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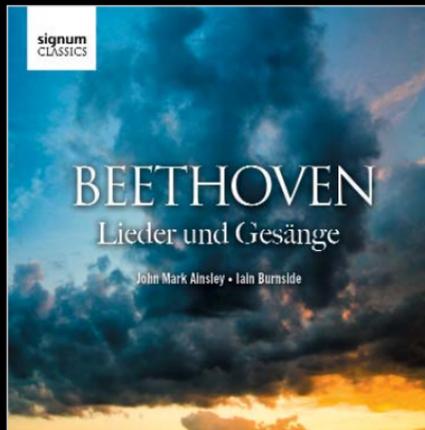
The Exquisite Hour
Sarah Connolly (with Eugene Asti)

SIGCD072

Following Sarah Connolly's series of title roles at English National Opera, Glyndebourne and New York's Metropolitan Opera in 2005, this live recital was recorded at St. John's, Smith Square, London, having been premiered at Carnegie Hall earlier in the year. Accompanied by Eugene Asti, Sarah Connolly sings songs by Haydn, Brahms, Hahn, Korngold and Weill.

"Hugely impressive disc, testifying to the versatility and range of a singer who has already drawn comparisons with Janet Baker"
The Guardian

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Beethoven: Lieder und Gesänge
John Mark Ainsley / Iain Burnside

SIGCD145

Although he is often overlooked as a song writer in comparison to his instrumental works, almost half of Beethoven's total output called for a voice. This luminous collaboration between world-renowned tenor John Mark Ainsley and Iain Burnside redresses that balance, with a collection of some of the very best of his Lieder and Gesänge.

"Iain Burnside's fluid playing is delightful, while Ainsley's artistry is fascinating." Anna Picard, The Independent

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CLASSICS

Sonnett für Wien

Songs of Erich Korngold

Sarah Connolly
William Dazeley
Iain Burnside

BBC
RADIO



SONNETT FÜR WIEN

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SARAH CONNOLLY MEZZO-SOPRANO
WILLIAM DAZELEY BARITONE
IAIN BURNSIDE PIANO

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PROGRAMME NOTE

Erich Wolfgang Korngold, born in Brno in 1897, started his musical life as one of the most astonishing child prodigy composers in history. The son of the music critic Julius Korngold, who was appointed to the influential Viennese newspaper *Die neue freie Presse* when Erich was four years old, he reaped both early advantage and lifelong psychological trauma from his powerful and controlling father; and despite an illustrious beginning when Mahler himself declared the nine-year-old lad a genius, he ended his days in embittered exile in California, believing himself forgotten.

Korngold was in many ways a victim of circumstance; in other ways, he remains an example of what can go wrong when a great talent is mistakenly pruned. Whether or not one agrees that his disinclination to move with his times musically was detrimental to his career, there is nevertheless no doubt that he possessed an extraordinary instinct for combining music and drama - from his solo songs to movie scores by way of his operas, especially the celebrated *Die tote Stadt* (1920).

It is in the film world, though, that his reputation has endured most strongly. His music for immortal swashbucklers such as *The Sea Hawk*, *The Adventures of Robin Hood* and *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex* were technically groundbreaking and made him one of the most influential figures in the history of the film score as an independent genre - an influence that is still felt today. Romanticism did not die as the 20th century progressed; it merely migrated to the cinema, largely thanks to Korngold, who regarded his films as 'operas without singing' and wove them out of leitmotifs, key symbolism and other techniques deriving from Wagner, Strauss and his own teacher, Zemlinsky.

Like many composers, Korngold was a master of recycling and tried never to waste a good idea. Therefore there is considerable cross-fertilisation between his concert works and his film scores - not least in his copious output of Lieder. Many songs assumed to have been written for film have turned out to date from his earlier days in Vienna - for instance, the *Old Spanish Song*, which puts in a delicious appearance in *The Sea Hawk*. Others, like the *Sonnett für Wien*, take melodies that featured in films and reset them for an utterly different purpose.

A eulogy to the lost world of pre-First World War Vienna, the *Sonnett für Wien* is Korngold's last song, dating from 1953. Its theme is a resetting in basically duple time of the soaring waltz tune that graced the score of a movie entitled *Escape Me Never*, with which 'turkey' of a film it had vanished too quickly. The words are an unpublished sonnet by Hans Kaltneker, the poet who had penned the play on which Korngold's biggest opera, *Das Wunder der Heliane*, was based. By 1953 Vienna was a shadow of its former self; there, on his short-lived return in 1950, Korngold, formerly such a celebrity, met with little other than cold shoulders.

