT (JOHANN GABRIEL SEIDL)

Die Scheibe friert, der Wind ist rau,  
 Der nächt'ge Himmel rein und blau:  
 Ich sitz' in meinem Kämmerlein  
 Und schau in's reine Blau hinein!

Mir fehlt etwas, das fühl' ich gut,  
 Mir fehlt mein Lieb, das treue Blut:  
 Und will ich in die Sterne sehn,  
 Muss stets das Aug mir übergehn!

Mein Lieb, wo weilst du nur so fern,  
 Mein schöner Stern, mein Augensterne?  
 Du weisst, dich lieb' und brauch' ich ja, –  
 Die Träne tritt mir wieder nah.

Da quält' ich mich so manchen Tag,  
 Weil mir kein Lied gelingen mag, –  
 Weil's nimmer sich erzwingen last  
 Und frei hinsäuselt, wie der West!

Wie mild mich's wieder grad durchglüht! –  
 Sieh nur – das ist ja schon ein Lied!  
 Wenn mich mein Los vom Liebchen warf,  
 Dann fühl' ich, dass ich singen darf.

LONGING

*The window pane freezes, the wind is raw,  
 The night sky blue and clear:  
 I sit inside my little room  
 And gaze into the limpid blue!*

*Something is missing, that I know,  
 My love is missing, my faithful love:  
 And when I look up at the stars,  
 My eyes just fill with tears!*

*My love, where are you so far away,  
 My lovely star, my treasure?!  
 You know I love you, know I need you –  
 Again I am close to tears.*

*For many a day I've been in torment,  
 Since no song has turned out well –  
 Because a song can never be forced  
 To blow as freely as the west wind!*

*How gentle the glow that warms me again!  
 Lo and behold – a song appears!  
 Though fate has severed me from my love,  
 I feel in my heart that I can sing.*

#### 4 SCHÄFERS KLAGELIED

(JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE)

Da droben auf jenem Berge  
Da steh' ich tausendmal,  
An meinem Stabe hingebogen  
Und schaue hinab in das Tal.

Dann folg'ich der weidenden Herde,  
Mein Hündchen bewahret mir sie.  
Ich bin herunter gekommen  
Und weiß doch selber nicht wie.

Da stehet von schönen Blumen  
Die ganze Wiese so voll.  
Ich breche sie, ohne zu wissen,  
Wem ich sie geben soll.

Und Regen, Sturm und Gewitter  
Verpaß' ich unter dem Baum.  
Die Türe dort bleibt verschlossen;  
Doch alles ist leider ein Traum.

Es stehet ein Regenbogen  
Wohl über jenem Haus!  
Sie aber ist fortgezogen,  
Gar weit in das Land hinaus.

Hinaus in das Land und weiter,  
Vielleicht gar über die See.  
Vorüber, ihr Schafe, nur vorüber!  
Dem Schäfer ist gar so weh.

#### SHEPHERD'S LAMENT

*On that mountain over there  
I've stood a thousand times,  
Leaning on my shepherd's staff  
Gazing into the valley below.*

*I follow then the grazing flock  
My sheepdog guards for me,  
I've come down to the valley  
And do not myself know how.*

*The whole meadow is blooming,  
Thronged with beautiful flowers.  
I pick them without knowing  
Who to give them to.*

*In rain and storm and tempest  
I shelter beneath the tree.  
The door over there stays locked;  
And all, alas, is a dream.*

*A rainbow arches  
Over that house!  
But she has gone away,  
Away to distant parts.*

*To distant parts and further,  
Perhaps even over the sea.  
Move on, O sheep, move on!  
Your shepherd feels so sad.*

#### 5 DER MUSENSOHN

(JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE)

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,  
Mein Liedchen wegzupfeifen,  
So gehts von Ort zu Ort!  
Und nach dem Takte reget,  
Und nach dem Maß bewegt  
Sich alles an mir fort.

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten  
Die erste Blum' im Garten,  
Die erste Blüt' am Baum.  
Sie grüssen meine Lieder,  
Und kommt der Winter wieder,  
Sing' ich noch jenen Traum.

Ich sing' ihn in der Weite,  
Auf Eises Läng' und Breite,  
Da blüht der Winter schön!  
Auch diese Blüte schwindet  
Und neue Freude findet  
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.

Denn wie ich bei der Linde  
Das junge Völkchen finde,  
Sogleich erreg' ich sie.  
Der stumpfe Bursche bläht sich,  
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich  
Nach meiner Melodie.

Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel  
Und treibt, durch Tal und Hügel,  
Den Liebling weit von Haus.  
Ihr lieben holden Musen,  
Wann ruh' ich ihr am Busen  
Auch endlich wieder aus?

#### THE SON OF THE MUSES

*Roaming through fields and woods,  
Whistling out my song,  
Is how I go from place to place!  
And the whole world keeps time  
And moves in rhythm  
with me.*

*I can scarcely wait for them,  
The first flower in the garden,  
The first blossom on the tree.  
My songs greet them,  
And when winter returns,  
I still sing of my dream.*

*I sing it far and wide,  
Throughout the icy realm,  
Then winter blossoms in beauty!  
This blossoming also passes  
And new joys are discovered  
On the fertile hills.*

*For as soon as I see  
Young folk by the lime tree,  
I rouse them in a trice.  
The bumpkin puffs his chest out,  
The prim girl pirouettes  
In time to my melody.*

*You lend my feet wings  
And drive over hill and dale  
Your favourite far from home.  
Dear, gracious Muses,  
When shall I at last find rest  
In my beloved's embrace?*

6 **ROMANZE** (WILHELMINE VON CHÉZY)

Der Vollmond strahlt auf Bergeshöhn –  
Wie hab ich Dich vermisst!  
Du susses Herz! es ist so schön,  
Wenn treu die Treue küsst.

Was frommt der Maien holde Zier?  
Du warst mein Frühlingsstrahl.  
Licht meiner Nacht, O lächle mir  
Im Tode noch einmal!

Sie trat hinein beim Vollmondschein,  
Sie blickte himmelwärts:  
'Im Leben fern, im Tode Dein.'  
Und sanft brach Herz an Herz.

7 **DER SCHIFFER** (JOHANN MAYRHOFER)

Im Winde, im Sturme befahr' ich den Fluß,  
Die Kleider durchweicht der Regen im Guß;  
Ich peitsche die Wellen mit mächtigem Schlag,  
Erhoffend, erhoffend mir heiteren Tag.

Die Wellen, sie jagen das ächzende Schiff,  
Es drohet der Strudel, es drohet das Riff,  
Gesteine entkollern den felsigen Höh'n,  
Und Tannen erseufzen wie Geistergestöh'n.

So mußte es kommen – ich hab es gewollt,  
Ich hasse ein Leben behaglich entrollt;  
Und schlängen die Wellen den ächzenden Kahn,  
Ich priesse doch immer die eigene Bahn.

Drum tose des Wassers ohnmächtiger Zorn,  
Dem Herzen entquillet ein seliger Born,  
Die Nerven erfrischend – o himmlische Lust!  
Dem Sturme zu trotzen mit männlicher Brust.

**ROMANCE**

*The full moon shines on the mountain tops,  
How I have missed you!  
Sweetest one, it is so beautiful  
When faithfulness kisses with faith.*

*What is May's fair beauty to me?  
You were my ray of spring.  
Light of my night, O smile on me  
Once more in death!*

*She entered by the light of the full moon,  
She gazed up to heaven.  
'Distant in life, yours in death!'  
And gently heart broke on heart.*

**THE BOATMAN**

*I ply the river in wind and storm,  
My garments soaked by teeming rain;  
I lash the waves with powerful strokes,  
Filled with hopes for a bright day.*

*The waves drive on the creaking boat,  
Whirlpool and reef loom threateningly,  
Rocks roll down the towering cliffs,  
And fir-trees sigh like groaning ghosts.*

*It had to come – I willed it so,  
I hate a snugly unfolding life;  
And were waves to engulf the creaking boat,  
I should still extol my chosen course.*

*So – let waters roar in impotent rage,  
A fountain of bliss spurts from my breast,  
Renewing my courage, O heavenly joy!  
To brave the storm with a manly heart.*

8 **DER JÜNGLING AN DER QUELLE**  
(JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS-SEEWIS)

Leise, rieselnder Quell, ihr wallenden,  
flispernden Pappeln,  
Euer Schlummergeräusch wecket die  
Liebe nur auf.  
Linderung sucht' ich bei euch,  
und sie zu vergessen, die Spröde;  
Ach! und Blätter und Bach seufzen:  
Louise, dir nach!

