

WIGMORE



HALL

LIVE

songs

Gerald Finley *bass-baritone*

Julius Drake *piano*



Songs by **Tchaikovsky**  
**Musorgsky**  
and **Ned Rorem**



## **PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY** (1840–1893)

Don Juan's Serenade

It was in early spring

At the ball

By day or by night

The mild stars shone for us

Only one who knows longing

As over burning embers

'The essential in vocal music', insisted Tchaikovsky, 'is truthful reproduction of emotion and state of mind.' He was quick to defend himself against accusations of faulty word-setting or declamation: 'I should not hesitate for an instant to sacrifice the literal to the artistic truth. These truths differ fundamentally, and I could not forget the second in pursuit of the first ...'

Many of his songs start from the type of salon romance so expertly written by Glinka, who had pioneered the careful moulding of Russian verse to a basically Italianate vocal style. Such romances were popular with amateurs and profitable for composers and publishers, who could depend on quick sales and a wide circulation. They rely on charm and sensitivity above all, and rarely make great demands on their performers. But for all his fluency and readiness to please, Tchaikovsky would often rise above conventions and achieve heights of expression – and challenges to his interpreters – that make his songs an important and very personal part of his output.

The three songs from Op. 38, composed in 1878 soon after the Violin Concerto, are settings from a verse anthology that Mme von Meck had sent Tchaikovsky in response to a request for texts to set to music. 'Don Juan's Serenade' owes much of its bravura swagger to cross-rhythms and teasingly irregular phrasing. 'It was in the early spring' grows impressively from its suave opening, while 'At the ball' contains many emotional subtleties against an almost muted waltz background.

The passionate declaration 'Whether the day reigns', with its expansive piano prelude and postlude, was one of the handful of songs that Tchaikovsky orchestrated, but unfortunately this version has not survived. On the other hand, there is no lack of arrangements, good, bad and appalling, of the last of the *Six Romances* Op. 6. 'The mild stars shone for us' is the last of a group of songs



composed in 1886. The Tsar's nephew, Grand Duke Konstantin, had suggested that it might be a good idea to dedicate a song to the Empress. Tchaikovsky produced not one but a set of twelve, and in return received a signed portrait of the Imperial dedicatee. 'As over burning embers' is a fine example of Tchaikovsky's 'artistic truth' as he moulds the vocal line to allow the most expressive delivery of the text.

## **MODEST MUSORGSKY** (1839–1881)

### Songs and Dances of Death

Lullaby

Serenade

Trepak

The Field Marshal

When Musorgsky composed his first songs in the early 1860s he was a bit of a dandy, a bit of a dilettante and a frequenter of Italian opera. Over the next few years, however, his outlook changed radically as he joined the remarkable group of men who were trying to create a truly Russian national style in music: they included the critic Stasov and the composers Balakirev, Borodin and Rimsky-Korsakov. Already a fine pianist with a great talent for improvisation, he came to realise that music could be something more than mere entertainment, that it could be a means of reflecting the world and understanding it. He resigned his commission in the army and devoted himself to music, and soon became the most radical of the group. To his mind, beauty for its own sake was a misleading concept, and there was no place for any form of art that ignored social reality. Art existed to enlarge our understanding of life in general by focusing on real lives – or, as in the case of this song cycle, real deaths.

As Musorgsky matured, his songs began to display a remarkable sense of musical drama made possible by his absorption of Russian folk-music idioms, and by his genius for recapturing in music the most subtle inflections of the spoken language. The *Songs and Dances of Death* come from relatively late in his short career: he composed the first three in 1875, the year after his opera *Boris Godunov* was finally staged, and the fourth in 1877. We know that he originally planned further songs for the cycle: these would have included one portraying the death of



a stern old monk in his cell, and another about a political exile. The songs show Musorgsky as a great musical dramatist, creating four separate scenes that are at the same time simple and visionary: first the mother vainly trying to protect a sick child; then the erotic serenade sung by death to a pale young girl; the drunken peasant collapsing in the fatal embrace of the snow; and finally death summoning his armies on the battlefield.

## **NED ROREM** (b. 1923)

### War Scenes

A Night Battle

Specimen Case

An Incident

Inauguration Ball

The real war will never get in the books

Ned Rorem has by now composed well over four hundred songs, either single or grouped in cycles, and has always shown a keen literary response to texts, adapting his musical style to the varied demands of expression and declamation. *War Scenes* was composed in 1969 for Gérard Souzay and Dalton Baldwin, who were about to undertake a recital tour in the USA. In his diary, Rorem noted that the great French baritone ‘... wanted “dramatic” songs, his voice having grown more “interesting” than before. I fulfilled the commission in ten days, composing to five fevered extracts torn pell-mell from Whitman’s war journal’. He later elaborated: ‘I decided I wouldn’t write anything in French. As a pacifist and a Quaker, I opposed the war in Viet Nam, and although I am not politically inclined, I did feel compelled at the time to voice my opposition in a song cycle. Whitman’s anti-war diary seemed to fit the bill. Political music never changes anything, and this song cycle could really refer to any war – the Civil War or the Trojan War.’