The *Abschiedslieder*, with their burnished Mahlerian colours and wide-spun melodic arcs, date from the old Vienna rather than the new. They were written in 1920 when the 23-year-old composer was enjoying his greatest successes in the concert hall and opera house; *Die tote Stadt* was premiered in December that year. The First World War had left a profound impact on his impressionable psyche. Korngold escaped seeing action in the war; aged 18, he was drafted, but was fortunate enough to be recognised by the doctor in charge of his military medical examination; he subsequently became musical director of his regiment. But in the war he lost a favourite uncle and several friends, as well as

seeing the city he loved reduced from the heart of Habsburg Europe to a powerless backwater.

Another, more personal situation fed into the tenderness and sorrow of these songs: Korngold was in love with Luzi von Sonnenthal, a young actress from an important Viennese family of thespians, whom he eventually married in 1924; the match initially met with intense disapproval from both families, though, and for some time the pair were forbidden to see each other. The farewell of Korngold's title is not only to Vienna but to Luzi, for whom he coined a symbolic 'signature' motif that appears in the first song. The *Abschiedslieder* as a whole bring together disparately written texts on the theme of death, love and farewell, beginning with Christina Rossetti's famous *Requiem*. The melody of *Mond, so geh'st du wieder auf* also appears in Korngold's Piano Quintet, where it forms the basis of the slow movement.

The three Kaltneker songs Op. 18 are among the most complex Lieder in Korngold's output. Kaltneker's unpublished play *Die Heilige* had sparked into life Korngold's *Das Wunder der Heliane* - effectively a giant, erotic mystery play, the opera is a post-romantic, expressionistic effort on a scale that exceeds even Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*, and Korngold threw into it every

harmonic and instrumental invention he possibly could - bitonality, polytonality and mysticism ooze from the gargantuan score in an overwhelming paean to the power of love. Kaltneker's mystical tendencies are likewise present in these three poems; and Korngold gives his settings a similar mystery, harmonic adventure and richness of texture to that of *Heliane*, with piano writing that is commensurately demanding.

The unhappy aftermath of *Heliane* was still haunting Korngold when he composed the Op. 22 songs. The opera - the sheer ambition of which, along with its problematic libretto, makes it extremely difficult to perform successfully - had not achieved the acclaim its composer dreamed of, and a rivalry engineered by his father between it and another new opera, Krenek's *Jonny spielt auf*, had backfired horribly against Korngold. By 1928, he was furthermore struggling to support Luzi and their two small sons, and had taken a job arranging and conducting operettas for the *Theater an der Wien*; it was through this that, crucially, he met the theatre director Max Reinhardt. His nervousness about revisiting the world of *Heliane* showed in his decision to adopt a more straightforward language and greater transparency in his music. The exquisite *Was du mir bist?* is a prime example of this; Korngold's

response to Eleanore van der Straaten's love poetry ideally suits the words.

It was van der Straaten's poems that also inspired Korngold's song cycle, *Unvergänglichkeit*. With the cyclic nature of the music suggesting the eternally renewed nature of love, its self-contained, direct expression signals a relatively new self-discipline in Korngold's language - though its brevity also suggests, perhaps, the lack of time for composition that now haunted his hectic schedule. It's a touching work that benefits from repeated hearing.

Even in his childhood, Korngold adored Shakespeare. He enjoyed considerable acclaim for his *Incidental Music to Much Ado About Nothing* (1918-19); given his natural gift for correlating music and drama, as well as his famous quick wit, there could have been no finer topic for him. His first effort for Hollywood was the arrangement of Mendelssohn's incidental music for Max Reinhardt's ambitious film of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1934-5); this was the project that first took him to America and brought him to Warner Brothers, which good fortune ultimately saved the Jewish composer and his family from death in post-Anschluss Vienna. And it was no coincidence that some of his best film scores were for movies set in

Olde Englande, which he naively expected - knowing nothing of the English language or of American culture - would be redolent of the Immortal Bard.

