



DECCA

KATHLEEN FERRIER
CENTENARY EDITION
THE COMPLETE DECCA RECORDINGS



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Recordings in this set have been remastered specially for this edition.

CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK 1714–1787

Orfeo ed Euridice abridged

Libretto: Raniero de' Calzabigi 1714–1795

Atto primo · Act One · Acte un · Erster Akt

		Timing	Page
1	Ah! se intorno a quest'urna funesta <i>Coro di pastori e ninfe, Orfeo</i>	5.58	29
2	Euridice! Euridice! Ah! questo nome sanno le spiagge <i>Orfeo</i>	1.18	29
3	Piango il mio ben così <i>Orfeo, Amor</i>	2.12	29
4	Dalla cetra tua a' dolci suoni <i>Amor, Orfeo</i>	1.42	30
5	Gli sguardi trattieni <i>Amor</i>	1.01	30
6	Che disse! ch'ascoltai! <i>Orfeo</i>	1.24	30

Atto secondo · Act Two · Acte deux · Zweiter Akt

Scena I · Scene 1 · Premier Tableau · 1. Bild

7	Chi mai dell'Erebo <i>Coro di furie</i>	3.33	31
8	Deh! placatevi con me <i>Orfeo, coro di furie</i>	2.36	31
9	Misero giovane! <i>Coro di furie, Orfeo</i>	4.27	31

Scena II · Scene 2 · Second Tableau · 2. Bild

10	Che puro ciel! <i>Orfeo, coro di eroi ed eroine</i>	4.57	32
11	Vieni a' regni del riposo <i>Coro di eroi ed eroine</i>	2.33	32

Atto terzo · Act Three · Acte trois · Dritter Akt

Scena I · Scene 1 · Premier Tableau · 1. Bild

12	Ah! vieni o diletta <i>Orfeo, Euridice</i>	2.35	33
13	Vieni, vieni con me, vieni, o cara <i>Orfeo, Euridice</i>	3.46	33
14	Ah! potess'io saper perché ei tace tanto! <i>Euridice</i>	1.30	34
15	Che fiero momento! <i>Euridice, Orfeo</i>	2.44	34
16	Ah! per me il duol ricomincia! <i>Orfeo, Euridice</i>	1.23	35
17	Che farò senza Euridice? <i>Orfeo</i>	3.17	35
18	Ah! finisca e per sempre <i>Orfeo, Amor</i>	2.25	35
19	Gaudio, gaudio son al core <i>Euridice, Orfeo, Amor</i>	3.29	36
Scena II · Scene 2 · Second Tableau · 2. Bild			
20	Trionfi Amore, e il mondo intero <i>Coro di pastori e pastorelle</i>	1.07	37

Kathleen Ferrier Orfeo

Ann Ayars Euridice

Zoë Vlachopoulos Amor

Glyndebourne Festival Chorus

Southern Philharmonic Orchestra

Fritz Stiedry

Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 22, 23, 29 June 1947

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH 1685–1750

St Matthew Passion, BWV 244

(ed. Elgar and Atkins; transl. Troutbeck and Johnson)

Arias and choruses

Airs et chœurs · Arien und Chöre

21	No.1: Come, ye daughters <i>chorus</i>	10.05	37
22	No.9: My Master and my Lord <i>alto recitative</i>		
	No.10: Grief for sin <i>alto aria</i>	4.49	37
23	No.33: Behold, my Saviour now is taken <i>soprano and alto duet and chorus</i>	5.02	37
24	No.36: Ah! Now is my Saviour gone <i>alto aria and chorus</i>	5.12	38
25	No.47: Have mercy, Lord, on me <i>alto aria</i>		
	No.48: Lamb of God, I fall before Thee <i>chorale</i>	8.38	38
26	No.60: O gracious God! <i>alto recitative</i>		
	No.61: If my tears be unavailing <i>alto aria</i>	9.31	38
27	No.63: O sacred head surrounded <i>chorale</i>	1.16	38
28	No.69: Ah, Golgotha! <i>alto recitative</i>		
	No.70: See ye! See the Saviour's outstretched hands <i>alto aria and chorus</i>	5.44	38
29	No.72: Be near me, Lord, when dying <i>chorale</i>	1.54	38
30	No.77: And now the Lord to rest is laid <i>recitative: soloists and chorus</i>		
	No.78: In tears of grief <i>chorus</i>	9.32	38

Elsie Suddaby soprano · **Kathleen Ferrier** contralto

Eric Greene tenor · **William Parsons** bass

Osborne Peasgood organ

Thornton Lofthouse harpsichord

The Bach Choir

The Jacques Orchestra

Reginald Jacques

Kingsway Hall, London, 1947–48

31	What is life to me without thee? <i>Orfeo ed Euridice</i> Gluck; Calzabigi London Symphony Orchestra Malcolm Sargent <i>Kingsway Hall, London, 27 February 1946</i>	4.27	39
32	Art thou troubled? <i>Rodelinda</i> Handel; Haym London Symphony Orchestra Malcolm Sargent <i>Kingsway Hall, London, 27 February 1946</i>	4.39	39
33	Have mercy, Lord, on me <i>St Matthew Passion, BWV 244</i> Bach David McCallum <i>violin</i> National Symphony Orchestra Malcolm Sargent <i>Kingsway Hall, London, 6 February 1946</i>	8.09	39

34 **Fron di tenere ... Ombra mai fu** 4.38 39
Serse Handel; Minato
 London Symphony Orchestra
 Sir Malcolm Sargent
Kingsway Hall, London, 7 October 1948

35 **Woe unto them** 3.09 39
Elijah Mendelssohn
 The Boyd Neel Orchestra
 Boyd Neel
Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 2 September 1946

36 **O rest in the Lord** 3.42 39
Elijah Mendelssohn
 The Boyd Neel Orchestra
 Boyd Neel
Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 2 September 1946

GIOVANNI BATTISTA PERGOLESI 1710–1736

Stabat Mater (orch. Scott)

37 Stabat Mater dolorosa 4.29 40
 38 Cujus animam gementem 2.17 40
 39 O quam tristis et afflicta 2.07 40
 40 Quae moerabat et dolebat 2.54 40
 41 Quis est homo, qui non fleret 2.41 40
 42 Vidit suum dulcem Natum 3.39 40
 43 Eja Mater, fons amoris 2.15 40

44 Fac ut ardeat cor meum 2.10 40
 45 Sancta Mater istud agas 5.44 40
 46 Fac ut portem Christi mortem 2.55 41
 47 Inflammatus et accensus 2.51 41
 48 Quando corpus morietur 4.15 41

Joan Taylor soprano · **Kathleen Ferrier** contralto

Nottingham Oriana Choir
The Boyd Neel String Orchestra
Roy Henderson

Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 8 & 28 May 1946

ROBERT SCHUMANN 1810–1856

Frauenliebe und -leben, op.42 (Chamisso)

49 I Seit ich ihn gesehen 2.40 41
 50 II Er, der Herrlichste von allen 3.18 41
 51 III Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben 1.57 42
 52 IV Du Ring an meinem Finger 2.58 42
 53 V Helft mir, ihr Schwestern 2.04 42
 54 VI Süßer Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an 3.50 43
 55 VII An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust 1.21 43
 56 VIII Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan 3.51 44

57	Volksliedchen, op.51 no.2 (Rückert)	1.17	44	64	Der Musensohn, D764 (Goethe) <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 19 December 1949</i>	2.15	46
58	Widmung, op.25 no.1 (Rückert)	2.25	44		Phyllis Spurr piano		
	John Newmark piano <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 12 and 14 July 1950</i>			65	Ganymed, D544 (Goethe)	4.17	47
	JOHANNES BRAHMS 1833–1897			66	Du liebst mich nicht, D756 (Platen) <i>Recording fades out before the last twelve bars, but is included here because of its historical importance</i>	2.50	47
59	Sapphische Ode, op.94 no.4 (Schmidt) <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 19 December 1949</i>	2.46	44	67	Lachen und Weinen, D777 (Rückert)	1.57	48
60	Botschaft, op.47 no.1 (Daumer) <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 19 December 1949</i>	2.07	45		Benjamin Britten piano <i>Private recording from a BBC Broadcast, 4 February 1952. By arrangement with BBC Enterprises Ltd.</i>		
	FRANZ SCHUBERT 1797–1828			68	Silent night, holy night Gruber, arr. Fagan; Mohr	3.24	
61	Gretchen am Spinnrade, D118 (Goethe) <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 14 March 1947</i>	3.09	45	69	O come, all ye faithful Trad., arr. Fagan	3.18	
62	Die junge Nonne, D828 (Von Craigher) <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 14 March 1947</i>	4.43	46		The Boyd Neel String Orchestra Boyd Neel <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 6 August 1948</i>		
63	An die Musik, D547 (Von Schober) <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 14 February 1949</i>	3.05	46				

JOHANNES BRAHMS**Four Serious Songs, op.121**

(orch. Sargent; the Bible, transl. England)

70	I	One thing befalleth the beasts and the sons of men	4.41	48
71	II	So I returned and did consider	3.58	48
72	III	O death, how bitter art thou	3.49	48
73	IV	Though I speak with tongues of men	5.59	48

**BBC Symphony Orchestra
Sir Malcolm Sargent***BBC Broadcast, 12 January 1949***ERNEST CHAUSSON 1855–1899****Poème de l'amour et de la mer, op.19** (Bouchor)

74	I	La Fleur des eaux	10.38	49
75	II	Interlude	2.27	50
76	III	La Mort de l'amour	14.22	50

**Hallé Orchestra
Sir John Barbirolli***

*With grateful acknowledgement to EMI

*BBC Broadcast, 9 March 1951***HOWARD FERGUSON 1908–1999****Discovery, op.13** (Denton Welch, from *A Last Sheaf*)

77	The Freedom of the City	1.36	51
78	Babylon	1.36	51
79	Jane Allen	0.36	51
80	Discovery	2.51	51
81	Dreams Melting	0.57	51

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH 1908–1988**Three Songs, op.5**

82	Red Skies (Stephen Phillips)	1.55	51
83	The Wind (Wilfred Gibson)	1.01	51
84	Clouds (Rupert Brooke)	3.21	51

EDMUND RUBBRA 1901–1986**Three Psalms, op.61**

85	Psalms 6: O Lord, rebuke me not	5.14	52
86	Psalms 23: The Lord is my shepherd	3.34	52
87	Psalms 150: Praise ye the Lord	1.38	52

Ernest Lush piano*BBC Broadcast, recorded 12 January 1953*

88	The fairy lough, op.77 no.2 Stanford; O'Neill	3.39	52	97	Kitty, my love Trad., arr. Hughes	1.21	54
89	A soft day, op.140 no.3 Stanford; Letts	2.53	52		Frederick Stone piano <i>BBC Broadcast, 5 June 1952</i>		
90	Love is a bable, op.152 no.3 Parry; anon.	1.39	53	98	Mad Bess of Bedlam (From silent shades) Purcell, arr. Britten	7.04	54
91	Silent noon Vaughan Williams; Rossetti	4.53	53	99	Hark! the echoing air <i>The Fairy Queen</i> Purcell; Settle, after Shakespeare	3.12	55
92	Go not, happy day Bridge; Tennyson	1.33	53	100	Like as the love-lorn turtle <i>Atalanta</i> Handel; Valeriani	7.12	55
93	Sleep Warlock; Fletcher	2.46	53	101	How changed the vision <i>Admeto</i> Handel; anon., after Aureli and Mauro, transl. Hayes	4.58	55
94	Pretty ring-time Warlock; Shakespeare	1.16	53		4 Mörike-Lieder Wolf; Mörike		
95	O Waly, Waly	4.13	54	102	No.12: Verborgenheit	3.46	55
96	Come you not from Newcastle? Trad., arr. Britten	1.32	54	103	No.17: Der Gärtner	1.47	55
				104	No.23: Auf ein altes Bild	3.19	56
				105	No.15: Auf einer Wanderung	3.41	56

106	Altar Jensen; Moren	4.10	56	111	Grief for sin <i>St Matthew Passion, BWV 244</i> (ed. Elgar and Atkins; transl. Troutbeck and Johnson)	6.04	58
	Phyllis Spurr piano <i>Broadcast recital from Norway, 16 October 1949</i>			112	All is fulfilled <i>St John Passion, BWV 245</i> Ambrose Gauntlett <i>viola da gamba</i>	5.20	58
107	Vergiß mein nicht, BWV 505 no.71	2.20	57	113	Agnus Dei <i>Mass in B minor, BWV 232</i>	5.44	58
108	Ach, daß nicht die letzte Stunde, BWV 439 no.1 J.S. Bach	1.58	57		GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL 1685–1759		
	Millicent Silver harpsichord <i>Private recording from a BBC broadcast, 26 December 1949</i>			114	Return, O God of Hosts! <i>Samson</i> (Hamilton, after Milton)	4.28	58
109	Bist du bei mir <i>The Anna Magdalena Song Book, BWV 508</i> G.H. Stölzel (attrib. J.S. Bach)	3.31	57	115	O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion <i>Messiah</i> (the Bible, compiled Jennens)	5.39	58
	John Newmark piano <i>Town Hall, New York, 8 January 1950</i> <i>Voice of America recording from The Library of Congress, Washington DC</i>			116	Father of Heaven <i>Judas Maccabaeus</i> (Morell)	7.53	58
	JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH						
110	Qui sedes <i>Mass in B minor, BWV 232</i> Michael Dobson <i>oboe d'amore</i>	5.48	58				

117	He was despised <i>Messiah</i> (the Bible, compiled Jennens) Basil Lam harpsichord continuo London Philharmonic Orchestra Sir Adrian Boult <i>Kingsway Hall, London, 7 & 8 October 1952</i> <i>Recording producer: John Culshaw</i>	6.43	58	122	My boy Willie Trad., arr. Sharp <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 10 December 1951</i>	1.44	59
118	Ma bonny lad Trad., arr. Whittaker <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 10 February 1949</i>	1.51	58	123	I know where I'm goin' Trad., arr. Hughes, adpt. Gray <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 11 December 1951</i>	2.22	59
119	The keel row Trad., arr. Whittaker <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 10 February 1949</i>	1.44	58	124	The fidgety baim* Trad., arr. Robertson <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 17 July 1950</i>	2.48	59
120	Blow the wind southerly Trad., arr. Whittaker Unaccompanied <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 10 February 1949</i>	2.22	59	125	I will walk with my love Trad., arr. Hughes <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 10 December 1951</i>	1.59	60
121	I have a bonnet trimmed with blue Trad., arr. Hughes <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 10 December 1951</i>	1.12	59	126	Ca' the yowes* Trad., arr. Jacobson; Burns <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 17 July 1950</i>	3.26	60
				127	O Waly, Waly Trad., arr. Britten <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 10 December 1951</i>	3.34	60
				128	Willow, willow Trad., arr. Warlock <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 11 February 1949</i>	3.31	60

129	The stuttering lovers Trad., arr. Hughes <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 10 December 1951</i>	1.43	61	135	Ye banks and braes Trad., arr. Quilter; Burns <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 11 December 1951</i>	3.10	61
130	Now sleeps the crimson petal, op.3 no.2 Quilter; Tennyson <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 10 December 1951</i>	2.30	61	136	Drink to me only Trad., arr. Quilter; Jonson <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 11 December 1951</i>	3.03	62
131	Fair house of joy, op.12 no.7 Quilter; anon. <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 11 December 1951</i>	2.38	61	137	Down by the salley gardens Trad., arr. Hughes; Yeats <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 11 February 1949</i>	3.07	62
132	To daisies, op.8 no.3 Quilter; Herrick <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 11 December 1951</i>	2.13	61	138	The lover's curse Trad., arr. Hughes <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 11 February 1949</i>	3.05	62
133	Over the mountains Trad., arr. Quilter; Percy's <i>Reliques</i> <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 11 December 1951</i>	2.15	61		Phyllis Spurr · John Newmark* piano		
134	Have you seen but a whyte lillie grow? Trad., arr. Grew; Jonson <i>Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 10 February 1949</i>	2.25	61	139	What the Edinburgh Festival has meant to me (Talk by Kathleen Ferrier) <i>BBC Scottish Home Service broadcast, 11 September 1949</i>	2.52	

FRANZ SCHUBERT

140	Die junge Nonne, D828 (von Craigher)	4.32	46
141	Romance, D797 no.3b <i>Rosamunde</i> (von Chézy)	3.54	62
142	Du liebst mich nicht, D756 (Platen)	3.43	47
143	Der Tod und das Mädchen, D531 (Claudius)	2.39	62
144	Suleika I, D720 (Willemer, adapted by Goethe)	4.49	63
145	Du bist die Ruh, D776 (Rückert)	4.44	63

JOHANNES BRAHMS

146	Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer, op.105 no.2 (Lingg)	4.04	64
147	Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht, op.96 no.1 (Heine)	3.27	64
148	Botschaft, op.47 no.1 (Daumer)	2.14	45
149	Von ewiger Liebe, op.43 no.1 (Wendish poem, German version by Wenzig)	5.17	64

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Frauenliebe und -leben, op.42 (Chamisso)

150	I Seit ich ihn gesehen	2.06	41
151	II Er, der Herrlichste von allen	2.59	41
152	III Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben	1.43	42
153	IV Du Ring an meinem Finger	2.48	42
154	V Helft mir, ihr Schwestern	1.55	42
155	VI Süßer Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an	3.42	43
156	VII An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust	1.24	43
157	VIII Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan	4.06	44

Bruno Walter piano

*BBC broadcast from an Edinburgh Festival recital at the Usher Hall,
7 September 1949. By arrangement with BBC Records.*

JOHANNES BRAHMS

158	Rhapsody for contralto, male chorus and orchestra, op.53 (Goethe, from <i>Harzreise im Winter</i>)	16.04	65
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London Philharmonic Choir (men's voices)

London Philharmonic Orchestra

Clemens Krauss

Kingsway Hall, London, 18 & 19 December 1947

159 **Gestillte Sehnsucht, op.91 no.1** (Rückert) 5.11 66

160 **Geistliches Wiegenlied, op.91 no.2** (Geibel) 5.09 66

Phyllis Spurr piano · **Max Gilbert** viola

Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 15 February 1949

Vier ernste Gesänge, op.121 (the Bible)

161 I Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh 4.57 67

162 II Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle 4.20 67

163 III O Tod, wie bitter bist du 4.11 67

164 IV Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit Engelszungen redete 4.58 67

John Newmark piano

Decca Studios, Broadhurst Gardens, London, 17 July 1950

GUSTAV MAHLER 1860–1911

Kindertotenlieder (Rückert)

165 I Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n 4.56 68

166 II Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen 3.53 68

167 III Wenn dein Mütterlein 4.04 68

168 IV Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen! 3.03 69

169 V In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus 6.34 69

Concertgebouw Orchestra

Otto Klemperer

Live recording made at the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam, at a concert for the Holland Festival, 12 July 1951, and broadcast by Katholieke Radio Omroep

The release of this recording was made possible by the collaboration between Decca and the Institut National de la Communication Audiovisuelle

JOHANNES BRAHMS

Liebeslieder-Walzer, op.52 (Daumer)

170 I Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes 1.14 70

171 II Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut 0.45 70

172 III O die Frauen 1.05 70

173 IV Wie des Abends schöne Röte 0.51 70

174 V Die grüne Hopfenranke 1.38 70

175 VI Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel 2.37 70

176 VII Wohl schön bewandt war es 1.29 71

177 VIII Wenn so lind dein Auge mir 1.33 71

178 IX Am Donaustrande, da steht ein Haus 2.11 71

179 X O wie sanft die Quelle 1.03 71

180 XI Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen 0.51 71

181 XII Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser 0.42 71

182 XIII Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft 0.44 71

183 XIV Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar 0.58 72

184 XV Nachtigall, sie singt so schön 1.15 72

185 XVI Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe 1.17 72

186 XVII Nicht wandle, mein Licht, dort außen 1.51 72

187 XVIII Es bebet das Gesträuche 1.25 72

		Neue Liebeslieder-Walzer, op.65 (Goethe)		
188	XV	Zum Schluß	2.25	72
		Irmgard Seefried soprano Kathleen Ferrier contralto Julius Patzak tenor Horst Günter bass-baritone		
		Clifford Curzon, Hans Gál piano		
		<i>Live recording from a BBC broadcast of a performance at the Edinburgh Festival on 2 September 1952</i>		
		<i>The release of this recording was made possible by the collaboration between Decca and the Institut National de la Communication Audiovisuelle</i>		
		BENJAMIN BRITTEN 1913–1976 Spring Symphony, op.44		
		Part One		
189	I	Introduction: Shine out (Anon.) <i>chorus</i>	8.28	73
190	II	The merry cuckoo (Spenser) <i>tenor</i>	1.58	73
191	III	Spring (Nashe) <i>soloists & chorus</i>	1.45	73
192	IV	The driving boy (When as the rye) (Clare/Peele) <i>soprano, boys' choir</i>	2.02	73
193	V	The morning star (Milton) <i>chorus</i>	2.59	73
		Part Two		
194	VI	Welcome Maids of Honour (Herrick) <i>alto</i>	2.44	73
195	VII	Waters above (Vaughan) <i>tenor</i>	2.35	73
196	VIII	Out on the lawn I lie in bed (Auden) <i>alto, chorus</i>	6.13	74

		Part Three		
197	IX	When will my May come (Barnefield) <i>tenor</i>	2.27	74
198	X	Fair and fair (Peele) <i>soprano, tenor</i>	2.22	74
199	XI	Sound the flute (Blake) <i>boys' choir, chorus</i>	1.29	74
		Part Four		
200	XII	Finale: London, to thee I do present (Beaumont) <i>solì, boys' choir, chorus</i>	8.04	75
		Jo Vincent soprano Kathleen Ferrier contralto Peter Pears tenor		
		The Boys' Choir of St Willibrorduskerk, Rotterdam The Netherlands Radio Choir Concertgebouw Orchestra Eduard van Beinum		

Private recording of the first performance, 14 July 1949, Amsterdam

*This recording is made from a tape copy supplied by the British Library
National Sound Archive dubbed from seven cellulose nitrate discs.
These were recorded from the Radio Hilversum transmission for the
then Earl of Harewood and deposited by him with the National Sound Archive
in 1991. Grateful acknowledgement is made to Lord Harewood and
the British Library.*

GUSTAV MAHLER

Symphony No.2 in C minor "Resurrection"

ut mineur "Résurrection" · c-Moll "Auferstehung"

(From *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*; Klopstock)

201	I	Allegro maestoso: Mit durchaus ernstem und feierlichem Ausdruck —	9.17	
202		Schnell	8.25	
203	II	Andante moderato: Sehr gemächlich	9.28	
204	III	In ruhig fließender Bewegung	10.35	
205	IV	"Urlicht": Sehr feierlich, aber schlicht	4.05	75
206	V	Im Tempo des Scherzo: Wild herausfahrend —	8.35	
207		Maestoso. Sehr zurückhaltend —	7.35	
208		Sehr langsam und gedehnt —		
		"Aufersteh'n, ja aufersteh'n wirst du": Langsam, misterioso —	7.06	76
209		"O glaube, mein Herz, o glaube": Etwas bewegter	6.32	76

Jo Vincent soprano · **Kathleen Ferrier** contralto

Amsterdam Toonkunst Choir

Concertgebouw Orchestra

Otto Klemperer

Grote Zaal, Concertgebouw, Amsterdam, July 1951 (live recording)

Das Lied von der Erde

The Song of the Earth · Le Chant de la Terre

210	I	Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde <i>tenor</i>	8.38	76
211	II	Der Einsame im Herbst <i>contralto</i>	9.14	77
212	III	Von der Jugend <i>tenor</i>	2.59	77
213	IV	Von der Schönheit <i>contralto</i>	6.45	78
214	V	Der Trunkene im Frühling <i>tenor</i>	4.24	78
215	VI	Der Abschied <i>contralto</i>	28.22	79

Kathleen Ferrier contralto · **Julius Patzak** tenor

Großer Saal, Musikverein, Vienna, 15–16 May 1952

Recording producer: Victor Olof · Recording engineer: Cyril Windebank

3 Rückert-Lieder (Rückert)

216		Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen	5.35	80
217		Ich atmet' einen linden Duft	2.47	80
218		Um Mitternacht	6.24	80

Wiener Philharmoniker

Bruno Walter

Großer Musikvereinsaal, Vienna, 20 May 1952

Recording producer: Victor Olof · Recording engineer: Cyril Windebank

Remastered at 96kHz in 24-bit from the original analogue mastertapes

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

Cantata BWV 11 Praise our God who reigns in heaven (Ascension Oratorio)

Lobet Gott in seinen Reichen

219	I	Chorus: Praise our God who reigns in heaven <i>chorus</i>	5.40	81
220	II	Recitative: Then Jesus lifted His hands to heaven <i>tenor</i>	0.40	81
221	III	Recitative: My Saviour, is the parting hour so near? <i>bass</i>	1.11	81
222	IV	Aria: Ah, tarry yet, my dearest Saviour <i>contralto</i>	7.35	81
223	V	Recitative: And behold, He rose from their midst <i>tenor</i>	0.28	81
224	VI	Chorale: Now at Thy feet creation lies <i>chorus</i>	1.49	81
225	VIIa	Recitative: And while they looked steadfastly into heaven <i>tenor</i>	0.16	81
226		Ye honest men of Galilee <i>tenor, bass</i>	0.59	82
227	b	Recitative: Ah Lord, now quickly come again <i>contralto</i>	0.30	82
228	VIII	Aria: Jesu, all Thy loving kindness <i>soprano</i>	2.40	82
229	IX	Chorale: When will the night be over? <i>chorus</i>	4.06	82

Kingsway Hall, London, 6 October and 1 November 1949

Cantata BWV 67 Hold in affection Jesus Christ

Halt im Gedächtnis Jesum Christ

230	I	Chorus: Hold in affection Jesus Christ <i>chorus</i>	3.46	82
231	II	Aria: Christ Jesus now is risen <i>tenor</i>	2.58	82
232	III	Recitative: Lord Jesus, Thou the sting of death hast drawn <i>contralto</i>	0.31	82
233	IV	Chorale: Come, all, and hail this king of days <i>chorus</i>	0.55	82
234	V	Recitative: And still, O Lord, my spirit knows no calm <i>contralto</i>	1.02	82
235	VI	Aria with chorus: Peace be unto you! <i>bass, chorus</i>	6.00	82
236	VII	Chorale: Lord Christ, Thou art the Prince of Peace <i>chorus</i>	1.05	82

Kingsway Hall, London, 3 November 1949

Ena Mitchell soprano · **Kathleen Ferrier** contralto

William Herbert tenor · **William Parsons** bass

Thornton Lofthouse harpsichord continuo · **Wilfred Parry** piano

The Cantata Singers

The Jacques Orchestra

Reginald Jacques

[ADD](#)/MONO

Cantatas 11 and 67 are released complete in digital form by Decca for the first time.



Photo: Decca



Kathleen Ferrier aged 25
Photo: Decca

KATHLEEN FERRIER: A CENTENARY CELEBRATION

"Miss Kathleen Ferrier is a new singer of remarkable talent. A full, rich contralto voice, flexible throughout its compass and capable of lovely shades of tone and expression, is rare these days..."

Manchester Guardian, 1942

Kathleen Ferrier was clearly no ordinary diva and had earned a reputation as a fine lyric contralto, even before deciding to move to London. What a risk, what an opportunity and what an inspired decision! For London, in those wartime days, hardly seemed to offer this enthusiastic thirty-year-old the career she was seeking. Nevertheless, Ferrier soon established herself as a singer of the top rank — but still learning and gaining experience with every performance.

On the recommendation of the conductor Malcolm Sargent, Ferrier had been granted a hearing by the concert agency Ibbs and Tillett, as her diary for 9 July 1942 reveals:

Wigmore Hall 2pm. Audition went off well. Decided to live in London. Phew! Went to ballet. Lovely!

After the house-move from Carlisle to Hampstead, on Christmas Eve 1942, there was no turning back. Her resolve was firm and her career was launched.

Three years on, Ferrier made her first

commercial recording with orchestra, when she set down "Have mercy, Lord, on me" from Bach's *St Matthew Passion*, conducted by Sargent (track 33). It began a lifelong link with the Decca Company, for which she made many notable records; they are re-issued here, freshly restored, together with several broadcasts from Britain and overseas, in celebration of the centenary of her birth.

The choice of a Bach aria for her Decca debut was auspicious for, in 1947–48, Reginald Jacques conducted a virtually complete *St Matthew Passion*, which was welcomed by an enthusiastic public. Whilst by no means "authentic" when judged by today's performing styles, it represents a good performance of its time sung, as was then customary, in English. The principal contralto arias may be heard on tracks 21–30. Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, which Ferrier learned when studying with Dr John Hutchinson in Newcastle upon Tyne in the early days of the war, was another innovative recording (tracks 37–48). It was conducted by her singing teacher, baritone Roy Henderson; the soprano soloist, Joan Taylor, was one of his pupils at the Royal Academy of Music. Tracks 35 and 36 include two extracts from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, an oratorio all too seldom performed in the twenty-first century!