9 **ÜBER WILDEMANN** (ERNST SCHULZE)

Die Winde sausen  
Am Tannenhang,  
Die Quellen brausen  
Das Tal entlang;  
Ich wand're in Eile  
Durch Wald und Schnee,  
Wohl manche Meile  
Von Höh zu Höh.

Und will das Leben  
Im freien Tal  
Sich auch schon heben  
Zum Sonnenstrahl;  
Ich muß vorüber  
Mit wildem Sinn  
Und blicke lieber  
Zum Winter hin.

**THE YOUTH BY THE BROOK**

*Softly rippling brook, waving,  
whispering poplars,  
Your sleepy murmurings awaken  
only love.  
I sought comfort by your side to forget  
the cold maiden;  
But alas, leaves and brook both sigh,  
Louise, for you.*

**ABOVE WILDEMANN**

*The winds roar  
Across the pine slopes,  
The rivers rush  
Along the valley;  
I hurry  
Through forest and snow  
For many a mile  
From peak to peak.*

*And though life  
In the open valley  
Already stirs  
To greet the sun,  
I must go on my way  
In a wild mood,  
Preferring to look  
Towards winter.*

Auf grünen Heiden,  
Auf bunten Aun,  
Müsst' ich mein Leiden  
Nur immer schau'n,  
Dass selbst am Steine  
Das Leben spriesst,  
Und ach! nur Eine  
Ihr Herz verschliesst.

O Liebe, Liebe,  
O Maienhauch!  
Du drängst die Triebe  
Aus Baum und Strauch!  
Die Vögel singen  
Auf grünen Höhen,  
Die Quellen springen  
Bei deinem Wehn!

Mich lässt du schweifen  
Im dunklen Wahn  
Durch Windespfeifen  
Auf rauher Bahn.  
O Frühlingschimmer,  
O Blütenschein,  
Soll ich denn nimer  
Mich dein erfreun?

*In green fields  
And colourful meadows,  
I'd only suffer  
Constantly,  
Seeing life burgeon  
From the very stones,  
Knowing, alas! that she alone  
Closes up her heart.*

*O love, O love,  
O breath of May!  
You force the buds  
From tree and bush!  
The birds sing  
High in green trees,  
Springs gush forth,  
When your breezes blow!*

*You leave me to roam  
In my dark delusion  
Through roaring winds  
On untrod paths.  
O shimmering spring,  
O gleaming blossom,  
Shall I nevermore  
Delight in you?*

10 **ABENDSTERN** (JOHANN MAYRHOFER)

Was weilst du einsam an dem Himmel,  
O schöner Stern? und bist so mild;  
Warum entfernt das funkelnde Gewimmel  
Der Brüder sich von deinem Bild?  
„Ich bin der Liebe treuer Stern,  
„Sie halten sich von Liebe fern.“

So solltest du zu ihnen gehen,  
Bist du der Liebe, zaudre nicht!  
Wer möchte denn dir widerstehen?  
Du süßes eigensinnig Licht.  
„Ich säe, schaue keinen Keim,  
„Und bleibe trauernd still daheim.“

**DREI GESÄNGE DES HARFNER**  
(JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE)

11 *i* **WER SICH DER EINSAMKEIT ERGIBT**

Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt,  
Ach! der ist bald allein;  
Ein jeder lebt, ein jeder liebt,  
Und lässt ihn seiner Pein.

Ja! lasst mich meiner Qual!  
Und kann ich nur einmal  
Recht einsam sein,  
Dann bin ich nicht allein.

Es schleicht ein Liebender lauschend sacht,  
Ob seine Freundin allein?  
So überschleicht bei Tag und Nacht  
Mich Einsamen die Pein,  
Mich Einsamen die Qual.  
Ach werd' ich erst einmal  
Einsam im Grabe sein,  
Da lässt sie mich allein!

**EVENING STAR**

*Why do you linger lonely in the sky,  
O lovely star? For you are so gentle;  
Why do all your glittering brothers  
Flee your face?  
'I am the faithful star of love,  
They keep aloof from love.'*

*If you are love  
You should seek them out, do not delay!  
For who could resist you,  
O sweet and wayward light.  
'I sow, but see no shoots,  
And in silent sorrow stay at home.'*

**THREE SONGS OF THE HARPER**

*i* **WHO GIVES HIMSELF TO LONELINESS**

*Who gives himself to loneliness,  
Ah! he is soon alone;  
Others live, others love,  
And leave him to his pain.*

*Yes! Leave me to my torment!  
And if I can but once  
Be truly lonely,  
Then I'll not be alone.*

*A lover steals up listening,  
To learn if his love's alone.  
So in my solitude  
Do pain and torment  
Steal over me by day and night.  
Ah, when once I lie  
Lonely in my grave,  
Loneliness will leave me alone!*

12 **ii WER NIE SEIN BROT MIT TRÄNEN ASS**

Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen ass,  
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte  
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,  
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte!