His *Shakespeare Songs Op. 31* are settings of poems from *Othello*, *As You Like It* and *King Lear*; the Op. 38 *Songs of the Clown* are all from *Twelfth Night*. Reinhardt, Korngold's closest and longest-term collaborator, set up the *Max Reinhardt Workshop* in Los Angeles in 1937, a studio to train young actors and directors; he and Korngold continued to work together when possible and these songs were among the composer's contribution to a studio production called *Shakespeare's Women, Clowns and Songs*, though some of the Op. 31 numbers had been written back in Vienna and were, naturally, recycled.

It is Shakespeare, too, whose sonnet *My Mistress' Eyes* finishes the last set of songs on this disc, a richly varied collection that begins with the beautiful *Glückwunsch* - a lavish Straussian setting of a poem by Richard Dehmel using a melody that appears in the film *Devotion* (a biopic about the Brontës). The *Old Spanish Song* appears in *The Sea Hawk*, but Korngold wrote it at the tender age of 14 in 1911. The *Old English Song* unsurprisingly shares these filmic associations;

and a haunting art song, *Der Kranke*, portrays the love of life in one who knows he must soon leave it.

Korngold himself was by no means healthy during his Hollywood years; he was massively overweight and depressed through most of the war years. He suffered a severe heart attack at 50 and the threat of illness never really left him. He died at 60 of a stroke. His wit had proved his strongest defence on his complex road - along with his music, which in recent years has enjoyed an extraordinary posthumous renaissance in the concert hall, opera house and recording studio.

"Music is music," said Korngold, "whether it is for the stage, rostrum or cinema. Form may change, the manner of writing may vary, but the composer needs to make no concessions whatever to what he conceives to be his own musical ideology." Nowhere is this truer in Korngold's output than in his songs.

Jessica Duchon

TEXTS

1 Sonett für Wien, Op. 41

Du Stadt, du Psalm, aus Gottes Mund erklingen
und Stein geworden, Marmor, Park und Garten,
Gedicht und Lied der liebsten Engelzungen,
die lange deiner gold'nen Kirchen harnten,
drin alle Heil'gen, wunderbar bezwungen
von ihrer hohen Form, zu Glanz erstarrten!
Stadt der Fontänen, altem Stein entsprungen,
barocker Bauten, gnädiger Standarten,
die über hohen Prozessionen schweben!

Du Stadt, darin der Klang vergang'ner Zeiten
noch klingt,
darin das alte Gold noch leuchtet,
darin die dunkeln, frommen Bilder leben
und Gottes Auge aus den grünen Weiten der Berge
strahlt,
von Wehmut sanft befeuchtet.
Du Stadt, du Psalm...

Hans Kaltneker (1895 - 1919)

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Sonnet for Vienna

O city, psalm intoned by the breath of God
and become stone, marble, park and garden,
poem and song from the sweetest tongues
of angels
who'd waited long for your golden churches,
within, all the saints strangely subdued
by their stance in frozen radiance.
City of fountains sprung from ancient stone,
baroque buildings, noble banners
fluttering above impressive processions.

You, city where the clamour of bygone ages
still resounds, where antique gold still gleams,
where the sombre, holy pictures live
and God's eye, from the green distance
of the mountains, radiates a gentle, tear-stained
melancholy.

2 - 5 Vier Abschiedslieder, Op.14

2 Sterbelied

Lass Liebster, wenn ich tot bin,
lass du von Klagen ab;
Statt Rosen und Cypressen
wächst Gras auf meinem Grab:
Ich schlafe still im Zwiellichtschein
in schwerer Dämmernis;
Und wenn du willst, gedenke mein
und wenn du willst, vergiss.

Ich fühle nicht den Regen,
ich seh' nicht, ob es tagt;
ich höre nicht die Nachtigall,
die in den Büschen klagt:
Vom Schlaf erweckt mich keiner,
die Erdenwelt verblich.
Vielleicht gedenk ich deiner,
vielleicht vergass ich dich.

Adapted by Alfred Kerr (1867 - 1948)

Four Songs of Farewell

When I am dead, my dearest

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set.
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Christina Rossetti (1830 - 1894)

3 Dies eine kann mein Sehnen nimmer fassen

Dies eine kann mein Sehnen nimmer fassen;
dass nun von mir zu dir kein Weg mehr führe,
dass du vorübergehst an meiner Türe
in ferne, stumme, ungekannte Gassen.