In 1949, to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of Bach's death, Decca recorded two of his less familiar cantatas, Nos. 11 and 67 (tracks 219–236). Reginald Jacques again conducted, as he had the earlier *St Matthew Passion*, and Ferrier was joined by three of her colleagues from the oratorio circuit, so popular at that time. William Herbert, William Parsons and Ena Mitchell, together with the Cantata Singers, contributed to these two innovative performances, which were among Decca's first on 33rpm records when issued in 1950.

Ferrier's last session for Decca was conducted by Adrian Boult in 1952, just one year before her death (tracks 110–117). It included her only versions of arias from Handel's *Messiah*, *Samson* and *Judas Maccabaeus*, as well as excerpts from Bach's B Minor Mass, *St John Passion* and a fresh version of "Grief for sin" from the *St Matthew Passion*. When making this recording Ferrier was already ill, but optimistic about her complete recovery from the cancer which had been diagnosed the previous year. Three short songs (tracks 107–109), two recorded for the BBC in 1949 and the third from a 1950 New York recital, complete the selection of Bach's music in this set.

Baroque opera arias featured frequently in Ferrier's recitals, and she recorded several of them for Decca. These include

her famous "78" of "What is life" from Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* (track 31), together with "Art thou troubled?" from *Rodelinda* (track 32) and "Ombra mai fu" from *Serse* (track 34), both by Handel. Less familiar, perhaps, are two other Handel arias and two by Purcell, recorded from a 1949 Norwegian broadcast (tracks 98–101). This recital also offers an opportunity to hear her sing the music of Wolf (tracks 102–105) and — for the only time in her career — *Altar* (track 106), a song in Norwegian by Ludvig Jensen, which she introduced with a few self-deprecatory words!

A new production of *Orfeo ed Euridice* took Ferrier to Glyndebourne Festival Opera in 1947, the first time that she had sung the leading role on stage. "Gluck's music," she said, "lies in the fat of my voice!" She loved it. Representative excerpts of Decca's recording are included on tracks 1–20, where she is joined by the American Ann Ayars, who became a good friend, and the Greek Zoë Vlachopoulos. Both these sopranos are heard to advantage, but Ferrier, understandably, takes most of the honours.

Ferrier's performances of songs from the British Isles always enjoyed huge popularity; she recorded over twenty of them for Decca (tracks 118–138), including the perennially popular *Blow the wind southerly*. In addition, a BBC live broadcast from June 1952 is featured in its entirety on

tracks 88–97. The delicious *Kitty, my love*, which closes this recital, illustrates all the charm and humour that Ferrier could bring to a song. Indeed, she enjoyed a very well-developed sense of fun and was the life and soul of a party when she entertained by accompanying herself on the piano, singing and telling stories, laughing uproariously as she did so! With the demands made by her increasingly hectic career, she surely valued some time to reduce the pressure and relax.

Ferrier's final recording, a BBC recording from January 1953, was of rather different fare (tracks 77–87). Three contemporary composers — Howard Ferguson, William Wordsworth and Edmund Rubbra — were represented, the Rubbra set of *Three Psalms*, op.61 having been composed for and dedicated to her six years earlier. Ferrier's innate musicality overcame the challenges of these "modern" songs and, as in the case of Britten's music, she relished the opportunity to perform new work.

Britten, Peter Pears and Kathleen Ferrier were great friends. When contemplating the first performance of the *Spring Symphony* she wrote to the composer:

Getting worried about seeing my notes and getting used to the augmented 19th I know await me! Hope I don't let you down, mi darlin'! Will try awful hard not to!

How fortunate that the premiere, in Amsterdam on 14 July 1949, was recorded from a radio broadcast (tracks 189–200). Whilst the sound is not of top technical quality, the *frisson* of live performance is palpable and all three soloists (Ferrier, Pears and soprano Jo Vincent) were in excellent voice. Ferrier later commented on the fine singing of the choir of Dutch boys and was enchanted by their excellent English pronunciation.

Britten was also an extremely fine pianist, and it is in the role of accompanist that he joined Ferrier in their only surviving recordings together — three Schubert songs from a 1952 BBC recital (tracks 65–67). Schubert's music played an influential part in both their careers, so these treasurable (but, in one case, incomplete) songs are of the utmost interest. They are followed by two popular carols, recorded in August 1948 ready for the Christmas shoppers.

In 1951, encouraged by her great friend Sir John Barbirolli, Ferrier sang a major work in French for the first time. Chausson's *Poème de l'amour et de la mer* was music of a style entirely new to her. She had been preparing it for over a year, and taking French pronunciation lessons when, on 28 February, she wrote excitedly to her Canadian accompanist John Newmark, in her own idiosyncratic and enthusiastic way:

Well darling, this is a great day. The first performance with Barbirolli of the

Chausson. We rehearsed last night, and oh! boy! is it lush!? He's pickled tink, and I'm enjoying it — there's such support for the high bits — didn't worry me last night!

Nine days later she sang it again for a BBC broadcast which was recorded privately and first issued by Decca in 1985 (tracks 74–76). Despite somewhat distant sound, Ferrier's voice rode easily through the rich orchestral textures; surely she would have studied more French music of this genre, if she had only been given time to do so...

In April 1942 Ferrier started taking German lessons and worked hard to perfect her language skills. Lieder formed the core of many of her recitals, and she left a valuable recorded legacy of the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Mahler. Schubert is represented here by four Decca "78" sides, accompanied by Phyllis Spurr (tracks 61–64).

With John Newmark, Ferrier recorded Schumann's cycle *Frauenliebe und -leben* in London in July 1950, together with the songs *Widmung* and *Volksliedchen* (tracks 49–58). At the same sessions they set down Brahms's *Vier ernste Gesänge*, in German (tracks 161–164), a work which also appears in a different guise on tracks 70–73. This is an English version, orchestrated by Sargent, and broadcast by the BBC from the 1949 "Winter Proms" at the Royal

Albert Hall in London. As Ferrier wrote to an admirer a few days after the orchestral concert:

I am so glad you enjoyed the Brahms *Serious Songs*. They are one of my favourite cycles, but it was strange to sing them with orchestra, as ordinarily they are accompanied, as originally intended, by a piano. But I think they are such wonderful and moving words to sing, and I always love doing them.

Another favourite work by Brahms was the *Alto Rhapsody*, which Ferrier recorded in 1947 with the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Clemens Krauss (track 158). Interviewed for *The Gramophone* in 1951, she recalled:

Perhaps the best record I have made is the Brahms *Alto Rhapsody*. It was recorded in a large hall and my voice floated out naturally.

But she continued by commenting that she liked one or two of her other recordings as well! Brahms's *Botschaft* and *Sapphische Ode* (tracks 59 and 60), and his two songs with piano and viola op.91 (tracks 159 and 160), were recorded at Decca's studios in 1949.

In 1952 the BBC broadcast a performance of Brahms's *Liebeslieder-*

Walzer on the first, and only, occasion that Ferrier sang these vocal quartets. She was joined in Edinburgh's Usher Hall by three eminent colleagues, accompanied by Clifford Curzon and Hans Gál, and this recording survives as an endearing souvenir of her last Festival season (tracks 170–188).

The fortieth anniversary of the death of Gustav Mahler was commemorated in July 1951 by a concert in the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam, conducted by Otto Klemperer. The programme included *Kindertotenlieder* (tracks 165–169) and the Second Symphony — the “Resurrection” — with Ferrier and Jo Vincent as soloists (tracks 201–209). Ferrier, however, had little affection for Klemperer and wrote to John Newmark:

I find him gross, bullying, unmoving ...
Perhaps his Mahler comes off
sometimes, because he wastes no time
nor sentiment – but ohh!!!! whattaman.”

Notwithstanding her personal antipathy, the performances are white hot, and there is no doubt that Klemperer, even if “gross”, achieved a considerable success on that memorable evening!

Bruno Walter was a major influence on Ferrier's musical development. The 1949 *Liederabend* from Edinburgh (tracks 140–157) was a highlight of that year's Festival and remains one of the most significant of Ferrier's recordings. With

Walter at the piano in the Usher Hall, Ferrier sang Schubert, Schumann and Brahms as she never could in the cold isolation of a studio and held the audience enthralled. Whilst this performance included songs that Ferrier recorded on other occasions (including Schumann's *Frauenliebe und -leben*), these “live” interpretations have a very special directness that is not heard elsewhere. A charming prologue to this legendary recital is the short talk that she broadcast on the BBC Scottish Home Service during that same Festival.

For almost sixty years Ferrier's recording of Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*, conducted in Vienna by Bruno Walter in May 1952 (tracks 210–215), has set a standard by which other performances are judged. It was the pinnacle of her recording career and remains her enduring memorial. Ill and in considerable discomfort, she worked tirelessly to obtain good “takes” for the final edit; at the end of the playback session, and with the tenor Julius Patzak by her side, there was a silence which she eventually broke. “Was it alright?” she asked Walter. He could not speak, but the expression on his face answered the question for her. Three of Mahler's *Rückert-Lieder* were recorded at the same time, also with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (tracks 216–218).

On 21 May 1952 Ferrier and Walter left

Vienna together, their job well done. They parted at Zurich airport, never to meet again. One of the world's most celebrated musical collaborations had come to an end, yet is preserved for all time through these precious recordings.

Paul Campion

Paul Campion, a writer and lecturer, is the author of *Ferrier — A Career Recorded*, a detailed survey of Kathleen Ferrier's recordings, published by Thames in 2005.

The use of excerpts from the newly updated and enlarged edition of Dr Christopher Fifield's *Letters and Diaries of Kathleen Ferrier*, published in October 2011 by Boydell and Brewer, is gratefully acknowledged.

¹ Ferrier would often jokingly use spoonerisms and puns in her correspondence to close friends, of which “pickled tink” for “tickled pink”; a familiar English phrase to indicate great delight, is one example. On other occasions she similarly referred to “O rest in the Lord”, the aria from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, as “Oh rust in the lard” — to the amusement of her correspondents.



Photo: Decca

KATHLEEN FERRIER : CÉLÉBRATION DU CENTENAIRE

"Mademoiselle Kathleen Ferrier est une nouvelle cantatrice au talent remarquable. Une telle voix de contralto riche et pleine, flexible sur toute son étendue, et capable de ravissantes nuances de timbre et d'expression, est rare de nos jours."

Manchester Guardian, 1942

Kathleen Ferrier n'était manifestement pas une diva ordinaire, et elle s'était fait une réputation d'excellente contralto lyrique avant même de décider de partir pour Londres. Quel risque, quelle chance, et quelle décision inspirée ! Car Londres, en ces années de guerre, ne semblait pas vraiment offrir à cette trentenaire enthousiaste la carrière qu'elle cherchait. Néanmoins, Ferrier s'imposa bientôt comme une chanteuse de premier rang — mais qui continuait d'apprendre et d'acquérir de l'expérience avec chaque concert.

Sur les recommandations du chef d'orchestre Malcolm Sargent, elle s'était vu accorder une audition par l'agence de concerts Ibbs and Tillett, comme le révèle son journal pour le 9 juillet 1942 :

"Wigmore Hall 14 heures. L'audition s'est bien passée. Décidé de vivre à Londres. Ouf ! Suis allée au ballet. Magnifique !"

Après avoir déménagé de Carlisle à Hampstead, la veille de Noël 1942, elle n'eut jamais à le regretter. Sa détermination était entière, et sa carrière était lancée.

Trois ans plus tard, Ferrier fit son premier disque avec orchestre, gravant *"Have mercy, Lord, on me"* (*"Erbarme Dich, mein Gott"*) de la *Passion selon saint Matthieu* de Bach sous la direction de Sargent (la piste 33). Ce fut le début d'une collaboration qui dura toute la vie avec la Decca Company, pour qui elle signa de nombreux disques remarquables ; ils sont réédités ici, fraîchement restaurés, avec plusieurs retransmissions de Grande-Bretagne et de l'étranger, pour célébrer le centenaire de sa naissance.

Le choix d'un air de Bach pour ses débuts chez Decca était de bon augure, car, en 1947–1948, Reginald Jacques dirigea une quasi-intégrale de la *Passion selon saint Matthieu*, saluée par un public enthousiaste. Nullement "authentique" si l'on en juge d'après les styles d'exécution actuels, elle représente néanmoins une bonne interprétation de son époque, chantée, comme c'était alors l'usage, en anglais. On entendra les principaux airs de contralto sur les pistes 21 à 30. Le *Stabat Mater* de Pergolèse, que Ferrier apprit en étudiant avec John Hutchinson à Newcastle upon Tyne dans les premiers jours de la guerre,

était un autre enregistrement novateur (les pistes 37 à 38). Il est dirigé par son professeur de chant, le baryton Roy Henderson ; la soprano soliste, Joan Taylor, était l'une de ses élèves à la Royal Academy of Music. Les pistes 35 et 36 comprennent également deux extraits d'*Elijah* de Mendelssohn, un oratorio trop rarement donné au XXI^e siècle !

En 1949, pour le deux-centième anniversaire de la mort de Bach, Decca enregistra deux de ses cantates moins connues, n^{os} 11 et 67 (les pistes 219 à 336). C'est de nouveau Reginald Jacques qui dirige, comme pour la *Passion selon saint Matthieu* antérieure, et Ferrier est ici associée à trois de ses collègues venus du monde de l'oratorio, si apprécié à l'époque. William Herbert, William Parsons et Ena Mitchell, avec les Cantata Singers, apportent leur contribution à ces interprétations novatrices, qui furent parmi les premiers disques 33-tours de Decca à leur sortie en 1950.

La dernière séance de Ferrier pour Decca fut dirigée par Adrian Boult en 1952, un an seulement avant sa mort (les pistes 110 à 117). Elle comprenait ses seules versions d'airs du *Messie*, de *Samson* et de *Judas Maccabaeus* de Haendel, ainsi que des extraits de la Messe en si mineur de Bach, de la *Passion selon saint Jean* et une nouvelle version de "*Grief for sin*" ("*Buß und Reu*") de la *Passion selon saint*

Matthieu. Au moment de cet enregistrement, Ferrier était déjà souffrante, mais optimiste, persuadée qu'elle allait se remettre entièrement du cancer qui avait été diagnostiqué l'année précédente. Trois brèves mélodies (les pistes 107 à 109) — deux enregistrées pour la BBC en 1949 et la troisième provenant d'un récital donné à New York en 1950 — complètent l'anthologie de la musique de Bach dans cet album.

Les airs d'opéras baroques figuraient souvent aux programmes des récitals de Ferrier, et elle en enregistra plusieurs pour Decca. L'album comprend son célèbre 78-tours de "*What is life*" ("*Che farò*") d'*Orfeo ed Euridice* de Gluck (la piste 31), avec "*Art thou troubled?*" ("*Dove sei?*") de *Rodelinda* (la piste 32) et "*Ombra mai fu*" de *Serse* (la piste 34), tous deux de Haendel. Les deux autres airs de Haendel et les deux de Purcell, enregistrés à partir d'une retransmission norvégienne de 1949 (les pistes 98 à 101), sont sans doute moins connus. Ce récital permet également de l'entendre chanter la musique de Wolf (les pistes 102 à 105) et — pour la seule fois de sa carrière — *Alto* (la piste 106), une mélodie en norvégien de Ludvig Jensen, qu'elle présenta en s'excusant !

Une nouvelle production d'*Orfeo ed Euridice* emmena Ferrier au Glyndebourne Festival Opera en 1947, où elle chanta pour la première fois le rôle principal sur scène.

"La musique de Gluck, dit-elle, est dans le gras de ma voix." Elle l'adorait. Des extraits représentatifs de l'enregistrement Decca figurent sur les pistes 1 à 20, où elle est rejointe par l'Américaine Ann Ayars, qui devint une bonne amie, et la Grecque Zoë Vlachopoulos. Les deux sopranos sont ici remarquables, mais c'est tout naturellement Ferrier qui mérite les plus grandes louanges.

Ses interprétations de mélodies des îles Britanniques ont toujours été très appréciées ; elle en enregistra plus de vingt pour Decca (les pistes 118 à 138), dont l'éternellement populaire *Blow the wind southerly*. En outre, une retransmission live de la BBC en juin 1952 figure intégralement sur les pistes 88 à 97. Le délicieux *Kitty, my love*, qui conclut ce récital, illustre tout le charme et l'humour que Ferrier pouvait apporter à une mélodie. Elle savait en effet très bien s'amuser, et était la boule-en-train dans ces soirées où elle s'accompagnait elle-même au piano, chantant et racontant des histoires, tout en riant aux éclats ! Avec les exigences imposées par sa carrière de plus en plus mouvementée, elle appréciait certainement ces moments de détente.

Le dernier enregistrement de Ferrier, réalisé par la BBC en janvier 1953, est de caractère plutôt différent (les pistes 77 à 87). Trois compositeurs contemporains — Howard Ferguson, William Wordsworth et Edmund Rubbra — étaient représentés ; le recueil de *Trois Psaumes* op. 61 de Rubbra

avait été composé pour elle et lui avait été dédié six ans auparavant. La musicalité innée de Ferrier surmonta les défis de ces mélodies "modernes" et, comme dans le cas de la musique de Britten, elle savoura l'occasion d'interpréter une œuvre nouvelle.

Britten, Peter Pears et Kathleen Ferrier étaient de grands amis. En songeant à la création de la *Spring Symphony*, elle écrivit au compositeur :

"Je commence à m'inquiéter de voir ma partie et de m'habituer aux dix-neuvièmes augmentées qui, je le sais, m'attendent ! J'espère ne pas vous décevoir, mon cher ! Je ferai tout mon possible pour l'éviter !"

Quelle chance que la création, donnée à Amsterdam le 14 juillet 1949, ait été enregistrée à partir d'une retransmission radio (les pistes 189 à 200) ! Si la qualité technique n'est pas exceptionnelle, le frisson de l'interprétation sur le vif est perceptible, et les trois solistes (Ferrier, Pears et la soprano Jo Vincent) sont en grande forme vocale. Ferrier salua par la suite les belles voix du chœur de garçons néerlandais, enchantée par leur excellente prononciation anglaise.

Britten était aussi un très bon pianiste, et c'est dans le rôle d'accompagnateur qu'il se joignit à Ferrier pour leurs seuls enregistrements communs qui subsistent

— trois lieder de Schubert provenant d'un récital donné à la BBC en 1952 (les pistes 65 à 67). La musique de Schubert joua un rôle important dans leur carrière, alors ces précieux lieder (bien que l'un d'eux soit incomplet) sont du plus grand intérêt. Deux noëls populaires, enregistrés en août 1948 pour les achats de Noël, les suivent.

En 1951, encouragée par son grand ami Sir John Barbirolli, Ferrier interpréta pour la première fois une œuvre majeure en français. Le *Poème de l'amour et de la mer* de Chausson était une musique d'un style entièrement nouveau pour elle. Elle le préparait depuis plus d'un an, et prenait des cours de prononciation française lorsque, le 28 février, elle écrivit en s'enflammant à son accompagnateur canadien John Newmark, dans sa manière personnelle et enthousiaste :

"Eh bien, mon cher, c'est un grand jour. La première exécution avec Barbirolli du Chausson. Nous l'avons répété hier soir, et, bon sang, c'est somptueux ! ? Il est joue de foi¹, et j'y prends plaisir — il y a un tel soutien dans les passages aigus — je n'étais pas inquiète hier soir."

Neuf jours plus tard, elle le rechantait pour une retransmission de la BBC qui fut enregistrée en privé et publiée pour la première fois par Decca en 1985 (les pistes 74 à 76). Malgré une prise de son un peu distante, la voix de Ferrier passe facilement

à travers les riches textures orchestrales ; elle aurait certainement travaillé d'autres musiques françaises de ce genre si seulement on lui en avait laissé le temps...

En avril 1942, Ferrier commença à prendre des leçons d'allemand et travailla durement pour perfectionner ses compétences linguistiques. Les lieder formaient le cœur de bon nombre de ses récitals, et elle laissa un précieux héritage discographique avec des lieder de Schubert, Schumann, Brahms et Mahler. Schubert est représenté ici par quatre faces de 78-tours Decca, où elle est accompagnée par Phyllis Spurr (les pistes 61 à 64).

Avec John Newmark, Ferrier enregistra le cycle *Frauenliebe und -leben* de Schumann à Londres en juillet 1950, ainsi que les lieder *Widmung* et *Volksliedchen* (les pistes 49 à 58). Lors des mêmes séances, ils gravèrent les *Vier ernste Gesänge* de Brahms, en allemand (les pistes 161 à 164), œuvre qui apparaît également sous d'autres atours sur les pistes 70 à 73. Il s'agit d'une version en anglais, orchestrée par Sargent, et retransmise par la BBC à l'occasion des "Winter Proms" de 1949 au Royal Albert Hall de Londres. Ferrier écrivit à une admiratrice quelques jours après le concert avec orchestre :

"Je suis si heureuse que vous ayez aimé les *Chants sérieux* de Brahms. C'est l'un de mes cycles favoris, mais il était étrange de les chanter avec orchestre,

car habituellement il sont accompagnés par le piano, comme c'était voulu à l'origine. Mais je pense que ce sont des mots si merveilleux et si émouvants, et j'aime toujours les chanter."

Une autre œuvre de Brahms qu'elle affectionnait était la *Rhapsodie pour contralto*, qu'elle enregistra en 1947 avec le London Philharmonic Orchestra sous la direction de Clemens Krauss (la piste 158). Dans un entretien publié par *The Gramophone* en 1951, elle confiait :

"Le meilleur disque que j'aie fait est peut-être la *Rhapsodie pour contralto* de Brahms. Elle a été enregistrée dans une grande salle, et ma voix portait naturellement."

Mais elle poursuivit en soulignant qu'elle aimait aussi un ou deux autres de ses enregistrements ! *Botschaft* et *Sapphische Ode* de Brahms (les pistes 59 et 60), et ses deux lieder avec piano et alto op. 91 (les pistes 159 et 160), furent enregistrés dans les studios Decca en 1949.

En 1952, la BBC retransmit les *Liebeslieder-Walzer* de Brahms, lors du premier, et seul, concert où Ferrier chanta ces quatuors vocaux. Dans l'Usher Hall d'Édimbourg, elle était associée à trois éminents collègues et accompagnée par Clifford Curzon et Hans Gál, et cet enregistrement est un attachant souvenir de

sa dernière saison au festival (les pistes 170 à 180).

Le quarantième anniversaire de la mort de Gustav Mahler fut commémoré en juillet 1951 par un concert au Concertgebouw d'Amsterdam sous la direction d'Otto Klemperer. Le programme comprenait les *Kindertotenlieder* (les pistes 165 à 169) et la Deuxième Symphonie — "Résurrection" — avec Ferrier et Jo Vincent en solistes (les pistes 201 à 209). Ferrier, qui avait peu d'affection pour Klemperer, écrivit à John Newmark :

"Je le trouve fruste, brutal, insensible ... Peut-être son Mahler passe-t-il parfois parce qu'il ne gaspille pas de temps ou de sentiment — mais ohh !!! Quel homme !"

Malgré cette antipathie personnelle, les interprétations sont ardentes, et il ne fait aucun doute que Klemperer, même s'il est "fruste", remporta un succès considérable lors de cette soirée mémorable !

Bruno Walter exerça une influence majeure sur l'évolution musicale de Ferrier. La *Liederabend* d'Édimbourg (les pistes 140 à 157), qui fut un temps fort du festival de 1949, reste l'un des enregistrements les plus significatifs de Ferrier. Avec Walter au piano dans l'Usher Hall, Ferrier chanta Schubert, Schumann et Brahms comme elle ne put jamais le faire dans la froide solitude d'un studio et captiva le public. Si ce concert

comprendait des lieder que Ferrier enregistra en d'autres occasions (notamment *Frauenliebe und -leben* de Schumann), ces interprétations prises sur le vif ont une immédiateté très spéciale qu'on n'entend pas ailleurs. La brève causerie qu'elle fit sur BBC Scottish Home Service pendant le même festival forme un charmant prologue à ce récital mémorable.

Depuis près de soixante ans, l'enregistrement que Ferrier signa de *Das Lied von der Erde* de Mahler, à Vienne, sous la direction de Bruno Walter, en mai 1952 (les pistes 210 à 215), est resté une référence à l'aune de laquelle on juge les autres interprétations. C'était l'apogée de sa carrière discographique, et le disque demeure un monument à sa mémoire. Souffrante et très gênée, elle travailla inlassablement afin d'obtenir de bonnes "prises" pour le montage final; à la fin de la séance de réécoute, avec le ténor Julius Patzak à son côté, il y eut un silence qu'elle finit par rompre. "Est-ce que ça va?" demanda-t-elle à Walter. Il ne put dire un mot, mais l'expression sur son visage répondit pour elle à la question. Trois des *Rückert-Lieder* de Mahler furent enregistrés au même moment (les pistes 216 à 218), également avec l'Orchestre philharmonique de Vienne.

Le 21 mai 1952, Ferrier et Walter

quittèrent Vienne ensemble, ayant fait du bon travail. Ils se séparèrent à l'aéroport de Zurich pour ne jamais se revoir. L'une des collaborations musicales les plus célèbres au monde était arrivée à son terme, et pourtant elle est immortalisée dans ces précieux enregistrements.

Paul Campion
Traduction Dennis Collins

Paul Campion, écrivain et conférencier, est l'auteur de *Ferrier — A Career Recorded*, étude détaillée de la discographie de Kathleen Ferrier publiée par Thames en 2005.

Nous sommes reconnaissants d'avoir pu utiliser des extraits de la nouvelle édition augmentée de *Letters and Diaries of Kathleen Ferrier* de Christopher Fifield, publiée en octobre 2011 par Boydell et Brewer.

¹ Ferrier émaillait souvent sa correspondance avec ses amis intimes de contrepèteries et de jeux de mots, dont "*pickled tink*" pour "*tickled pink*" ("fou de joie") est ici un exemple. En d'autres occasions, elle rebaptisait l'air "*O rest in the Lord*" dans *Elijah* de Mendelssohn "*Oh rust in the lard*" — au grand amusement de ses correspondants.

KATHLEEN FERRIER: ZUR FEIER IHRES 100. GEBURTSTAGES

"Miss Kathleen Ferrier ist eine neue, außergewöhnlich begabte Sängerin. Eine volle und farbenreiche Altstimme, flexibel im gesamten Umfang, die auch über reizvolle Schattierungen von Klang und Ausdruck verfügt — das ist heutzutage selten..."

Manchester Guardian, 1942

Kathleen Ferrier, ganz eindeutig keine gewöhnliche Diva, hatte sich bereits einen Namen als ausgezeichnete lyrische Altistin gemacht, bevor sie beschloss, nach London zu gehen. Das war riskant, aber auch chancenreich und erwies sich letztlich richtige Entscheidung. Denn das London in der damaligen Kriegszeit schien dieser begeisterten 30-Jährigen zunächst kaum die Karriere zu bieten, die sie anstrebte. Dennoch stieg Kathleen Ferrier bald als Sängerin zur Spitzenklasse auf — lernte dabei aber noch und erweiterte ihre Erfahrungen mit jeder Aufführung.

Auf Empfehlung des Dirigenten Malcolm Sargent konnte sie bei der Konzertagentur Ibbs und Tillett vorsingen; in ihrem Tagebuch heißt es dazu am 9. Juli 1942:

14 Uhr Wigmore Hall. Vorsingen verlief gut. Beschloss, in London zu leben. Uff! Ging ins Ballett. Herrlich!

Nach dem Umzug von Carlisle nach Hamp-

stead am Weihnachtsabend 1942 gab es kein Zurück mehr. Ihr Entschluss stand fest, und ihre Karriere konnte beginnen.

Drei Jahre später machte Ferrier ihre erste kommerzielle Aufnahme mit Orchester, und zwar von der Arie "Erbarme dich, mein Gott" (hier Englisch gesungen: "Have mercy, Lord, on me") aus der *Matthäus-Passion* von Bach unter der Leitung von Sargent (Track 33). Das war der Beginn ihrer lebenslangen Verbindung mit der Decca Company, für die sie viele namhafte Aufnahmen gemacht hat; sie werden hier, technisch überarbeitet, zusammen mit einigen Rundfunkübertragungen aus England und dem Ausland zur Feier ihres 100. Geburtstages wieder veröffentlicht.

Die Wahl einer Bach-Arie für ihr Decca-Debüt war verheißungsvoll, denn 1947–48 dirigierte Reginald Jacques eine nahezu vollständige *Matthäus-Passion*, die begeistert aufgenommen wurde. Obgleich nach den heutigen Aufführungsmaßstäben keineswegs "authentisch", ist es eine gute Aufnahme der Zeit, die, wie damals üblich, in Englisch gesungen wurde. Die wichtigsten Alt-Arien sind auf Tracks 21–30 zu hören. Pergolesis *Stabat Mater*, das Kathleen Ferrier während ihres Studiums bei Dr. John Hutchinson in Newcastle-upon-Tyne Anfang des Krieges studiert hatte, war eine weitere bahnbrechende Aufnahme (Tracks 37–48).

Dirigent war der Bariton Roy Henderson, Ferriers Gesangslehrer; die Sopransolistin Joan Taylor war seine Schülerin an der Royal Academy of Music. Zu anderen Aufnahmen auf dem Album gehören zwei Auszüge aus Mendelssohns *Elias* (Tracks 35 und 36), einem Oratorium, das im 21. Jahrhundert viel zu selten aufgeführt wird!

