

BURNS | HAHN | LEHMANN
SCHUMANN | MACRAE

DELPHIAN

A man and a woman are standing in a grassy highland landscape, smiling and looking at each other. The man is wearing a brown jacket and the woman is wearing a dark blue top. The background shows rolling hills and a stone tower.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

GLEN CUNNINGHAM | ANNA TILBROOK

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GLEN CUNNINGHAM *TENOR* | ANNA TILBROOK *PIANO*

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1	Traditional, arr. Claire Liddell (b. 1937)	Ca' the yowes to the knowes	[4:05]
	Robert Schumann (1810–1856)	From Myrthen, Op. 25	
2		4. Jemand	[1:39]
3		10. Die Hochländer-Witwe	[1:25]
4		13. Hochländers Abschied	[1:37]
5		14. Hochländisches Wiegenlied	[3:21]
6		19. Hauptmanns Weib	[1:03]
7		20. Weit, Weit	[3:23]
8		22. Niemand	[1:07]
9		23. Im Westen	[1:15]
10	Robert Schumann	Dem roten Röslein gleicht mein Lieb (from Lieder und Gesänge), Op. 27 No. 2	[1:20]

11	Traditional, arr. Thomas Swift Gleadhill (1827–1890)	My love is like a red, red rose *	[3:37]
	Liza Lehmann (1862–1918)	From The Daisy Chain	
12		III. Keepsake Mill	[2:17]
13		V. Stars *	[4:10]
14		VIII. The Swing	[1:44]
15		X. The Moon *	[2:48]
16	Traditional, arr. Alfred Moffat (1863–1950)	Ae fond kiss *	[3:10]
	Stuart MacRae (b. 1976)	Five Stevenson Songs *	
17		I. ENVOY	[1:35]
18		II. For age an' youth	[4:52]
19		II. Bright is the ring of words	[2:40]
20		IV. KATHARINE	[2:32]
21		V. EVENSONG	[5:37]
22	Traditional, arr. Claire Liddell	Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon	[2:39]
	Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)	Five Little Songs	
23		I. The Swing	[2:14]
24		II. Windy Nights	[1:03]
25		III. My Ship and I	[2:21]
26		IV. The Stars	[2:41]
27		V. A Good Boy	[1:56]
28	Traditional, arr. Claire Liddell	Wee Willie Gray	[0:53]
29	Traditional, arr. Michael Barnett/Anna Tilbrook	My heart's in the Highlands	[1:57]
	Total playing time		[71:16]

* premiere recordings

Notes on the music

In his book *Scotland in Music*, Roger Fiske states firmly that 'This book is not about Scottish composers' but those from outside the country who 'had Scotland in mind'. Fiske goes on to explore the composers and musicians who participated in the craze for all things Scottish in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The rich blend of actual Scottishness and the places where the Scottish voice has travelled is a defining feature of *My Heart's in the Highlands*. The album reveals something of the remarkable geographical spread of those composers with 'Scotland in mind', as well as providing solid representation from Scotland itself. Schumann's settings of Burns (20 of them in total) were, of course, in German translation (he also committed the cardinal sin of describing Burns as 'English') and there is an element of 'Scottishness' in them. But he found in Burns's poems, as Fiske puts it, a 'genius ... for crystallizing a simple situation into a moment of delight or sorrow': in other words, the perfect kind of verse for *lieder*. The half-English, half-German Liza Lehmann is drawn more to the nursery aspect of Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*; similarly Reynaldo Hahn – Venezuelan-born to German–Spanish parents, culturally educated in Paris – wrote his children's songs as an escape from the horrors of World War I.

The rest of those involved are from Scotland itself, and for tenor Glen Cunningham, who is from Inverness, 'Scottishness' is the thread which ties the whole disc together. Cunningham found kinship with Stuart MacRae, also from Inverness, whose cycle *Five Stevenson Songs* is a new commission. The arrangers of the Burns songs are all Scottish-born, and the performers add further to the mix: Anna Tilbrook's family live in Alness, not far north of Cunningham's birthplace. The recording label is proudly Scottish, and the disc was recorded in Haddington, East Lothian. If I may throw myself immodestly into the mix, I write as a half-Scot, living in Caithness with a view of Orkney across the Pentland Firth.