Wär' es mein Wunsch, dass mir dein Bild erbleiche,
wie Sonnenglanz, von Nebeln aufgetrunken,
wie einer Landschaft frohes Bild, versunken
im glatten Spiegel abendstillter Teiche?

Der Regen fällt. Die müden Bäume triefen;
Wie welkes Laub verwehn viel Sonnenstunden.
Noch hab' ich in mein Los mich nicht gefunden
und seines Dunkels uferlose Tiefen.

Edith Ronsperger

4 Mond, so gehst du wieder auf

Mond, so gehst du wieder auf
überm dunklen Tal der ungeweihten Tränen!
Lehr, so lehr mich's doch, mich nicht nach ihr
zu sehnen
blass zu machen Blutes Lauf,
dies Leid nicht zu erleiden
aus zweier Menschen Scheiden.

This is Beyond my Yearning's Grasp

This is beyond my yearning's grasp;
That the road that linked us is no more,
That you may pass before my door
Along distant, silent, unknown paths.

Could I wish to see my image of you fade
Like sunshine swallowed by the mist,
Like the happy image of a scene
Sunk within the mirror of a pool at dusk?

Rain falls, the weary trees are dripping;
Like fallen leaves the sun-filled hours lie
scattered.
As yet I have not found my self in this, my fate,
Nor in its boundless darkness' depths.

So, Moon, You Rise Again

So, moon, you rise again
Over this dark vale of unwept tears!
Teach me, teach me then not to long for her,
To bleach the colour from my blood,
To feel no more this pain
Of two people being parted.

Sieh, in Nebel hüllst du dich.
Doch verfinstern kannst du nicht den Glanz
der Bilder,
die mir weher jede Nacht erweckt und wilder.
Ach! im Tiefsten fühle ich:
das Herz, das sich musst' trennen
wird ohne Ende brennen.

Ernst Lothar (1890 - 1974)

5 Gefasster Abschied

Weine nicht, dass ich jetzt gehe,
heiter lass' dich von mir küssen,
Blüht das Glück nicht aus der Nähe,
Ferne wird's dich keuscher grüssen.

Nimm diese Blumen, die ich pflückte,
Monatsrosen rot und Nelken,
lass die Trauer, die dich drückte;
Herzens Blume kann nicht welken.

Lächle nicht mit bitterm Lächeln,
stosse mich nicht stumm zur Seite;
Linde Luft wird bald dich fächeln,
bald ist Liebe dein Geleite.

Gib die Hand mir ohne Zittern,
letztem Kuss gib alle Wonne.
Bang' vor Sturm nicht; aus Gewittern
strahlender geht auf die Sonne.

I see you shroud yourself in mist,
But cannot dim the brilliance of the image
Waking me every night, aching more, more
desperate.
Ah, in my depths I feel:
The heart that has to live apart
Will now burn for ever.

Controlled Farewell

Do not weep now that I'm going,
Let me kiss you in good cheer,
Fortune's bloom may not be showing,
Shy, it waits till I'm not here.

Take these flowers which I got you,
Roses I picked in the glade,
Leave the sorrow which oppressed you;
My heart's flower shall not fade.

Do not smile so bitter a smile,
Or push me dumbly to one side;
Gentle winds will cool your ire,
Love will shortly be your guide.

Take my hand without yours trembling,
Give this last kiss all your love.
Fear no storm; sun, after lightning
Shines more brightly from above.

Schau zuletzt die schöne Linde,
drunter uns kein Aug' erspähte.
Glaub', dass ich dich wiederfinde;
ernten wird, wer Liebe säte.
Weine nicht!...

Ernst Lothar

6 - 8 Drei Lieder, Op. 18

6 In meine innige Nacht

In meine innige Nacht geh' ich ein.
Wirst du schwebender Traum um meine Stirne sein?
Wirst du heilig und still auf meinen Kissen ruhn?
Wenn ich weine, wirst du's mit mir tun?

Taut meinen Lippen dein Mund Lächeln mild,
tief auf Sternengrund lieg' ich gestillt.
Rührt mich das Sterben an um Mitternacht,
denke, ich sei vom Tod ins Leben erwacht.

Denke, ich spiele fromm mit Gottes Getier,
Denk', ich bin nun weit und du bei mir.

Hans Kaltneker

Look, lastly, at our linden tree,
No one ever caught us there.
Trust - you'll be returned to me;
Sown in joy, love reaps its share.