1949 nahm Decca anlässlich des 200. Todestages von Bach im folgenden Jahr zwei seiner weniger bekannten Kantaten auf, Nr. 11 und 67 (Tracks 219–236). Reginald Jacques war, wie schon in der früheren Einspielung der Matthäus-Passion, der Dirigent; neben Kathleen Ferrier sangen noch drei ihrer Kollegen aus dem damals so beliebten Bereich des Oratoriums. William Herbert, William Parsons und Ena Mitchell wirkten zusammen mit den Cantata Singers bei diesen beiden innovativen Aufführungen mit, die bei ihrer Veröffentlichung 1950 zu den ersten Decca-Schallplatten mit 33 U/Min gehörten.

Adrian Boult war der Dirigent von Kathleen Ferriers letzter Aufnahme für Decca von 1952, nur ein Jahr vor ihrem Tod (Tracks 110–117). Sie enthielt ihre einzige Einspielung von Arien aus Händels *Messias*, *Samson* und *Judas Maccabäus*, Ausschnitte aus Bachs h-Moll-Messe und der *Johannes-Passion* sowie eine neue Aufnahme von „Buß und Reu“ (engl. „Grief for sin“) aus der *Matthäus-Passion*. Als diese Aufnahme entstand, war Kathleen Ferrier bereits

krank, erwartete aber optimistisch die vollständige Genesung von ihrer Krebserkrankung, die im Jahr zuvor diagnostiziert worden war. Drei kurze Lieder (Tracks 107–109), von denen zwei 1949 für die BBC aufgenommen wurden, während das dritte aus einem Konzert im Jahre 1950 in New York stammte, vervollständigen die Auswahl mit Musik von Bach in dieser Box.

Arien aus Barockopern erschienen häufig in Kathleen Ferriers Konzerten, und sie nahm einige von ihnen für Decca auf. Das Album enthält ihre berühmten Aufnahmen (auf 78er Schallplatten) von „What is life“ („Ach ich habe sie verloren“) aus Glucks *Orfeo ed Euridice* (Track 31) zusammen mit „Art thou troubled?“ aus *Rodelinda* (Track 32) und „Ombra mai fu“ aus *Serse* (Track 34), beide von Händel. Weniger bekannt sind wohl zwei andere Händel-Arien und zwei von Purcell, die 1949 von einer norwegischen Rundfunkübertragung aufgenommen wurden (Tracks 98–101). Dieses Konzert bietet auch die Gelegenheit, Ferrier mit Musik von Hugo Wolf (Tracks 102–105) und — zum ersten Mal in ihrer Karriere — mit *Altar* zu hören (Track 106), einem norwegischen Lied von Ludvig Jensen, den sie mit ein paar selbstkritischen Worten vorstellte!

Zum Glyndebourne Festival kam Kathleen Ferrier 1947 für eine Neuinszenierung von *Orfeo ed Euridice*; zum ersten Mal sang sie hier die Hauptrolle auf der Bühne. „Glücks Musik“, so meinte sie, „ist ideal für meine

Stimme“. Sie liebte die Rolle. Repräsentative Ausschnitte aus der Decca-Aufnahme sind auf Tracks 1–20 enthalten; mit ihr singen die Amerikanerin Ann Ayars, die ihr eine gute Freundin wurde, und die Griechin Zoë Vlachopoulos. Beide Sopranistinnen bieten gute Leistungen, doch Kathleen Ferrier gebührt verständlicherweise das größte Lob.

Ihre Darbietungen von Liedern aus Großbritannien waren immer enorm beliebt; sie nahm mehr als 20 davon für Decca auf (Tracks 118–138), darunter das unvergängliche *Blow the wind southerly*. Außerdem gibt es auf Tracks 88–97 die BBC-Live-Übertragung eines ganzen Konzertes vom Juni 1952. Das entzückende *Kitty, my love* am Schluss dieses Konzertes zeigt, wie charmant und humorvoll Kathleen Ferrier ein Lied vortragen konnte. Tatsächlich hatte sie einen ausgeprägten Sinn für Spaß und stand im Mittelpunkt einer Gesellschaft, wenn sie diese, sich selbst am Klavier begleitend, singend und Geschichten erzählend unterhielt und dabei laut lachte, wie es ihre Art war! Angesichts der Anforderungen ihrer zunehmend hektischen Karriere war sie sicher über jede Gelegenheit froh, den Druck mindern und sich entspannen zu können.

Kathleen Ferriers letzte Aufnahme, eine BBC-Aufnahme vom Januar 1953, bot etwas andere Kost (Tracks 77–87). Drei zeitgenössische Komponisten, Howard Fer-

guson, William Wordsworth und Edmund Rubbra, waren darin vertreten; Rubbra hatte seine *Three Psalms*, op. 61 sechs Jahre zuvor für die Sängerin komponiert und ihr auch gewidmet. Mit ihrer angeborenen Musikalität meisterte sie die Herausforderungen dieser „modernen“ Lieder und schätzte es (wie im Fall der Musik Britzens) sehr, ein neues Werk aufführen zu können.

Britten, Peter Pears und Kathleen Ferrier waren eng befreundet. Vor der Uraufführung der *Spring Symphony* schrieb sie an den Komponisten:

Mache mir Sorgen, wenn ich meine Noten ansehe und wie ich mich an die übermäßigen Neunzehntel gewöhnen soll, die mich bekanntlich erwarten! Hoffentlich enttäusche ich Dich nicht, mein Lieber! Werde mich riesig bemühen, das nicht zu tun!

Was für ein Glück, dass die Uraufführung am 14. Juli 1949 in Amsterdam von einer Rundfunkübertragung aufgezeichnet wurde (Tracks 189–200). Wenn auch die Aufnahme klangtechnisch nicht besonders gut ist, verspürt man doch die Erregung einer Live-Aufführung; und alle drei Solisten (Ferrier, Pears und die Sopranistin Jo Vincent) waren in bester Stimmverfassung. Kathleen Ferrier hat sich später über den hervorragenden Gesang des holländischen Knabenchors geäußert und war von dessen ausge-

zeichneter englischer Aussprache begeistert.

Britten war auch ein sehr guter Pianist und hat Kathleen Ferrier in der einzigen noch existierenden gemeinsamen Aufnahme begleitet: drei Schubert-Lieder aus einem Konzert der BBC von 1952 (Tracks 65–67). Schuberts Musik hat in beider Karrieren eine große Rolle gespielt; daher sind diese kostbaren (allerdings in einem Fall unvollständigen) Liedaufnahmen von höchstem Interesse. Zwei beliebte, im August 1948 (passend zum Weihnachtsgeschäft) aufgenommene Weihnachtslieder beschließen die Auswahl hier.

1951 sang Kathleen Ferrier, bestärkt von ihrem großen Freund Sir John Barbirolli, zum ersten Mal ein Lied in französischer Sprache. Stilistisch war Chaussons *Poème de l'amour et de la mer* eine gänzlich neue Musik für sie. Sie hatte das Werk über ein Jahr lang vorbereitet und Unterricht in französischer Aussprache genommen. Am 28. Februar schrieb sie in ihrer eigenwilligen und enthusiastischen Weise voller Erregung an ihren kanadischen Begleiter John Newmark:

Liebling, dies ist ein großer Tag. Die erste Aufführung vom Chausson mit Barbirolli. Wir haben gestern Abend geprobt, und Mensch! Ist das großartig!? Er hat sich köstlich amüsiert, und ich habe es genossen — es gibt soviel Hilfe bei den

hohen Stellen — die haben mich gestern Abend nicht beunruhigt¹

Neun Tage später sang sie das Werk wieder für eine BBC-Übertragung, die privat aufgenommen wurde und erstmals 1985 bei Decca erschien (Tracks 74–76). Obwohl etwas entfernt klingend, bewegte sich Kathleen Ferriers Stimme mühelos durch das volle Orchestergewebe; sie hätte sicherlich noch mehr französische Musik dieser Art studiert, wäre ihr nur mehr Zeit geblieben...

Im April 1942 begann sie, Deutsch zu lernen und arbeitete hart, um ihre Sprachkenntnisse zu perfektionieren. Lieder bildeten den Hauptteil vieler ihrer Konzerte, und sie hat ein wertvolles Vermächtnis mit den Einspielungen der Lieder von Schubert, Schumann, Brahms und Mahler hinterlassen. Schubert ist hier mit Aufnahmen von vier Decca-LPs mit 78 U/min vertreten; am Klavier wird Ferrier von Phyllis Spurr begleitet (Tracks 61–64).

Mit John Newmark nahm sie im Juli 1950 in London Schumanns Zyklus *Frauenliebe und -leben* zusammen mit den Liedern *Widmung* und *Volksliedchen* auf (Tracks 49–58). In denselben Sitzungen wurden auch Brahms' *Vier ernste Gesänge* auf Deutsch eingespielt (Tracks 161–164); dieses Werk erscheint in anderer Gestalt noch einmal auf Tracks 70–73. Hier handelt es sich um eine englische, von Sargent orchestrierte Fassung, die von der BBC aus den "Winter

Proms" in der Royal Albert Hall 1949 in London übertragen wurde. An einen Lehrer schrieb Kathleen Ferrier einige Tage nach dem Konzert:

Ich freue mich sehr, dass Ihnen die *Ernstes Gesänge* von Brahms gefallen haben. Sie gehören zu meinen Lieblingszyklen; es war allerdings merkwürdig, sie mit Orchester zu singen, da sie gewöhnlich, wie ursprünglich vorgesehen, vom Klavier begleitet werden. Aber ich empfinde die Worte dieser Lieder als ganz wunderbar und bewegend; ich freue mich immer, wenn ich sie singen kann.

Auch die *Alt-Rhapsodie* gehörte zu Ferriers Lieblingswerken von Brahms; sie hat sie 1947 mit dem London Philharmonic Orchestra unter der Leitung von Clemens Krauss aufgenommen (Track 158). In einem Interview für *Gramophone* von 1951 erinnerte sich sich:

Vielleicht ist die *Alt-Rhapsodie* von Brahms die beste Aufnahme, die ich gemacht habe. Sie entstand in einem großen Saal, und meine Stimme floss ganz natürlich dahin.

Dann meinte sie aber noch, dass sie eine oder zwei ihrer anderen Aufnahmen ebenfalls sehr schätze! Brahms' *Botschaft* und *Sapphische Ode* (Tracks 59 und 60) sowie

seine beiden Lieder mit Klavier und Bratsche, op. 91 (Tracks 159 und 160) wurden 1949 in den Decca-Studios aufgenommen.

1952 übertrug die BBC eine Aufführung der *Liebeslieder-Walzer* von Brahms, das erste und einzige Mal, dass Ferrier diese Gesangsquartette gesungen hat. Dies war ein Auftritt in der Usher Hall in Edinburgh mit drei hervorragenden Sänger-Kollegen und Clifford Curzon sowie Hans Gál als Klavierbegleiter; diese Aufnahme hat sich als lebenswerte Erinnerung an ihre letzte Festspiel-Saison erhalten (Tracks 170–188).

Der 40. Todestag von Gustav Mahler wurde im Juli 1951 mit einem Konzert im Amsterdamer Concertgebouw unter der Leitung von Otto Klemperer begangen. Das Programm enthielt die *Kindertotenlieder* (Tracks 165–169) und die 2. Sinfonie ("Auferstehungssinfonie") mit Kathleen Ferrier und Jo Vincent als Solisten (Tracks 201–209). Ferrier schätzte allerdings Klemperer wenig und schrieb an John Newmark:

Ich finde ihn grob, tyrannisch, starr ... Vielleicht hat er ja manchmal Erfolg mit Mahler, weil er weder Zeit noch Gefühl verschwendet — aber ohh!!! Was für ein Mann.

Ungeachtet ihrer persönlichen Antipathie waren die Aufführungen von glühender Intensität; und zweifellos hat Klemperer (und sei er auch "grob") an jenem denkwürdigen

Abend einen beträchtlichen Erfolg errungen!

Bruno Walter übte großen Einfluss auf Kathleen Ferriers musikalische Entwicklung aus. Der Liederabend aus Edinburgh 1949 (Tracks 140–157) war ein Festspiel-Höhepunkt jenes Jahres und bleibt eine der bedeutendsten Aufnahmen der Sängerin. Mit Walter am Klavier sang Ferrier in der Usher Hall Schubert, Schumann und Brahms so, wie sie es in der kalten Isolation eines Studios nie gekonnt hätte, und begeisterte das Publikum. Während das Konzert Lieder enthielt, die die Sängerin bei anderen Gelegenheiten gesungen hat (darunter Schumanns Zyklus *Frauenliebe und -leben*), haben diese Live-Interpretationen eine ganz besondere Unmittelbarkeit, die man sonst kaum hört. Ein charmanter Prolog zu diesem legendären Konzert ist das kurze Gespräch mit ihr im BBC Scottish Home Service während desselben Festivals.

Fast 60 Jahre lang hat Ferriers Aufnahme von Mahlers *Das Lied von der Erde*, die Bruno Walter im Mai 1952 in Wien geleitet hat (Tracks 210–215), Maßstäbe gesetzt, an denen andere Aufführungen gemessen werden. Sie war der Höhepunkt ihrer Schallplattenkarriere und ist ihr bleibendes Denkmal. Krank und unter erheblichen Beschwerden, arbeitete sie unermüdlich, um gute “takes” für die endgültige Fassung zu erhalten; am Ende der Playback-Sitzung verharrten sie und der Tenor Julius Patzak an ihrer Seite schweigend, bis sie endlich

Walter fragte: “War es in Ordnung?”. Er konnte nicht sprechen, aber sein Gesichtsausdruck beantwortete ihre Frage. Drei der *Rückert-Lieder* von Mahler wurden zur gleichen Zeit aufgenommen, ebenfalls mit den Wiener Philharmonikern (Tracks 216–218).

Am 21. Mai 1952 verließen Ferrier und Walter nach erfolgreich getaner Arbeit gemeinsam Wien. Am Züricher Flughafen trennten sie sich, um einander nie wieder zu begegnen. Eine der berühmtesten musikalischen Partnerschaften der Welt war beendet; doch bleibt sie dank diesen kostbaren Aufnahmen für immer gegenwärtig.

Paul Campion
Übersetzung Christiane Frobenius

Der Schriftsteller und Dozent Paul Campion ist der Autor von *Ferrier — A Career Recorded*, einer detaillierten Diskographie von Kathleen Ferrier, die 2005 bei Thames erschienen ist.

Wir danken für die Genehmigung, Ausschnitte aus der aktualisierten und erweiterten Ausgabe von Dr. Christopher Fifields *Letters and Diaries of Kathleen Ferrier*, erschienen im Oktober 2011 bei Boydell and Brewer, zu zitieren.

¹ Ferrier hat in ihren Briefen an enge Freunde oft zum Spaß Schüttelreime und Wortspiele angebracht, z. B. “pickled tink”

für “tickled pink”, ein bekannter englischer Ausdruck für großes Amüsement. Ähnlich sprach sie bei anderer Gelegenheit von “O rest in the Lord”, der Arie aus Mendels-

sohns *Elías*, als “Oh rust in the lard” (“Oh roste im Fett”) zum großen Vergnügen ihrer Briefpartner.



Kathleen with her sister Winifred
Photo: Decca

CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK

1714–1787

Orfeo ed Euridice abridged

Libretto: Raniero de' Calzabigi (1714–1795)

Atto primo*Boschetto di allori e cipressi, e la tomba di Euridice.***Coro di pastori e ninfe**1 Ah! se intorno a quest'urna funesta,
Euridice, ombra bella, t'aggiri, ...**Orfeo**

Euridice!

Coro... odi i pianti, i lamenti, i sospiri
che dolenti si spargon per te.**Orfeo**

Euridice!

CoroEd ascolta il tuo sposo infelice
che piangendo ti chiama ...**Orfeo**

Euridice!

Orfeo and Eurydice**Act One***Eurydice's grave, in a grove of laurel and cypress trees.***Chorus of nymphs and shepherds**Ah, Eurydice, beautiful shade,
if you are roaming by this sad tomb, ...**Orpheus**

Eurydice!

Chorus... hear the crying, lamenting, sighing
that in sorrow is being poured out for you.**Orpheus**

Eurydice!

ChorusAnd listen to your unhappy husband
crying, calling for you ...**Orpheus**

Eurydice!

Coro... ti chiama e si lagna;
come quando la dolce compagna
tortorella amorosa perdé.**Orfeo**Amici, quel lamento
aggrava il mio dolore!
All'ombra pietosa d'Euridice
rendete omai gli estremi onori
e il marmo inghirlandate!
Euridice! Euridice!
Ah! questo nome sanno le spiagge,
e le selve l'appresero da me!
Per ogni valle risuona;
in ogni tronco quel nome vergai
con questa man tremante.
Euridice non è più ed io respiro ancor!
Dei, se non torna in vita
me pur spegnete allor.

2

3

Piango il mio ben così
se il sole indora il dì,
se va nell'onde.
Pietoso al pianto mio
va mormorando il rio,
e mi risponde.
Io saprò penetrar
nell'oscuro inferno.
Il mio duol, il mio pianto
vinceranno l'ira vostra;
lo sdegno vostro a combatter,
mi bastan forza e valor!*(Apparisce Amor.)***Chorus**... calling for you and lamenting;
as when the loving turtle-dove
has lost his sweet companion.**Orpheus**My friends, your mourning
increases my grief!
Now perform the last rites
for the tender shade of Eurydice
and deck the tomb with flowers.
Eurydice! Eurydice!
Ah, the shores know this name,
and the forests have learned it from me!
It resounds through every valley;
I wrote it on every tree-trunk
with this trembling hand.
Eurydice is dead and I still breathe!
Ye gods, if she does not come back to life
then kill me as well.
I weep so for my beloved
whether the sun brightens the day
or whether it sinks into the sea.
In pity at my weeping
the murmuring stream
answers me.
I shall find a way
to go down into hell.
My tears and my grief
will overcome your anger.
To battle with your wrath
I need only strength and courage!*(Amor appears.)*

Amor

Amor assisterà l'infelice consorte.
Credi a me, di te sente Giove pietà.
Tu puoi discender nell'inferno;
là nel regno de' morti vedrai Euridice.

- 4 Dalla cetra tua a' dolci suoni,
bell'armonie fa risuonar.
Con lor tu domerai dei tiranni il furor.
Certo uscirai con lei
da quello spazio in pace.

Orfeo

Ciel! Lei riveder potrò!

Amor

Dalla cetra tua a' dolci suoni,
bell'armonie fa risuonar.
Con lor tu domerai dei tiranni il furor.
Certo uscirai con lei
da quello spazio in pace.
Ascolta, ascolta allor, Orfeo!
Finché non sei fuor di quegli antri,
ti si vieta mirar la sposa tua,
se per sempre non vuoi perderla ancora!
Suona così lassù il supremo voler!
Ti rendi degno del celeste favor.

- 5 Gli sguardi trattieni,
affrena gli accenti,
rammenta se peni,

Amor

Amor will aid this unhappy husband.
Believe me, Jupiter has pity on you.
You may descend into hell;
there, in the realm of the dead, you will
see Eurydice.

From the sweet sounds of your lyre
make lovely harmonies.
With these you will calm the rage of
the tyrants.
You will surely come back in peace
from that cavern with her.

Orpheus

Heavens! I shall see her again!

Amor

From the sweet sounds of your lyre
make lovely harmonies.
With these you will calm the rage of
the tyrants.
You will surely come back in peace
from the cavern with her.
Listen, listen, Orpheus!
Until you have left that cavern
you are forbidden to look at your wife,
if you do not want to lose her again for ever!
This is the supreme will from above!
Be worthy of this favour from heaven.
Hold back your eyes,
curb your speech,
remember that you have

che pochi momenti
hai più da penar.
Sai pur che talora
confusi, tremanti
con chi gl'innamora
son ciechi gli amanti,
con chi gl'innamora,
non sanno parlar.
(*Sparisce.*)

6

Orfeo

Che disse! ch'ascoltai!
Dunque Euridice vivrà, o mia Euridice!
E dopo tanti affanni miei,
in quel momento,
in quella guerra d'affetti,
io non dovrò mirarla,
non stringerla al mio sen!
Sposa infelice! che dirà mai?
Che penserà?
Preveggo le smanie sue!
Comprendo le angustie mie.
Nel figurarlo solo
sento gelarmi il sangue,
tremarmi il cor.
Ma, lo potrò, lo voglio!
Ho risoluto.
Il grande, l'insoffribil de' mali
è l'esser privo
dell'unico dell'alma
amato oggetto.
Assistetemi, o Dei, la legge accetto.

only a few moments of pain
left to suffer.
You know that at times
in confusion and trembling
lovers are blind
with the one they love.
With the one they love
they are lost for words.
(*He disappears.*)

Orpheus

What did he say? What did I hear?
Then Eurydice will live, O my Eurydice!
And after my many torments
at that moment,
in that battle of emotions
I may not look at her,
not clasp her to my breast!
Unhappy wife! Whatever will she say?
What will she think?
I can foresee her longing!
I can imagine my anguish.
Even in picturing it
I feel my blood run cold,
and my heart trembling.
But I shall succeed. I wish it!
I am resolved.
The greatest, most unbearable pain
is to be deprived
of one's only
beloved.
Aid me, ye Gods, I accept the condition.

Atto secondo

Scena I
Luogo orrido e cavernoso, di là dal fiume Cocito.

Coro di furie (*vedendo avvicinarsi Orfeo*)
 7 Chi mai dell'Erebo
 fra le caligini,
 sull'orme d'Ercole
 e di Piritoo
 conduce il piè?
 D'orror l'ingombrino
 le fiere Eumenidi
 e lo spaventino
 gli urli di Cerbero,
 se un dio non è.

Orfeo
 8 Deh! placatevi con me,
 furie, ...

Coro
 No!

Orfeo
 ... larve, ...

Coro
 No!

Orfeo
 ... ombre sdegnose; ...

Act Two

Scene 1
A fearful cavernous place, on the far side of the river Cocytus.

Chorus of furies (*seeing Orpheus approach*)
 Who can it be
 through the mists of Erebus
 following the footsteps
 of Hercules
 and Pirithoüs?
 Let the savage Eumenides
 fill him with horror
 and the growls of Cerberus
 startle him
 if he is not a god.

Orpheus
 Ah, calm your anger against me,
 furies, ...

Chorus
 No!

Orpheus
 ... spectres, ...

Chorus
 No!

Orpheus
 ... angry shades; ...

Coro
 No!

Orfeo
 ... vi renda almen pietose
 il mio barbaro dolor.

Coro
 No! no! no!

Orfeo
 Deh! placatevi con me,
 furie, ...

Coro
 No!

Orfeo
 ... larve, ...

Coro
 No!

Orfeo
 ... ombre sdegnose;
 vi renda almen pietose
 il mio barbaro dolor.
 Furie, ecc.

9 **Coro**
 Misero giovane!
 che vuoi, che mediti?
 Altro non abita
 che lutto e gemito

Chorus
 No!

Orpheus
 ... let at least my cruel grief
 make you merciful.

Chorus
 No! no! no!

Orpheus
 Ah, calm your anger against me,
 furies, ...

Chorus
 No!

Orpheus
 spectres,

Chorus
 No!

Orpheus
 ... angry shades;
 let at least my cruel grief
 make you merciful.
 Furies, etc.

Chorus
 Wretched youth!
 What do you want, what is your intention?
 Within these horrid
 and woeful gates

in queste orribili
soglie funeste.
Che vuoi, che mediti, misero giovane? Che?

Orfeo

Mille pene, ombre sdegnose,
come voi sopporto anch'io;
l'inferno mio ho con me,
lo sento in mezzo al mio cor.

Coro

Ah! quale incognito
affetto flebile,
dolce a sospendere
vien l'implacabile
nostro furor!

Orfeo

Men tiranne voi sareste
al mio pianto, al mio dolor,
se provaste un momento
cosa sia languir d'amor.

Coro

Le porte stridano
sui neri cardini;
e il passo lascino
sicuro e libero
al vincitor.
Le porte stridano, ecc.

*(Cominciano a ritirarsi le furie ed i mostri.
Sparite le furie, sgombrati i mostri, Orfeo
s'avvanza nell'inferno.)*

there is nothing
but grief and moaning.
What do you want, what is your intention?

Orpheus

Like you, angry shades,
I have a thousand sorrows to bear;
my hell I carry with me,
I hold it in my heart.

Chorus

Ah, what unfamiliar
plaintive sentiment
comes sweetly to halt
our implacable
fury!

Orpheus

You would be less cruel
at my tears and grief
if, for a moment, you could feel
what it is to pine with love.

Chorus

Let the gates creak
on their black hinges;
and leave the way
free and safe
for the victor.
Let the gates creak, etc.

*(The furies and monsters begin to retreat.
When the furies have disappeared and the
monsters departed, Orpheus walks forward
into the underworld.)*

Scena II

Campi Elisi.

Orfeo

- 10 Che puro ciel! che chiaro sol!
che nuova luce è questa mai!
Che dolci lusinghieri suoni
dei bei cantori alati
al dolce gorgheggiar!
Dell'aure il sussurrar,
il mormorar de' rivi,
al riposar eterno tutto invita qui!
Ma la quiete che tanto regna
non mi dà la felicità.
Se l'idol mio non trovo,
sperar nol posso.
I suoi soavi accenti,
gli amorosi suoi sguardi,
il suo bel riso
sono il sommo,
il mio diletto Eliso.
Ma Euridice ove sarà?
Chiedasi a questo
che mi viene a incontrar, stuolo felice.
(inoltrandosi verso il coro)
Euridice dov'è?

Coro di eroi ed eroine

- Giunge Euridice.
11 Vieni a' regni del riposo,
grande eroe, tenero sposo;
raro esempio in ogni età.
Euridice Amor ti rende;
già risorge, già riprende

Scene 2

The Elysian fields.

Orpheus

Such clear sky! Such bright sunshine!
What unusual light is this?
Such sweet alluring sounds
of pretty songbirds
sweetly warbling!
The murmuring breezes,
the rustling streams,
everything here calls one to rest everlasting.
But the calm which reigns here
brings me no happiness.
If I cannot find my beloved
I have nothing to hope for.
Her sweet voice,
her loving glances,
her pretty laugh
are my highest,
my beloved Elysium.
But where can Eurydice be?
I shall ask this happy band
coming to meet me.
(approaching the chorus)
Where is Eurydice?

Chorus of heroes and heroines

Eurydice is coming.
Come to the kingdom of rest,
great hero, loving husband;
a rare example in any age.
Amor gives Eurydice back to you;
now she arises and recovers

	la primiera sua beltà.	her former beauty.
	<i>(Da un coro di eroine vien condotta Euridice vicino ad Orfeo, il quale, senza guardarla, e con atto di somma premura la prende per mano, e la conduce subito via.)</i>	<i>(The chorus of heroes and heroines leads Eurydice to Orpheus, who, without looking at her, quickly takes her by the hand and immediately leads her away.)</i>
	Atto terzo	Act Three
	Scena I <i>Oscura spelonca, che forma un tortuoso labirinto.</i>	Scene 1 <i>A dark cave in a winding labyrinth.</i>
12	Orfeo Ah! vieni o diletta, vien con me, tu bella amante mia che io tanto adoro.	Orpheus Ah, come, my darling, come with me, my beautiful beloved whom I so adore.
	Euridice Sei tu? tu or qui? Ah! è sogno? è vero? Io, io son tua? Grandi Numi, beata me!	Eurydice Is it you? Are you here? Ah, is this a dream or is it real? Am I yours? Great gods, I am blessed!
	Orfeo Sì, or il passo movi, andiam.	Orpheus Yes, now hasten your steps, let us go.
	Euridice Ma, la tua man perché la mia non tiene? Ah! non più guardi me, che tanto amasti un dì! Il cor hai tu al nuovo rivederci freddo così?	Eurydice But why do you not take my hand? Ah, you are no longer looking at me, whom once you loved so much. Is your heart so cold at our meeting again?

	Euridice per te non è così graziosa?	Is Eurydice no longer pleasing to you?
	Orfeo Mi sembra di morire! Euridice, non tardar. Se non dovrem penar, su andiamo! O, potessi almen d'amore darti prove! Ma non poss'io; non vogliono gli Dei.	Orpheus I could die! Eurydice, do not delay. If we are not to suffer, let us go! Oh, if I could only give you proof of my love! But I cannot: the gods will not allow it.
	Euridice Sol uno sguardo dammi!	Eurydice Give me just one glance!
	Orfeo Di terrore io son preso!	Orpheus I am gripped by fear!
	Euridice Ah! iniquo! Queste son le gran gioie che il tuo cuor mi prepara? Tal dai, crudel, a tanto amor, mercé? Per penar in vita me vorrai? Numi, il vostri regal io rifiuto. Va, infido, va, t'allontana.	Eurydice Ah, unjust man! Are these the great joys you are preparing for me in your heart? Cruel man, is this how you repay so much love? Do you want me to live in order to suffer? Gods, I refuse your gift. Go, faithless man, go, leave.
13	Orfeo Vieni, vieni con me, vieni, o cara.	Orpheus Come, come with me, come, dearest.
	Euridice No, qui sto. Sì, morir piuttosto, ma mai soffrir tanto duol.	Eurydice No, I shall stay here. Yes, I would rather die than ever suffer such sorrow.

Orfeo

Ah, ingrata.