As for the writers, Robert Louis Stevenson, while born in Edinburgh, constituted a geographical spread all of his own. Infused with wanderlust from an early age, he ranged from his birthplace to England, to the USA and to his final resting place in Samoa aged only 44. Robert Burns did not roam quite so far, moving from Alloway to Edinburgh to Dumfriesshire, and like Stevenson he died early, at the age of 37. His output is more politically Scottish, drawing on the unstable, disillusioned years after the failed Jacobite revolutions, yet at the same time contributing to a flourishing

Scottish culture – in proud opposition to that of the English. David Daiches, in biographical sketch of Burns, wrote that countries frustrated by their powerlessness can 'satisfy injured pride' by rediscovering their national traditions, or by beating its oppressors at their own game, competing with them in cultural advances. Scotland, and Robert Burns, managed to do both.

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Robert Louis Stevenson was born in 1850, and was seriously ill as a child, frequently bed-bound with what was probably bronchiectasis or sarcoidosis. His later travels to warmer climates were partly in an attempt to alleviate his symptoms. *A Child's Garden of Verses*, written in 1885, frequently have a wistful quality to them: several of the poems suggest a world of the imagination due to enforced solitary confinement. A whole section of the book is called 'The Child Alone'.

In **Five Stevenson Songs** Stuart MacRae sets poems from the later *Underwoods* (Book I in English, Book II in Scots dialect complete with 'Table of Vowel Sounds', 1887) and *Songs of Travel*, published after Stevenson's death in 1895. When I asked what drew him to Stevenson's verse, he replied it was initially the vivid surface

imagery, before any consideration of what his poems may 'mean'. This in turn partly informed the strategy of composition, with the vocal line sometimes sketched first before further dimensions were added.

The vocal line in the opening song 'ENVOY', with its hint of 'ring-a-ring-a-roses', suggests an innocent childhood scene. Yet, as MacRae notes, while there is an apparent 'homely' or 'couthy' quality to Stevenson's poetry there is also an 'underlying anxiety about death'. The final line of 'ENVOY' finds a nightingale in a sycamore tree – a Celtic symbol of the underworld – and with it, the voice leans for the only time in the song onto an unsettling, flattened E.

'For age an' youth' is from Book II of *Underwoods*. Macrae had already come up with the idea of a drone, a kind of imitation pibroch or bagpipe represented by bare fifths; the music, in this case, found its poem after. The piano accompanies the ornamented, Scots style of the vocal line, as if freewheeling on folk night: a haunting response to the reflection on 'auld friends' and how the grave increasingly takes them.

Notes on the music

MacRae takes the word 'bright' in the next song ('Bright is the ring of words') and has the piano run with it in its fiendish opening salvo. The death of the song's 'maker' is announced brutally in a dive to the bottom of the keyboard. In more gentle mood, echoes of the pibroch's bare fifth from the previous song introduce the second verse, while the vocal line increasingly reveals that it is singing itself that is the poem's subject. At the close, the voice 'remembers' the first song, with a return of its simple opening motto.

In 'KATHARINE' the voice returns to 'ENVOY's main note of 'E', joined by the piano in a simple, pulsing pattern ornamented by grace notes. It somewhat resembles Erik Satie's *Gnossienne no. 1* in its beguiling simplicity. The final song in the group, and the longest, is 'EVENSONG', the last in *Songs of Travel*, and one of the last poems Stevenson wrote. It has, appropriately enough, a valedictory quality. The verse evokes, through its 'end of day' atmosphere, a resignation to the end of all things, whether that be the day or life itself; the music conjures up an atmosphere of farewell even at the start, cycling back to the ornamented bare fifths in a lengthy piano introduction, while the voice rides solo for an extended passage in the middle. The piano's triplets and quintuplets prefigure the breeze of the rapid central section that bangs the

cottage's door closed. The cycle concludes on bare fifths, but on a questioning note: seeming to resolve under the final word ('more'), the piano finds it has one more thing to say.