The texts set here come from *Specimen Days*, a collection of notes which Walt Whitman published in 1882, eighteen years after the events described, when he visited the front during the American Civil War. Whitman was really the first modern war poet. Leaving to others the big political issues, he concentrated on personal details of the wounded, dead and dying, hearing just ‘... an unending, universal



mourning-wail of women, parents, orphans – the marrow of the tragedy concentrated in those Army Hospitals.’

Since these are prose texts, and fairly rough, unstructured prose at that, a lyrical approach would have been unsuitable. Rorem chose instead a style of heightened speech in the vocal line, with a piano part that serves as punctuation, commentary and background. The waltz ‘Inauguration ball’ was an after-thought, composed to provide contrast after the other four sections had already been written.

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### ***encores***

#### **CHARLES IVES** (1874–1954)

##### Memories (A) and (B)

Julius and I have become firm devotees of the songs of Charles Ives, in addition to Barber and Rorem, for their constant ability to surprise with sometimes complex variety and to conceal earnest emotion with a disarming simplicity. *Memories (A) and (B)* appear to be rather straightforward but are equally entertaining and heartfelt; two vignettes of American music making, at the opera and down on the farm, whistling and humming in equal measure ... Julius contributing expertly!

#### **EINOJUHANI RAUTAVAARA** (b. 1928)

##### Shall I compare thee?

My love of things Finnish began with the role of Jaufre Rudel in Kaija Saariaho’s *L’amour de loin*, culminating in its presentation by Finnish National Opera in 2004, conducted by Esa-Pekka Salonen. During our recital tour of European cities, we were in Helsinki during the week of the 79th birthday of another great Finnish composer, Einojuhani Rautavaara. We thought it would be nice to acknowledge the event with one of his Shakespeare settings, full of pace, rhythm and very summery!



## **WOLSELEY CHARLES** (1889–1962)

### The Green-Eyed Dragon

As soon as I first heard this song on a disc sung by John Charles Thomas, one of my great heroes, I knew I would include it in my programming. It was originally written for the masterful Stanley Holloway. This encore has become a favourite because whatever the recital, it allows a terrific energy to sweep through the audience, almost participating in its childlike bedtime story. We thought its comic and menacing theatricality was a good way to round off a programme of melodic richness, images of death and disturbing moral issues.

*Gerald Finley © 2008*



Gerald Finley (right) and Julius Drake

## **PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY** (1840–1893)

### **Serenada Don-Zhuan** Op. 38 No. 1

Gasnut dalneye Alpukhari  
Zolotist'ie kraya,  
Na prizivniy zvon gitari  
Viydi, milaya moya!

Vsekh, kto skazhet, shto drugaya  
Zdes ravnyayetsa s tobey,  
Vsekh, lyuboviyu sgoraya,  
Vsekh zovu na smertniy boy!

Ot lunnovo sveta  
Zardel nebosklon,  
O, viydi, Niseta,  
Skorey na balkon!

Ot Sevili do Grenadi,  
V tikhom sumrake nochey,  
Razdayutsa serenadi,  
Razdayotsa stukh mechey.

Mnogo krovi, mnogo pesney  
Dlya prelestnikh lyutsa dam,  
Ya zhe toy, kto vsekh prelestney,  
Vsoy pesn i krov moyu otdam!

Ot lunnovo sveta  
Zardel nebosklon,  
O, viydi, Niseta,  
Skorey na balkon!

(Alexey Tolstoy 1883–1945)

### **To bilo ranneyu vesnoy** Op. 38 No. 2

To bilo ranneyu vesnoy,  
Trava yedva vskhodila,  
Ruchi tekli, ne paril znoy,  
I zelen roshch skvozila;

Truba pastushya po utru  
Yeshcho ne pela zvonko,  
I v zavitkakh yeshcho v boru,  
Bil paporotnik tonkiy;

### **Don Juan's Serenade**

Darkness is falling  
over Alpujara's golden land;  
when my guitar calls to you,  
come out, my darling!

Anyone who says that another  
woman is comparable to you;  
anyone else who burns with love for you --  
I challenge them to a duel to the death.

The light of the moon  
illuminates the horizon:  
oh, quickly come out,  
Nisetta, onto your balcony.

From Seville to Granada,  
in the quiet night air  
you can hear serenades  
and the clashing of swords.

Much blood and many songs flow  
for the beautiful ladies,  
and to the fairest of them all,  
I dedicate all my songs and my blood.

The light of the moon  
illuminates the horizon:  
oh, quickly come out,  
Nisetta, onto your balcony.

### **It was in early spring**

It was in early spring,  
the grass had barely sprouted,  
streams were flowing, it was still cool,  
the groves were newly green.

In the mornings, the clear sound  
of shepherds' pipes was still silent,  
in the pinewoods the slender ferns  
were still tightly curled.



To bilo ranneyu vesnoy,  
V teni beryoz to bilo,  
Kogda s ulibkoy predo mnoy  
Ti ochi opustila ...

To na lyubov moyu v otvet  
Ti opustila vezhdī...  
O zhizn! o, les! o, solntsa svet!  
O, yunost! o, nadezhdi!