Euridice

Qui mi lascia!

Orfeo

Ah, andiamo su fra mortali,
e tuo per sempre, tuo sarò.

Euridice

Parla, rispondi, or ti prego!

Orfeo

Dovessi morir di duolo,
sì, io tacere saprò.

Euridice ed Orfeo

Dei, ben dolce è la speme
che voi mi deste per omaggio;
ma il dolor con cui sen viene
è insoffribile per me.

Euridice

Parla, rispondi, or ti prego.

Orfeo

Dovessi morir di duolo,
ah, sì, tacere saprò.

Euridice

Parla!

Orpheus

Ah, ungrateful wife.

Eurydice

Leave me here!

Orpheus

Ah, let us go up to live with mortals,
and I shall always be yours.

Eurydice

Speak, answer, I beg you!

Orpheus

If I should have to die of sorrow,
I shall remain silent.

Eurydice and Orpheus

Gods, the gift of the hope
which you have given me is sweet;
but the grief which comes with it
is unbearable for me.

Eurydice

Speak, answer, I beg you!

Orpheus

If I should have to die of sorrow,
I shall remain silent.

Eurydice

Speak!

Orfeo

Ah, sì, tacere saprò.

Euridice ed Orfeo

Dei, ben dolce è la speme, *ecc.*

Euridice

- 14 Ah! potess'io saper
perché ei tace tanto!
Qual segreto tiene in cor?
Mi avrà tolta mai da quel luogo laggiù
per far sentir a me quant'è crudele?
Sì smentisce la luce,
o ciel, agli occhi miei.
Lo sguardo vivo mio
oscuro si fa già.
Tremo, vacillo e sento
fra l'angoscia di terrore di paura piena
battendo il cor appena.
Parmi ch'io ad un troppo duol
soccomber deggia, ah! morir!
- 15 Che fiero momento!
Che barbara sorte!
Passar dalla morte
a tanto dolor!

[Avvezza al contento
d'un placido oblio,
fra queste tempeste
si perde il mio cor.

Orfeo

Qual dolor al mio cor
il gran temer che fa!
[Che dire? Che fare?

Orpheus

Ah, yes, I shall remain silent.

Eurydice and Orpheus

Gods, the gift of the hope, *etc.*

Eurydice

Ah! If I could only know
the reason for his silence!
What secret has he in his heart?
Has he taken me from that place down there
to show me how cruel he is?
O heavens, the light
is failing my eyes.
My bright gaze
is now growing dim.
I tremble, falter, and feel
that in the anguish of terror, of great fear,
my heart is hardly beating.
I feel that I will succumb
to this great grief and die.
What a cruel moment!
What a savage fate!
To return from death
to so much grief!

Accustomed to the happiness
of peaceful oblivion,
in the midst of this storm
my heart is lost.

Orpheus

The great fear
is bringing my heart such grief!
What shall I say? What shall I do?

Euridice

[Avvezza al contento, *ecc.*

Orfeo

Ah! quai pensier mi cruccian!
Aita, aita vuol un sì sgraziato cor!
[Che dire? Che fare?

[Quanto son da compiangere!
Non più posso soffrire!

Euridice

[Io vacillo, io tremo.

Che fiero momento, *ecc.*

Orfeo

16 Ah! per me il duol ricomincia!

Euridice

Marito caro, io mi sento morir.

Orfeo

Qual pena!
L'affanno di lei m'ucciderà.
No, non voglion i Numi
che si soffra cotanto.
(*Si volta con impeto e la guarda.*)

[Oh amata Euridice!

Euridice

[Io cado,

mio ben, io muoio.
(*Muore Euridice.*)

Eurydice

Accustomed to the happiness, *etc.*

Orpheus

Ah, what thoughts are torturing me!
Such a wretched heart needs help!
What shall I say? What shall I do?

How much I am to be pitied!
I can bear no more!

Eurydice

I falter, I tremble.

What a cruel moment, *etc.*

Orpheus

Ah, my grief begins again!

Eurydice

Dear husband, I feel I am dying.

Orpheus

What pain!
Her suffering will kill me.
No, the heavens cannot want
us to suffer so much.
(*He turns suddenly and looks at her.*)

O beloved Eurydice!

Eurydice

I am falling,

my love, I am dying.
(*Eurydice dies.*)

Orfeo

Che feci mai?
Dove mi spinse un delirio d'amor?
Oh diletta!
Euridice! Euridice!
Ah diletta!
Ah! più non m'ode,
ell'è morta per me.
Son io, son io che morte le recava.
Quanto, quanto sono infelice.
Il duol più dir non posso.
In quest'ora funesta
sol di morir, morir con te
lasso! mi resta.

17 Che farò senza Euridice?
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?
Che farò? dove andrò?
Che farò senza il mio ben?
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?
Euridice! Euridice!
Oh dio! Rispondi, rispondi!
Io son pure il tuo fedele.
Che farò senza Euridice? *ecc.*
Euridice! Euridice!
Ah! non m'avanza
più soccorso, più speranza,
né dal mondo, né dal ciel!
Che farò senza Euridice? *ecc.*

18 Ah! finisca e per sempre
colla vita il dolor!
Del nero Averno ancor
sull'altra spiaggia sono.
Lungo cammin non è
quel che divide il bene mio da me.

Orpheus

What have I done?
To what has a frenzy of love driven me?
O beloved!
Eurydice! Eurydice!
Ah beloved!
Ah, she can no longer hear me,
because of me she has died.
I am the one who brought her death.
How unhappy I am.
I cannot express my grief.
In this sad hour
all that is left for me,
alas, is to die with you.
What shall I do without Eurydice?
Where shall I go without my love?
What shall I do? Where shall I go?
What shall I do without my love?
Where shall I go without my love?
Eurydice! Eurydice!
O god, answer, answer!
I am still your faithful husband.
What shall I do without Eurydice? *etc.*
Eurydice! Eurydice!
Ah, no more help,
no more hope is coming to me
either from earth or heaven.
What shall I do without Eurydice? *etc.*
Ah, let the end of life
finish sorrow for ever!
I am still on the far shore
of Hades.
The path is short
which separates my love from me.

M'aspetta, ombra adorata!
Sì, io ti seguo, oh mio dolce amor.
Io verrò a te, Euridice.
Giammai potrai venirmi tolta.
Io sfido, o Dei, sin il vostro poter.
(Vuol ferirsi.)

(Apparisce Amor.)

Amor
Non più! che fai?

Orfeo
E tu, che ardisci tu mai
il gran colpo fermar
fin di tanti dolori?

Amor
Frena, frena tu, insensato
quel dir, io son per te il dio
che ogni azione veglia.

Orfeo
Or di che parli a me?

Amor
Di tua costanza
prova maggior non vorrò,
e finir quindi dee il tuo soffrire.
Euridice, respira!
Ricompenza colui, l'uomo di tanta fé.

*(Si alza Euridice come svegliandosi da un
profondo sonno.)*

Wait for me, beloved shade!
Yes, I shall follow you, my sweet love.
I shall come to you, Eurydice.
You will never be taken from me again.
O gods, I defy even your powers.
(He tries to kill himself.)

(Amor appears.)

Amor
No more! What are you doing?

Orpheus
And you, how do you dare
to stop the blow
which ends so many sorrows?

Amor
Restrain, foolish man,
your words. I am the god
who watches over your every action.

Orpheus
What are you saying to me?

Amor
I need no greater proof
of your constancy;
and so your suffering shall end.
Eurydice, breathe again!
Reward the man of so much faith.

*(Eurydice rises as if waking from a deep
sleep.)*

Orfeo
Ah! mia consorte!

Euridice
Mio sposo!

Amor
Usciam, usciam di qui,
andiam, andiam lassù;
e godrete per sempre
le gioie dell'amor.

Euridice
19 Gaudio, gaudio son al cuore
le catene dell'amor.

Orfeo
Tu, Amore, qual piacere
esci da tanto dolor!

Amor
Di duol sparisce qualsiasi
pur ombra, se lo voglio io.

Euridice
[Gaudio, gaudio son al cuore, ecc.

Orfeo
O Amore, qual piacere, ecc.

Amor
Se 'l bollor che voi infiamma
l'alme vostre ognor impenna,
mai avrete mal alcun.

Orpheus
Ah, my wife!

Eurydice
My husband!

Amor
Let us leave here
and go up above;
and you will enjoy the pleasures
of love for ever.

Eurydice
The chains of love
are a joy to the heart.

Orpheus
Amor, what pleasure
you bring from so much grief!

Amor
Every shadow of grief will disappear
if I wish it so.

Eurydice
The chains of love, etc.

Orpheus
Amor, what pleasure, etc.

Amor
If the ardour which inflames you
is always to find a place in your souls
you will never know any misfortunes.

Euridice ed Orfeo

Qual piacere, qual dolcezza
l'Amor ci rende, oh gran contentezza.

[Lieti siam, ringraziam
te ognor, Dio Amor.

Amor

[All'Amor voi ognor
giubilar, ringraziar.

Euridice ed Orfeo

Qual piacere, qual dolcezza, *ecc.*

[Lieti siam, ringraziam, *ecc.*

Amor

[All'Amor voi ognor, *ecc.*

Scena II

Magnifico tempio dedicato ad Amore.

20

Coro di pastori e pastorelle

Trionfi Amore, e il mondo intero
serva all'impero della beltà.
Di sua catena talvolta amara
mai fu più cara la libertà.

Eurydice and Orpheus

What pleasures, what sweetness
Amor brings us, oh great happiness.

Let us be happy and thank you
always, god of love.

Amor

May you always rejoice
and thank Amor.

Eurydice and Orpheus

What pleasure, what sweetness, *etc.*

Let us be happy and thank you, *etc.*

Amor

May you always rejoice, *etc.*

Scene 2

A magnificent temple dedicated to Amor.

Chorus of shepherds and shepherdesses

May love triumph and let the whole world
serve the empire of beauty.
Freedom was never favoured
over love's sometimes painful chains.

Translation Kenneth Chalmers

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH 1685–1750**St Matthew Passion —****Arias and choruses**

Translated by Troutbeck and Johnson

Part One**No.1 Chorus with chorale****Chorus**

21 [Come, ye daughters, share my mourning;
See Him! — Whom? — The bridegroom
Christ.
See Him! — How? — A spotless lamb.
See it! — What? — His patient love.
Look! — Look where? — On our offence.
Look on Him. For love of us
He himself His cross is bearing.

Chorale

O Lamb of God most holy,
who on the cross didst languish;
O Saviour meek and lowly,
who suffered bitter anguish;
the sins of man Thou bearest,
our every grief Thou sharest.
[Have mercy on us, O Jesu.

No.9 Recitative (alto)

22 My Master and my Lord,
in vain do Thy disciples chide Thee,
because this pitying woman,
with ointment sweet, Thy flesh
for burial maketh ready;
O grant to me, beloved Lord,

the tears wherewith my heart o'erfloweth
an unction on Thy head may pour.

No.10 Aria (alto)

Grief for sin
rends my guilty heart within.
May my weeping and my mourning
be a welcome sacrifice.
Loving Saviour, hear in mercy!

**No.33 Duet (soprano and alto)
with chorus***Soli*

23 [Behold, my Saviour now is taken,
moon and stars
have for grief the night forsaken,
since my Saviour now is taken.
They lead Him hence;
with cords they bind Him.
Chorus
[Loose Him! Leave Him! Bind Him not!

Have lightnings and thunders
their fury forgotten?
Then open, O fathomless pit, all thy
terrors!

Destroy them, o'erwhelm them,
devour them,
consume them with tumult of rage,
the treach'rous betrayer,
the murderous blood.

Part Two

No.36 Aria (alto) with chorus

Solo

- 24 Ah! Now is my Saviour gone.
Whither went He? I would follow.
Ah! My Lamb, the slayers hold Thee.
Where now is my Saviour gone?
Ah! How shall I find an answer
to assure my anxious soul?
Ah! Where is my Saviour gone?
Chorus
Whither is thy beloved gone,
O thou fairest among women?
Whither has thy friend gone aside?
For we would go with thee to seek Him.

No.47 Aria (alto)

- 25 Have mercy, Lord, on me,
regard my bitter weeping,
look on me,
heart and eyes both weep to Thee bitterly. 27

No.48 Chorale

Lamb of God, I fall before Thee,
humbly trusting in Thy Cross;
that alone be all my glory,
all things else I count but loss.
Jesu, all my hope and joy
flow from Thee, Thou sov'reign good.
Hope, and love, and faith, and patience,
all were purchased by Thy blood.

No.60 Recitative (alto)

- 26 O gracious God!
Behold, the Saviour standeth bound,
they scourge Him now,
and smite and wound Him!
Torturers, stay your hands!
Art not your hearts with pity moved
to see such anguish meekly borne?
Ah, no! Your hearts are hard,
and must be like the rock itself,
nay, more unyielding still.
Have pity! Stay your hands!

No.61 Aria (alto)

If my tears be unavailing,
take the very heart of me.
Then, if vain be all my pleading,
when the sacred wounds are bleeding,
let my heart a chalice be.

No.63 Chorale

- O sacred head surrounded
by crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding head, so wounded,
reviled and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
the glow of life decays,
yet angel-hosts adore Thee
and tremble as they gaze.

No.69 Recitative (alto)

- 28 Ah, Golgotha! Unhappy Golgotha!
The Lord of glory here
'mid shame and scorn must perish;

the blessed Saviour of the world
upon th' accursed tree now hangs;
the Lord, who heaven and earth created,
of life and light is now bereft;
the sinless here as sinner dieth.
Ah, how this grief doth pierce my soul!
Ah, Golgotha! Unhappy Golgotha!

No.70 Aria (alto) with chorus

See ye! See the Saviour's outstretched
hands!
He would draw us to himself.
Come! — Come where? — In Jesu's
bosom
seek redemption, seek ye mercy.
Seek them! — Where? — In Jesu's bosom.
Live ye, die ye, rest ye here,
ye whom sin and guilt oppress.
Rest ye! — Where? — In Jesu's bosom.

No.72 Chorale

- 29 Be near me, Lord, when dying,
O part not Thou from me!
And to my succour flying,
come, Lord, and set me free!
And when my heart must languish
in death's last awful throe,
release me from my anguish,
by Thine own pain and woe.

No.77 Recitative (soli) with chorus

Bass

- 30 And now the Lord to rest is laid.

Chorus

Lord Jesu, fare Thee well!

Tenor

His task is o'er;
for all our sin He hath atoned.

Chorus

Lord Jesu, fare Thee well!

Alto

O weary, broken body!
See, with repentant tears we would
bedew it,
which our offence to such a death has
brought.

Chorus

Lord Jesu, fare Thee well!

Soprano

While life shall last,
O let Thy sufferings claim our love,
since Thou for man
salvation sure hast wrought.

Chorus

Lord Jesu, fare Thee well!

No.78 Chorus

In tears of grief, dear Lord, we leave Thee.
Hearts cry to Thee, O Saviour dear.
Lie Thou softly, softly here.
Rest Thy worn and bruised body.

At Thy grave, O Jesu blest,
may the sinner, worn with weeping,
comfort find in Thy dear keeping,
and the weary soul find rest.
Sleep in peace,
sleep Thou in the Father's breast.

31 CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK
What is life to me without thee?

(Orfeo ed Euridice)

What is life to me without thee?
What is left if thou art dead?
What is life; life without thee?
What is life without my Love?
Eurydice! Eurydice!
Ah, hear me! Make answer!
Thy dear lord am I so faithful,
thy faithful lord who loves thee,
who doth love thee!
What is life ...
Eurydice! Eurydice!
In my dread anguish nought can aid me,
none can comfort,
Earth is cruel, heav'n is cold!

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL
1685–1759

32 Art thou troubled? (Rodelinda)

Art thou troubled?
Music will calm thee.
Art thou weary?
Rest shall be thine.
Music, source of all gladness,
heals thy sadness,
at her shrine,
music, music ever divine,
music, music calleth
with voice divine.
When the welcome spring is smiling,
all the earth with flowers beguiling,
after winter's dreary reign,
sweetest music doth attend her,
heav'nly harmonies doth lend her,
chanting praises in her train.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH
Have mercy, Lord, on me

(St Matthew Passion)
Have mercy, Lord,
have mercy, Lord, on me,
regard my bitter weeping.
Look on me, look on me,
heart and eyes both weep to Thee.

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL

34 Ombra mai fu (Serse)

Frondi tenere e belle
del mio platano amato,
per voi risplende il fato!
Tuoni, lampi e procelle
non v'oltraggino mai la cara pace,
né giunga a profanarvi
austro rapace!

Ombra mai fu di vegetabile
cara ed amabile, soave più!

Kind and lovely branches
of my beloved plane-tree,
Fate smiles for you!
Thunder, lightning and tempest
never shock your dear peace,
neither does the rapacious south wind
come to violate you!

Never was the shade of any plant
sweeter, dearer, more agreeable!

FELIX MENDELSSOHN 1809–1847

35 Woe unto them who forsake Him! (Elijah)

Hosea 7:13

Woe unto them who forsake Him!
Destruction shall fall upon them,
for they have transgressed against Him.
Though they are by Him redeemed,
yet they have spoken falsely against Him,
from Him they have fled.

36 O rest in the Lord (Elijah)

Psalms 37:1,4,7

O rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him,
then He shall give thee thy heart's desires.
Commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him,
and fret not thyself because of evildoers.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA PERGOLESI

1710–1736

Stabat Mater (orch. Scott)

Duet (*chorus*)

- 37 Stabat Mater dolorosa,
juxta crucem lacrimosa,
dum pendebat Filius.

Aria (*soprano*)

- 38 Cujus animam gementem,
contristatam et dolentem,
pertransivit gladius.

Duet (*chorus*)

- 39 O quam tristis et afflicta
fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti.

Aria (*alto*)

- 40 Quae moerabat et dolebat
et tremebat, cum videbat
nati poenas inclyti.

Duet (*soprano, alto; chorus*)

- 41 Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Christi Matrem si videret
in tanto supplicio?

Quis non posset contristari,
Piam Matrem contemplari
dolentem cum Filio?

Pro peccatis Suae gentis

Stabat Mater

At the cross her station keeping,
stood the mournful mother weeping,
close to Jesus to the last.

Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,
all His bitter anguish bearing,
now at length the sword had passed.

Oh, how sad and sore distressed
was that mother, highly blest,
of the sole-begotten One!

Christ above in torment hangs;
she beneath beholds the pangs
of her dying glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep,
whelmed in miseries so deep
Christ's dear mother to behold?

Can the human heart refrain
from partaking in her pain,
in that mother's pain untold?

For the sins of His own nation

vidit Jesum in tormentis
et flagellis subditum.

Aria (*soprano*)

- 42 Vidit suum dulcem Natum
morientem desolatum
dum emisit spiritum.

Aria (*alto*)

- 43 Eja Mater, fons amoris,
me sentire vim doloris,
fac, ut tecum lugeam.

Duet (*chorus*)

- 44 Fac ut ardeat cor meum
in amando Christum Deum,
uti sibi complaceam.

Duet (*soprano, alto*)

- 45 Sancta Mater, istud agas,
crucifixi fige plagas
cordi meo valide.

Tui Nati vulnerati
tam dignati pro me pati
poenas mecum divide.

Fac me vere tecum flere
crucifixo condolere
donec ego vixero.

Juxta crucem tecum stare
te libenter sociare,
in planctu desidero.

saw Him hang in desolation,
all with bloody scourges rent.

She beheld her gentle Child
dying, forsaken and defiled,
as His spirit passed away.

O thou mother, fount of love,
touch my spirit from above,
make my heart with thine accord.

Make me feel as thou hast felt;
make my soul to glow and melt
with the love of Christ our Lord.

Holy mother, pierce me through;
in my heart each wound renew
of my Saviour crucified.

Let me share with thee His pain,
who for all my sins was slain,
who for me in torments died.

Let me mingle tears with thee,
mourning Him who mourned for me,
all the days that I may live.

By the cross with thee to stay,
there with thee to weep and pray,
is all I ask of thee to give.

Virgo virginum praeclara,
mihi jam non sis amara,
fac me tecum plangere.

Aria (*alto*)

- 46 Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
passionis fac consortem,
et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari
cruce hac inebriari
ob amorem Filii.

Duet (*soprano, alto*)

- 47 Inflammatus et accensus
per te, Virgo, sim defensus
in die judicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
morte Christi praemuniri,
confoveri gratia.

Duet (*chorus*)

- 48 Quando corpus morietur
fac ut animae donetur
paradisi gloria. Amen.

Virgin of all virgins best,
listen to my fond request:
let me share thy grief divine.

Let me, to my latest breath,
in my body bear the death
of that dying Son of thine.

Wounded with His every wound,
steep my soul till it hath swooned
in His very blood away.

Be to me, O Virgin, nigh
lest in flames I burn and die,
in His awful judgment day.

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
be Thy mother my defence,
be Thy cross my victory.

While my body here decays,
may my soul Thy goodness praise,
safe in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

ROBERT SCHUMANN 1810–1856

Frauenliebe und -leben, op.42

Adalbert von Chamisso (1781–1838)

- I
49 Seit ich ihn gesehen, glaub' ich blind
zu sein,
wo ich hin nur blicke, seh' ich ihn allein;
wie im wachen Traume schwebt sein Bild
mir vor,
taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos alles um mich her,
nach der Schwestern Spiele nicht begehrt
ich mehr,
möchte lieber weinen still im Kämmerlein;
seit ich ihn gesehen, glaub' ich blind zu sein.

- II
50 Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe
hell und herrlich jener Stern,
also er an meinem Himmel
hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
nur betrachten deinen Schein,
nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
selig nur und traurig sein.

A woman's life and love

I
Since I saw him, I have thought myself
blind;
wherever I look I see only him;
his image pursues me as in a waking dream,
it rises up ever more clearly from the
darkest shadows.

All else around me is dark and colourless,
no more do I yearn for the games my
sisters play;
I wish only to weep in my little room;
since I saw him, I have thought myself blind.

II
He is the most glorious of all men,
so tender, so good!
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
a clear mind and a strong spirit.

Just as out there in the blue depths
the star shines, bright and glorious,
so he shines in my heaven,
bright and glorious, sublime and remote.

Change your course;
I want only to look on your brilliance,
only look on it in humility,
only be happy and sad!

	Höre nicht mein stilles Beten, deinem Glücke nur geweiht; darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen, hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!	Do not listen to my quiet prayers, dedicated only to your happiness; you should not know me, lowly as I am, exalted star of glory!			
	Nur die Würdigste von allen darf beglücken deine Wahl, und ich will die Hohe segnen viele tausend Mal.	Only the worthiest of women should be the happy object of your choice, and I will praise the exalted woman a thousand times over.			
	Will mich freuen dann und weinen, selig, selig bin ich dann, sollte mir das Herz auch brechen, brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?	Then shall I rejoice and weep, then shall I be happy, even if my heart should break, break, o heart, what does it matter?			
51	III Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben, es hat ein Traum mich berückt; wie hätt' er doch unter allen mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?	III I cannot grasp it, I cannot believe it, a dream has beguiled me; how could he have exalted and favoured me, humble as I am, out of all women?		IV Du Ring an meinem Finger, mein goldenes Ringelein, ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen, an das Herze mein.	IV O ring on my finger, my little golden ring, I press you devotedly to my lips, and to my heart.
	Mir war's, er habe gesprochen: "Ich bin auf ewig Dein," mir war's, ich träume noch immer, es kann ja nimmer so sein.	I thought I heard him say 'I am yours forever'. Can it be true? Am I still dreaming? Surely it can never be.	Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet, der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum, ich fand allein mich, verloren im öden unendlichen Raum.	My peaceful, happy dreams of childhood had long since come to an end, I found myself alone, lost in a desolate, endless place.	
	O laß im Traume mich sterben, gewieget an seiner Brust, den seligen Tod mich schlürfen in Tränen unendlicher Lust.	Oh let me die dreaming, rocked to sleep against his breast, drinking in blissful death with tears of unending joy.	Du Ring an meinem Finger, da hast du mich erst belehrt, hast meinem Blick erschlossen des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.	O ring on my finger, it was then that you first taught me, first disclosed to me the profound and eternal value of life.	
			Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben, ihm angehören ganz, hin selber mich geben und finden verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.	I shall serve him, live for him, belong to him completely, give myself to him, and find myself transfigured by his glory.	
			Du Ring an meinem Finger, usw.	O ring on my finger, etc.	
			V 53 Helft mir, ihr Schwestern, freundlich mich schmücken, dient der Glücklichen heute, mir. Windet geschäftig mir um die Stirne noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.	V Help me, kind sisters, to adorn myself, wait upon me today in my happiness. Carefully entwine around my brow the pretty myrtle blossom.	
			Als ich befriedigt, freudigen Herzens, sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,	Whenever, in contentment and with a joyful heart, I lay in the arms of my beloved,	

immer noch rief er, Sehnsucht im Herzen, ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.	he still called impatiently, with longing in his heart, for this day.	Wüßst' ich nur mit Worten, wie ich's sagen soll; komm und birg dein Antlitz hier an meiner Brust, will ins Ohr dir flüstern alle meine Lust.	If only I knew how to put it into words; come, hide your brow here in my breast. I will whisper all my joy in your ear.
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern, helft mir verscheuchen eine törichte Bangigkeit; daß ich mit klarem Aug' ihn empfangе, ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.	Help me, sisters, help me to banish this foolish anxiety; so that I may receive with clear eyes the man who is the source of all joy.	Weißt du nun die Tränen, die ich weinen kann, sollst du nicht sie sehen, du geliebter Mann? Bleib an meinem Herzen, fühle dessen Schlag, daß ich fest und fester nur dich drücken mag.	Now do you understand why I am weeping? Should I hide my tears from you, dear husband? Rest on my heart, feel it beating, so that I can press you closer and closer.
Bist, mein Geliebter, du mir erschienen, gibst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein? laß mich in Andacht, laß mich in Demut, laß mich verneigen dem Herren mein.	Have you come to me, my beloved, does your light shine on me, my sun? In devotion and in humility, let me bow before my lord.	Hier an meinem Bette hat die Wiege Raum, wo sie still verberge meinen holden Traum; kommen wird der Morgen, wo der Traum erwacht, und daraus dein Bildnis mir entgegenlacht.	Here by my bed there is room for the cradle, which will quietly keep secret my tender dream; the morning will come when the dream awakes and from the cradle your image will smile at me!
Streuet ihm, Schwestern, streuet ihm Blumen, bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar. Aber euch, Schwestern, grüß' ich mit Wehmut, freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.	Scatter flowers, sisters, scatter flowers before him, bring him roses all in bud; but sisters, full of emotion I take my leave of you, as I depart joyfully from your company.	VII An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust, du meine Wonne, du meine Lust. Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb' ist das Glück, ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück. Hab' überschwenglich mich geschätzt, bin übergücklich aber jetzt. Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung gibt; nur eine Mutter weiß allein, was lieben heißt und glücklich sein. O wie bedauer' ich doch den Mann, der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!	VII On my heart, on my breast, o my bliss, o my joy! Happiness is love, love happiness. I have said so and do not take it back. I thought I was ecstatically happy, but now my happiness is overwhelming. Only she who nurses and loves the baby whom she nourishes with her milk, only a mother knows what it is to love and be happy. Oh, how I pity the man who cannot feel a mother's happiness!
54 VI Süßer Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an, kannst es nicht begreifen, wie ich weinen kann; laß der feuchten Perlen ungewohnte Zier freudig hell erzittern in dem Auge mir.	VI Sweet friend, you look at me in wonder, you cannot comprehend why I am weeping; let the unaccustomed drops of pearl tremble bright with joy in my eyes.		
Wie so bang mein Busen, wie so wonnevoll.	My heart is so full of fear, yet so joyful!		

- Du lieber, lieber Engel du!
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu.
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
du meine Wonne, du meine Lust.
- VIII
56 Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
der aber traf,
du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,
den Todesschlaf.
- Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin,
die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab' ich und gelebt, ich bin
nicht lebend mehr.
- Ich zieh' mich in mein Innres still zurück,
der Schleier fällt;
da hab' ich dich und mein verlornes Glück,
du meine Welt.
- 57 **Volksliedchen, op.51 no.2**
Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)
Wenn ich früh in den Garten geh'
in meinem grünen Hut,
ist mein erster Gedanke,
was nun mein Liebster tut?
- Am Himmel steht kein Stern,
den ich dem Freund nicht gönnte.
mein Herz gäb' ich ihm gern,
wenn ich's heraus tun könnte.
- You dear, dear angel,
you are looking at me and smiling.
On my heart, on my breast,
o my bliss, o my joy!
- VIII
Now you have hurt me for the very first time,
and hurt me deeply.
You are sleeping, you cold-hearted,
merciless man,
the sleep of death.
- The forsaken woman looks around her,
the world is empty.
I have loved and lived,
I live no longer.
- I withdraw into my innermost self,
and the veil falls;
there I still have you and my lost happiness,
you, my world!
- Folksong**
When I go early into the garden
in my green hat,
my first thought is,
What is my beloved doing now?
- No star stands in the sky
that I would grudge my love;
I would gladly give him my heart
if I could take it out.

Wenn ich früh in den Garten geh', usw.