Reynaldo Hahn's **Five Little Songs** are 'for' children, yet it would be a precocious child who could sing or play them. They were composed, incongruous as it seems, while Hahn was a private in the French army during World War I, seeing some frontline action in the trenches. The settings are fresh, ostensibly simple, and brimming with Hahn's customary charm. In 'The Swing' the regular piano 'swing' – repeating the same four bars almost throughout, inflected with a delicious 'blue note' every third – is only gently disrupted at 'Up in the air', voice and piano briefly flying free. There is a hushed quality to 'The Stars', their astonishing multitude conjured up by shimmering piano and a whispering vocal line.

At other times, the composer subtly catches the more anxious quality to Stevenson's verse. In 'Windy Nights' the figure of the sinister, galloping horse-rider is depicted through brisk staccatos and a chromatic growling in the bass. 'My Ship and I' has the bluff, boastful air of a sea-dog's yarn, yet is a poignant fantasy, belonging to the 'Child

Alone' section of *A Child's Garden*. Finally, 'A Good Boy' seems – given the compositional context – a different kind of fantasy: a 'cool and fresh' bed, and 'no ugly sight' to disturb the sleeping boy, set to a rippling, uncomplicated C major.

The operatic soprano and composer Liza Lehmann approached **The Daisy Chain**, a volume of songs for mixed voices, with a singer's insight into vocal writing and, like the Hahn set, these are 'children's songs' to be sung by skilled adults. Cunningham takes four of the five Stevenson settings from the volume to make a mini-set of their own. Again like the Hahn settings, they conceal at times a darkness beneath the simple, childlike verses. For most of 'Keepsake Mill' the mill keeps turning, in a wrist-aching *moto perpetuo* for the pianist's right hand. After a central section – a stirring hymn to returning soldiers – the mill continues to turn, as if clinging, somewhat desperately, to continuity.

Lehmann's version of 'The Stars' is substantial, considerably longer than Hahn's. Over a lilting 6/8 figure in the piano, it is the voice that reaches for the multitudes in the sky, climbing ever higher. The giddy joy of 'The Swing' is given a swinging motif – in both voice and piano – culminating in

wordless joy towards the end. In 'The Moon', piano and voice combine to evoke the ticking clock and the still atmosphere of night until the sun rises, along with voice, in a theatrical *portamento* slide to a high A.

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After failing at tenant farming, Robert Burns considered emigrating in the 1780s. But his poetry became successfully published around the same time, so he remained at home, supplementing his income by working as an excise officer. He rarely left Scotland itself, yet much of his verse – characteristic of Scottish poetry in general – is infused with a yearning love of the homeland, as if from a great distance (as Billy Connolly once put it, 'Scotsmen have this great habit of singing about Scotland when they're still there'). In the hands of other composers, however, his poems go on quite the journey.

Schumann composed his four-volume book of songs **Myrthen, Op. 25** in 1840, a year of extraordinary *lieder* activity, and in a mood of high romance. He married Clara Wieck in the September of that year, after initially being forbidden to by her father, and many of his 1840 songs were infused with feverish love. Of the 26 *Myrthen* songs there are more settings of Burns than by any other poet. And even though they were not intended as a

group, you could, as Glen Cunningham puts it, lift the eight Burns settings straight out as a self-contained set. Within this group there is a further subset of three 'Highland' (Höchlande) texts.

As Schumann was working with translations of Burns, he would have been responding to the immediacy of the verse – the 'moment[s] of delight or sorrow' – rather than any political subtext Burns may have woven in. The words of 'Jemand' (Somebody) can read like an early version of 'The man I love', and Schumann's minor-key setting, yearningly inflected on the word 'Jemand', is perfect on those terms. (As Fiske points out, Schumann's would not have known that 'Somebody' was a Jacobite nickname for Bonnie Prince Charlie.) In the Highland subset, 'Die Hochländer-Witwe' is more geographically anchored (a widow lamenting after the Battle of Culloden in 1745), and is stormy, angst-ridden, and packing a lot of words into a short span. 'Hochländer's Abschied' is a translation of 'My heart's in the Highlands', with a militaristic, marching energy contrasting with its reverie-like central section. The 'Hochländisches Wiegenlied' (or 'Highland balou', Scots for lullaby) is in a sweetly strophic form, not engaging as such with the somewhat subversive text about horse-stealing.