Ihr führt ins Leben uns hinein,  
Ihr lasst den Armen schuldig werden,  
Dann überlasst ihr ihn der Pein:  
Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.

13 **iii AN DIE TÜREN WILL ICH SCHLEICHEN**

An die Türen will ich schleichen,  
Still und sittsam will ich stehn;  
Fromme Hand wird Nahrung reichen,  
Und ich werde weiter gehn.  
Jeder wird sich glücklich scheinen,  
Wenn mein Bild vor ihm erscheint;  
Eine Träne wird er weinen,  
Und ich weiss nicht was er weint.

14 **DER EINSAME (CARL LAPPE)**

Wenn meine Grillen schwirren,  
Bei Nacht, am spät erwärmten Herd,  
Dann sitz' ich, mit vergnügtem Sinn,  
Vertraulich zu der Flamme hin,  
So leicht, so unbeschwert.

Ein trautes stilles Stündchen  
Bleibt man noch gern am Feuer wach.  
Man schürt, wenn sich die Lohe senkt,  
Die Funken auf, und sinnt und denkt:  
Nun abermal ein Tag!

**ii WHO NEVER ATE HIS BREAD WITH TEARS**

*Who never ate his bread with tears,  
Who never through the anxious nights  
Sat weeping on his bed,  
He knows you not, you heavenly powers!*

*You bring us into life,  
You let poor wretches incur guilt,  
Then abandon them to pain:  
For all guilt is avenged on earth.*

**iii I'LL STEAL FROM DOOR TO DOOR**

*I'll steal from door to door,  
Quietly and humbly I'll stand;  
A kindly hand will offer food,  
And I'll go on my way.  
Men will think themselves happy,  
When they see me standing there;  
They will shed a tear,  
And I'll not know why they weep.*

**THE RECLUSE**

*When my crickets chirrup at night  
By the late-burning hearth,  
I sit contentedly in my chair,  
Confiding to the flame,  
So light-heartedly, so at ease.*

*For one more sweet and peaceful hour  
It's good to linger by the fire.  
Stirring the embers when the blaze dies down,  
Musing and thinking:  
Well, that's another day!*

Was Liebes oder Leides  
Sein Lauf für uns daher gebracht,  
Es geht noch einmal, durch den Sinn;  
Allein das Böse wirft man hin.  
Es störe nicht die Nacht.

Zu einem frohen Träume  
Bereitet man gemacht sich zu.  
Wenn sorgenlos ein holdes Bild  
Mit sanfter Lust die Seele füllt,  
Ergibt man sich der Ruh.

O, wie ich mir gefalle  
In meiner stillen Ländlichkeit!  
Was in dem Schwarm der lauten Welt  
Das irre Herz gefesselt hält,  
Gibt nicht Zufriedenheit.

Zirpt immer, liebe Heimchen,  
In meiner Klausen, eng und klein.  
Ich duld' euch gern: ihr stört mich nicht.  
Wenn euer Lied das Schweigen bricht,  
Bin ich nicht ganz allein.

15 **AN DIE LAUTE (JOHANN FRIEDRICH ROCHLITZ)**

Leiser, leiser, kleine Laute,  
Flüstere, was ich dir vertraute,  
Dort zu jenem Fenster hin!  
Wie die Wellen sanfter Lüfte,  
Mondenglanz und Blumendüfte,  
Send' es der Gebieterin!

*Whatever joy or sorrow  
It has brought us,  
Runs once more through the mind;  
But the bad is cast aside,  
So as not to spoil the night.*

*We gently prepare ourselves  
For pleasant dreams.  
When a lovely image fills the soul  
With carefree, tender joy,  
We succumb to sleep.*

*Oh, how I love  
My quiet rustic life!  
What holds the wayward heart captive  
In the bustle of the noisy world,  
Cannot bring contentment.*

*Chirp away, friendly crickets  
In my narrow little cell,  
I gladly put up with you: you're no trouble.  
When your song breaks the silence,  
I'm no longer all alone.*

**TO THE LUTE**

*Play more softly, little lute,  
Whisper what I confided to you  
In at that window there!  
Like the ripple of gentle breezes,  
Like moonlight and the scent of flowers,  
Send your message to my mistress!*

Neidisch sind des Nachbars Söhne,  
Und im Fenster jener Schöne  
Flimmert noch ein einsam Licht.  
Drum noch leiser, kleine Laute:  
Dich vernehme die Vertraute,  
Nachbarn aber – Nachbarn nicht!