I plakal ya pered tobou,  
Na lik tvoy glyadya milyi.  
To bilo ranneyu vesnoy,  
V teni beryoz, to bilo.

To bilo v utro nashikh let.  
O, schaste! o slyozī!  
O, les! o, zhizn! o, solntsa svet!  
O, svezhiy dukh beryozī!

(Alexey Tolstoy 1883–1945)

### **Sred shumново bala** Op. 38 No. 3

Sred shumново bala, sluchayno,  
V trevoге mirskoy suyetī,  
Tebya ya uvidel, no tayna  
Tvoi pokrivala cherti.

Lish ochi pechalno glyadeli,  
A golos tak divno zvuchal,  
Kak zvon otdayonnoy svireli,  
Kak morya igrayushchiy val.

Mne stan tvoy ponravilsa tonkiy  
I ves tvoy zadumchiviy vid,  
A smekh tvoy, i grustniy, i zvonkiy,  
S tekhn por v moyom serdtse zvuchit.

V chasī odinokiyе nochi  
Lyublyu ya, ustaliy, prilech;  
Ya vizhu pechalniye ochi,  
Ya slīshu veseluyu rech.

I grustno ya, grustno tak zasīpayu,  
I v gryozakh nevedomīkh splyu...  
Lyublyu li tebya, ya ne znayu,  
No kazhetsa mne, shto lyublyu!

(Alexey Tolstoy 1883–1945)

It was in early spring,  
in the shade of the birch trees,  
when you smiled and lowered  
your eyes before me...

It was in reply to my love  
that you lowered your gaze...  
O life! O forest! O sunlight!  
O youth! O hopes!

And I wept before you,  
looking into your beloved face.  
It was in early spring,  
in the shade of the birch trees.

It was the morning of our life.  
O happiness! O tears!  
O forest! O life! O sunlight!  
O the fresh scent of the birches!

### **At the ball**

At a noisy ball, quite by chance,  
in the tumult of worldly bustle,  
I caught sight of you, but mystery  
veiled your features.

Your eyes betrayed your sadness,  
yet your voice had a lovely ring,  
like the sound of a distant pipe  
or the playful waves of the sea.

Your slim figure entranced me,  
as well as your dreamy appearance;  
and your sad but ringing laughter  
has since then echoed in my heart.

In the lonely hours of the night,  
I like to lie down when I am weary  
and conjure up your sad eyes  
and the sound of your cheerful talk.

And sadly, so sadly, I fall asleep  
and sink into strange dreams.  
Am I in love with you? I don't know,  
but yes, I think I am in love.



**Den li tsarit** Op. 47 No. 6

Den li tsarit, tishina li nochnaya,  
V snakh li bessvyaznikh, v zhyteyskoy borbe,  
Vsyudu so mnoy, moyu zhizn napolnyaya,  
Duma vse ta zhe, odna rokovaya,  
Vsyo o tebe!

S neyu ne strashen mne prizrak bilovo,  
Serdtse vospryanulo snova lyubya...  
Vera, mechtī, vdokhnovennoye slovo,  
Vsyo, shto v dushe dorogovo, svyatovo,  
Vsyo ot tebya!

Budut li dni moi yasni, unīli,  
Skoro li sginu ya, zhizn zagubya!  
Znayu odno, shto do samoy mogli  
Pomīshi, chuvstva, i pesni, i sili,  
Vsyo dlya tebya!

(Alexei Apukhtin 1841–1893)

**Nam zvyozdi krotkie siyali** Op. 60 No. 12

Nam zvyozdi krotkie siyali,  
Chut veyal tikhyy veterok,  
Krugom tsveti blagoukhali,  
I volni laskovo zhurchali  
U nashikh nog.

Mi bili yuni, mi lyubili,  
I s veroy v dal smotrelī mi;  
V nas groyzi raduzhnie zhili,  
I nam ne strashni vyugi bili  
Sedoy zimi.

Gde zh eti nochi s ikh siyanem,  
S blagoukhayushchey krasoy  
I voln tainstvennim zhurchanem,  
Nadezhd, vostorzhnyonnikh mechtaniy  
Gde svetliy roy?

Pomerkli zvyozdi, i unilo  
Ponikli blyoklie tsveti...  
Kogda zh, o serdtse, vsyo, shto bilo,  
Shto nam vesna s tobey darila,  
Zabudesh ti?

(Alexei Pleshcheyev 1825–1893)

**By day or by night**

In the glory of day or the silence of night,  
In confused dreams or in life's struggles,  
My life is filled wherever I go  
By one fateful thought alone  
Always of you.

Past shadows no longer frighten me,  
My heart is again filled with love.  
Faith, dreams and noble words,  
All that is good and holy in the heart:  
All of it comes from you.

Whether my life proves joyful or sad,  
Whether I die sooner or later,  
I know that to the very end of my life  
My thoughts, emotions, songs and  
Strength are all devoted to you.

**The mild stars shone for us**

The mild stars shone for us,  
A gentle breeze blew,  
There was a scent of flowers,  
And murmuring waves  
Gently lapped at our feet.