In 'Hauptmanns Weib,' Schumann posits the wife herself as captain: a heroic figure, as Fiske puts it, 'armed, armoured and helmeted like a Valkyrie'. In 'Weit, Weit,' another song about being far from home, Schumann chooses a softly melancholy mode, with a fading, lonely piano postlude. The pithy 'Niemand' has a grumpy self-sufficiency, and is suitably defiant, ending each line with the title word. 'Im Westen' – hymn-like and almost reverent – is the final 'separation' song, in two beautifully contrasting halves.

Burns seems to have compiled the text for 'My love [or 'luve'] is like a red, red rose' from a number of sources, the final verse of which suggests a sad parting from one's true love ('And I will come again, my love/Though it were ten thousand mile'). The stirring, climbing melody used here by the Edinburgh arranger Thomas Swift Gleadhill is the one it is most commonly attached to, though not the one Burns originally suggested (a tune by the name of *Major Graham*). Schumann's version, **Dem roten Röslein gleicht mein Lieb**, would have slotted perfectly into *Myrthen*, yet it was finished too late to be included. Its lyrical 'lean' at the start of each phrase as well as its gentle, dance-like accompaniment makes this one of Schumann's most purely romantic songs.

There perhaps aren't many songs based on court cases, but **Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon** is a poetic account of the case of Peggy Kennedy, abandoned with child by the wealthy Andrew Macdouall. The lilting arrangement on this disc is by Glasgow-born Claire Liddell, who often brought a distinctive, highly pianistic quality to her arrangements. As Marie Fitzpatrick puts it in her *New Grove* article on Liddell, there is a palpable influence of Ravel, and of jazz, in her piano writing. The startling chords in the opening of the quirky **Wee Willie Gray** are a case in point, while **Ca' the yowes to the knowes** has a rich, dissonant intensity. Burns wrote one his most romantic verses, **Ae fond kiss** for Mrs Agnes McLehose, with whom he was having a platonic affair and to whom he wrote letters under the name 'Sylvander'. He originally chose the 3-time

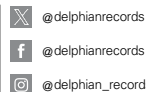
melody *Rory Dall's Port* but the one arranged here by Alfred Moffatt is most commonly used (believed to be based on a Gaelic tune *Mo run an diugh mar an dé thu*). The album closes with a gloriously extrovert take on **My heart's in the highlands**, transcribed by Michael Barnett (and supplemented by Anna Tilbrook) from a 1962 Kenneth McKellar recording. 'My heart's in the highlands' is perhaps the ultimate Scottish text: it beautifully sums up not only the yearning to be in the Highlands, but to embody its spirit 'wherever I go'.

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1 **Ca' the yowes to the knowes**

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 a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Cluden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Ca' the yowes ...

Yonder Cluden's silent tow'rs,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heav'n sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the yowes ...

Robert Burns (1759–1796)

From Myrthen

Texts by Wilhelm Gerhard (1780–1858),
after Robert Burns

2 **Jemand**

Mein Herz ist betrübt, ich sag' es nicht,
Mein Herz ist betrübt um jemand;
Ich könnte wachen die längste Nacht,
Und immer träumen von jemand.
O Wonne! von jemand;
O Himmel! von jemand;
Durchstreifen könnt' ich die ganze Welt,
Aus Liebe zu jemand.

Ihr Mächte, die ihr der Liebe hold,
O lächelt freundlich auf jemand!
Beschirmt ihn, wo Gefahren droh'n;
Gebt sicher Geleite dem jemand!
O Wonne! dem jemand;
O Himmel! dem jemand;
Ich wollt', ich wollte, was wollt' ich nicht
Für meinen jemand!

*My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for Somebody!
I could wake a winter-night
For the sake o' Somebody.
Oh-hon! for Somebody!
Oh-hey! for Somebody!
I could range the world around
For the sake o' Somebody.*

*Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on Somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my Somebody.
Oh-hon! for Somebody!
Oh-hey! for Somebody!
I wad do – what wad I not
For the sake o' Somebody?*

3 Die Hochlände-Witwe

Ich bin gekommen ins Niederland,
O weh! O weh! O weh!
So ausgeplündert haben sie mich,
Dass ich vor Hunger vergeh!