58 **Widmung, op.25 no.1**

Friedrich Rückert

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,
du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
o du mein Grab, in das hinab
ich ewig meinen Kummer gab.
Du bist die Ruh', du bist der Frieden,
du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
daß du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
du hebst mich liebend über mich,
mein guter Geist, mein beßres Ich!

JOHANNES BRAHMS 1833–1897

59 **Sapphische Ode, op.94 no.4**

Hans Schmidt (1856–1923)

Rosen brach ich nachts mir am dunklen
Hage;
süßer hauchten Duft sie als je am Tage;
doch verstreuten reich die bewegten Äste
Tau, der mich näßte.

Auch der Küsse Duft mich wie nie berückte,
die ich nachts vom Strauch deiner Lippen
pflückte:
doch auch dir, bewegt im Gemüt
gleich jenen,
tauten die Tränen.

When I go early into the garden, etc.

Dedication

You are my soul, you are my heart,
you are my bliss, you are my pain,
you are the world in which I live,
you are the heaven in which I soar,
you are the tomb in which
I have buried my sorrows for ever!
You are tranquillity, you are peace,
you are destined to me by heaven.
Your love for me justifies my life,
your gaze transfigures me to myself,
by loving me, you raise me above myself,
my good spirit, my better self.

Sapphic ode

I picked roses by night in the dark hedge;
they breathed sweeter scent than ever
by day;
and as I moved the branches they dripped
plentiful dew, which soaked me.

Also the scent of kisses, which I gathered
by night from the shrub of thy lips
intoxicated me as never before;
and thou too, moved in spirit like them,
were bedewed with tears.

60 **Botschaft, op.47 no.1**

*Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800–1875)
after Hāfiz (1320–1389)*

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
um die Wange der Geliebten,
spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
eile nicht hinwegzufliehn!

Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
wie es um mich Armen stehe;
sprich: "Unendlich war sein Wehe,
höchst bedenklich seine Lage;

Aber jetzo kann er hoffen,
wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
denn du, Holde,
denkst an ihn."

FRANZ SCHUBERT 1797–1828

61 **Gretchen am Spinnrade, D118**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
mein Herz ist schwer,
ich finde sie nimmer
und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab',
ist mir das Grab,
die ganze Welt
ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
ist mir verrückt,
mein armer Sinn

Message

Little breeze, blow gently and lovingly
round the cheeks of my beloved;
play tenderly in her hair;
do not hurry away!

If by chance she should ask you
how things are with me, wretched that I am,
tell her: "His woe was endless,
his condition very grave,

"But now he can hope
to spring to life once more,
for you, beloved,
are thinking of him!"

Gretchen at the spinning wheel

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall never find rest,
never again.

When he is not with me,
it is death to me,
the whole world
is turned to gall for me.

My poor head
is crazed,
my poor senses

ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
mein Herz ist schwer,
ich finde sie nimmer
und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
zum Fenster hinaus,
nach ihm nur geh' ich
aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
sein' edle Gestalt,
seines Mundes Lächeln,
seiner Augen Gewalt,

und seiner Rede
Zauberfluß,
sein Händedruck,
und ach sein Kuß!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
mein Herz ist schwer,
ich finde sie nimmer
und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt
sich nach ihm hin.
Ach, dürfte ich fassen
und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn,
so wie ich wollt',

are shattered.

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall never find rest,
never again.

I look only for him
from the window,
I leave the house
only to find him.

His tall stride,
his noble figure,
the smile on his lips,
the power in his eyes,

and his words,
their magical flow,
the pressure of his hand,
and ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall never find rest,
never again.

My heart surges
towards him:
ah, if I might clasp
and hold him

and kiss him
as I would like to,

an seinen Küssen
vergehen sollt'!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
mein Herz ist schwer!

62 Die junge Nonne, D828

*Jakob Nikolaus Craigher de Jachelutta
(1797–1855)*

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende
Sturm!

Es klirren die Balken, es zittert das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner, es leuchtet der Blitz!
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!

Immerhin, immerhin, so tobt' es auch
jüngst noch in mir!

Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm,
es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus,
es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,
und finster die Brust, wie das Grab!

Nun tobe, du wilder, gewalt'ger Sturm!
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh';
des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,
gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
der ewigen Liebe getraut.

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit sehndem
Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole
die Braut!

in his kisses
I should expire.

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy!

The young nun

How the howling storm rages through
the treetops!

The rafters rattle, the house quakes!
Thunder rolls, lightning flashes,
the night is dark as the grave!

On and on, so it raged in me but a while ago!
Life roared as the gale does now.

My limbs trembled as the house does now,
love flared, as now the lightning,
and my heart was as dark as the grave!

Now bluster, wild, mighty storm!
In my heart is peace and rest.
For her bridegroom waits a loving bride,
purified in testing fire,
betrothed to eternal love.

I await thee, my Saviour, with longing gaze!
Come, heavenly bridegroom, claim your
bride!
Deliver her soul from earthly bonds!

Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft!
Horch! Friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein
vom Turm.
Es lockt mich das süße Getön
allmächtig zu ewigen Höh'n:
Alleluja!

63 An die Musik, D547

Franz Schober (1796–1822)

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb
entzunden,
hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf' entflossen,
ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

64 Der Musensohn, D764

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
mein Liedchen wegzupfeifen,
so geht's von Ort zu Ort!
Und nach dem Takte reget
und nach dem Maß bewege
sich alles an mir fort.

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,
die erste Blum' im Garten,
die erste Blüt' am Baum.
Sie grüßen meine Lieder,

Hark! Peacefully sounds the bell from
the tower!
Its sweet sound draws me irresistibly
to the eternal heights.
Hallelujah!

To music

Thou lovely art, in how many grey hours
when the wild round of life ensnared me,
hast thou kindled my heart to warm love
and carried me into a better world!

Often hath a sigh, flowing from thy harp,
a sweet and holy harmony from thee,
unlocked for me the Heaven of better times;
thou lovely art, I thank thee for it!

The Muses' son

I go from place to place,
rambling through fields and woods
and piping my song;
and everything around me
moves in time with it
and dances to its measure.

I can scarcely wait
for the first flower in the garden
and the first blossom on the tree.
They greet my songs

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?

65 Ganymed, D544

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
Wie im Morgenglanze
du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
sich an mein Herz drängt
deiner ewigen Wärme
heilig Gefühl,
unendliche Schöne!

and, when winter comes again,
I still sing of my dream.

Far away I sing of it,
over the wide stretches of ice
amid the fair blossom of winter.
But this blossom vanishes too
and a new joy is found
on the freshly tilled uplands.

Then, when I find the young folk
by the lime-tree,
I inspire them.
The dull swain becomes lively
and the shy maiden dances
to my tune.

You give my feet wings
and drive your darling over hills
and valleys far from home.
You sweet, loving Muses,
when shall I rest again
on the bosom of my beloved?

Ganymede

How you glow around me
in the morning light,
beloved Spring!
With a thousandfold ecstasy of love
the divine feeling
of eternal warmth
strains against my heart —
eternal beauty!

Daß ich dich fassen möcht'
in diesen Arm!

Ach, an deinem Busen
lieg' ich, schmachte,
und deine Blumen, dein Gras
drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.

Ich komm', ich komme!
Wohin? Ach, wohin?

Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
abwärts, die Wolken
neigen sich der sehrenden Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In eurem Schoße
aufwärts!
Umfangend umfassen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
alliebender Vater!

66 Du liebst mich nicht, D756

August von Platen (1796–1835)
Mein Herz ist zerrissen, du liebst mich
nicht!
Du ließest mich's wissen, du liebst
mich nicht!
Wiewohl ich dir flehend und werbend
erschien,

Oh that I could embrace you
in these arms!

Ah, at your breast
I lie, languishing,
and your flowers, your grass
press against my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst of my breast,
lovely morning breeze!
The nightingale calls
lovingly to me from the misty valley.

I come, I am coming!
Where to? Oh, where to?

Upwards! I strive upwards.
The clouds float
downwards, the clouds
stoop to yearning love.
To me! To me!
In your lap
upwards!
Embracing embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
all-loving father!

You love me not

My heart is broken, you love me not!
You gave me to understand that you me not!
Though I came to you begging and pleading,

und liebebeflissen, du liebst mich nicht!
 Du hast es gesprochen, mit Worten gesagt,
 mit allzugewissen, du liebst mich nicht!
 So soll ich die Sterne, so soll ich den Mond,
 die Sonne vermissen? Du liebst mich nicht!
 Was blüht mir die Rose, was blüht der
 Jasmin,
 was blüh'n die Narzissen? Du liebst mich
 nicht!

67 Lachen und Weinen, D777

Friedrich Rückert

Lachen und Weinen zu jeglicher Stunde
 ruht bei der Lieb' auf so mancherlei Grunde.
 Morgens lacht' ich vor Lust,
 und warum ich nun weine
 bei des Abendes Scheine,
 ist mir selb' nicht bewußt.

Weinen und Lachen zu jeglicher Stunde
 ruht bei der Lieb' auf so mancherlei Grunde.
 Abends weint' ich vor Schmerz;
 und warum du erwachen
 kannst am Morgen mit Lachen,
 muß ich dich fragen, o Herz.

restless with anxious love, you love me not!
 You have said so, put it into words
 all too clearly, you love me not!
 So must I live without the stars, the moon,
 the sun? You love me not!
 What care I that the rose, the jasmine,
 the daffodils bloom? You love me not!

Laughter and tears

Laughter and tears at any hour
 spring, in love, from so many causes.
 In the morning I laughed for joy,
 and why I now weep
 in the evening glow
 I myself do not know.

Tears and laughter at any hour
 spring, in love, from so many causes.
 In the evening I wept for grief,
 and why you can wake
 in the morning with laughter —
 that I must ask you, O heart.

Translations Decca 1992

**JOHANNES BRAHMS (arr. Sargent)
 Four Serious Songs, op.121**

I

70 One thing befalleth the beasts and the
 sons of men; the beast must die, the man
 dieth also, yea, both must die; to beast and
 man the breath is given, and the man is not
 above the beast; for all things are but
 vanity.

They go all to one place, for they all are of
 the dust, and to dust they return. Who
 knoweth if a man's spirit goeth upwards?
 And who knoweth if the spirit of the beast
 goeth downward to the earth?

Therefore I perceive there is no better thing
 than for a man to rejoice in his own works,
 for that is his portion. For who shall ever
 show him what will happen after him?
(Ecclesiastes 3:19–22)

II

71 So I returned and did consider all the
 oppressions done beneath the sun. And
 there was weeping and wailing from those
 that were oppressed, and had no comfort;
 for with their oppressors there was power,
 so that no one came to comfort them.

Then I did praise the dead that are already
 dead, yea, more than the living which linger
 still in life.

Yea, he that is not is better than dead or
 living; for he doth not know of the evil that
 is wrought for ever on earth.
(Ecclesiastes 4:1–3)

III

72 O death, how bitter art thou unto him that
 dwelleth in peace, to him that hath joy in his
 possessions, and liveth free from trouble, to
 him whose ways are prosperous in all
 things, to him that still may eat.

O death, how welcome thy call to him that
 is in want and whose strength doth fail him,
 and whose life is but a pain, who had
 nothing to hope for, and cannot look for
 relief. O death how welcome art thou! How
 welcome is thy call!
(Ecclesiasticus 41:1–2)

IV

73 Though I speak with tongues of men and
 of the angels, and have not charity, then am
 I become as a sounding brass, or a tinkling
 cymbal.

And though I can prophesy, and understand
 all mysteries, and am powerful in
 knowledge, and though I have the gift of
 faith and can move the mountains, and have
 not charity, then I am nothing worth.

And though I give my worldly goods to feed
the poor, and though I give my fleshly body
to be burned and have not charity, it
profiteth me nothing.

For now we see the Word darkly as
through a glass, but then we shall see it
face to face. Here we know but partly, but
there we surely shall know it even as I am
also known.

Now abideth faith and hope and charity,
these three: but the greatest of them all is
charity.

(1 Corinthians 13:1–3, 12, 13)

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ERNEST CHAUSSON 1855–1899
Poème de l'amour et de la mer
Maurice Bouchor (1855–1929)

74 La Fleur des eaux

L'air est plein d'une odeur exquise de lilas,
qui fleurissant du haut des murs jusques
en bas,
embaument les cheveux des femmes.
La mer au grand soleil va toute s'embraser,
et sur le sable fin qu'elles viennent baiser
roulent d'éblouissantes lames.
Ô ciel qui de ses yeux dois porter la
couleur,
brise qui vas chanter dans les lilas en fleur

Poem of Love and of the Sea

The Flower of the Waters

An exquisite scent of lilac fills the air,
from blooms which deck the walls from
top to bottom,
and perfume women's hair.
Bathed in bright sunlight, the sea will
be aflame,
and on the fine sand that they come to kiss
will break the dazzling waves.
O sky that will reflect the colour of her eyes,
breeze that will sing among the lilac blooms

pour en sortir tout embaumée,
ruisseaux qui mouillerez sa robe,
ô verts sentiers,
vous qui tressaillerez sous ses chers petits
pieds,
faites-moi voir ma bien-aimée!

Et mon cœur s'est levé par ce matin d'été ;
car une belle enfant était sur le rivage,
laissant errer sur moi des yeux plein
de clarté,
et qui me souriait d'un air tendre et sauvage.
Toi que transfiguraient la Jeunesse et
l'Amour,
tu m'apparus alors comme l'âme des
choses ;
mon cœur vola vers toi, tu le pris
sans retour.

Quel son lamentable et sauvage
va sonner l'heure de l'adieu !
La mer roule sur le rivage,
moqueuse et se souciant peu
que ce soit l'heure de l'adieu.
Des oiseaux passent, l'aile ouverte,
sur l'abîme presque joyeux ;
au grand soleil la mer est verte,
et je saigne silencieux,
en regardant briller les cieux.
Je saigne en regardant ma vie
qui va s'éloigner sur les flots ;
mon âme unique m'est ravie
et la sombre clameur des flots
couvre le bruit de mes sanglots.

to emerge scent-laden,
streams that will dampen her dress,
O grassy paths,
you that will throb beneath her dear,
small feet,
let me see my beloved!

My heart awoke that summer morning,
for a beautiful girl was there upon the shore,
letting her limpid gaze roam over me,
smiling with tender wildness.
You, transfigured by Youth and Love,
seemed then to be the very soul of nature;
my heart went out to you, you took it for
ever.

How wild and lamenting
will sound the hour of farewell!
The sea surges upon the shore,
mocking and indifferent
to the hour of farewell.
Birds soar on outspread wings
above the carefree deep;
bathed in bright sunlight, the sea is green,
and I grieve in silence,
gazing upon the splendour of the sky.
I grieve as I see my life
carried away on the waves;
my very soul is taken from me,
and the dull booming of the waves
muffles the sound of my sobs.

Qui sait si cette mer cruelle
la ramènera vers mon cœur ?
Mes regards sont fixés sur elle ;
la mer chante, et le vent moqueur
raille l'angoisse de mon cœur.

75 **Interlude**

76 **La Mort de l'amour**

Bientôt l'île bleue et joyeuse
parmi les rocs m'apparaîtra ;
l'île sur l'eau silencieuse
comme un nénuphar flottera.
À travers la mer d'améthyste
doucement glisse le bateau,
et je serai joyeux et triste
de tant me souvenir — bientôt !

Le vent roulait les feuilles mortes ;
mes pensées
roulaient comme des feuilles mortes,
dans la nuit,
jamais si doucement au ciel noir n'avaient lui
les mille roses d'or d'où tombent les rosées !
Une danse effrayante, et les feuilles
froissées,
et qui rendaient un son métallique,
valsaient,
semblaient gémir sous les étoiles,
et disaient
l'inexprimable horreur des amours
trépassées.
Les grands hêtres d'argent que la lune
baisait

Who knows if this cruel sea
will bring her back to me?
My eyes take their fill of her;
the sea is singing, and the mocking wind
jeers at the anguish of my heart.

Interlude

The Death of Love

Very soon the happy blue isle
will appear among the rocks;
floating like a water-lily
upon the silent water.
Across the amethyst sea
the boat will softly glide,
and I shall feel both joy and sorrow
at so many memories — very soon.

The wind bowled the dead leaves along,
my thoughts
were bowled along like dead leaves,
in the night.
The myriad golden roses from which
the dew falls
had never shone with such gentleness in
the black sky!
In terrifying dance, the crumpled leaves
waltzed with a metallic sound,
seeming to moan beneath the stars,
and telling
the inexpressible horror of dead loves.
Great silver beeches, kissed by the moon,

étaient des spectres : moi, tout mon sang
se glaçait
en voyant mon aimée étrangement sourire.

Comme des fronts de morts nos fronts
avaient pâli,
et, muet, me penchant vers elle je pus lire
ce mot fatal écrit dans ses grands yeux :
l'oubli.

Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
ne reviendra plus à ce printemps-ci ;
le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
est passé — le temps des œillets aussi.
Le vent a changé, les cieux sont moroses,
et nous n'irons plus courir, et cueillir
les lilas en fleur et les belles roses ;
le printemps est triste et ne peut fleurir.
Oh! joyeux et doux printemps de l'année,
qui vins, l'an passé, nous ensoleiller,
notre fleur d'amour est si bien fanée,
las! que ton baiser ne peut l'éveiller!
et toi, que fais-tu ? Pas de fleurs écloses,
point de gai soleil ni d'ombrages frais ;
le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
avec notre amour est mort à jamais.

loomed like spectres: and my blood turned
to ice
at my love's strange smile.

Our faces had grown as pale as the faces
of the dead,
and leaning mutely towards her, I could read
this fatal word in her wide eyes: Oblivion.

The time of lilac and the time of roses
will not return this spring;
the time of lilac and the time of roses
is past — and the time of carnations, too.
The wind has changed, the heavens are
louring,
and we shall run no more to pluck
the lilac blooms and the beautiful roses;
the spring is sad and cannot bloom.
How sweet and happy was the spring
last year
that came to bathe us in its sunshine glow!
The flower of our love is now so withered,
alas, that your kiss cannot revive it!
And you, what are you doing? No
blossoming flowers,
no merry sunshine or cool shade;
the time of lilac and the time of roses,
with our love, is forever dead.

Translation Decca 1992 Avril Bardoni

HOWARD FERGUSON 1908–1999

Discovery

Denton Welch (1915–1948)

77 **The Freedom of the City**

"I am the fever in the head,
the bitterness between the sheets,
the madness that is hard and dead,
the horror of the streets."

Here as I lie awake and dry
it presses on me still
the agony of wandering
and going where you will.

78 **Babylon**

No branch,
nor breath to move the branch;
the hanging trees of Babylon
are still.

No night,
nor noon to turn to night,
the words are frozen in the mouth
they fill.

79 **Jane Allen**

Our maid, Jane Allen,
fly-by-night,
left the dishes
shining white —
took her stockings
from the horse,
darned the heels

with stitches coarse —
drank a cup
of Indian tea;
then dropped a letter
in a tree:
and this is what
the letter said
"When you get this,
I'll be dead."

80 **Discovery**

The sound's deceit
of walking feet
on metalled street:
the river smells
and clock-tower bells:
white immortelles
on sooted graves
where grass behaves
Like spiky waves:
so this is what the midnight keeps,
what soaks and seeps
while each one sleeps!
O then some moment from this stew
must be snatched out for me and you,
when we wander through the blight
of pest-house voices without fright.

81 **Dreams Melting**

What are you in the morning when you
wake?
a quacking duck, a quacking drake?
a golden bear who climbs in honeyed
trees?

a horde of wasps whose striped, chrome
bodies tease
the liquid air which plays about their wings?
Or are you some tall peacock bird that sings
like devil Paganini's violin
held tight beneath his devil's pointed chin?

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and the University of Texas*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH 1908–1988

82 **Red Skies**

Stephen Phillips (1864–1915)

Red skies above a level land and thoughts
of thee;
sinking sun on reedy strand, and alder tree.
Only the heron sailing home with heavy
flight!
Ocean afar in silent foam, and coming night!
Dwindling day and drowsing birds, oh,
my child!
Dimness and returning herds, memory wild.

83 **The Wind**

Wilfred Gibson (1878–1962)

To the lean clean land, to the last cold height
you shall come with a whickering breath
from the depths of despair or the depths
of delight
stript stark to the wind of death.

And whether you're sinless, or whether
you've sinned,

it's useless to whimper and whine,
for the lean clean blade of the cutthroat wind
will slit your weasand and mine.

*Words from Collected Poems 1905–25
by Wilfred Gibson, printed by permission
of the author and Macmillan and Co. Ltd*

Clouds

Rupert Brooke (1887–1915)

Down the blue night th'unending columns
press
in noiseless tumult, break and wave
and flow,
now tread the far south, or lift rounds
of snow
up to the white moon's hidden loveliness.
Some pause in their grave wandering,
comradeless,
and turn with profound gesture vague
and slow,
as who would pray good for the world,
but know
their benediction empty as they bless.

They say that the Dead die not, but remain
near to the rich heirs of their grief and mirth.
I think they ride the calm mid-heaven,
as these
in wise majestic melancholy train,
and watch the moon, and the still raging
seas,
and men, coming and going on the earth.

- EDMUND RUBBRA** 1901–1986
- 85 **Psalm 6**
 O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger,
 neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.
 Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am weak:
 O Lord, heal me; for my bones are vexed.
 My soul is also sore vexed:
 but thou, O Lord, how long?
 Return, O Lord, deliver my soul:
 oh save me for thy mercies' sake.
 For in death there is no remembrance
 of thee:
 in the grave who shall give thee thanks?
 I am weary with my groaning;
 all the night make I my bed to swim;
 I water my couch with tears.
 Mine eye is consumed with grief;
 it waxeth old because of all my enemies.
 Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity;
 for the Lord hath heard the voice of my
 weeping.
 The Lord hath heard my supplication;
 the Lord will receive my prayer.
 Let all mine enemies be ashamed
 and sore vexed:
 let them return and be ashamed suddenly.
- 86 **Psalm 23**
 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
 he leadeth me beside the still waters.
 He restoreth my soul:

he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
 for his name's sake.
 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
 shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
 for thou art with me;
 thy rod and staff they comfort me.
 Thou preparest a table before me in the
 presence of my enemies:
 thou anointest my head with oil;
 my cup runneth over.
 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
 all the days of my life:
 and I will dwell in the house of the Lord
 for ever.

- 87 **Psalm 150**
 Praise ye the Lord.
 Praise God in his sanctuary:
 praise him in the firmament of his power.
 Praise him for his mighty acts:
 praise him according to his excellent
 greatness.
 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet:
 praise him with the psaltery and harp.
 Praise him with the timbrel and dance:
 praise him with stringed instruments
 and organs.
 Praise him upon the loud cymbals:
 praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.
 Let every thing that hath breath praise
 the Lord.
 Praise ye the Lord.

- CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD** 1852–1924
- 88 **The fairy lough, op.77 no.2**
Maira O'Neill (1864–1955)
 Lough-a-reema! Lough-a-reema!
 Lies so high among the heather;
 a little lough, a dark lough,
 the wather's black an' deep.

Ould herons go a-fishin' there,
 an' sea-gulls all together,
 float roun' the one green island
 on the fairy lough asleep.

Lough-a-reema! Lough-a-reema!
 When the sun goes down at seven,
 when the hills are dark an' airy,
 'tis a curlew whistles sweet!

Then somethin' rustles all the reeds
 that stand so thick an' even;
 a little wave runs up the shore
 an' flees, as if on feet.

Lough-a-reema! Lough-a-reema!
 Stars come out, an' stars are hidin';
 the wather whispers on the stones
 the flitherin' moths are free.

One'st before the mornin' light
 the Horsemen will come ridin'
 roun' an' roun' the fairy lough,

an' no one there to see.
 Lough-a-reema! Lough-a-reema!

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- 89 **A soft day, op.140 no.3**
Vinifred Mary Letts (1882–1972)
 A soft day, thank God!
 A wind from the south
 with a honey'd mouth;
 a scent of drenching leaves,
 briar and beech and lime,
 white elder flower and thyme
 and the soaking grass smells sweet,
 crushed by my two bare feet,
 while the rain drips, drips, drips, drips
 from the eaves.
- A soft day, thank God!
 The hills wear a shroud of silver cloud:
 the web the spider weaves is a
 glitt'ring net;
 the wood-land path is wet,
 and the soaking earth smells sweet
 under my two bare feet,
 and the rain drips, drips, drips, drips
 from the leaves.

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- CHARLES HUBERT HASTINGS PARRY** 1848–1918
 90 **Love is a bable, op.152 no.3**
Anon.
 Love is a bable,
 no man is able
 to say 'tis this or 'tis that;
 so full of passions
 of sundry fashions,
 'tis like I cannot tell what.

 Love's fair in cradle,
 foul in fable,
 'tis either too cold or too hot;
 an arrant liar,
 fed by desire,
 it is and yet it is not.

 Love is a fellow
 clad oft in yellow,
 the cankerworm of the mind,
 a privy mischief,
 and such a sly thief
 no man knows which way to find.

 Love is a wonder
 that's here and yonder,
 as common to one as to moe;
 a monstrous cheater,
 ev'ry man's debtor;
 hang him and so let him go.
- RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS** 1872–1958
 91 **Silent noon**
Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882)
 Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
 the finger points look through like rosy
 blooms;
 your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams
 and glooms
 'neath billowing skies that scatter and
 amass.
 All round our nest far as the eye can pass,
 are golden king-cup fields with silver edge,
 where the cow parsley skirts the hawthorn
 hedge.
 'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.
 Deep in the sun-search'd growths the
 dragonfly
 hangs like a blue thread loosen'd from
 the sky:
 so this wing'd hour is dropt to us from
 above.
 Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless
 dow'r
 this close-companion'd inarticulate hour,
 when twofold silence was the song, the
 song of love.

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- FRANK BRIDGE** 1879–1941
 92 **Go not, happy day**
Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)
 Go not, happy day,
 from the shining fields,
 go not, happy day,
 till the maiden yields.
 Rosy is the West,
 rosy is the South,
 rosy are her cheeks,
 and a rose her mouth.

 When the happy yes
 falters from her lips,
 pass and blush the news
 over glowing ships;
 over blowing seas,
 over seas at rest,
 pass the happy news,
 blush it thro' the West.

 Blush from West to East,
 blush from East to West,
 till the West is East,
 blush it thro' the West,
 rosy is the West,
 rosy is the South,
 rosy are her cheeks,
 and a rose her mouth.
- PETER WARLOCK** 1894–1930
 93 **Sleep**
John Fletcher (1579–1625)
 Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet
 deceiving
 lock me in delight awhile;
 let some pleasing dreams beguile
 all my fancies, that from hence
 there may steal an influence,
 all my powers of care bereaving.

 Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,
 let me know some little joy.
 We, that suffer long annoy,
 are contented with a thought
 thro' an idle fancy wrought:
 O let my joys have some abiding.
- 94 **Pretty ring-time**
William Shakespeare (1564–1616)
 It was a lover and his lass,
 with a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
 that o'er the green cornfield did pass,
 in the spring time,
 the only pretty ring-time,
 when birds do sing,
 hey ding a ding 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 the spring time, *etc.*

This carol they began that hour,
with a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
how that a life was but a flow'r
in the spring time, *etc.*

And therefore take the present time,
with a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
for love is crowned with the prime
in the spring time, *etc.*

95 Trad., collected SHARP, arr. BRITTEN
O Waly, Waly

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,
and neither have I wings to fly;
give me a boat that will carry two,
and both shall row, my love and I.

O, down in the meadows the other day,
agath'ring flow'rs both fine and gay,
agath'ring flow'rs both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak,
thinking that he was a trusty tree,
but first he bended and then he broke;
and so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
she's loaded deep as deep can be,
but not so deep as the love I'm in;
I know not if I sink or swim.

Oh love is handsome and love is fine
and love's a jewel while it is new,

but when it is old, it groweth cold
and fades away like morning dew.

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96 Trad., arr. BRITTEN
Come you not from Newcastle?

Come you not from Newcastle?
Come you not there away?
O met you not my true love,
riding on a bonny bay?

Why should I not love my love?
Why should not my love love me?
Why should I not speed after him,
since love to all is free?

97 Trad., collected and arr. HUGHES
Kitty, my love, will you marry me?

Kitty, my love, will you marry me?
Kitty, my love, will you go,
O! Kitty, my love, will you marry me?
Either say Yes or say No, O!

I ha'e a wee brig o' praties,
an' I ha'e a liggat o' meal,
an' I ha'e a pig in the corner,
an' he's tied to a tuppenny nail.
O! Kitty, my love, *etc.*

I ha'e a goose that is hatchin',
her goose eggs are under the bed,
an' I ha'e a goat that is grazing

high up on the tops o' the hedge,
O! Kitty, my love, *etc.*

I ha'e a ballad, a ballad,
it's all about Kitty, my dear.
An' I ha'e my granny's oul' cradle
that she bid me rock in a year.
O! Kitty, my love, *etc.*

98 HENRY PURCELL 1659–1695
Mad Bess of Bedlam (arr. Britten)
Anon.

From silent shades, and the Elysian groves,
where sad departed spirits mourn their loves,
from crystal streams and from that country
where
Jove crowns the fields with flowers all
the year,
poor senseless Bess, clothed in her rags
and solely,
is come to cure her lovesick melancholy.