We were young and in love,  
And confidently looked into the future;  
We were full of golden dreams  
And had no fear of the cruel storms  
That blow in winter.

Where are those radiant nights  
With their lovely perfume,  
Those waters mysteriously rippling,  
Those hopes and rapturous dreams,  
Which are our paradise?

The stars have dimmed,  
The withered flowers droop sadly.  
Oh my heart, all that we had,  
All that the spring gave us -  
When will you forget?



**Net, tolko tot, kto znal** Op. 6 No. 6  
 Net, tolko tot, kto znal svidanya, zhazhdu,  
 Poymyot, kak ya stradal  
 I kak ya strazhdu.  
 Glyazhu ya v dal...  
 Net sil, tuskneyet oko...  
 Akh, kto menya lyubil i znal - dalyoko!  
 Akh, tolko tot, kto znal svidanya zhazhdu,  
 Poymyot, kak ya stradal  
 I kak ya strazhdu.  
 Vsya grud gorit...  
 Kto znal svidanya zhazhdu,  
 Poymyot, kak ya stradal  
 I kak ya strazhdu.

(Lev Mey 1822–1862, after Johann Wolfgang von Goethe 1749–1832)

**Kak nad goryacheyu zoly** Op. 25 No. 2

Kak nad goryacheyu zoly  
 Dimitsa svitok i sgorayet,  
 I ogn sokritiy i glukhoy  
 Slova i stroki pozhirayet:

Tak grustno tlitsa zhizn moya  
 I s kazhdim dnyom ukhodit dimom;  
 Tak postepenno gasnu ya  
 V odnoobrazi nesterpimom...

O, nebo, ye sli bi khot raz  
 Sey plamen razvilsa po vole,  
 I, ne tomyas, ne muchas dole,  
 Ya prosiyal bi i pogas!

(Fyodor Tyutchev 1803–1873)

**Only one who knows yearning (Mignon's song)**

Only one who knows what yearning is  
 can know how I have suffered,  
 and how I suffer still.  
 I look into the distance...  
 I have no strength, my eyes are dim.  
 Ah, the one who loved and knew me is so far!  
 Only one who knows what yearning is  
 can know how I have suffered,  
 and how I suffer still.  
 My heart is burning...  
 Only one who knows what yearning is  
 can know how I have suffered,  
 and how I suffer still.

**As over burning embers**

As over burning embers  
 a manuscript will smoke and burn,  
 the invisible, silent fire  
 consuming each word and line:

So my life weakly smoulders,  
 each day vanishing like smoke;  
 so gradually I am burning away  
 in unbearable monotony ...

Oh heaven, if only once  
 an open flame could burst out,  
 and, with no further grief or suffering,  
 I could flare up and then burn out.

**MODEST MUSORGSKY (1839–1881)**

**Pesni i plyaski smerti**

**Kolibelnaya (1875)**

Stonet rebyonok. Svecha, nagoraya,  
 Tusklo mertsayet krugom.  
 Tseluyu noch kolibelku kachaya,  
 Mat ne zabilasa snom.

**Lullaby**

A moaning child. A room dimly lit  
 by a flickering candle.  
 A mother has kept awake all night,  
 rocking the cradle.



Raniĭm-ranokhonko v dver ostorozhno,  
Smert serdobolnaya stuk!  
Vzdrognula mat, oglyanulas trevozhno...  
'Polno pugatsya, moy drug!

Blednoye utro uzĭ smotrit v okoshko.  
Placha, toskuya, lyublya,  
Ti utomilas. Vzdremni-ko nemnozhko,  
Ya posizhu za tebya.

Ugomonit ti ditya ne sumela.  
Slashche tebya ya spoyu.'  
'Tishe! rebyonok moy mechyotsa, byotsa,  
Dushu terzayet moyu!'

'Nu, da so mnoyu on skoro uyemyotsa.  
Bayushki, bayu, bayu.'  
'Shchyochki bledneyut, slabeyet dikhane ...  
Da zamolchi-zhe, moyu!'

'Dobroye znamene, stikhnet stradane.  
Bayushki, bayu, bayu.'  
'Proch ti, proklyataya! Laskoy svoyeyu  
sgubish ti radost moyu!'

'Net, mirmiy son ya mladentsu naveyu.  
Bayushki, bayu, bayu.'  
'Szhasla, pozĭdi dopevat, khot mgnovene,  
Strashnuyu pesnyu tvoyu!'

'Vidish, usnul on pod tikhoye pene.  
Bayushki, bayu, bayu.'

#### Serenada (1875)

Nega volshebnaya, noch golubaya,  
Trepetniy sumrak vesni.  
Vnemet, poniknuv golovkoy, bolnaya  
Shopot nochnoy tishini.

Son ne smikayet blestyashchiye ochi,  
Zhizn k naslazhdenyu zovoyt,  
A pod okoshkom v molchani polnochi  
Smert serenadu poyot:

'V mrake nevoli surovoy i tesnoy  
Molodost vyanet tvoya.  
Ritsar nevedomiy, siloy chudesnoy  
Osvobozhu ya tebya.