*Oh I am come to the low countrie,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Without a penny in my purse,
To buy a meal for me.*

So war's in meinem Hochland nicht;
O weh! O weh! O weh!
Ein hochbeglücktes Weib,
Als ich, war nicht auf Tal und Höh!

*It was na sae in the Highland hills,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me.*

Denn damals hatt' ich zwanzig Küh';
O weh! O weh! O weh!
Die gaben Milch und Butter mir,
Und weideten im Klee.

*For then I had a score o' kye,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Feeding on you hill sae high
And giving milk to me.*

Und sechzig Schafe hatt' ich dort;
O weh! O weh! O weh!
Die wärmten mich mit weichem Vliess
Bei Frost und Winterschnee.

*And there I had three score o' yowes,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo to me.*

Es konnte Kein' im ganzen Clan
Sich grössern Glückes freu'n;
Denn Donald war der schönste Mann,
Und Donald, der war mein!

*I was the happiest of a' the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine,
For Donald was the brawest man,
And Donald he was mine.*

So blieb's, bis Charlie Stuart kam,
Alt-Schottland zu befrei'n;
Da musste Donald seinen Arm
Ihm und dem Lande leih'n.

*Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
Sae fair to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanted then,
For Scotland and for me.*

Was sie befiehl, wer weiss es nicht?
Dem Unrecht wich das Recht,
Und auf Cullodens blut'gem Feld
Erlagen Herr und Knecht.

*There waefu' fate what need I tell,
Right to the wrang died yield;
My Donald and his country fell.
Upon Culloden field.*

O! Dass ich kam ins Niederland!
O weh! O weh! O weh!
Nun gibt's kein unglücksel'ger Weib
Vom Hochland bis zur See!

*Ochon! O Donald, oh!
Ochon, Occon, Ochrie!
Naw woman in the warld wide,
Sae wretched now as me.*

4 Hochländers Abschied

Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz ist
nicht hier;
Mein Herz ist im Hochland im Waldes Revier;
Dort jagt es den Hirsch und verfolgt das Reh;
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, wohin ich auch geh!

*My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not
here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe –
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.*

Leb' wohl, mein Hochland, mein heimischer Ort!
Die Wiege der Freiheit, des Mutes ist dort.
Wohin ich auch wandre, wo immer ich bin:
Auf die Berg', auf die Berge zieht es mich hin.

*Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.*

Lebt wohl, ihr Berge, bedeckt mit Schnee,
Lebt wohl, ihr Täler, voll Blumen und Klee!
Lebt wohl, ihr Wälder, bemoostes Gestein,
Ihr stürzenden Bächlein im farbigen Schein!

*Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods;*

Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz ist
nicht hier ...

*My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not
here ...*

5 Hochländisches Wiegenlied

Schlafe, süsser, kleiner Donald,
Ebenbild des grossen Ronald!
Wer ihm kleinen Dieb gebar,
Weiss der edle Clan aufs Haar.

Schelm, hast Äuglein schwarz wie Kohlen!
Wenn du gross bist, stiehl ein Fohlen;
Geh' die Eb'ne ab und zu,
Bringe heim 'ne Carlisle-Kuh!

Darfst in Niederland nicht fehlen;
Dort, mein Bübchen, magst du stehlen;
Stiehl dir Geld und stiehl dir Glück,
Und ins Hochland komm zurück!

*Hee-balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald;
Brawlie kens our wanton chief
Wha gat my young Highland thief.*

*Leeze me on thy bonie craigie,
An thou live thou'll steal a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cov.*

*Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border
Weel, my babie, may thou funder
Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
Synne to the Highlands hame to me.*

6 Hauptmanns Weib

Hoch zu Pferd!
Stahl auf zartem Leibe,
Helm und Schwert
Ziemen Hauptmanns Weibe.

Tönet Trommelschlag
Unter Pulverdampf,
Siehst du blut'gen Tag
Und dein Lieb im Kampf.