16 **NACHT UND TRÄUME** (MATTHÄUS VON COLLIN)

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;  
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,  
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,  
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.  
Die belauschen sie mit Lust,  
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:  
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!  
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

17 **DIE LIEBE HAT GELOGEN**  
(KARL AUGUST GRAF VON PLATEN-HALLERMÜNDE)

Die Liebe hat gelogen,  
Die Sorge lastet schwer,  
Betrogen, ach, betrogen  
Hat alles mich umher!

Es rinnen heisse Tropfen  
Die Wange stets herab,  
Lass ab, mein Herz, zu klopfen,  
Du armes Herz, lass ab.

*All my neighbour's sons are jealous,  
And in that beauty's window  
A solitary lamp still burns.  
So play more softly, little lute,  
That you be heard by my love,  
But not – ah, not – the neighbours!*

**NIGHT AND DREAMS**

*Holy night, you drift down;  
Dreams too descend,  
Like your moonlight through space,  
Through the silent hearts of men.  
They listen to them with delight,  
Crying out when day awakes:  
Come back, holy night!  
Sweet dreams, come back again!*

**LOVE HAS LIED**

*Love has lied,  
Sorrow oppresses me,  
I am betrayed, ah, betrayed  
By all around!*

*Hot tears keep flowing  
Down my cheeks,  
Beat no more, my heart,  
Wretched heart, beat no more.*

18 **RASTLOSE LIEBE**  
(JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE)

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,  
Dem Wind entgegen,  
Im Dampf der Klüfte,  
Durch Nebeldüfte,  
Immer zu! Immer zu!  
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden  
Wollt'ich mich schlagen,  
Als so viel Freuden  
Des Lebens ertragen.  
Alle das Neigen  
Von Herzen zu Herzen,  
Ach wie so eigen  
Schaffet es Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich flieh'n?  
Wälderwärts zieh'n?  
Alles vergebens!  
Krone des Lebens,  
Glück ohne Ruh,  
Liebe, bist du.

19 **SCHWANENGESANG** (JOHANN SENN)

„Wie klag' ich's aus  
„Das Sterbegefühl,  
„Das auflösend  
„Durch die Glieder rinnt?

**RESTLESS LOVE**

*Into snow, into rain,  
Into wind,  
Through steaming ravines,  
Through mist and haze,  
On and on!  
Without respite!*

*I'd rather fight  
My way through affliction  
Than endure so many  
Of life's joys.  
All this attraction  
Of heart to heart,  
Ah, what special  
Anguish it brings!*

*How shall I flee?  
Fly to the forest?  
All in vain!  
Crown of life,  
Joy without rest –  
This, Love, is you.*

**SWAN SONG**

*'How shall I express  
This sense of death,  
The dissolution  
That flows through my limbs?*

„Wie sing' ich's aus  
„Das Werdegefühl,  
„Das erlösend  
„Dich, o Geist anweht?“

Er klagt', er sang  
Vernichtungsbang,  
Verklärungsfroh,  
Bis das Leben floh.

Das bedeutet des Schwanes Gesang!

*How shall I sing  
This sense of life  
That redeems you, O spirit,  
With its breath?"*

*It lamented, it sang,  
Fearful of extinction,  
Rapturously transfigured,  
Until life ebbed away.*

*That is the swan's song!*

20 **AN DEN MOND** (LUDWIG HÖLTY)

Geuss, lieber Mond, geuss deine Silberflimmer  
Durch dieses Buchengrün,  
Wo Phantasien und Traumgestalten immer  
Vor mir vorüber fliehn.

Enthülle dich, dass ich die Stätte finde,  
Wo oft mein Mädchen sass,  
Und oft, im Wehn des Buchbaums und  
der Linde,  
Der goldnen Stadt vergass.

Enthülle dich, dass ich des Strauchs  
mich freue,  
Der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,  
Und einen Kranz auf jeden Anger streue,  
Wo sie den Bach belauscht.