At first light, merciful Death  
softly knocks at the door. The mother  
starts up, looking anxiously around.  
'Don't be frightened, my friend.

Pale dawn already glimmers at the window.  
Your tears of grief and love  
have exhausted you. Sleep for a while,  
I'll watch for you.

You could not soothe your child,  
but my song is sweeter than yours.'  
'Be quiet! My child is feverish and struggling,  
it's breaking my heart.'

'Ah, but I shall soon calm him.  
Lullaby, lullay ...'  
'His cheeks are pale, his breathing is weaker ...  
Be quiet, I beg you!'

'A good sign: his suffering will soon be over.  
Lullaby, lullay ...'  
'Go away, you monster! Your caress  
will destroy my darling.'

'No, I'm lulling him peacefully to sleep.  
Lullaby, lullay ...'  
'Have mercy, wait a moment,  
don't finish your terrifying song!'

'Look: my gentle song has sent him to sleep.  
Lullaby, lullay ...'

#### Serenade

An enchanting languour, an azure night,  
the shimmering twilight of spring...  
Her head bowed, a sick girl  
listens to the whisperings of the night.

No sleep has touched those sparkling eyes,  
life invites her to enjoy its pleasures.  
But beneath her window, in the still night,  
Death sings his serenade.

'Your youth is fading away  
in cruel, gloomy captivity.  
I am your unknown knight, come to free you  
with my magic powers.



Vstan, posmotri na sebya: krasotoyu  
Lik tvoy prozrachniy blestit,  
Shchyoki rummyani, volnistoy kosoyu  
Stan tvoy, kak tuchey obvit.

Pristalniĥ glaz goluboye siyane,  
Yarĥe nebes i ognya.  
Znoyem poludennim veyet dĭkhane...  
Ti obolstila menya.

Slukh tvoy plenilsa moyey serenadoy,  
Ritsanya shopot tvoy zval,  
Ritsar prishyol za posledney nagradoy:  
Chas upoyenya nastal.

Nezhen tvoy stan, upoitelen trepet.  
O, zadushu ya tebya  
V krepkiĥ obyatyakh: lyubovniy moy lepet  
Slushay ... molchi ... Ti moya!

#### **Trepak (1875)**

Les, da polyanĭ, bezlyude krugom.  
Vyuga ĭ plachet ĭ stonet;  
Chuyetsa, budto vo mrake nochnom,  
Zlaya, kovo-to khoronit.

Glyad, tak ĭ yes! V temnote muzhika  
Smert obnimayet, laskayet.  
S pyanenkim plyashet vdvoym trepaka,  
Na ukho pesn napevayet:

'Okh, muzhichok, starichok ubogoy,  
Pyan napilsa, poplyolsa dorogoy,  
A metel-to, vedma, podnyalas, vziĭgrala,  
S polya v les dremuchiy nevnachay zagnala.

Gorem, toskoy da nuzhdoy tozniy,  
Lyag, prikorni, da usni, rodimiy!  
Ya tebya, golubchik moy, snezhkom sogreyu,  
Vkrug tebya velikuyu igru zateyu.

Vzhey-ka postel, ti myatel-lebyodka!  
Gey, nachinay, zapevay pogodka!  
Skazku, da takuyu, shtob vsyu noch tyanulas,  
Shtob pyanchuge krepko pod neyo zasnulos.

Stand up, look at yourself!  
Your delicate face glows with beauty,  
your cheeks are rosy, wavy tresses  
waft around your body like a cloud.

The piercing gaze of your blue eyes  
is brighter than the sky or than fire.  
You breathe the sultry heat of midday,  
you have conquered me.

You are captivated by my serenade,  
you call to your knight in a whisper.  
Your knight has come for his reward,  
the moment of ecstasy has arrived.

The trembling of your tender body thrills me,  
I shall smother you in my strong embrace.  
Listen to my whispered words of love ...  
Be silent ... You are mine!

#### **Trepak**

A forest clearing, not a soul around.  
A blizzard howls and moans.  
It feels as though in the black night  
the Evil one is burying somebody.

And look, there he is! In the darkness Death  
is embracing and caressing a peasant.  
He's dancing a trepak with the drunk  
and crooning a song into his ear:

'Ah, you wretched old peasant,  
you got blind drunk and staggered off home.  
But, like an old witch, a blizzard arose  
and lured you from the fields into the forest.

You're worn out with grief, misery and poverty.  
Lie down, curl up and sleep, my friend.  
I'll warm you with a blanket of snow,  
I'll create a beautiful scene around you.

Make up his bed, swan-white snow!  
Strike up your song, blizzard!  
Sing him a song that will last all night,  
so the old drunk will sleep soundly.



Oy, vi lesa, nebesa, da tuchi,  
Tem, veterok, da snezhok letuchiy,  
Sveytes pelenoyu, snezhnoy, pukhovoyu;  
Yeyu, kak mladentsa, starichka prikroyu.

Spi, moy druzhok, muzhichok schastliviy,  
Leto prishlo, rastvelo! Nad nivoy  
Solnishko smeyotsa, da serpi gulyayut,  
Pesenka nesoytsa, golubki letayut ...'