Three Songs

In My Deepest Night

I am declining into my deepest night.
Will you, hovering dream, be at my brow?
Will you be resting on my bed, holy and quiet?
And when I weep, will you weep now?

If you thaw my lips with your gentle smile,
Soothed, I'll lie among the stars a while.
If death should touch me at the midnight hour,
Think, that dying, I'll waken to life's power.

Think, with God's creatures I shall bide,
Think, though far away, you're at my side.

7 Tu ab den Schmerz

Tu ab den Schmerz, entflieh, Verlangen!
Sommer umblüht meiner süßen Schwester Haupt.
Selig die Seele, die ohne Bangen
an den guten, den ewigen Winter glaubt.

Tu auf dein Herz, zieh ein, o Friede!
Schwebende Sonne küsst meiner Schwester Gesicht.
Selig, der mit dem letzten Liede
um die Schläfen des Todes blühende Kränze flicht.

Hans Kaltneker

8 Versuchung

Du reine Frau aus Licht und Elfenbein,
du helle Schwester mir am trüben Bette,
du meines Blutes letzte Zufluchtsstätte,
du Seelenberge, tief und kühl und rein;
wie wenn dein Schoss mich einst geboren hätte,
kehrt stets mein Herz in deiner Liebe ein.

Dich, süsse Heil'ge, kann kein Wunsch entweihn,
doch mich, dein Kind, aus wehem Feuer rette!
Ich höre nachts die wilden Reiter jagen,
heiss keucht ihr Atem mir ins Angesicht.
Nein, hilf mir nicht! Lass mich auch dies ertragen
um dich, die mich erhebt, wenn sie mich bricht.

Hans Kaltneker

Away with Pain

Away with pain, off with desire!
Summer blooms at my dear sister's head.
Blessed the soul that without dread
Would to unceasing winter aspire.

Open your heart, give peace a place!
The floating sun kisses my sister's face.
Blessed he who, with his last breath
Weaves flowering chaplets about the brow of Death.

Temptation

Woman, pure, of ivory and light,
Bright sister at my miserable bed,
You, the last refuge of my blood,
Sanctuary for my soul, deep, cool and pure;
As if you were the one to give me birth,
My heart returns in love to you.

Sweet saint, whom no desire can sully,
Save me, your child, from woeful fire!
I hear the horsemen wildly in the night,
Their hot breath panting in my face.
No, do not help, let me now bear this
For you, who exalts me even as I am crushed.

9 - 11 Drei Lieder, Op. 22

9 Was du mir bist?

Was du mir bist? Der Ausblick in ein schönes Land,
Wo fruchtbelad'ne Bäume ragen,
Blumen blühh' am Quellenrand.

Was du mir bist? Der Stern' Funkeln, das
Gewölk durchbricht,
Der ferne Lichtstrahl, der im Dunkeln spricht:
O Wand'rer, verzage nicht!

Und war mein Leben auch Entsagen,
glänzte mir kein froh Geschick,
was dur mir bist? Kannst du noch fragen?
Was du mir bist: mein Glaube an das Glück.

Eleonore van der Straaten

10 Mit dir zu schweigen

Mit Dir zu schweigen still im Dunkel,
die Seele an der Träume Schoss gelehnt,
ist Lauschen ew'gen Melodien,
ist Liebe ohne End.

Three Songs

What you are to me?

What you are to me? The sight of land,
A stand of fruit-laden trees,
Flowers in bloom at the water's edge.

What you are to me? The sparkle of stars that
breaks through the cloud,
The distant ray of light that through the
darkness says:
Traveller, don't lose heart!

And even if my life was one of resignation,
Where no good fortune came my way,
What you are to me? Need you ask?
What you are to me: my faith in happiness.

Silence, when I'm with you

To sit with you in silence in the dark,
Our souls resting in the lap of dreams,
Is to hear eternal melodies,
Is endless love, it seems.

Mit Dir zu schweigen in der Dämmerzeit
ist Schweben nach der Welten grossen Fülle,
ist Wachsen weit in die Unendlichkeit,
entrückt in ew'ge Stille.