Bright Cynthia kept her revels late,
while Mab the Fairy Queen did dance
and Oberon did sit in state;
when Mars at Venus ran his lance;
in yonder cowslip lies my dear,
entomb'd in liquid gems of dew,
each day I'll water it with a tear,
its fading blossom to renew.

For since my love is dead, and all my joys
are gone;
poor Bess for his sake,

a garland will make,
my music shall be a groan
I'll lay me down and die within some
hollow tree,
the rav'n and cat,
the owl and bat,
shall warble forth this elegy.
Did you not see my love as he pass'd by you?
His two flaming eyes, if he come nigh you,
they will scorch up your hearts.
Ladies beware ye,
lest he should dart a glance that may
ensnare ye.
Hark! I hear old Charon bawl,
his boat he will no longer stay,
and furies lash their whips and call:
Come, come away, come, come away.

Poor Bess will return to the place whence
she came,
since the world is so mad she can hope
for no cure:
for love's a bubble, a shadow, a name,
which fools do admire and wise men
endure.

Cold and hungry am I grown.
Ambrosia will I feed upon,
drink Nectar still and sing;
who is content,
does all sorrow prevent,
and Bess in her straw,
whilst free from the law,
in her thoughts is as great as a king.

99 **Hark! the echoing air** (*The Fairy Queen*)

Anon. after Shakespeare

Hark! hark! the echoing air a triumph
sings —
and all around, pleas'd Cupids clap
their wings.

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL

100 **Like as the love-lorn turtle** (*Atalanta*)

English version by Albert G. Latham

Like as the love-lorn turtle
near to his love doth languish,
thou, too, with e'en such anguish,
dear love, for me shalt fret.
Weeping, and sighing, and sadness,
shall yet turn all to gladness,
but still 'tis meet thou suffer,
the season of thy joyance is not yet.

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101 **How changed the vision** (*Admeto*)

English version by M.X. Hayes

How changed the vision
now dawning o'er me.
A smiling future
doth shine before me
of bright young joy!
I dread no sorrow
to cloud the morrow,
my happiness is without alloy.

HUGO WOLF 1860–1903

102 **Verborgenheit**

Eduard Mörike (1804–1875)

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
laßt dies Herz alleine haben
seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiß ich nicht,
es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
immerdar durch Tränen sehe
ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewußt,
und die helle Freude zücket
durch die Schwere, so mich drücket,
wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!
locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
laßt dies Herz alleine haben
seine Wonne, seine Pein!

103 **Der Gärtner**

Eduard Mörike

Auf ihrem Leibrößlein,
so weiß wie der Schnee,
die schönste Prinzessin
reit't durch die Allee.

Der Weg, den das Rößlein
hintanzet so hold,
der Sand, den ich streute,
er blinket wie Gold.

Secrecy

Let me be, O world!
Do not tempt me with the spoils of love;
leave this heart with only
its joy and pain.

I know not why I grieve;
my woe is unknown;
I always see the sun's beloved light
through tears.

Often I am scarcely conscious,
and a bright joy pierces
through the gloom which oppresses me
and fills my breast with rapture.

Let me be, O world!
Do not tempt me with the spoils of love;
leave this heart with only
its joy and pain.

The Gardener

Upon her steed,
as white as snow,
the fair princess
rides down the avenue.

The steed capers gracefully
down the path,
and the sand I have strewn
glitters like gold.

Du rosenfarbs Hütlein,
wohl auf und wohl ab,
o wirf eine Feder
verstohlen herab!

Und willst du dagegen
eine Blüte von mir,
nimm tausend für eine,
nimm alle dafür!

104 Auf ein altes Bild

Eduard Mörike

In grüner Landschaft Sommerflor,
bei kühlem Wasser, Schilf und Rohr,
schau, wie das Knäblein sündelos
frei spielt auf der Jungfrau Schoß!
Und dort im Walde wonnesam,
ach, grünet schon des Kreuzes Stamm!

105 Auf einer Wanderung

Eduard Mörike

In ein freundliches Städtchen tret ich ein,
in den Straßen liegt roter Abendschein.
Aus einem offenen Fenster eben,
über den reichsten Blumenflor
hinweg, hört man Goldglockentöne
schweben,
und eine Stimme scheint ein
Nachtigallenchor,
daß die Blüten beben,
daß die Lüfte leben,
daß in höherem Rot die Rosen leuchten vor.
Lang hielt ich staunend, lustbekommen.
Wie ich hinaus vors Tor gekommen,

O rose-coloured hat,
as you bob up and down,
throw me secretly
a feather!

And, if you want
a blossom in return,
take a thousand! —
take them all!

On gazing at an old picture

In a green landscape, in summer bloom,
by cool water, rush and reed,
see the innocent child
playing happily on the virgin's lap.
And, in the blissful wood,
the Cross is already growing.

On my travels

I enter a pleasant little town;
the rosy evening light lies on the streets.
From an open window,
away over the rich flowery meadows,
is wafted the sound of golden bells,
and a voice like a choir of nightingales
is heard,
so that the blossoms quiver,
the breezes are alive,
and the roses shine with a heightened colour.
I stood long in amazement, transfixed
in delight.
How I came through the gate again,

ich weiß es wahrlich selber nicht.
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so licht!
Der Himmel wogt in purpurnem Gewühle,
rückwärts die Stadt in goldnem Rauch;
wie rauscht der Erlenbach, wie rauscht
im Grund die Mühle!
Ich bin wie trunken, irreführt —
o Muse, du hast mein Herz berührt
mit einem Liebeshauch!

LUDVIG IRGENS JENSEN 1894–1969

106 Altar

Halldis Moren (1907–1995)

Her er eit helga altar
for alle som ynskjer be.
Mange har søkt inntil det
og tagalle böygt sitt kne.

Vi og kjem framåt med hjarta fullt
og snur oss den same leid.
Vi vil berre ynskje for alle som ber:
Å Gud, ver til for dei!

Dei må ikkje tru på deg fåfengt.
Gjev deira böner held.
Gjev dei får finne dei kjaere som kvarv
i dødens djupe kveld.

Gjev han er til, den freden
dei vonar å nå til slutt,
femnast av den må alle dei
som bad om det sårt og trutt.

truly I know not.
Ah, how bright the world seems here!
The sky shimmers with purple clouds;
behind me the town is in a golden haze;
how the alder brook murmurs; how the mill
splashes in the valley!
I am as one drunk, led astray;
O Muse, you have touched my heart
with a breath of love.

The Altar

Here is a holy altar
for all who wish to pray.
Many have drawn close to it
and in grief have bent their knee.

We, too, come forward with full heart
and turn to the same path.
We only wish for all who pray:
O God, be present for them!

They must not believe in Thee in vain.
Incline to their desires;
grant that they may find their dear ones
who have gone down
into the deep eventide of death.

May He grant it is there, the peace
which they crave to reach at last.
All must be encompassed by it
who have prayed earnestly and faithfully.

Ja, der må vera ei open dør
for alle som heim vil snu!
Hjarta er fullt av bøn i kveld
for alle menneskes tru.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

107 Vergiß mein nicht, BWV 505

(Geistliche Lieder und Arien, Nr. 71)

Gottfried Arnold (1666–1714)

Vergið mein nicht, vergið mein nicht,
mein allerliebster Gott.

Ach, höre doch mein Flehen,
ach, laß mir Gnad' geschehen,
wenn ich hab' Angst und Not.

Du meine Zuversicht,

Vergið mein nicht, vergið mein nicht!

Vergið mein nicht, vergið mein nicht,
wenn einst der herbe Tod
mir nimmt mein zeitlich' Leben;
du kannst ein bess'res geben.

Mein allerliebster Gott,
hör, wenn dein Kind doch spricht;
vergið mein nicht, vergið mein nicht.

108 Ach, daß nicht die letzte Stunde, BWV 439

(Geistliche Lieder und Arien, Nr. 1)

Erdmann Neumeister (1671–1756)

Ach, daß nicht die letzte Stunde
meines Lebens heute schlägt!
Mich verlangt von Herzens Grunde,
daß man mich zu Grabe trägt;
denn ich darf den Tod nicht scheuen,
ich bin längst mit ihm bekannt,

Yes, there must be an open door
for all who would turn homeward.
The heart is filled with prayer tonight
for the faith of all mankind.

Do not forget me

(Sacred Songs and Airs No.71)

Do not forget me, do not forget me,
my beloved God.

Oh, hear my supplication,
oh, grant me mercy,
when I am afraid and in distress.

In you I trust,

do not forget me, do not forget me!

Do not forget me, do not forget me,
when bitter death
takes my mortal life from me;
you can give a better one.

My beloved God,
hear your child's words;
do not forget me, do not forget me.

Ah, why has not the final hour

(Sacred Songs and Airs No.1)

Ah, why has not the final hour
of my life struck today!
From the depths of my heart
I wish to be carried to the grave;
for I need not fear death,
I have known him for a long time,

führt er doch aus Wüsteneien
mich in das gelobte Land.

Gute Nacht, ihr Eitelkeiten!
Falsches Leben, gute Nacht!
Gute Nacht, ihr schnöden Zeiten,
denn mein Abschied ist gemacht!
Weil ich lebe, will ich sterben,
bis die Todesstunde schlägt,
da man mich als Gottes Erben
durch das Grab in Himmel trägt.

?GOTTFRIED HEINRICH STÖLZEL

1690–1749 (attrib. J.S. Bach)

109 Bist du bei mir, BWV 508

Anon.

Bist du bei mir, geh' ich mit Freuden
zum Sterben und zu meiner Ruh'.
Ach, wie vergnügt wär' so mein Ende,
es drückten deine schönen Hände
mir die getreuen Augen zu.

he leads me out of the wilderness
into the Promised Land.

Good night, vanities!
Good night, false life!
Good night, evil times,
I take my leave!
As I live, I wish to die,
until the hour of death strikes,
when, as God's heir, I will be
carried to heaven by way of the grave.

If thou art near

If thou art near then I with gladness
to death will go and to my rest.
Happy my end free from all sighing
if thou wilt close when I am dying
the eyes that loved to look on thee.

Translations Decca 1992

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

110 **Qui sedes** (*Mass in B minor*)
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
miserere nobis.

111 **Grief for sin** (*St Matthew Passion*)
Grief for sin
rends the guilty heart within.
May my weeping and my mourning
be a welcome sacrifice.
Loving Saviour, hear in mercy!

112 **All is fulfilled** (*St John Passion*)
All is fulfilled.
O hope to fainting souls extended!
This mournful night
shows me Thy day of labour ended.
The Lion of Judah fought the fight
and hath prevailed.
It is finished.

113 **Agnus Dei** (*Mass in B minor*)
Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL

114 **Return, O God of Hosts!** (*Samson*)
Return, O God of Hosts!
Behold Thy servant in distress.

Qui sedes

Who sittest at the right hand of the Father,
have mercy on us.

Agnus Dei

Lamb of God,
who takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us.

115 **O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion**
(*Messiah*)

Isaiah 40:9, 60:1

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion,
get thee up into the high mountain:
o thou that tellest good tidings to
Jerusalem,
lift up thy voice with strength;
lift it up, be not afraid;
say unto the cities of Judah:
Behold your God!
Arise, shine, for thy light is come,
and the glory of the Lord is risen upon
thee.

116 **Father of Heaven** (*Judas Maccabaeus*)
Thomas Morell (1703–1784)

Father of Heaven, from Thy eternal throne
look with an eye of blessing down
while we prepare with holy rites,
to solemnise the Feast of Lights.
And thus our grateful hearts employ,
and in Thy praise
this altar raise
with carols of triumphant joy.

117 **He was despised** (*Messiah*)

Isaiah 53:3

He was despised and rejected of men,
a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

Trad., arr. WHITTAKER

118 **Ma bonny lad**

Have ye seen ow't o my bonnie lad,
and are ye sure he's weel, oh?
He's gone ower land
wiv his stick in his hand,
he's gyen to moor the keel, O!
Yes, aa've seen yor bonny lad,
'twas on the sea aa spied him,
his grave is green, but hot wi' grass,
and thou't never lie aside him.

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119 **The keel row**

As I came thro' Sandgate,
thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate;
as I cam thro' Sandgate,
I heard a lassie sing:
Weel may the keel row,
the keel row, the keel row,
weel may the keel row
that my laddie's in.

Oh, wha's like ma Johnnie,
sae leish, sae blithe, sae bonny?
He's foremost 'mang the mony
keel lads o' coaly Tyne.
He'll set and row sae tightly,
or in the dance — sae sprightly —
he'll cut and shuffle slightly;
'tis true — were he not mine.

He wears a blue bonnet,
blue bonnet, blue bonnet;
he wears a blue bonnet,
a dimple in his chin.
And weel may the keel row,
the keel row, the keel row,
weel may the keel row
that my laddie's in.

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120 Blow the wind southerly

Blow the wind southerly, southerly,
southerly;
blow the wind south o'er the bonny blue sea.
Blow the wind southerly, southerly,
southerly;
blow, bonny breeze, my lover to me.
They told me last night there were ships
in the offing,
and I hurried down to the deep rolling sea.
But my eye could not see it, wherever
might be it,
the barque that is bearing my lover to me.

Blow the wind southerly, southerly,
southerly;
blow, bonny breeze, o'er the bonny blue sea.
Blow the wind southerly, southerly,
southerly;
blow, bonny breeze, and bring him to me.
Is it not sweet to hear the breeze singing,
as lightly it comes o'er the deep rolling sea?

But sweeter and dearer by far 'tis when
bringing
the barque of my true love in safety to me,

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Trad., arr. HUGHES

121 I have a bonnet trimmed with blue

I have a bonnet trimmed with blue.
Do you wear it? Yes, I do.
I will wear it when I can,
going to the ball with my young man.

My young man has gone to sea,
but when he comes back he'll play for me,
Tip to the heel and tip to the toe
and that's the way the Polka goes.

I have a bonnet *etc.*

Trad., collected and arr. SHARP

122 My boy Willie

O where have you been all the day,
my boy Willie?
O where have you been all the day,
Willie, won't you tell me now?
I've been all the day
acourting of a lady gay;
but she is too young to be taken from
her Mammy.

O can she brew and can she bake,
my boy Willie?

O can she brew and can she bake,
Willie, won't you tell me now?
She can brew and she can bake
and she can make a wedding cake;
but she is too young to be taken from
her Mammy.

O can she knit and can she spin,
my boy Willie?
O can she knit and can she spin,
Willie won't you tell me now?
She can knit and she can spin
and she can do 'most anything;
but she is too young to be taken from
her Mammy.

O how old is she now,
my boy Willie?
O how old is she now,
Willie, won't you tell me now?
Twice six, twice seven,
twice twenty and eleven;
but she is too young to be taken from
her Mammy.

Trad., arr. HUGHES, adap. GRAY

123 I know where I'm goin'

I know where I'm goin',
And I know who's goin' with me,
I know who I love,
but the dear knows who I'll marry.

I have stockings of silk,
shoes of fine green leather,

combs to buckle me hair
and a ring for every finger.

Some say he's black,
but I say he's bonny,
the fairest of them all,
my handsome, winsome Johnnie.

Feather beds are soft
and painted rooms are bonny,
but I would leave them all
to go with my love Johnnie.

I know where I'm goin',
and I know who's goin' with me,
I know who I love,
but the dear knows who I'll marry.

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Trad., arr. ROBERTON

124 The fidgety bairn

Hush, my dear! the gallopin' men
ride thro' the bracken and ride owre the ben;
Mammy'll watch her sleepin' hen,
so close your e'en, my dearie!
Close your e'en and greet nae mair,
O but your mither's he'rt is sair,
Daddy's asleep in the big rockin' chair,
so close your e'en, my dearie!

O, will ye never learn?
Ne'er, ne'er was sic a bairn!

Breakin' my he'rt, ye fidgety bairn!

Hush my dear! *etc.*

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Trad., arr. HUGHES

125 I will walk with my love

I once loved a boy, just a bold Irish boy
who would come and would go at my
request;
and this bold Irish boy was my pride
and my joy
and I built him a bow'r in my breast.

But this girl who has taken my bonny,
bonny boy,
let her make of him all that she can;
and whether he loves me or loves me not,
I will walk with my love now and then.

Trad., arr. JACOBSON

126 Ca' the yowes

Robert Burns (1759–1796)

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
ca' them where the heather grows,
ca' them where the burnie rows,
my bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis' evening sang
sounding Cluden's woods amang;
then afauldin' let us gang,
my bonnie dearie.

We'll gang down by Cluden side,
thro' the hazels spreading wide,
owre the waves that sweetly glide,
to the moon sae clearly.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
thou hast stole my very heart;
I can dee, but canna part,
my bonnie dearie.

Ca' the yowes *etc.*

Trad., collected SHARP, arr. BRITTEN

127 O Waly, Waly

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,
and neither have I wings to fly;
give me a boat that will carry two,
and both shall row, my love and I.

O, down in the meadows the other day,
agath'ring flow'rs both fine and gay,
agath'ring flow'rs both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak,
thinking that he was a trusty tree,
but first he bended and then he broke;
and so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
she's loaded deep as deep can be,
but not so deep as the love I'm in;
I know not if I sink or swim.

O love is handsome and love is fine,
and love's a jewel while it is new,
but when it is old, it groweth cold
and fades away like morning dew.

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Trad., arr. WARLOCK

128 Willow, willow

A poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree;
sing willow, willow, willow!

With his hand in his bosom and his head
upon his knee;

O willow, willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow, willow shall be
my garland.

Sing all a green willow; willow, willow,
willow!

Aye me, the green willow shall be
my garland.

A mute bird sat by him was made tame
by his moans;

sing willow, willow, willow!

The true tears fell from him would have
melted the stones;

sing willow, willow, willow, willow!

Sing willow, willow, willow, willow shall be
my garland.

Sing all a green willow; willow, willow,
willow!

Aye me, the green willow shall be
my garland.

Trad., arr. HUGHES

129 The stuttering lovers

A wee bit over the lee, me lads,
a wee bit over the green;
the birds went into the poor man's corn,
I fear they'll never be seen, me lads,
I fear they'll never be seen.

So out comes the bonny wee lass
and she was one so fair,
and she went into the poor man's corn
to see if the birds were there, me lads,
to see if the birds were there.

So out comes the bonny wee lad
and he was a fisherman's son,
and he went into the poor man's corn
to see if the lass was there, me lads,
to see if the lass was there.

He puts his arms around her waist
and kissed her cheek and chin;
up spoke the bonny wee lass:
"I fear it is a sin, me lad,
I fear it is a sin."

He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
he kissed her ten times o'er;
Oh, it's nice to be kissing the bonny wee lass
that's never been kissed before, me lads,
that's never been kissed before.

Then out comes the poor old man
and he was tattered and torn:

"If that's the way you're minding the birds,
I'll mind them meself in the morn, me lads,
I'll mind them meself in the morn!"

ROGER QUILTER 1877–1953

130 Now sleeps the crimson petal

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now
the white;
nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
nor winks the gold fin in the porph'ry font:
the fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.
Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
and slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip,
slip into my bosom and be lost, be lost
in me...

131 Fair house of joy

Anon.

Fain would I change that note
to which fond love hath charmed me
long, long to sing by rote
fancying that that harmed me.
Yet when this thought doth come —
"Love, love is the perfect sum of
all delight"—
I have no other choice
either for pen or voice
to sing or write.

Oh love, they wrong thee much
that say thy sweet is bitter,
when thy rich fruit is such,

as nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
where truest, where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee,
I know thee, what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
and fall before thee.

132 To daisies

Robert Herrick (1591–1634)

Shut not so soon: the dulled-eyed night
has not as yet begun
to make a seizure on the light,
or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closed are,
no shadows great appear,
nor doth the early shepherd's star
shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close
her life-begetting eye;
and let the whole world then dispose
itself to live or die.

133 Over the mountains

From Percy's Reliques

Over the mountains
and over the waves,
under the fountains
and under the graves,
under floods that are deepest
which Neptune obey,
over rocks that are steepest,

love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
for the glow-worm to lie,
where there is no space
for receipt of a fly;
where the midge dare not venture
lest herself fast she lay,
if love come he will enter
and will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
or have him confined:
some do suppose him,
poor thing, to be blind;
but if ne'er so close ye wall him,
do the best that ye may,
blind love, if so ye call him,
soon will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
to stoop to your fist,
or you may inveigle
the Phoenix of the East;
the lioness you may move her
to give o'er her prey,
but you'll ne'er stop a lover,
love shall find out the way.

Trad., arr. GREW

134 Have you seen but a whyte lillie grow?

Ben Jonson (1572–1637)

Have you seen but a whyte lillie grow
before rude hands have touched it?

Have you marked but the fall of the snow
before the earth hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver
or swansdown ever,
or have smelt of the bud of the brier
or the nard in the fire,
or have tasted the bag of the bee?
Oh, so whyte, oh so soft,
oh so sweet, so sweet,
so sweet is she.

Trad., arr. QUILTER

135 Ye banks and braes

Robert Burns

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
how can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,
and I sae weary, fu' o' care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird
that wantons thro' the flower-thorn;
thou minds me o' departed joys,
departed, never to return.

Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
to see the rose and woodbine twine
and ilk a bird sang o' its love
and fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
but my fause lover stole the rose
and oh, he left the thorn wi' me.

136 Drink to me only

Ben Jonson

Drink to me only with thine eyes
and I will pledge with mine,
or leave a kiss within the cup
and I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
doth ask a drink divine.
But might I of Jove's nectar sup
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
not so much hon'ring thee
as giving it a hope that there
it could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe
and sent'st it back to me:
since when it grows and smells, I swear,
not of itself but thee.

Trad., arr. HUGHES

137 Down by the Salley Gardens

William Butler Yeats (1839–1922)

Down by the Salley Gardens my love and I
did meet;
she passed the Salley Gardens with little
snow white feet.
She bid me take love easy as the leaves
grow on the tree;
but I, being young and foolish, with her
would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did
stand

and on my leaning shoulder she laid her
snow white hand,
She bid me take life easy as the grass
grows on the weirs;
but I was young and foolish, and now
am full of tears.

138 The lover's curse

This one and that one will court him,
but e'er he gets any but me
both daily and hourly I'll curse them
that stole lovely Jamie from me.

Far in the land of the stranger
six hundred long miles o'er the sea,
to fight in the lowlands of Holland
they stole lovely Jamie from me.

Sadness and weeping are on me
for the lad that is over the sea,
but daily and hourly I'll curse them
that stole lovely Jamie from me.

FRANZ SCHUBERT

140 Die junge Nonne, D828

Jakob Nikolaus Craigher de Jachelutta
See 62, p.46

141 Romanze aus "Rosamunde", D797 no.3b

Wilhelmine von Chézy (1783–1856)

Der Vollmond strahlt auf Bergeshöhn —
wie hab ich dich vermißt!
Du süßes Herz! es ist so schön,
wenn Treu' die Treue küßt!

Was frommt des 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.

142 Du liebst mich nicht, D756

August von Platen
See 66, p.47

143 Der Tod und das Mädchen, D531

Matthias Claudius (1740–1815)

Das Mädchen
Vorüber! ach, vorüber!
geh, wilder Knochenmann!
Ich bin noch jung, geh, Lieber!
und rühre mich nicht an.

The young nun

See 62, p.46

Romance from "Rosamunde"

The full moon shines on the mountain peaks,
how I hve missed you!
O dearest treasure, how wonderful it is
when true love kisses truly!

Of what avail is the sweet dream of May?
You were a ray of Spring to me!
Light of my darkness, oh smile upon me
once more in death!

She entered by the light of the full moon,
she gazed up to heaven:
"Far from you in life, but yours in death!"
And gently two hearts broke together.

You love me not

See 66, p.47

Death and the maiden

The maiden
Go, oh, go on past me!
Go, cruel Death!
I am still young, go, my dearest,
I beg you, do not touch me.

Der Tod

Gib deine Hand, du schön und zart Gebild!
Bin Freund und komme nicht zu strafen.
Sei guten Muts! Ich bin nicht wild,
sollst sanft in meinen Armen schlafen!

144 Suleika I, D720

Marianne von Willemer (1784–1860)
Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
der Insekten frohes Völkchen.

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

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
von dem Freunde tausend Grüße;
eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,
grüßen mich wohl tausend Küsse.

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

Death

Give me your hand, you beautiful, delicate
creature!
I am your friend and do not come to chastise.
Take courage, I am not cruel,
you shall sleep gently in my arms.

Suleika I

What does this movement mean?
Does the East wind bring me good news?
The fresh beating of his wings
soothes the deep wounds of my heart.

He plays with the dust lovingly,
chasing it into little clouds;
he drives the merry insects
into the shelter of the vine leaves.

He softens the glow of the sun
and cools my burning cheeks;
as he flies by, he kisses the vines
resplendent in meadow and on hill.

And his gentle whispers bring me
a thousand greetngs from my friend;
before these hills grow dark,
a thousand kisses will greet me.

So pass on your way, East wind!
Be of help to friends and those in need.
There where high walls gleam,
there shall I find my beloved.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebeshauch, erfrishtes Leben,
wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
kann mir nur sein Atem geben!

145 Du bist die Ruh', D776

Friedrich Rückert

Du bist die Ruh',
der Friede mild,
die Sehnsucht du,
und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir
voll Lust und Schmerz
zur Wohnung hier
mein Aug' und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir
und schließe du
still hinter dir
die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz
aus dieser Brust!
Voll sei dies Herz
von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt,
von deinem Glanz
allein erhellt,
o füll es ganz!

Ah, the heart's true tidings,
breath of love, refreshment of life,
these things come to me only from his
mouth,
only his breath can bring them to me!

You are quietude

You are quietude,
peace untroubled,
longing you are,
and what stills it.

I dedicate to you
full of pleasure and pain
as a dwelling here
my eyes and heart.

Come in to me
and shut
the door softly
behind you.

Drive other pain
from this breast,
full be this heart
with your own delight!

These veiled eyes,
by your radiance
alone illumined, utterly
o, fill them!

JOHANNES BRAHMS

146 Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

Hermann Lingg (1820–1905)

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer
zitternd über mir.

Oft im Traume hör' ich dich
rufen drauß vor meiner Tür,
niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.

Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
eine Andre wirst du küssen,
wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh' die Maienlüfte wehn,
eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:
Willst du mich noch einmal sehn,
komm, o komme bald!

147 Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht

Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht,
das Leben ist der schwüle Tag.
Es dunkelt schon, mich schläfert,
der Tag hat mich müd' gemacht.

Über mein Bett erhebt sich ein Baum,
drin singt die junge Nachtigall;
sie singt von lauter Liebe,
ich hör' es sogar im Traum.

My sleep becomes ever lighter

My sleep grows ever lighter,
my sorrow is only a soft veil
shimmering over me.
Often in my dreams I hear you
calling outside my door;
nobody is awake to open the door to you,
I waken and weep bitterly.

Yes, I shall have to die,
you will kiss another
when I am pale and cold.
Before the May breezes blow,
before the thrush sings in the wood,
if you want to see me again,
come, oh come soon!

Death is the cool night

Death is the cool night,
life the sultry day.
Night is approaching and I am growing tired,
the day has made me weary.

A tree leans over my bed,
the young nightingale sings there;
she sings a song of love,
I hear it even in my dream.

148 Botschaft, op.47 no.1

Georg Friedrich Daumer after Hafiz

See 60, p.45

149 Von ewiger Liebe

*Nach dem Wendischen von Josef Wenzig
(1807–1876)*

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,
ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,
führt sie am Weidengebüsch vorbei,
redet so viel und so mancherlei:

“Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,
leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,
werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind,
scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.”

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
“Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.

Message

See 60, p.45

Of eternal love

Dark, how dark it is in the forest and field!
Evening has already come; the world is silent.
There is no more light and no more smoke,
and the lark is silent too.

Out of the village comes the lad,
escorting his beloved homewards;
he leads her past the clump of willows,
speaking of so many things.

“If you are despised and if you feel sad,
if you are despised by others on my account,
then our love shall quickly be sundered,
as swiftly as we were first united.
We shall part in wind and rain
as swiftly as we were first united.”

The maiden says:
“Our love cannot be sundered!
Steel is strong and so too is iron,
but our love is even stronger.

Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
 unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?
 Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergerhen,
 unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!"

"Iron and steel can be shaped in a forge,
 but who can change our love?
 Iron and steel can be melted down,
 but our love must endure for ever!"

ROBERT SCHUMANN

150 Frauenliebe und -leben

– *Adalbert von Chamisso*

157 See 49–56, p.41

A woman's life and love

See 49–56, p.41

Translation Decca 1992



Photo: Decca

JOHANNES BRAHMS

158 Rhapsodie für Alt, Männerchor und Orchester, op.53

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
(aus Harzreise im Winter)

Alt

Aber abseits, wer ist's?
 Ins Gebüsch verliert sich sein Pfad,
 hinter ihm schlagen die Sträucher zusammen,
 das Gras steht wieder auf,
 die Öde verschlingt ihn.

Ach, wer heilet die Schmerzen
 des, dem Balsam zu Gift ward?
 der sich Menschenhaß
 aus der Fülle der Liebe trank?
 Erst verachtet, nun ein Verächter,
 zehrt er heimlich auf
 seinen eigenen Wert
 in ungenügender Selbstsucht.