#### Polkovodets (1877)

Grokhochet bitva, bleshut bronj,  
Orudya zhadnie revut,  
Begut polki, nesutsa koni  
I reki krasnie tekut.

Pilayet polden, lyudi byutsa;  
Sklonilos solntse, boy silney;  
Zakat bledneyet, no derutsa  
Vragi vse yarostney i zley.

I pala noch na pole brani.  
Druzhini v mrake razoshlis...  
Vsyo stikhlo, i v nochnom tumane  
Stenanya k nebu podnyalis.

Togda, ozarena lunoyu,  
Na boyevom svoym kone,  
Kostey sverkaya beliznoyu,  
Yavilas smert. I v tishine,

Vnimaya vopli i molitvi,  
Dovolstva gordovo polna,  
Kak polkovodets mesto bitvi  
Krugom obekhala ona.

Na kholm podnyavshis, oglyanulas,  
Ostanovilas, ulibnulas...  
I nad ravninoy boyevoy  
Razdalsa golos rokovoy:

'Konchena bitva! ya vsekh pobedila!  
Vse predo mnoy vi smirilis, boytsi!  
Zhizn vas possorila, ya pomirila!  
Druzhno vstavayte na smotr, mertvetsi!

Come, forest, sky and clouds,  
darkness, wind and whirling snowflakes:  
weave a shroud of feather-light snow,  
I'll wrap the old man up like a baby.

Sleep, my friend, you lucky old peasant.  
Summer is here and blooming. The sun  
smiles over the meadows, sickles flash,  
there's singing in the air, doves fly past ...'

#### The Field-Marshal

A battle is raging, armour flashes,  
bronze cannons roar,  
regiments charge, horses plunge,  
the rivers run red with blood.

At scorching midday, they're fighting;  
at sunset the battle is fiercer;  
as the light dims, the enemies  
fight even more savagely.

Night falls over the battlefield,  
the troops disperse in the dark.  
Everything becomes still, and in the night air  
groans rise up to the heavens.

And then, illuminated by the moon,  
riding his war horse,  
his bones glistening white,  
Death appears. Amidst the stillness,

he listens to the cries and the prayers,  
and full of grim satisfaction  
he rides around the field of battle  
like a field marshal.

Mounting a hill, he looks around,  
he halts and smiles.  
And then across the battlefield  
his doom-laden voice thunders out:

'The battle is over! I have conquered you all!  
You soldiers have all yielded to me.  
Life made you enemies, I reconcile you.  
Rise as comrades for inspection, you dead men.



Marshem torzhestvennim mimo proydite,  
Voysko moyo ya khochu soschitat.  
V zemlyu potom svoi kosti slozhite,  
Sladko ot zhizni v zemle otdikhat!

Godī nezrimo proyduť za godami,  
V lyudyakh ischeznet i pamyat o vas.  
Ya ne zabudu i gromko nad vami  
Pir budu pravit v polunochniy chas!

Plyaskoy tyazhyoloyu zemlyu siruyu  
Ya pritopchu, shtobi sen grobovuyu  
Kosti pokinut vo vek ne mogli,  
Shtob nikogda vam ne vstat iz zemli!

(Arseniy Golenishchev-Kutuzov 1848–1913)

Pass by me in solemn procession:  
I want to count my troops.  
Then lay your bones to rest in the ground,  
relish the peace of lying in the earth.

Year will follow year unnoticed,  
even your memory will fade in men's hearts.  
But I shall not forget. Every midnight  
I shall hold a clamorous feast above you.

With my heavy dance I shall trample down  
the damp soil, so that for all eternity  
your bones never leave their tomb,  
so that you never rise again from the earth.'

*English translations by Andrew Huth © 2008*

## **NED ROREM** (b.1923)

**War Scenes** (1969)

### **A Night Battle**

What scene is this? – is this indeed humanity – these butchers' shambles?  
There they lie, in an open space in the woods, 300 poor fellows, the groans  
and screams mixed with the fresh scent of the night, that slaughterhouse! O  
well is it their mothers cannot see them. Some have their legs blown off, some  
bullets through the breast, some indescribably horrid wounds in the face or  
head, all mutilated, sickening, torn, gouged out, some mere boys, they take  
their turns with the rest ... Such is the camp of the wounded, while over all the  
clear large moon comes out at times softly, amid the crack and crash and  
yelling sounds. The clear-obscure up there, those buoyant upper oceans, a  
few large placid stars beyond, coming languidly out, then disappearing, the  
melancholy draped night around. And there, upon the roads and in these  
woods, that contest, never one more desperate in any age or land.

What history can ever give (for who can know) the mad, determin'd tussle  
of the armies? Who knows the many conflicts in flashing moonbeam'd woods,  
the writhing squads, the cries, the din, the distant cannon, the cheers and  
calls and threats and awful music of the oaths, the indescribable mix, the  
officers' orders, the devils fully rous'd in human hearts, the strong shout,  
Charge, men, charge? ... And still again the moonlight pouring silvery soft its  
radiant patches over all. Who paints the scene, the sudden partial panic of  
the afternoons, at dusk?