Dann, lieber Mond, dann nimm den  
Schleier wieder,  
Und traur um deinen Freund,  
Und weine durch den Wolkenflor hernieder,  
Wie dein Verlassner weint.

**TO THE MOON**

*Shed your silver light, dear moon,  
Through these green beeches,  
Where fancies and dream-like visions  
Forever flit before me.*

*Unveil yourself, that I might find the place  
Where my sweetheart often sat,  
And to the rustle of beech  
and lime  
Often forgot the gilded town.*

*Unveil yourself, that I might  
enjoy  
The murmuring bushes that cooled her,  
And lay a wreath on every meadow,  
Where she once listened to the brook.*

*Then, dear moon, veil yourself  
once more  
And mourn your friend,  
And weep your tears through hazy clouds,  
Just like I, forsaken, weep.*

21 **MEERES STILLE** (JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE) **CALM SEA**

Tiefe Stille herrscht im Wasser,  
Ohne Regung ruht das Meer,  
Und bekümmert sieht der Schiffer  
Glatte Fläche rings umher.  
Keine Luft von keiner Seite!  
Todesstille fürchterlich!  
In der ungeheuern Weite  
Reget keine Welle sich.

*Deep silence weighs on the water,  
Motionless the sea rests,  
And the fearful boatman sees  
A glassy surface all around.  
No breeze from any quarter!  
Fearful, deadly silence!  
In all that vast expanse  
Not a single ripple stirs.*

22 **AM FLUSSE** (JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE)

Verfliisset, vielgeliebte Lieder,  
Zum Meere der Vergessenheit!  
Kein Knabe sing' entzückt euch wieder,  
Kein Mädchen in der Blütenzeit.

Ihr sanget nur von meiner Lieben;  
Nun spricht sie meiner Treue Hohn.  
Ihr wart in's Wasser eingeschrieben;  
So fließt denn auch mit ihm davon.

**BY THE RIVER**

*Flow on, songs I loved so well,  
To the ocean of oblivion!  
Let no youth sing you again,  
Or maiden in the spring of life.*

*You sang solely of my love;  
She now scorns my constancy.  
You were written on the water;  
So with the water flow away.*

23 **WANDRERS NACHTLIED 2**  
(JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE)

Über allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh,  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest du  
Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde.  
Warte nur! Balde  
Ruhest du auch.

**OVER EVERY MOUNTAIN-TOP**

*Over every mountain-top  
Lies peace,  
In every tree-top  
You scarcely feel  
A breath of wind;  
The little birds are hushed in the wood.  
Wait, soon you too  
Will be at peace.*

## ILKER ARCAJÜREK

Born in Istanbul, Ilker Arcayürek grew up in Vienna. As soloist with the Mozart Boys' Choir he gained first experiences on international stages touring overseas as well as in joint performances at Vienna's Staatsoper, Volksoper and Kammeroper. He became a member of the Arnold Schoenberg Choir and studied privately with Sead Buljubasic in Vienna. He participated in master-classes with Sir Thomas Allen, Alfred Brendel, Ileana Cotrubas and Thomas Quasthoff. Ilker Arcayürek is the winner of the 2016 International Art Song Competition of Stuttgart's Hugo Wolf Academy. He was finalist of the BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition 2015 and was selected as a BBC New Generation Artist through to the end of 2017. For BBC Radio 3 he recorded amongst others with Harmut Höll and the BBC National Orchestra of Wales. "Der Einsame" marks Ilker Arcayürek's debut album. He looks forward to touring the program to venues such as London's Wigmore Hall, Birmingham's Town Hall, Vilabertran's Schubertiada and Barcelona's L'Auditori.

Ilker Arcayürek joined the opera studio at Zürich Opera in 2010 and became a member of the ensemble of the Stadttheater Klagenfurt in the 2013–14 season, where he appeared as Italian Singer in *Der Rosenkavalier*, Malcolm in *Macbeth*, The Prince in *The Love for Three Oranges*, Alfred in *Die Fledermaus* and Tamino in *Magie Flute*. Since the 2015–16 season, Ilker Arcayürek has been a member of the ensemble of the Staatstheater Nürnberg. In Nürnberg his repertoire includes roles such as Rodolfo in *La Bohème*, Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni*, Nadir in *Les pêcheurs de Perles* and Andres in *Wozzeck*. Recent guest appearances have included Claudio in Wagner's *Das Liebesverbot* at Teatro Real in Madrid staged by Kasper Holten under the baton of Ivor Bolton, the Son in Hossam Mahmoud's *Tahrir* at the Salzburger Landestheater conducted by Mirga Gražinytė-Tyla.