Karl Kobald (1876 - 1957)

11 Welt ist stille eingeschlafen

Welt ist stille eingeschlafen,
Ruht im Mondenschein
Öffnen sich im Himmelshafen
Augen, golden, rein,
Gottes Geige singt jetzt leis'
Liebste, denk' an Dich,

Wie im Traumboot geht die Reise,
such' in Sternen Dich.
Strahlen sel'ger Lieb erhellen
Meines Herzens Raum.
Zweisprach halten uns're Seelen,
Küssen sich im Traum.

Karl Kobald

To sit with you at twilight without words
Is to float towards the fullness of the earth,
Is to grow deep into the infinite,
Far removed, a tranquil berth.

When the World has gone to sleep

When the world has gone to sleep,
Resting in the moon-light
And in heaven's harbour
Eyes, pure and golden open,
God's violin sings sweetly
And my love, I think of you.

Sailing in a boat of dreams,
I seek you in the stars,
Beams of blissful love light up
The recesses of my heart.
Our souls in deep communion kiss,
In my dream ... in my dream.

12 - 15 Four Shakespeare Songs, Op. 31

12 Desdemona's song

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd
her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones.
Sing willow, willow, willow;

Sing all a green willow my garland must be,
Sing all a green willow;
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow;
If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men!
Sing willow, willow, willow.

From *Othello*, Act IV, Scene 3

13 Under the Greenwood Tree

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see, No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see, No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see, Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me.
Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me.

From *As You Like It*, Act II, Scene 5

14 **Blow, blow, thou winter wind.**

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

From *As You Like It*, Act II, Scene 7

15 **When Birds do sing**

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfields did pass.
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower.
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownéd with the prime.
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

From *As You Like It*, Act V, Scene 3

16 - 20 **Unvergänglichkeit, Op. 27**

After the poem by Eleonore van der Straaten

16 **Unvergänglichkeit**

Deine edlen weissen Hände
Legen meine Seel' zur Ruh'.
Wenn sie meinen Scheitel segnen,
schliess' ich meine Augen zu
und sag' nur leise: Du.

Und Welten sinken in ein Nichts,
die Meere rauschen dumpf und weit,
Deine edlen weissen Hände sind mir
Unvergänglichkeit

17 **Das eilende Bächlein**

Bächlein, wie du eilen kannst,
rasch geschäftig, ohne Rast und Ruh'.
Wie du Steinchen mit dir nimmst,
schau' dir gerne zu.

Doch das Bächlein spricht zu mir,
"Siehst du, liebes Kind,
wie die Welle eilt und rast,
und vorüber rinnt?"

The Eternal

For Ever

Your precious white hands
Lay my soul to rest.
As they bless me, closing my eyes,
I quietly say: You.

Whole worlds come to nothing,
Seas pound, dull, far away.
Your precious white hands
Are what's for ever, You.

The Rushing Brook

Little stream, in such a hurry,
Swift and busy without rest.
Watching you wash down the pebbles,
That's what I like doing best.

But the stream is talking to me,
"Do you see, my little friend,
How the waves are rushing onward,
Racing past you without end?"

Jeder Tropfen ist ein Tag,
jede Welle gleicht dem Jahr!
Und du stehst am Ufer nur,
sagst dir still: Es war."

18 Das schlafende Kind

Wenn du schläfst, ich segne dich, Kind,
segne dich in deinen Kissen.
Wenn du lächelst hell im Traum.
möchte ich fragen: darf ich wissen,
was ein Englein dir jetzt sang?

Doch ich will dich träumen lassen,
nichts ist schöner als der Traum,
Und du sollst auch niemals wissen,
dass auch das Glück nur ein Traum.

19 Stärker als der Tod

Nimm meinen schwarzen Dornenkranz
Aus meinem weissen Haar,
Den Kranz der dunklen Schmerzgedanken.
Lass um mein müdes Haupt
Weinlaub der Freude ranken.
Es soll das Rebenblatt mich lehren
Durch seine Pracht und durch sein Rot,
Dass Liebe eine grosse Macht
Und stärker noch als selbst der Tod.

Each drop represents a day,
Each wave sees a year roll on,
You just standing at the bank side,
Saying quietly, There it's gone!"

The Sleeping Child

As you sleep I bless you, child,
Bless you lying on your pillow.
When you're smiling in your dreams,
Oh, how much I wish I knew,
What did the angel sing to you?

But I'll leave you to your dreaming,
Nothing's better than a dream.
But I hope you'll never know,
That this happiness, also, is but a dream.