### **Specimen Case**

Poor youth, so handsome, athletic, with profuse shining hair.

One time as I sat looking at him while he lay asleep, he suddenly, without the least start, awaken'd, open'd his eyes, gave me a long steady look, turning his face very slightly to gaze easier, one long, clear, silent look, a slight sigh, then turn'd back and went into his doze again. Little he knew, poor death-stricken boy, the heart of the stranger that hover'd near.

### **An Incident**

In one of the fights before Atlanta, a rebel soldier, of large size, evidently a young man, was mortally wounded top of head, so that the brains partially exuded. He lived three days, lying on his back on the spot where he first dropt. He dug with his heel in the ground during that time a hole big enough to put in a couple of ordinary knapsacks. He just lay there in the open air, and with little intermission kept his heel going night and day. Some of our soldiers then moved him to a house, but he died in a few minutes.

### **Inauguration Ball**

... At the dance and supper room I could not help thinking, what a different scene they presented to my view a while since, fill'd with a crowded mass of the worst wounded of the war. Tonight, beautiful women, perfumes, the violins' sweetness, the polka and the waltz; then the amputation, the blue face, the groan, the glassy eye of the dying, the clotted rag, the odor of blood, and many a mother's son amid strangers, passing away untended there ...

### **The real war will never get in the books**

And so goodbye to the war. I know not how it may have been to others. To me the main interest was in the rank and file of the armies, both sides, and even the dead on the field. The points illustrating the latent character of the American young were of more significance than the political interests involved. Future years will never know the seething hell of countless minor scenes. The real war will never get in the books, perhaps must not and should not be. The whole land, North and South, was one vast hospital, greater (like life's) than the few distortions ever told. Think how much, and of importance, will be, has already been, buried in the grave.

(The texts were freely excised by the composer from Walt Whitman's diary of the Civil War, 'Specimen Days', first published in 1882)



## **encores**

### **CHARLES IVES** (1874–1954)

#### **Memories**

##### **(A) Very Pleasant**

We're sitting in the opera house;  
We're waiting for the curtain to arise  
With wonders for our eyes;  
We're feeling pretty gay,  
And well we may,  
'O, Julius, look!' I say,  
'The band is tuning up  
And soon will start to play.'  
We whistle and we hum,  
Beat time with the drum.  
We're sitting in the opera house;  
We're waiting for the curtain to arise  
With wonders for our eyes,  
A feeling of expectancy,  
A certain kind of ecstasy,  
Expectancy and ecstasy ... Sh's's's.  
[Curtain!]

##### **(B) Rather Sad**

From the street a strain on my ear doth fall,  
A tune as threadbare as that 'old red shawl',  
It is tattered, it is torn,  
It shows signs of being worn,  
It's the tune my Uncle hummed from early morn,  
'Twas a common little thing and kind 'a sweet,  
But 'twas sad and seemed to slow up both his feet;  
I can see him shuffling down  
To the barn or to the town,  
A humming.

(Charles Edward Ives 1874–1954)

### **EINOJUHANI RAUTAVAARA** (b. 1928)

#### **Shall I compare thee?**

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 growest:  
    So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
    So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

(William Shakespeare 1564–1616)



## **WOLSELEY CHARLES (1889–1962)**

### **The Green-Eyed Dragon**

Once upon a time lived a Fair Princess most beautiful and charming;  
Her Father, the King, was a wicked old thing, with manners most alarming.  
And always on the front door mat, a most ferocious Dragon sat,  
He made such an awful shrieking noise so all you little girls and boys  
Beware! Take care! Of the Green Eyed Dragon with the thirteen tails,  
He'll feed, with greed, on little boys, puppy dogs and big fat snails.

Then off to his lair each time he'll drag and each of his thirteen tails he'll wag.  
Beware! Take care! And creep upon tiptoe,  
And hurry up the stairs, and say your prayers,  
And tuck your heads, your pretty curly heads,  
beneath the clothes, the clothes, the clothes.

That Dragon he lived for years and years, but he never got much thinner.  
For lunch, he'd have a Policeman pie, or a roast M.P. for dinner;  
One brave man came 'round with an axe and tried to collect his income tax –  
The Dragon he smiled with fiendish glee, then sadly murmured 'R.I.P.'  
Beware! Take Care! Of the Green-Eyed Dragon with the thirteen tails,  
He'll feed, with greed, on little boys, puppy dogs and big fat snails.

Then off to his lair each time he'll drag and each of his thirteen tails he'll wag.  
Beware! Take care! And creep upon tiptoe,  
And hurry up the stairs, and say your prayers,  
And tuck your heads, your pretty curly heads,  
beneath the clothes, the clothes, the clothes.

That Dragon went down to the kitchen one day where the Fair Princess was baking;  
He ate, by mistake, some rich plum cake which the Fair Princess was making.  
That homemade cake, he could not digest;  
He moaned and he groaned, and at last went west -  
And now his ghost, with bloodshot eyes at midnight clanks his chains and cries:  
Beware! Take care! Of the Green-Eyed Dragon with the thirteen tails,  
He'll feed, with greed, on little boys, puppy dogs and big fat snails.