Alt, Männerchor

Ist auf deinem Psalter,
 Vater der Liebe, ein Ton
 seinem Ohre vernehmlich,
 so erquicke sein Herz!
 Öffne den umwölkten Blick
 über die tausend Quellen
 neben dem Durstenden
 in der Wüste.

Rhapsody for alto, male chorus and orchestra, op.53

(from Harzreise im Winter)

Alto

But who is that, standing apart?
 His steps recede into the bushes;
 behind him the thickets close,
 the grass straightens;
 the wilderness swallows him up.

Ah, who can heal the suffering
 of one for whom balm has turned to poison,
 and who sucked hatred of mankind
 from the abundance of love?
 Despised at first, and now despising,
 he secretly devours
 his own worth,
 in insatiable self-love.

Alto, male chorus

Father of love, if there is
 a sound on your psaltery
 which his ear can hear
 then quicken his heart!
 Reveal to his clouded gaze
 the thousand springs
 by the side of the thirsty man
 in the desert.

Zwei Gesänge, op.91

159 Gestillte Sehnsucht

Friedrich Rückert

In gold'nen Abendschein getaucht,
wie feierlich die Wälder stehn!
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein hauchet
des Abendwindes leises Weh'n.
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.

Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget
im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh!
Du Sehnen, das die Brust bewegt,
wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?
Beim Lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,
ihr sehrenden Wünsche, wann schlaft
ihr ein?

Ach, wenn nicht mehr in gold'ne Fernen
mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,
nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen
mit sehrendem Blick mein Auge weilt;
dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein
mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

160 Geistliches Wiegenlied

*Emanuel Geibel (1815–1884)
after Lope de Vega (1562–1635)*
Die ihr schwebet
um diese Palmen
in Nacht und Wind,

Two songs

Longing stilled

Bathed in the golden glow of evening,
how solemn the woods look!
The soft blowing of evening breeze
breathes in soft bird-voices.
What are they whispering, the wind and
the birds?
They are whispering the world to sleep.

Ye wishes, that always stir
in my heart without rest or peace!
Thou longing, which troubles my breast,
when wilt thou rest, when wilt thou
slumber?
Ye yearning wishes, when will ye fall asleep
to the whispering of the wind and the birds?

Ah, when my spirit no longer hurries
on the wings of dream into golden distances,
when my eyes linger no more with longing
glance
at the eternal, distant stars,
then will the wind and the birds whisper
in harmony with my longing and life.

Sacred Lullaby

Ye who soar
about these palms
in night and wind,

ihr heil'gen Engel,
stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem
im Windesbrausen,
wie mögt ihr heute
so zornig sausen!
O rauscht nicht also!
schweiget, neiget
euch leis und lind;
stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Der Himmelsknabe
duldet Beschwerde,
ach, wie so müde er war
vom Leid der Erde.
Ach, nun im Schlaf ihm
leise gesänftigt
die Qual zerrinnt,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Grimmige Kälte
sauset hernieder;
womit nur deck' ich
des Kindleins Glieder!
O all ihr Engel,
die ihr geflügelt
wandelt im Wind,
stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

ye holy angels,
let the treetops be still!
My child is sleeping.

Ye palms of Bethlehem
in the raging wind,
how can ye roar so fiercely
today of all days?
Oh do not rustle so;
be silent and bow down
soft and supple;
let the treetops be still!
My child is sleeping.

The heavenly child
suffers hardship;
ah, how weary he became
with the world's sorrow.
Ah, gently sleeping now,
he is soothed,
the torment melts away.
Let the treetops be still!
My child is sleeping.

Fierce cold
is storming down;
how shall I cover
the child's limbs?
O all ye winged angels,
who wander
in this wild wind,
let the treetops be still!
My child is sleeping.

Vier ernste Gesänge

Deutsch von Martin Luther

I
161 Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem
Vieh; wie dies stirbt, so stirbt er auch;
und haben alle einerlei Odem;
und der Mensch hat nichts mehr denn das
Vieh: denn es ist alles eitel.

Es fährt alles an einem Ort;
es ist alles von Staub gemacht,
und wird wieder zu Staub.

Wer weiß, ob der Geist des Menschen
aufwärts fahre, und der Odem des Viehes
unterwärts unter die Erde fahre?

Darum sahe ich, daß nichts Bessers ist,
denn daß der Mensch fröhlich sei in seiner
Arbeit, denn das ist sein Teil.
Denn wer will ihn dahin bringen, daß er
sehe, was nach ihm geschehen wird?

Prediger Salomo 3, 19–22

II
162 Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle, die
Unrecht leiden unter der Sonne; und siehe,
da waren Tränen, derer, die Unrecht litten
und hatten keinen Tröster, und die ihnen
Unrecht taten, waren zu mächtig, daß sie
keinen Tröster haben konnten.

Four Serious Songs, op.121

I
For that which befalleth the sons of men
befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth
them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other;
yea, they have all one breath; so that a man
hath no preeminence above a beast: for all
is vanity.

All go unto one place; all are of the dust,
and all turn to dust again.

Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth
upward, and the spirit of the beast that
goeth downward to the earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing
better, than that a man should rejoice in his
own works; for that is his portion: for who
shall bring him to see what shall be after
him?

Ecclesiastes 3:19–22

II
So I returned, and considered all the
oppressions that are done under the sun:
and behold the tears of such as were
oppressed, and they had no comfort; and
on the side of their oppressors there was
power; but they had no comfort.

Da lobte ich die Toten, die schon gestorben
waren, mehr als die Lebendigen, die noch
das Leben hatten;

und der noch nicht ist, ist besser als alle
beide, und des Bösen nicht inne wird, das
unter der Sonne geschieht.

Prediger Salomo 4, 1–3

III
163 O Tod, wie bitter bist du, wenn an dich
gedenket ein Mensch, der gute Tage und
genug hat und ohne Sorge gelebet;
und dem es wohl geht in allen Dingen und
noch wohl essen mag!

O Tod, wie wohl tust du dem Dürftigen, der
da schwach und alt ist, der in allen Sorgen
steckt, und nichts Bessers zu hoffen noch
zu erwarten hat!

Jesus Sirach 41, 1–3

IV
164 Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit
Engelzungen redete, und hätte der Liebe
nicht, so wäre ich ein tönend Erz oder eine
klingende Schelle.

Und wenn ich weissagen könnte und
wüßte alle Geheimnisse und alle
Erkenntnis und hätte allen Glauben, also
daß ich Berge versetzte, und hätte der

Wherefore I praised the dead which are
already dead more than the living which are
yet alive.

Yea, better is he than both they, which hath
not yet been, who hath not seen the evil
work that is done under the sun.

Ecclesiastes 4:1–3

III
O death, how bitter art thou unto him that
dwelleth in peace, to him that hath joy in
his possessions, and liveth free from
trouble, to him whose ways are prosperous
in all things, to him that still may eat!

O death, how welcome thy call to him that
is in want and whose strength doth fail
him, and whose life is but a pain, who had
nothing to hope for, and cannot look for
relief.

Ecclesiasticus 41:1–2

IV
Though I speak with the tongues of men
and of angels, and have not love, I am
become as sounding brass, or a tinkling
cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and
understand all mysteries, and all
knowledge; and though I have all faith, so
that I could remove mountains, and have

Liebe nicht, so wäre ich nichts.

Und wenn ich alle meine Habe den Armen
gäbe und ließe meinen Leib brennen und
hätte der Liebe nicht, so wäre mir's nichts
nütze.

Wir sehen jetzt durch einen Spiegel in
einem dunklen Worte, dann aber von
Angesicht zu Angesichte. Jetzt erkenne
ich's stückweise, dann aber werd ich's
erkennen, gleich wie ich erkennet bin.

Nun aber bleibt Glaube, Hoffnung, Liebe,
diese drei; aber die Liebe ist die größte
unter ihnen.

1. Korinther 13, 1–3, 12, 13

GUSTAV MAHLER 1860–1911
Kindertotenlieder
Friedrich Rückert

I
165 Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n,
Als sei kein Unglück die Nacht gescheh'n.
Das Unglück geschah nur mir allein,
Die Sonne, sie scheint allgemein.
Du mußt nicht die Nacht in dir verschränken,
Mußt sie ins ew'ge Licht versenken.
Ein Lämplein verlosch in meinem Zelt,
Heil sei dem Freudenlicht der Welt!

not love, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed
the poor, and though I give my body to be
burned, and have not love, it profiteth me
nothing.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but
then face to face: now I know in part; but
then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these
three; but the greatest of these is charity.

1 Corinthians 13:1–3, 12, 13

Songs on the Death of Children

I
Now will the sun rise as brightly
as if no misfortune had befallen in the night.
This misfortune happened to me alone.
The sun shines for everyone.
You must not enfold night within you,
you must let it drown in everlasting light.
A small lamp has gone out in my tent.
Hail to the joyous light of the world!

II

166 Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle
Flammen
Ihr sprühtet mir in manchem Augenblicke,
o Augen!
Gleichsam um voll in einem Blicke
zu drängen eure ganze Macht zusammen.
Doch ahnt' ich nicht, weil Nebel mich
umschwammen,
gewoben von verblendendem Geschehe,
daß sich der Strahl bereits zur Heimkehr
schicke,
dorthin, von wannen alle Strahlen
stammen.
Ihr wolltet mir mit eurem Leuchten sagen:
Wir möchten nah dir bleiben gerne.
Doch ist uns das vom Schicksal
abgeschlagen.
Sieh uns nur an, denn bald sind wir dir ferne!
Was dir nur Augen sind in diesen Tagen,
In künft'gen Nächten sind es dir nur Sterne.

III

167 Wenn dein Mütterlein
tritt zur Tür herein
und den Kopf ich drehe,
ihr entgegensehe,
fällt auf ihr Gesicht
erst der Blick mir nicht,
sondern auf die Stelle
näher nach der Schwelle,
dort wo würde dein
lieb Gesichtchen sein,
wenn du freudenhelle

II

Now I understand why
you flashed such dark flames at me —
oh eyes!
as if you wished to gather up
all your might into a single look.
But I did not suspect, for mists
woven by deceiving destiny enveloped me,
that this beam was already turned
homewards
to the source of all beams.
You wanted to say to me with your light:
We would love to stay with you,
but that is denied us by Fate.
Look at us for soon we shall be far from you!
These which now are just eyes to you,
in future nights to you will be but stars.

III

When your mother
comes in at the door,
and I turn my head
to look towards her,
my gaze does not fall
first upon her face,
but on the place
near the threshold
where your dear little face
used to be,
when you, bright with joy,

trätest mit herein
wie sonst, mein Töchterlein.

Wenn dein Mütterlein
tritt zur Tür herein
mit der Kerze Schimmer,
ist es mir, als immer
kämst du mit herein,
huschtest hinterdrein
als wie sonst ins Zimmer.

O du, des Vaters Zelle,
ach zu schnelle
erloschner Freudenschein!

IV
168 Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen!
Bald werden sie wieder nach Hause
gelangen!
Der Tag ist schön! O sei nicht bang!
Sie machen nur einen weiten Gang!
Ja wohl, sie sind nur ausgegangen
und werden jetzt nach Hause gelangen.
O sei nicht bang, der Tag ist schön!
Sie machen nur den Gang zu jenen Höh'n!
Sie sind uns nur vorausgegangen
und werden nicht wieder nach Haus
verlangen!
Wir holen sie ein auf jenen Höh'n im
Sonnenschein!
Der Tag ist schön auf jenen Höh'n!

would enter, too,
as usual, my little daughter.

When your mother
comes in at the door
in the candlelight
it seems to me as if
you were entering too,
flitting after her,
as you used to, into the room.

O you, child of your father,
alas, too soon,
my light of joy, too soon extinguished!

IV
I often think they've only gone out!
Soon they will be back home again!
It's a lovely day! Oh, don't be anxious!
They're only taking a long walk.
Of course, they've only gone out
and will come home now.
Oh, don't be anxious. It's a lovely day!
They've only gone walking to yonder heights!
They've only gone on ahead of us,
and won't want to come home again!
We'll draw near them on yonder sunny
heights!
It's a lovely day on yonder heights!

V
169 In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus,
nie hätt' ich gesendet die Kinder hinaus;
man hat sie getragen hinaus,
ich durfte nichts dazu sagen.
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus,
nie hätt' ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus;
ich fürchtete, sie erkranken,
das sind nun eitle Gedanken.
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Graus,
nie hätt' ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus;
ich sorgte, sie stürben morgen,
das ist nun nicht zu besorgen.
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus,
nie hätt' ich gesendet die Kinder hinaus;
man hat sie getragen hinaus,
ich durfte nichts dazu sagen.
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus,
in diesem Braus,
sie ruhn als wie in der Mutter Haus,
von keinem Sturme erschreckt,
von Gottes Hand bedeckt.

V
In this weather, in this bluster,
I'd never have sent the children out;
someone took them, took them out.
I hadn't any say in it.
In this weather, in this storm,
I'd never have let the children out;
I'd have been afraid they might fall ill —
those thoughts now are vain.
In this weather, in this horror,
I'd never have let the children out;
I'd have been afraid they might die
tomorrow —
there is no cause for that fear now.
In this weather, in this bluster,
I'd never have sent the children out;
someone took them, took them out.
I hadn't any say in it.
In this weather, in this storm, in this bluster,
they are resting, as if in their mother's house,
not frightened by any tempest,
sheltered by God's hand.

Translation Decca 1992

JOHANNES BRAHMS
Liebeslieder-Walzer, op.52
Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800–1875)

- I
 170 Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes,
 das mir in die Brust, die kühle,
 hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke
 diese wilden Glutgefühle!
- Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen,
 willst du, eine Überfromme,
 rasten ohne traute Wonne,
 oder willst du, daß ich komme?
- Rasten ohne traute Wonne,
 nicht so bitter will ich büßen.
 Komme nur, du schwarzes Auge.
 Komme, wenn die Sterne grüßen.
- II
 171 Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut,
 heftig angetrieben;
 wer da nicht zu seufzen weiß,
 lernt es unterm Lieben.
- III
 172 O die Frauen, o die Frauen,
 wie sie Wonne tauen!
 Wäre lang ein Mönch geworden,
 wären nicht die Frauen!

Liebeslieder-Walzer

- I
 Tell me, fairest maiden,
 who with one single glance
 has kindled in my cold heart
 these wild passionate feelings!
- Will you not let your heart be moved,
 do you wish to be overly pious,
 to live without the sweet bliss of love,
 or do you want me to come to you?
- To have to live without the sweet bliss of love
 would be too harsh a punishment.
 Come to me, dark-eyed youth,
 come when the stars sing their greetings.
- II
 The waters crash against the rocks,
 driven furiously forwards;
 he who cannot find it in himself to sigh there
 must learn to sigh by loving.
- III
 Ah, women, women!
 What endless joy they bring!
 I would long since have become a monk
 if women didn't exist!

- IV
 173 Wie des Abends schöne Röte
 möcht' ich arme Dirne glühn,
 einem, einem zu gefallen,
 sonder Ende Wonne sprüh'n.

- V
 174 Die grüne Hopfenranke,
 sie schlängelt auf der Erde hin.
 Die junge, schöne Dirne,
 so traurig ist ihr Sinn!

Du höre, grüne Ranke!
 was hebst du dich nicht himmelwärts?
 Du höre, schöne Dirne!
 Was ist so schwer dein Herz?

Wie höbe sich die Ranke,
 der keine Stütze Kraft verleiht?
 Wie wäre die Dirne fröhlich,
 wenn ihr das Liebste weit?

- VI
 175 Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel nahm den Flug
 zum Garten hin, da gab es Obst genug.
 Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär,
 ich säumte nicht, ich täte so wie der.

Leimruten-Arglist lauert' an dem Ort;
 der arme Vogel konnte nicht mehr fort.
 Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär',
 ich säumte doch, ich täte nicht wie der.

- IV
 Like the lovely red evening sky
 I, poor maid, should like to glow,
 to bubble endlessly with joy
 that I may please just one man.

- V
 The hop's green shoot
 snakes across the ground.
 The pretty young maid,
 how sad her spirits are!

Listen, green shoot,
 why do you not raise yourself to the skies?
 Listen, pretty maid,
 Why is your heart so heavy?

How can the shoot raise itself up
 if it has no support to lend it strength?
 How can the maid be happy
 if her beloved is far away?

- VI
 A pretty little bird took wing
 to the garden, where there was fruit
 aplenty,
 If I were a pretty little bird,
 I should not tarry, I should do the same.

Cunning lime twigs were lurking there,
 the poor bird could not away.
 If I were a pretty little bird,
 I should tarry, I should not do the same.

Der Vogel kam in eine schöne Hand,
da tat es ihm, dem Glücklichen, nicht and.
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär',
ich säumte nicht, ich täte doch wie der.

The bird came into fair hands,
the fortunate little thing wanted nothing else.
If I were a pretty little bird,
I should not tarry, I should do the same.

VII
176 Wohl schön bewandt
war es vor ehe
mit meinem Leben,
mit meiner Liebe;
durch eine Wand,
ja, durch zehn Wände
erkannte mich
des Freundes Sehe.
Doch jetzo, wehe,
wenn ich dem Kalten
auch noch so dicht
vorm Auge stehe,
es merkt's sein Auge,
sein Herze nicht.

VII
Things were fine
until recently
with my life,
with my love;
my friend's gaze
penetrated to me
through a wall,
through ten walls even.
But now, alas,
though I stand so close
to this cold-hearted person,
in front of his very face,
his eyes may see me,
but not his heart.

VIII
177 Wenn so lind dein Auge mir
und so lieblich schauet,
jede letzte Träne flieht,
welche mich umgrauet.

VIII
Whenever your eyes behold me
so gently and so lovingly,
every last tear disappears
that had clouded my spirits.

Dieser Liebe schöne Glut,
laß sie nicht verstieben!
Nimmer wird, wie ich, so treu
dich ein andrer lieben.

O do not let the wondrous ardour
of this love dissipate!
Never will another love you
as faithfully as I.

IX
178 Am Donaustrande, da steht ein Haus,
da schaut ein rosiges Mädchen aus.
Das Mädchen, es ist wohl gut gehegt,
zehn eiserne Riegel sind vor die Türe gelegt.
Zehn eiserne Riegel das ist ein Spaß;
die spreng' ich, als wären sie nur von Glas.

IX
On the banks of the Danube there stands
a house,
a fair maiden looks out from it.
The girl must be well looked after —
ten iron bolts bar the door.
Ten iron bolts — what a joke;
I'll smash them as if they were made
of glass.

X
179 O wie sanft die Quelle sich
durch die Wiese windet!
O wie schön, wenn Liebe sich
zu der Liebe findet!

X
O how gently the stream
winds across the meadow!
O how beautiful it is when love
finds its way to love!

XI
180 Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen mit
den Leuten;
Alles wissen sie so giftig auszudeuten!
Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich lose Triebe;
bin ich still, so heißt's, ich wäre irr aus Liebe.

XI
No, it's impossible to get along with people;
they put such a venomous interpretation
on everything!
If I'm cheerful I'm thought to be in a
frivolous mood,
if I'm quiet, they think that love had addled
my brain.

XII
181 Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser
ohne Zahl;
denn die bösen Mäuler will ich schließen
allzumal.

XII
Get up, locksmith, and make locks without
number,
for I want to shut malicious mouths once
and for all!

XIII
182 Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft,
sucht nach einem Aste;

XIII
The little bird sweeps through the air,
looking for a bough;

und das Herz, ein Herz, ein Herz begehrt's,
wo es selig raste.

XIV

183 Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar,
blickt der Mond hernieder!
Die du meine Liebe bist,
liebe du mich wieder!

XV

184 Nachtigall, sie singt so schön,
wenn die Sterne funkeln.
Liebe mich, geliebtes Herz,
küsse mich im Dunkeln!

XVI

185 Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe,
ein gar zu gefährlicher Bronnen;
da fiel ich hinein, ich Armer,
kann weder hören noch sehn;
nur denken an meine Wonnen,
nur stöhnen in meinen Wehn.

XVII

186 Nicht wandle, mein Licht, dort außen
im Flurbereich!
Die Füße würden dir, die zarten, zu naß,
zu weich.
Allüberströmt sind dort die Wege, die
Stege dir;
so überreichlich trännte dorten das Auge mir.

so too the heart wants to find a heart
where it can rest in blissful peace.

XIV

See how clear the waves are
as the moon shines down!
You who are my most beloved,
return my love!

XV

The nightingale sings so sweetly
when the stars twinkle.
Love me, heart that is loved,
kiss me in the dark!

XVI

Love is a dark well,
a mightious dangerous fount;
I, poor wretch, fell into it,
and can no longer hear or see;
all I can do is think of my joy
and groan in my woe.

XVII

Do not wander, my love, out there in the
meadows;
Your tender feet would find it too wet,
too soft.
All the roads and paths that lead to you
are flooded;
so profusely did my eyes brim over with
tears there.

XVIII

187 Es bebet das Gesträuche,
gestreift hat es im Fluge
ein Vögelein.
In gleicher Art erbebet
die Seele mir, erschüttert
von Liebe, Lust und Leide,
gedenkt sie dein.

Neue Liebeslieder-Walzer, op.65

XV

188 Zum Schluß

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Nun, ihr Musen, genug! Vergebens strebt
ihr zu schildern,
wie sich Jammer und Glück wechseln in
liebender Brust.
Heilen könnet die Wunden ihr nicht, die
Amor geschlagen,
aber Linderung kommt einzig, ihr Guten,
von euch!

XVIII

The thicket quivers,
a little bird brushed it
as it flew past.
In the same way
my soul trembles,
shaken by love, desire and sadness
as it thinks of you.

Neue Liebeslieder-Walzer

XV

Conclusion

Enough, ye muses! It is in vain that you
try to portray
how a loving heart alternates between
sorrow and joy.
You cannot heal the wounds that Love
has opened;
but you alone, O gracious ones, can bring
soothing comfort!

Translation Decca 1992

BENJAMIN BRITTEN 1913–1976
Spring Symphony

Part One

189 Introduction

Anon. 16th century

Shine out, fair sun, with all your heat,
 show all your thousand-coloured light!
 Black winter freezes to his seat;
 the grey wolf howls, he does so bite;
 crookt age on three knees creeps the street;
 the boneless fish close quaking lies
 and eats for cold his aching feet;
 the stars in icicles arise:
 Shine out, and make this winter night
 our beauty's spring, our Prince of Light!

190 The merry cuckoo

Edmund Spenser (?1552–1599)

The merry cuckoo, messenger of spring,
 his trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded;
 that warns all lovers wait upon their king,
 who now is coming forth with garlands
 crownèd:
 with noise thereof the quire of birds
 resounded
 their anthems sweet devisèd of love's praise,
 that all the woods their echoes back
 rebounded,
 as if they knew the meaning of their lays.
 But 'mongst them all, which did love's
 honour raise,
 no word was heard of her that most it ought,

but she his precept proudly disobeys,
 and doth this idle message set at nought.
 Therefore O love, unless she turn to thee,
 ere cuckoo end, let her a rebel be!

191 Spring

Thomas Nashe (1567–1601)

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's
 pleasant king;
 then blooms each thing, then maids dance
 in a ring,
 cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing:
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, puwe, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
 lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe
 all day,
 and we hear aye birds tune this merry lay:
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, puwe, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss
 our feet,
 young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit;
 in every street these tunes our ears
 do greet:
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, puwe, to-witta-woo!
 Spring, the sweet Spring!

192 The driving boy

George Peele (?1556–1596, verse 1)

John Clare (1793–1864, verse 2)

When as the rye reach to the chin,
 and chopcherry, chopcherry ripe within,
 strawberries swimming in the cream,

and schoolboys playing in the stream,
 then oh, then my true love said,
 till that time come again,
 she could not live a maid.

The driving boy, beside his team,
 of May-month's beauty now will dream,
 and cock his hat, and turn his eye
 on flower, and tree, and deep'ning sky;
 and oft burst loud in fits of song,
 and whistle as he reels along,
 cracking his whip in starts of joy —
 a happy, dirty, driving boy.

193 The morning star

John Milton (1608–1674)

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 comes dancing from the East, and leads
 with her
 the flowery May, who from her green lap
 throws
 the yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail bounteous May that doth inspire
 mirth and youth, and warm desire;
 woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 and welcome thee and wish thee long.

Part Two

194 Welcome Maids of Honour

Robert Herrick (1591–1634)

Welcome Maids of Honour,
 you doe bring
 in the Spring;
 and wait upon her.

She has Virgins many,
 fresh and faire;
 yet you are
 more sweet than any.

Y'are the maiden Posies,
 and so grac'd
 to be plac'd
 'fore Damask Roses.

Yet, though thus respected,
 by and by
 ye do lie,
 poore Girles, neglected.

195 Waters above

Henry Vaughan (1622–1695)

Waters above! eternal springs!
 The dew that silvers the Dove's wings!
 O welcome, welcome to the sad:
 give dry dust drink, drink that makes glad!
 Many fair ev'nings, many flowers
 sweeten'd with rich and gentle showers
 have I enjoy'd, and down have run
 many a fine and shining sun;

but never, till this happy hour,
was blest with such an evening shower!

196 Out on the lawn I lie in bed

W.H. Auden (1907–1973)
Out on the lawn I lie in bed,
Vega conspicuous overhead
in the windless nights of June;
forest of green have done complete
the day's activity; my feet
point to the rising moon.

Now North and South and East and West
those I love lie down to rest;
the moon looks on them all:
the healers and the brilliant talkers,
the eccentrics and the silent walkers,
the dumpy and the tall.

To gravity attentive, she
can notice nothing here; though we
whom hunger cannot move,
from gardens where we feel secure
look up, and with a sigh, endure
the tyrannies of love:

And, gentle, do not care to know,
where Poland draws her Eastern bow,
what violence is done;
nor ask what doubtful act allows
our freedom in this English house,
our picnics in the sun.

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Faber and Faber Ltd*

Part Three

197 When will my May come

Richard Barnfield (1574–1627)
When will my May come, that I may
embrace thee?
When will the hour be of my soule's joying?

If thou wilt come and dwell with me at home,
my sheepcote shall be strowed
with new green rushes;
we'll haunt the trembling prickets as
they roam
about the fields, along the hawthorn bushes;
I have a piebald cur to hunt the hare:
so we will live with dainty forest fare.

And when it pleaseth thee to walk abroad,
(abroad into the fields to take fresh aire:)
the meads with Flora's treasures
shall be strowed,
(the mantled meadows and the fields so fair.)
And by a silver well (with golden sands)
I'll sit me down, and wash thine iv'ry hands.

But if thou wilt not pitie my complaint,
my tears, nor vowes, nor oathes,
made to thy Beautie:
what shall I do? but languish, die, or faint,
since thou doth scorne my teares, and
soule's duetie;
and tears contemned, vowes, and oathes
must fail:
for where tears cannot, nothing can prevaile.

198 Fair and fair

George Peele (?1556–?1596)
Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
as fair as any may be;
the fairest shepherd on our green
a love for any lady.
Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
as fair as any may be;
thy love is fair for thee alone,
and for no other lady.

My love is fair, my love is gay,
as fresh as bin the flowers in May;
and of my love the roundelay,
my merry, merry, roundelay,
concludes with Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
pray gods they change for worse.

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
as fair as any may be;
the fairest shepherd on our green,
a love for any lady.
Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
as fair as any may be;
thy love is fair for thee alone,
and for no other lady.

My love can pipe, my love can sing,
my love can many a pretty thing,
and of his lovely praises ring
my merry, merry roundelays,
amen to Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,

pray gods they change for worse.

199 Sound the flute

William Blake (1757–1827)
Sound the flute!
Now it's mute.
Birds delight,
day and night.
Nightingale
in the dale,
lark in sky
merrily,
merrily, merrily, to welcome in the year.

Little boy
full of joy.
Little girl
sweet and small.
Cock does crow
so do you.
Merry voice
infant noise
merrily, merrily, to welcome in the year.

Little lamb,
here I am.
Come and lick
my white neck.
Let me pull
your soft wool.
Let me kiss
your soft face.
Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the year!

Part Four

200 Finale

*Francis Beaumont (1584–1616) and
John Fletcher (1579–1625)*

Anon. 13th century (Soomer is icoomen in)
London, to thee I do present the merry
month of May;

let each true subject be content to hear me
what I say:

With gilded staff and crossed scarf, the
Maylord here I stand.

Rejoice, O English hearts, rejoice! rejoice,
O lovers dear!

Rejoice, O City, town, and country! rejoice,
eke ev'ry shire!

For now the fragrant flowers do spring and
sprout in seemly sort,
the little birds do sit and sing, the lambs do
make fine sport;

and now the birchen tree doth bud, that
makes the schoolboy cry;

the morris rings, while hobby-horse doth
foot it feateously;

The lords and ladies now abroad, for their
disport and play,

do kiss sometimes upon the grass, and
sometimes in the hay;

now butter with a leaf of sage is good to
purge the blood;

fly Venus and phlebotomy, for they are
neither good;

now little fish on tender stone begin to cast
their bellies,

and sluggish snails, that erst were
mewed, do creep out of their shellies;
the rumbling rivers now do warm, for
little boys to paddle,
the sturdy steed now goes to grass, and
up they hang his saddle,
the heavy hart, the bellowing buck, the
rascal, and the pricket,
are now among the yeoman's peas, and
leave the fearful thicket;

and be like them, O you, I say, of this
same noble town,

and lift aloft your velvet heads, and
slipping off your gown,

with bells on legs, with napkins clean
unto your shoulders tied,

with scarfs and garters as you please,
and "Hey for our town!" cried,

March out, and show your willing minds,
by twenty and by twenty,

to Hogsdon or to Newington, where ale
and cakes are plenty;

and let it ne'er be said for shame, that
we the youths of London

lay thrumming of our caps at home, and
left our custom undone.