With a broad repertoire of oratorio and concert works, Ilker Arcayürek regularly appears on the concert stage. The 2016–17 season marked his debuts at the Concertgebouw Amsterdam and in Utrecht as soloist with the Netherlands Radio Philharmonic Orchestra and Frieder Bernius as well as at the Dresdner Kreuzkirche singing Evangelist and the tenor arias in *St. Matthew's Passion* with the Dresdner Kreuzchor and the Dresdner Philharmonie conducted by Kreuzkantor Roderich Kreile.

[www.arcayurek-tenor.com](http://www.arcayurek-tenor.com)





## I SIMON LEPPER

Simon read music at King's College, Cambridge. He is a professor of piano accompaniment and a vocal repertoire coach at the Royal College of Music, London where he also co-ordinates the piano accompaniment course. He is an official accompanist for the BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition.

Performance highlights have included an invitation from the Wigmore Hall, London to present a three concert project on the songs of Joseph Marx; a recital tour with Stéphane Degout which included the Ravinia and Edinburgh festivals; his debut at Carnegie Hall, New York with mezzo Karen Cargill and at the Frick Collection with Christopher Purves; performances of the Schubert song cycles with Mark Padmore including at the Schubertiade, Hohenhems and recitals with Angelika Kirchsclager at La Monnaie, Brussels and at the Wigmore Hall where appearances have included recitals with Christopher Maltman, Elizabeth Watts, Stephan Loges, Sophie Bevan, Sally Matthews and Lawrence Zazzo.

Vocal recordings include Warlock Songs with Andrew Kennedy, two volumes of Debussy Songs and a Strauss disc with Gillian Keith (Champs Hill Records, CHRCD018) and a disc of Mahler songs with Karen Cargill, as well as a song recital disc with Dame Felicity Palmer, and the complete songs of Jonathan Dove with Kitty Whately (*Nights Not Spent Alone*, also on Champs Hill Records, CHRCD125).

[www.simonlepper.com](http://www.simonlepper.com)

This album is a co-production with BBC Radio 3's New Generation Artists scheme, which helps to support young musicians on the threshold of an international career to reach the next stage of their development. New Generation Artists come from a wide field, and provide a representative cross-section of the most exciting British and international young talent. Champs Hill Records is proud to work with BBC Radio 3 to produce recordings with some of the NGA scheme's finest artists.

Ilker Arcayürek is a BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artist for 2015–2017; and other NGAs who have recorded for Champs Hill Records include Kitty Whately (*This Other Eden*, CHRCD094; and *Nights Not Spent Alone*, CHRCD125), Kathryn Rudge (*Love's Old Sweet Song*, CHRCD092), Ben Johnson (*Sonnets*, CHRCD103), Jennifer Johnston (*Ludwig Thuille: Songs*, CHRCD063), Ruby Hughes (*Nocturnal Variations*, CHRCD098), and Benjamin Appl (*Stunden, Tage, Ewigkeiten*, CHRCD112).

RELEASES BY OTHER RADIO 3 NEW GENERATION ARTISTS ON CHAMPS HILL RECORDS

CHRCD094



**THIS OTHER EDEN**  
KITTY WHATELY  
*mezzo-soprano*  
JOSEPH MIDDLETON *piano*  
NAVARRA QUARTET

"... excellent and very rewarding debut disc. More please."

**John Quinn,  
MusicWeb International**

"Her voice is magnificent – warm, voluptuous and winsome ..."

**American Record Guide**

CHRCD092



**LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG**  
KATHRYN RUDGE  
*mezzo-soprano*  
JAMES BAILLIEU *piano*

"Rudge's voice is golden, rich, and even; her diction crystal clear, and her phrasing superb. Baillieu's playing is warm and supportive."

"Outstanding performances of every piece; I loved every minute of it."

**American Record Guide**

CHRCD112



**STUNDEN, TAGE, EWIGKEITEN:**  
HEINRICH HEINE – LIEDER  
BENJAMIN APPL *baritone*  
JAMES BAILLIEU *piano*

"... both Appl and his sentient accompanist, James Baillieu, give space, time, and ever-sensitive placing and pacing to the cycle ..."

**BBC Music Magazine**

"... the current front-runner in the next generation of Lieder singers."

**Gramophone**