Stronger than Death

Rid me of this crown of thorns,
This heavy crown of black and painful thought.
Let joyous vines wreath my grey head
In splendid colour, and I'll be taught,
Love wields more power than being dead.

20 Unvergänglichkeit

Text as for track 16

21 - 25 Songs of the Clown, Op. 29

Text from William Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*

21 Come away death

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand² sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

22 O Mistress Mine

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming
That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
For Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is this love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.

And in delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

From *Twelfth Night*, Act II, scene 3.

23 Adieu, Good Man Devil

I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
in a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain.
Who with dagger of lath

In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, aha, to the devil, aha, ha, ha!
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad.
Adieu, good man devil.

From *Twelfth Night*, Act IV, scene 2.

24 Hey, Robin

Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.
My lady is unkind, perdy.
Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me why is she so?
She loves another, another.

From *Twelfth Night*, Act IV, scene 2.

25 For the rain, it raineth every day

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

From *Twelfth Night*, Act V, scene 1.

26 - 30 Fünf Lieder, Op. 38

26 Glückwunsch

Ich wünsche dir Glück,
Ich bring dir die Sonne in meinem Blick.
Ich fühle dein Herz in meiner Brust;
es wünscht dir mehr als eitel Lust.
Es fühlt und wünscht: die Sonne scheint
auch wenn dein Blick zu brechen meint.

Es wünscht dir Blicke so sehnsuchtslos
als trügest du die Welt im Schoss.
Es wünscht dir Blicke so voll Begehren
als sei die Erde neu zu gebären.
Es wünscht dir Blicke voll der Kraft
die aus Winter sich Frühling schafft.

Und täglich leuchte durch dein Haus
aller Liebe Blumenstrauss.

Richard Dehmel (1863 - 1920)

27 Der Kranke

Soll ich dich denn nun verlassen,
Erde, heit'res Vaterhaus?
Herzlich Lieben, mutig Hassen,
ist denn alles, alles aus?

Five Songs

Good Luck Wish

I wish you well,
I bring you sunlight in my eye.
I feel your heart within my breast;
I wish you more than idle joy.
My wish is for the sun to shine
Even if your eyes are full of tears.

I wish your eye so without want
As if you owned the whole wide world.
I wish your eye filled with desire
As were the world to be reborn.
I wish your eye filled with the strength
That out of winter makes the spring.

And every day, in every room
Let the light of my love bloom.

The Sick Man

Is it time for me to leave you,
Earth, happy home of all my fathers?
Heart-felt love, intrepid hatred,
Are they really, truly past?

Vor dem Fenster durch die Linden
spielt es wie ein linder Gruss
Lüfte, wollt ihr mir verkünden,
dass ich bald hinunter muss?

Liebe ferne blaue Hügel,
stiller Fluss im Talesgrün,
ach, wie oft wünscht ich mir Flügel
über euch hinweg zu zieh'n!

Da sich jetzt die Flügel dehnen,
schaur' ich in mich selbst zurück;
und ein unbeschreiblich Sehnen
zieht mich zu der Welt zurück.

Josef von Eichendorf (1788 - 1857)

28 Alt-Spanisch

Steht ein Mädchen an dem Fenster,
in die Ferne schweift ihr Blick.
Blass die Wangen, schwer ihr Herze,
singt sie von entschwund'nem Glück:
'Mein Lieb kehrt nicht zurück!'

Der Abend dämmt sacht,
ein Stern ersehnt die Nacht
Und im Winde klinget leise
Eine bange Traummusik,

At the window, through the lime trees
Breezes play a gentle greeting,
Do they really mean to tell me,
Soon my Maker I'll be meeting?

Blue and distant my dear mountains,
Quiet river in the vale,
How I missed the wings to take me
Soaring over hill and dale!

Now Death's Angel's wings are straining,
I recoil into myself;
Indescribable is the yearning
That draws me back to all life's worth.

Old Spanish

A girl, standing at her window,
Looks as far as she can see.
Her cheeks are pale, and heavy-hearted
She sings of happiness departed:
'My love's not coming back!'

Evening draws in gently,
A star yearns for the night
And in the wind, quite softly,
Music from a fearful dream,

Wie ein Echo tönt die Weise:
'Mein Lieb kehrt nicht zurück!'

Howard Koch (1902 - 1995)

29 Old English Song

Now hark, all you gallants!
Your ears I would tease,
With a song of Lord Essex
In the fight of Cadiz!