Up, then, I say, both young and old,
both man and maid a-maying,

with drums, and guns that bounce
aloud, and merry tabor playing!...

Soomer is icoomen in,
loode sing cuckoo.

Groweth sayd and bloweth mayd

and springth the woodē new;
sing cuckoo!
Awē blayteth after lamb,
lowth after calvè coo;
bullock staiteth, bookē vaiteth;
mirry sing cuckoo,
cuckoo, cuckoo,
well singēs thoo, cuckoo,
nay sweek thoo nayver noo.

... Which to prolong, God save our King,
and send his country peace,
and root out treason from the land! and so,
my friends, I cease.

GUSTAV MAHLER Symphony No.2

IV

Urlicht

From Des Knaben Wunderhorn

205 O Röschen rot!
Der Mensch liegt in größter Not!
Der Mensch liegt in größter Pein!
Je lieber möcht' ich im Himmel sein.
Da kam ich auf einen breiten Weg;
da kam ein Engelein und wollt' mich
abweisen.

Ach nein! Ich ließ mich nicht abweisen!
Ich bin von Gott und will wieder zu Gott!
Der liebe Gott wird mir ein Lichtchen geben,
wird leuchten mir bis an das ewig selig
Leben!

IV

Primeval light

From The Youth's Magic Horn

Oh, rosebud red!
Man's lot is of such extreme necessity,
of such bitter pain,
I had far rather be in Heaven.
I came upon a broad highway.
A little angel appeared and tried to send
me back.
Oh no! I refused to be sent back!
I am from God and shall return to God!
Dear, merciful God will give me a little light
to light my way to everlasting bliss!

V

*Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock
(1724–1803)/Gustav Mahler*

208 Aufersteh'n, ja aufersteh'n wirst du,
mein Staub, nach kurzer Ruh'!
Unsterblich Leben! Unsterblich Leben
wird, der dich rief, dir geben!

Wieder aufzublüh'n wirst du gesät!
Der Herr der Ernte geht
und sammelt Garben
uns ein, die starben!

209 O glaube, mein Herz, o glaube:
Es geht dir nichts verloren!
Dein ist, dein, ja dein, was du gesehnt!
Dein, was du geliebt, was du gestritten!
O glaube: Du wardst nicht umsonst
geboren!
Hast nicht umsonst gelebt, gelitten!

Was erstanden ist, das muß vergehen!
Was vergangen ist, auferstehen!
Hör auf zu beben!
Bereite dich! Bereite dich zu leben!

O Schmerz! Du Alldurchdringer!
Dir bin ich entrungen!
O Tod! Du Allbezwinger!
Nun bist du bezwungen!
Mit Flügeln, die ich mir errungen,
in heißem Liebesstreben
werd' ich entschweben

V

You will rise again, yes rise again,
my mortal dust, after a short repose!
Eternal life will be granted to you
by Him who has called you to Himself!

You are sown in order to blossom again.
The Lord of the harvest goes forth
and gathers us in sheaves
when we have died.

Oh, believe, my heart, only believe:
nothing is lost to you!
All that you yearned for is yours, yes, yours;
yours, all that you loved and fought for.
Oh, believe: you were not born in vain!
You did not live or suffer in vain!

All that is created must die.
All that has died must rise again.
Fear no more.
Prepare yourself! Prepare to live!

Oh, grief, all-pervading,
I have escaped you!
Oh, Death, all-conquering,
now are you conquered.
On wings that I have won
by the ardent labours of love,
I shall soar aloft

zum Licht, zu dem kein Aug' gedrungen!
Sterben werd' ich, um zu leben!

Auferstehn, ja aufersteh'n wirst du,
mein Herz, in einem Nu!
Was du geschlagen,
zu Gott wird es dich tragen!

Das Lied von der Erde

*Texte aus der Sammlung "Die chinesische
Flöte" in der Übersetzung aus dem
Chinesischen von Hans Bethge. Die Namen
der ursprünglichen Dichter werden unter
den Titeln der jeweiligen Abschnitte
angegeben.*

210 I Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde

Li-Tai-Po

Schon winkt der Wein im goldnen Pokale.
Doch trinkt noch nicht, erst sing' ich euch
ein Lied!
Das Lied vom Kummer soll auflachend in
die Seele euch klingen.
Wenn der Kummer naht, liegen wüst die
Gärten der Seele,
welkt hin und stirbt die Freude, der Gesang.
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.

Herr dieses Hauses!
Dein Keller birgt die Fülle des goldenen
Weins!
Hier diese Laute nenn' ich mein!

to that light which no mortal eye has
perceived.
I shall die so that I may live!

You will rise again, yes rise again,
my heart, in a trice.
Your beating will suffice
to carry you to God!

Translation Decca

The Song of the Earth

*Poems by Hans Bethge, from the Chinese.
The names of the original Chinese poets
appear at the head of each section of the
German text.*

Drinking song of earth's misery

Wine is already sparkling in the golden goblet
but do not drink yet; first I will sing you
a song!
The song of care shall sound laughing in
your soul.
When care draws near, the gardens of the
soul lie waste,
joy and singing fade away and die.
Dark is life; dark is death.

Lord of this house!
Your cellar holds abundance of golden wine!
I call this lute here my own!
To strike the lute and to drain the glasses,

Die Laute schlagen und die Gläser leeren,
das sind die Dinge, die zusammenpassen.
Ein voller Becher Weins zur rechten Zeit
ist mehr wert als alle Reiche dieser Erde!
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.
Das Firmament blaut ewig, und die Erde
wird lange feststehn und aufblühn im Lenz.
Du aber, Mensch, wie lang lebst denn du?
Nicht hundert Jahre darfst du dich ergötzen
an all dem morschen Tande dieser Erde!
Seht dort hinab! Im Mondschein auf
den Gräbern
hockt eine wild-gespenstische Gestalt.
Ein Aff' ist's! Hört ihr, wie sein Heulen
hinausgellt in den süßen Duft des Lebens!
Jetzt nehmt den Wein! Jetzt ist es Zeit,
Genossen!
Leert eure goldenen Becher zu Grund!
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.

211 II Der Einsame im Herbst

Tchang-Tsi

Herbstnebel wallen bläulich überm See;
vom Reif bezogen stehen alle Gräser.
Man meint, ein Künstler habe Staub
von Jade
über die feinen Blüten ausgestreut.

Der süße Duft der Blumen ist verflogen,
ein kalter Wind beugt ihre Stengel nieder.
Bald werden die verwelkten goldenen Blätter
der Lotosblüten auf dem Wasser ziehn.

those are the things which go together.
A brimming cup of wine at the right time
is worth more than all the riches of this earth!
Dark is life; dark is death!
The heavens are ever blue and the earth
will long stand fast and blossom forth
in spring.
But thou, o man, how long wilt thou live?
Not one hundred years may'st thou enjoy
thyself
with all the rotting trifles of this earth!
Look down there! In the moonlight on
the graves
there crouches a wild and ghostly form.
It is an ape! Listen, how its howling
rings out amidst the sweet scent of life!
Now take up the wine! Now, friends, it is
time!
Drain your golden cups to the depths!
Dark is life; dark is death!

Autumn loneliness

The autumn mists drift blue over the lake;
the blades of grass stand covered with frost;
one would think an artist had strewn
jade-dust
over the delicate blossoms.

The flowers' sweet scent is gone;
an icy wind bends down their stems,
soon the withered golden leaves
of the lotus-flowers will be drifting on
the water.

Mein Herz ist müde. Meine kleine Lampe
erlosch mit Knistern, es gemahnt mich an
den Schlaf.
Ich komm' zu dir, traute Ruhestätte!
Ja, gib mir Ruh! Ich hab' Erquickung not!

Ich weine viel in meinen Einsamkeiten,
der Herbst in meinem Herzen währt zu lange.
Sonne der Liebe willst du nie mehr scheinen,
um meine bitteren Tränen mild aufzutrocknen?

212 III Von der Jugend

Li-Tai-Po

Mitten in dem kleinen Teiche
steht ein Pavillon aus grünem
und aus weißem Porzellan.

Wie die Rücken eines Tigers
wölbt die Brücke sich aus Jade
zu dem Pavillon hinüber.

In dem Häuschen sitzen Freunde,
schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern,
manche schreiben Verse nieder.

Ihre seidnen Ärmel gleiten
rückwärts, ihre seidnen Mützen
hocken lustig tief im Nacken.

Auf des kleinen Teiches stiller
Wasserfläche zeigt sich alles
wunderlich im Spiegelbilde.

My heart is weary. My little lamp
has gone out with sputter, it urges me to
go to sleep.
I come to you, beloved place of rest,
yes, give me rest; I need refreshment!

Long do I weep in my loneliness.
The autumn in my heart endures too long.
Sun of love, will you never shine again,
tenderly to dry my bitter tears?

Youth

In the middle of the little pool
stands a pavilion of green
and white porcelain.

Like a tiger's back,
the jade bridge arches itself
over to the pavilion.

In the little house friends are sitting
prettily dressed, drinking and chattering;
some are writing down verses.

Their silk sleeves fall
backwards; their silk caps fall
roguishly over their necks.

On the still surface of the little pool
everything is reflected
wonderfully as in a mirror.

Alles auf dem Kopfe stehend
in dem Pavillon aus grünem
und aus weißem Porzellan.

Wie ein Halbmond steht die Brücke,
umgekehrt der Bogen, Freunde,
schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern.

213 IV Von der Schönheit

Li-Tai-Po

Junge Mädchen pflücken Blumen,
pflücken Lotosblumen am Uferrande.
Zwischen Büschen und Blättern sitzen sie,
sammeln Blüten in den Schoß und rufen
sich einander Neckereien zu.
Goldne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,
spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider,
Sonne spiegelt ihre schlanken Glieder
ihre süßen Augen wider,
und der Zephir hebt mit Schmeichelkosen
das Gewebe
ihrer Ärmel auf, führt den Zauber
ihrer Wohlgerüche durch die Luft.
O sieh, was tummeln sich für schöne Knaben
dort an dem Uferrand auf mut'gen Rossen,
weithin glänzend wie die Sonnenstrahlen;
schon zwischen dem Geäst der grünen
Weiden
trabt das jungfrische Volk einher!
Das Roß des einen wiehert fröhlich auf
und scheut und saust dahin,

Everything is standing on its head
in the pavilion of green
and white porcelain.

The bridge stands like a half-moon
with its arch upside-down. Friends
prettily dressed are drinking and chattering.

Beauty

Young girls are picking flowers,
lotus-flowers by the riverbank.
They are sitting among the bushes and
the leaves,
gathering blossoms in their laps and calling
teasingly to one another.
The golden sun shines over their forms
and reflects them in the clear water;
the sun reflects their slender limbs,
and their sweet eyes.
And the breeze lifts their embroidered
sleeves
caressingly, and carries the magic of their
perfume through the air.
Oh see, what fair youths are those
there by the riverbank on their brave steeds?
Flashing in the distance like sunbeams,
the gay young men are trotting by,
among the branches of the green willows!
The steed of one of them neighs merrily,
hesitates and plunges on.

über Blumen, Gräser wanken hin die Hufe,
sie zerstampfen jäh im Sturm die
hingesunkenen Blüten.
Wie flattern im Taumel seine Mähnen,
dampfen heiß die Nüstern!
Goldne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,
spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider;
und die schönste von den Jungfrauen sendet
lange Blicke ihm der Sehnsucht nach.
Ihre stolze Haltung ist nur Verstellung.
In dem Funkeln ihrer großen Augen,
in dem Dunkel ihres heißen Blicks
schwingt klagend noch die Erregung ihres
Herzens nach.

214 V Der Trunkene im Frühling

Li-Tai-Po

Wenn nur ein Traum das Leben ist,
warum denn Müh und Plag?
Ich trinke, bis ich nicht mehr kann,
den ganzen lieben Tag!

Und wenn ich nicht mehr trinken kann,
weil Kehl und Seele voll,
so taumel' ich bis zu meiner Tür
und schlafe wundervoll!

Was hör' ich beim Erwachen? Horch!
Ein Vogel singt im Baum.
Ich frag' ihn, ob schon Frühling sei,
mir ist als wie ein Traum.

His hoofs pass over flowers and grass;
stormily they trample down the fallen
blossoms.
How his mane tosses in frenzy!
Hot steam blows from his nostrils.
The golden sun shines over the forms
and reflects them in the clear water.
And the fairest of the maidens casts
looks of longing after him.
Her proud bearing is only pretence.
In the flashing of her large eyes,
in the darkness of her warm glances,
her anxious heart cries after him.

The Drunkard in spring

If life is but a dream,
why are there toil and misery?
I drink till I can drink no more
the whole, long, merry day!

And when I can drink no more,
for body and mind are sated,
I stagger to my door
and sleep wonderfully.

And what do I hear when I awake? Hark!
A bird is singing in the tree.
I ask him if it is already spring;
it seems to me like a dream.

Der Vogel zwitschert: Ja! Der Lenz
ist da, sei kommen über Nacht!
Aus tiefstem Schauen lauscht' ich auf,
der Vogel singt und lacht!

Ich fülle mir den Becher neu
und leer' ihn bis zum Grund
und singe, bis der Mond erglänzt
am schwarzen Firmament!

Und wenn ich nicht mehr singen kann,
so schlafe' ich wieder ein.
Was geht mich denn der Frühling an?

215 Laßt mich betrunken sein!

VI Der Abschied

Mong-Kao-Yen und Wang-Wei

Die Sonne scheidet hinter dem Gebirge.
In alle Täler steigt der Abend nieder
mit seinen Schatten, die voll Kühlung sind.
O sieh! Wie eine Silberbarke schwebt
der Mond am blauen Himmelssee herauf.
Ich spüre eines feinen Windes Wehn
hinter den dunklen Fichten!
Der Bach singt voller Wohllaut durch
das Dunkel.

Die Blumen blassen im Dämmerchein.
Die Erde atmet voll von Ruh' und Schlaf.
Alle Sehnsucht will nun träumen,
die müden Menschen gehn heimwärts,
um im Schlaf vergeßnes Glück
und Jugend neu zu lernen!
Die Vögel hocken still in ihren Zweigen.

The bird twitters: Yes! Spring
is here; it came overnight!
With deep attention I listened for it;
the bird sings and laughs!

I fill my glass anew
and drain it to the bottom,
and sing until the moon shines out
in the dark heavens.

And when I can sing no more,
I fall asleep again.
What have I to do with spring?
Let me remain a drunkard!

Farewell

The sun sinks behind the mountains.
Evening falls in the valleys
with its shadows, full of cooling freshness.
See, how the moon above floats like a
silver ship
on the blue sea of the heavens.
I feel a gentle wind blowing
behind the park pines!
The brook sings loud and melodious
through the darkness.
The flowers grow pale in the twilight.
The earth breathes deeply in rest and sleep.
All longing now has turned to dreaming,
the tired people go homewards
to find forgotten happiness in sleep
and to learn youth anew!
The birds crouch silent on the branches.

Die Welt schläft ein!
Es wehet kühl im Schatten meiner Fichten.
Ich stehe hier und harre meines Freundes;
ich harre sein zum letzten Lebewohl.
Ich sehne mich, o Freund, an deiner Seite
die Schönheit dieses Abends zu genießen.
Wo bleibst du? Du läßt mich lang allein!
Ich wandle auf und nieder mit meiner Laute
auf Wegen, die von weichem Grase
schwellen.
O Schönheit! O ewigen Liebens —
Lebens — trunkne Welt!
Er stieg vom Pferd und reichte ihm den
Trunk des Abschieds dar. Er fragte ihn,
wohin er führe und auch warum es
müßte sein.
Er sprach, seine Stimme war umflort:
Du mein Freund,
mir war auf dieser Welt das Glück nicht
hold!
Wohin ich geh'? Ich geh', ich wandre in die
Berge.
Ich suche Ruhe für mein einsam Herz.
Ich wandle nach der Heimat, meiner Stätte.
Ich werde niemals in die Ferne schweifen.
Still ist mein Herz und harret seiner Stunde!
Die liebe Erde allüberall blüht auf im Lenz
und grünt aufs neu!
Allüberall und ewig blauen licht die Fernen!
Ewig... ewig...

The world falls asleep!
There is a cool breeze in the shadow of
the pines.
I stand here waiting for my friend;
I wait for him to take a last farewell.
I long, my friend, to enjoy the beauty
of the evening at your side.
Where are you? You have left me alone
so long!
I wander up and down with lute
on paths rich with soft grass.
O beauty! O world, drunk for ever with
love and life!
He dismounted and gave him the parting
cup, he asked him where he was going,
and also why it must be.
He spoke, and his tones were veiled;
O my friend,
fortune was not kind to me in this world!
Where am I going? I shall wander in the
mountains,
I am seeking rest for my lonely heart.
I shall wander to my native land, to my home.
I shall never roam abroad.
Still in my heart; it is awaiting its hour!
Everywhere the lovely earth blossoms forth
in spring and grows green anew.
Everywhere, for ever, horizons are blue
and bright!
For ever and ever...

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**Drei Lieder nach Gedichten
von Friedrich Rückert**

216 Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben;
sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,
sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
ob sie mich für gestorben hält.
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.

Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel
und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet!
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
in meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.

217 Ich atmet' einen linden Duft

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft.
Im Zimmer stand
ein Zweig der Linde,
ein Angebinde
von lieber Hand,
wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!

Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
Das Lindenreis
brachst du gelinde;
ich atme leis

**Three songs after poems
by Friedrich Rückert**

Lost to the world

I have lost touch with the world
where I once wasted much of my time.
Nothing has been heard of me for so long
that they might well think me dead.

Indeed, I hardly care
if the world thinks I am dead.
Neither can I deny it,
for I am truly dead to the world.

I am dead to the bustle of the world
and repose in a tranquil realm.
I live alone in my heaven,
in my loving, in my song.

I breathed a gentle fragrance

I breathed a gentle fragrance.
In the room there was
a branch of the lime tree,
a gift
of a dear hand.
How lovely was the lime fragrance!

How lovely is the lime fragrance!
The sprig of the lime tree
you plucked gently;
softly I breathed in

im Duft der Linde
der Liebe linden Duft.

218 Um Mitternacht

Um Mitternacht
hab ich gewacht
und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;
kein Stern vom Sterngewimmel
hat mir gelacht
um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
hab ich gedacht
hinaus in dunkle Schranken.
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
mir Trost gebracht
um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
nahm ich in acht
die Schläge meines Herzens.
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzens
war angefacht
um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
kämpft' ich die Schlacht,
o Menschheit, deiner Leiden;
nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden
mit meiner Macht
um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
hab ich die Macht

the fragrance of the lime tree,
the gentle fragrance of love.

At midnight

At midnight
I awoke
and I looked up to the heavens;
no star in the teeming firmament
smiled upon me
at midnight.

At midnight
my thoughts stretched out
into the furthest reaches of darkness.
No image of light
brought me consolation
at midnight.

At midnight
I heeded
the beat of my heart;
a single throb of pain
was roused
at midnight.

At midnight
I fought the battle
of humanity, of your suffering;
I could not resolve it
with my might
at midnight.

At midnight
I yielded all might

in deine Hand gegeben:
Herr über Tod und Leben,
du hältst die Wacht
um Mitternacht.

into your hand:
Lord over death and life,
you stand guard
at midnight.

*Translation Decca 1967
(Das Lied von der Erde);
Decca 1992 (Rückert-Lieder)*



Kathleen Ferrier with her parents
Photo: Decca

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH
Cantata BWV 11 Praise our God who
reigns in heaven (Lobet Gott in seinen
Reichen — Ascension Oratorio)

1. Chorus
219 Praise our God who reigns in heaven,
all his marvellous power
with grateful voices sing.
Praise our maker.
Praise unto our heavenly king.
2. Recitative (*tenor*)
220 Then Jesus lifted His hands to heaven
and blessed his disciples, and it came to
pass, that as He blessed them, He was
parted from them.
3. Recitative (*bass*)
221 My Saviour, is the parting hour so near?
Ah, willst Thou leave Thy children here,
in lonely grief Thine absence mourning?
Behold us, how the tears of sorrow
upon our pallid cheeks are burning.
What comfort can we borrow?
With what faint hope our hearts beguile?
Ah, tarry yet awhile.
4. Aria (*contralto*)
222 Ah, tarry yet, my dearest Saviour,
ah, hasten not so soon from me!

Risen Lord, so soon departed,
wilt Thou leave me broken-hearted?
Nay, nay, now tarry yet, ah, yes, now tarry
yet a while;
without Thee naught but grief remaineth.
Ah, tarry yet, my dearest Saviour,
ah, hasten not so soon from me!
Ah, tarry yet, go not so soon from me!

5. Recitative (*tenor*)
223 And behold, He rose from their midst
and ascended to heaven, and a cloud of
Hhim from their vision, and He sat down
at God's right hand on high.
6. Chorale
224 Now at Thy feet creation lies,
Thy dread commands close feeling.
Angels must leave the farthest skies
to do Thee service willing.
Princes and peers shall come to thee,
in heaven and earth to bow the knee;
earth, air and fire and water,
to pay thee their devotion.
- 7a. Recitative (*tenor, bass*)
Tenor
225 And while they looked steadfastly into
heaven, lo, there stood nigh unto the
disciples two men in white apparel,
which said:

Both
 226 Ye honest men of Galilee, why stand ye
 gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus,
 which now from you is taken into heaven,
 shall come again in like manner as ye now
 have seen him ascend into heaven.

7b. Recitative (*contralto*)
 227 Ah Lord, now quickly come again.
 This hope alone my grief assuages;
 else every moment I remain on earth
 would seem like endless ages.

8. Aria (*soprano*)
 228 Jesu, all Thy loving kindness
 shall be now for ever praised.

9. Chorale
 229 When will the night be over?
 When dawns the day star?
 When shall the faithful ones see Him?
 When are we pleased to greet Him?
 Ah, greet we now our King.

**Cantata BWV 67 Hold in affection Jesus
 Christ (Halt im Gedächtnis Jesum Christ)**

1. Chorus
 230 Hold in affection Jesus Christ,
 he now is risen.

2. Aria (*tenor*)
 231 Christ Jesus now is risen,

why then this doubt, this fear?
 Faith tells me that my Saviour lives,
 yet doubt within my soul still strives.
 O Lord, in pity hear.

3. Recitative (*contralto*)
 232 Lord Jesus, Thou the sting of death
 hast drawn,
 and art of hell become the torment.
 Then why should I with fear and doubt
 be torn,
 for hast thou not given to our voices
 a victory song the heart rejoices?

4. Chorale
 233 Come, all, and hail this king of days;
 our sinful song of ... praise
 to Jesus Christ triumphant goes,
 and captive lay his vile foes.
 Alleluia.

5. Recitative (*contralto*)
 234 And still, O Lord, my spirit knows no calm,
 by hosts of hell my peace is still assailed;
 with fear and doubt I'm torn.
 Yet, Lord, for me the victory hath been
 won.
 I pray Thee, chide me not, Thy child so
 wayward.
 Lord, let me soon in faith see clearly,
 that Thou, the Prince of Peace,
 hast by Thy mighty arm given me release.

6. Aria (*bass*) with chorus
Bass
 235 Peace be unto you!
Chorus
 Oh joy! Christ our Saviour...
 ...
 Fly, Satan fly!
Bass
 Peace be unto you!
Chorus
 Jesus...
 ...
 ...
Bass
 Peace be unto you!
Chorus
 O Lord, help...
 Lead us to Thy glorious heaven.
Bass
 Peace be unto you!

7. Chorale
 236 Lord Christ, Thou art the Prince
 of Peace,
 true God and man in one.
 Yet slow to every heart increase
 through life and death Thy Son.
 In Thy dear name
 our prayers we frame,
 thy Father's love devoting.

A KATHLEEN FERRIER CHRONOLOGY

Major events in a diva's life

22 April 1912 Kathleen Ferrier is born in Higher Walton, near Preston, Lancashire

July 1926 Leaves Blackburn High School and goes to work at Blackburn Post Office

1935 Auditions unsuccessfully to be the first telephone "Speaking Clock" voice

19 November 1935 Kathleen Ferrier marries Bert Wilson, a bank official in Blackburn

23 March 1937 Carlisle Festival: Ferrier wins both the Piano and Singing Classes

23 February 1939 Makes her first broadcast as a singer from Newcastle upon Tyne studios

April 1939 Meets Dr Hutchinson at the Carlisle Festival and arranges singing lessons

15 December 1940 Ferrier sings in *Messiah* in Newcastle upon Tyne, her first major concert

June 1941 Sings for the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts

21 May 1942 Kathleen Ferrier auditions for Dr Malcolm Sargent in Manchester

9 July 1942 She auditions for John Tillett of Ibbs and Tillett Concert Agency in London

23 December 1942 Meets Roy Henderson in Runcorn, who soon becomes her singing teacher

24 December 1942 Ferrier moves to London — Flat 2, Frogmal Mansions, Hampstead

28 December 1942 Ferrier's first London concert, at The National Gallery

17 May 1943 Sings *Messiah* in Westminster Abbey and is heard by Benjamin Britten

30 June 1944 Makes test recordings for EMI at Abbey Road Studios, with Gerald Moore

30 September 1944 Records first published 78s for EMI at Abbey Road, with Gerald Moore

15 September 1945 Ferrier sings at the Last Night of the Proms at the Royal Albert Hall

6 February 1946 Makes her first recording for Decca, conducted by Dr Malcolm Sargent

12 July 1946 Sings her first staged opera: Britten's *Rape of Lucretia* at Glyndebourne

2 October 1946 Ferrier gives her first overseas performance — *Lucretia* in Amsterdam

4 November 1946 She meets Dr Bruno Walter — auditions for the first Edinburgh Festival

1947 The annulment of her marriage to Bert Wilson

19 June 1947 She sings her first staged performance of Gluck's *Orfeo*, at Glyndebourne

5 September 1947 Sings her first performance at the first Edinburgh International Festival

15 January 1948 New York debut: *Das Lied von der Erde* with Bruno Walter — Carnegie Hall

10 June 1948 Ferrier completes Decca's *St Matthew Passion* recording at Kingsway Hall

25 February 1949 She begins a three-month visit to the USA and Canada

14 July 1949 The world premiere of Britten's *Spring Symphony* in Amsterdam

7 September 1949 Edinburgh Festival Lieder recital with Bruno Walter: recorded by the BBC

21 December 1949 Leaves on The Queen Elizabeth for her third and final transatlantic visit

5 June 1950 Arrives in Austria for the Vienna Bach Festival

12 July 1950 Begins recording Schumann and Brahms in London with John Newmark

2 January 1951 She leaves for a tour of the Netherlands, France, Switzerland and Italy

28 February 1951	Sings her first performance of Chausson's <i>Poème de l'amour et de la mer</i>
24 March 1951	Learns her cancer diagnosis from her doctor
12 July 1951	Amsterdam: <i>Kindertotenlieder</i> and Mahler's 2nd Symphony with Klemperer
16 November 1951	The re-opening concert of the Free Trade Hall, Manchester with Barbirolli
21 January 1952	The first performance of Britten's <i>Abraham and Isaac</i> in Nottingham
22 April 1952	Ferrier's 40 th birthday party (with cake!) after a broadcast with Barbirolli
15 May 1952	Begins recording sessions of <i>Das Lied von der Erde</i> in Vienna with Walter
2 September 1952	Edinburgh Festival, Brahms <i>Liebeslieder-Walzer</i> with Seefried and Patzak
7/8 October 1952	Ferrier's final recording session for Decca — Bach and Handel arias
1 January 1953	Is created Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire
12 January 1953	Final recording for the BBC — songs by Ferguson, Wordsworth and Rubbra
3 February 1953	The first night of Gluck's <i>Orfeo</i> at Covent Garden, conducted by Barbirolli
6 February 1953	A bone breaks in her leg onstage in <i>Orfeo</i> , her last public appearance
20 March 1953	Kathleen Ferrier moves home to 40 Hamilton Terrace, St John's Wood
5 June 1953	Kathleen is awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society
8 October 1953	Kathleen Ferrier dies at University College Hospital, London, aged 41

The Kathleen Ferrier Society

A Centenary Celebration

Kathleen Ferrier was one of the greatest British singers of the twentieth century. For ten years she enjoyed an unparalleled career, admired equally for the generous warmth and sincerity of her interpretations and for her uniquely splendid contralto voice.

In 2012, Kathleen Ferrier's centenary year, orchestras, choirs and individual performers throughout the United Kingdom are paying tribute to her and celebrating the glories of her voice and her musical triumphs. During the year there will be lectures, exhibitions, concerts and recitals, dedicated to Kathleen Ferrier's memory, given by musicians who admire her artistic legacy.

The Kathleen Ferrier Society is co-ordinating many of these events. For further details about these, and for more information about Kathleen Ferrier herself, please see:

www.kathleenferrier.org.uk

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