Then off to his lair each time he'll drag and each of his thirteen tails he'll wag.  
Beware! Take care! And creep upon tiptoe,  
And hurry up the stairs, and say your prayers,  
And tuck your heads, your pretty curly heads,  
Beneath the clothes, the clothes, the clothes!

(Greatrex Newman 1892–1984)

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## GERALD FINLEY



Canadian bass-baritone Gerald Finley began singing as a chorister in Ottawa before completing his musical studies in the UK at the RCM, King's College, Cambridge, and the National Opera Studio. He was a winner of Glyndebourne's John Christie Award and is a Visiting Professor and Fellow of the Royal College of Music.

His opera work has encompassed the leading baritone roles of Mozart, Handel, Britten as well as world premieres of works by John Adams, Mark-Anthony Turnage and Kaaja Saariaho. Recent successes include his debut at the 2007 Salzburg Festival as Conte Almaviva in *Figaro*, the title roles of *Eugene Onegin* at ENO and the ROH, Don Giovanni at Vienna's Theater an der Wien and his

reprisal of the leading role of J. Robert Oppenheimer in *Doctor Atomic* for the Lyric Opera of Chicago.

Mr Finley is a frequent guest of orchestras throughout Europe, and in recent seasons he has featured in recordings of Haydn, Handel, Brahms and Mozart and premiered new works by Turnage and Saariaho. Concert appearances include the BBC Symphony, the Boston Symphony, the Berlin Philharmonic, the London Philharmonia, the Hallé Orchestra as well as recitals in Vienna, Frankfurt, Helsinki, Amsterdam and London's Wigmore Hall with Julius Drake.

Winner of the Editor's Choice Award at the 2006 *Classic FM Gramophone Awards* for Stanford's *Songs of the Sea* (Chandos) his discography includes work with Sir Simon Rattle, Bernard Haitink, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, and Antonio Pappano, as well as highly acclaimed discs of songs by Ives and Samuel Barber, and Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, all with Julius Drake, for Hyperion.



## JULIUS DRAKE

The pianist Julius Drake lives in London and specializes in chamber and vocal music, working with many of the world's leading artists, both in recital and on disc.

Among the many outstanding vocal artists he has partnered are Victoria de los Angeles, Sir Thomas Allen, Barbara Bonney, Ian Bostridge, Gerald Finley, Matthias Goerne, Dame Felicity Lott, Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschrager and Willard White. He has also worked with a range of prestigious instrumentalists, and his duo with oboist Nicholas Daniel has been described by *The Independent* as 'one of the most satisfying in British chamber music: vital, thoughtful and confirmed in musical integrity of the highest order'.

Julius Drake has performed at many of the most important festivals, including those at Edinburgh, Munich, Salzburg (Schubertiade) and Tanglewood. Other concert appearances have taken him to the Lincoln Center, New York; the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam; the Musikverein and the Konzerthaus in Vienna; the Châtelet, Paris; Wigmore Hall and the BBC Proms in London; and tours to Australia, Korea and Japan. Julius Drake is a Professor at the Royal Academy of Music in London and regularly gives masterclasses, most recently in Amsterdam, Brussels, Graz and the Schubert Institute in Baden bei Wien. He has been invited on to the jury of the 2009 Leeds International Piano Competition.



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**Gerald Finley** *bass-baritone*

**Julius Drake** *piano*

Recorded live at Wigmore Hall, London, on 18 October 2007

**PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY**

- |    |                             |       |
|----|-----------------------------|-------|
| 01 | Don Juan's Serenade         | 21.49 |
| 02 | It was in early spring      | 02.54 |
| 03 | At the ball                 | 02.45 |
| 04 | By day or by night          | 02.39 |
| 05 | The mild stars shone for us | 03.39 |
| 06 | Only one who knows longing  | 03.37 |
| 07 | As over burning embers      | 03.34 |
|    |                             | 02.18 |

**MODEST MUSORGSKY** Songs of Dances and Death

- |    |                   |       |
|----|-------------------|-------|
| 08 | Lullaby           | 22.16 |
| 09 | Serenade          | 05.35 |
| 10 | Trepak            | 04.42 |
| 11 | The Field Marshal | 05.16 |
|    |                   | 06.20 |

**NED ROREM** War Scenes

- |    |  |       |
|----|--|-------|
| 12 | A Night Battle                           | 15.13 |
| 13 | Specimen Case                            | 05.07 |
| 14 | An Incident                              | 02.22 |
| 15 | Inauguration Ball                        | 02.03 |
| 16 | The real war will never get in the books | 01.50 |
|    |  | 03.38 |

**encores**

- |       |  |               |
|-------|--|---------------|
| 17/18 | announcement: <b>CHARLES IVES</b> Memories (A) and (B)           | 00.04 / 03.46 |
| 19/20 | announcement: <b>EINOJUHANI RAUTAVAARA</b> Shall I compare thee? | 00.23 / 02.03 |
| 21/22 | announcement: <b>WOLSELEY CHARLES</b> The Green-Eyed Dragon      | 00.11 / 04.48 |

Total time: 70.39