How he scuppered them Spaniards
And hacked on their spleen,
For the glory of England
And Elizabeth, our queen!

We've rounded the port, boys,
The cannons they roar,
The sea's full of corpses
And Spain is no more.

They bobbed on the tide, boys,
The fat and the lean,
For the glory of England
And Elizabeth, our queen.

Traditional Folksong

Echo-like, repeats the theme:
'My love's not coming back!'

30 My Mistress' Eyes

My Mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,
My mistress when she walks, treads on the ground:

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare,
As any she belied with false compare.

Sonnet 130, by William Shakespeare

BIOGRAPHIES

SARAH CONNOLLY

Born in County Durham, mezzo-soprano Sarah Connolly studied piano and singing at the Royal College of Music, of which she is now a Fellow.

She has performed with many of the world's leading opera companies, including La Scala, Bayerische Staatsoper, English National Opera, Glyndebourne, Scottish Opera, Paris Opera and the Metropolitan Opera. Highlights from her most recent season include her debut at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden as Purcell's *Dido*; her debut at the Liceu in Barcelona as Nerone; Romeo for Opera North and a return to the Glyndebourne Festival as Giulio Cesare. Her future plans include returns to the ENO and to the Metropolitan Opera, New York.

As well as frequent recitals in London and New York, her many concert engagements include appearances at the Salzburg Festival, Tanglewood Festival, BBC Proms, Vienna Konzerthaus, Berlin Philharmonie and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw with many of the world's great orchestras.

A prolific recording artist, her many discs include Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* with L'Orchestre des Champs-Élysées and Herreweghe (winner of an Edison Award), Elgar's *Sea Pictures* with the Bourmemouth Symphony Orchestra for Naxos (nominated for a Grammy Award) and her two recital discs 'The Exquisite Hour' (also on Signum Records) and 'Songs of Love and Loss' have both won universal critical acclaim. She has also recorded the soundtrack, *Fragments of a Prayer* by Sir John Tavener, for the feature film 'Children of Men'.

She studies with Gerald Martin Moore.

www.sarah-connolly.com



WILLIAM DAZELEY

The English baritone William Dazeley was born in 1966 and is a graduate of Jesus College, Cambridge. He studied singing at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, where he won several prizes including the prestigious Gold Medal. He won the 1989 Decca - Kathleen Ferrier Prize, the 1990 Royal Overseas League Singing Competition, the 1991 Richard Tauber Prize and the 1991 Walther Gruner International Lieder Competition.

One of the leading baritones of his generation, he has appeared with many of the world's important opera houses, including the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Glyndebourne Festival, Deutsche Staatsoper Berlin, Deutsche Oper Berlin, Théâtre du Châtelet, Opera North, Scottish Opera, Welsh National Opera, Théâtre de la Monnaie, Aix-en-Provence Festival, Salzburg Festival, San Francisco Opera, Pittsburgh Opera, among others. Concert appearances have included appearances with the Royal Flanders Philharmonic, City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Monteverdi Orchestra, BBC Symphony, Berlin Philharmonic, San Francisco Symphony and London Symphony Orchestras. He has worked with leading conductors, including Philippe Herreweghe, Sir



John Eliot Gardiner, Sir Charles Mackerras, Daniel Barenboim, Sir Colin Davis, Leonard Slatkin, Christoph von Dohnányi, Ingo Metzmacher, Kazushi Ono and Michael Tilson Thomas.

IAIN BURNSIDE

Interweaving roles as pianist and Sony-Award-winning radio presenter with equal aplomb, Iain Burnside ("pretty much ideal" BBC Music Magazine) is also - as his Century Songs demonstrated - a master programmer with an instinct for the telling juxtaposition. His recordings straddle an exuberantly eclectic repertoire ranging from Schoenberg and Copland to Debussy and Judith Weir - with a special place reserved for the highways and byways of English Song, as his acclaimed Signum recordings of FG Scott and Herbert Hughes have proved. Other Signum releases include two volumes of Beethoven songs with Ann Murray, John Mark Ainsley and Roderick Williams, and Britten Abroad with Mark Padmore and Susan Gritton. Naxos recordings feature Vaughan Williams, Ireland and the complete Finzi songs.

He currently presents 'Iain Burnside' on BBC Radio 3.

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