Schlagen wir den Feind,
Küssest du den Gatten,
Wohnst mit ihm vereint
In des Friedens Schatten.

*O mount and go,
Mount and make you ready,
O mount and go,
And be the Captain's Lady.*

*When the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle.*

*When the vanquish'd foe
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go
And in love enjoy it.*

7 Weit, Weit

Wie kann ich froh und munter sein,
Und flink mich drehn bei meinem Leid?
Der schmucke Junge, der mich liebt,
Ist über die Berge weit, weit!

Was kümmert mich des Winters Frost,
Und ob es draussen stürmt und schneit?
Im Auge blinkt die Träne mir,
Denk' ich an ihn, der weit, weit!

Er hat die Handschuh' mir geschenkt,
Das bunte Tuch, das seid'ne Kleid;
Doch er, dem ich's zur Ehre trag',
Ist über die Berge weit, weit!

*O how can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa'?*

*It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e
To think on him that's far awa'.*

*A pair o' gloves he bought to me,
And silken snoods he ga'e me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonie lad that's far awa'.*

8 Niemand

Ich hab' mein Weib allein,
Und teil' es, traun, mit Niemand;
Nicht Hahnrei will ich sein,
Zum Hahnrei mach' ich Niemand.
Ein Säckchen Gold ist mein,
Doch dafür dank' ich Niemand;
Nichts hab' ich zu verleihn,
Und borgen soll mir Niemand.

Ich bin nicht andrer Herr,
Und untertänig Niemand;
Doch meine Klinge sticht,
Ich fürchte mich vor Niemand.
Ein lust'ger Kauz bin ich,
Kopfhängerisch mit Niemand;
Schiert niemand sich um mich,
So scher' ich mich um Niemand.

*I ha' a wife o' my ain –
I'll partake wi' naebody;
I'll tak' cuckold tae nane,
I'll gi'e cuckold to naebody.
I ha'e a penny to spend,
There, thanks to naebody;
I ha'e naething to lend –
I'll borrow from naebody.*

*I am naebody's lord –
I'll be a slave to naebody;
I ha'e a gude braid sword,
I'll take dunts frae naebody –
I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody;
Naebody cares for me
I care for naebody.*

9 Im Westen

Ich schau' über Forth hinüber nach Nord:
Was helfen mir Nord und Hochlands Schnee?
Was Osten und Süd, wo die Sonne glüht,
Das ferne Land und die wilde See?

Aus Westen winkt, wo die Sonne sinkt,
Was mich im Schlummer und Traumbeglückt;
Im Westen wohnt, der mir Liebe lohnt,
Mich und mein Kindlein ans Herz gedrückt!

10 Dem roten Röslein gleicht mein Lieb

Dem roten Röslein gleicht mein Lieb,
Im Junimond erblüht,
Mein Lieb ist eine Melodei,
Vor der die Seele glüht;

Wie schön du bist, geliebte Maid,
Wie wird das Herz mir schwer,
Und lieben wird's dich immerdar,
Bis trocken Strom und Meer.

Und würden trocken Strom und Meer,
Und schmelzen Fels und Stein,
Ich würde dennoch lebenslang
Dir Herz und Seele weih'n.

Nun, holdes Liebchen, lebe wohl!
Leb' wohl, du süße Maid!
Bald kehr' ich wieder, wär' ich auch
Zehntausend Meilen weit.

*Out over the Forth, I look to the north;
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.*

*But I look to the west when I gae to my rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I love best,
The man that is dear to my babie and me.*

*O, my luv'e's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luv'e's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.*

*As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luv'e am I;
And I will luv'e thee still my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.*

*Till a' the seas gang dry my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
And will luv'e thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.*

*And fare thee weel, my only luv'e!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luv'e,
Though it were ten thousand mile.*

11 **My love is like a red, red rose**

O, my love is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.
O, my love is like a melody,
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
And will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.

But fare thee well, my only love!
And fare thee well a while!
And I will come again, my love,
Though 'twere ten thousand miles.

Robert Burns (slightly adapted)

From The Daisy Chain

Texts by Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894), from
A Child's Garden of Verses

12 **Keepsake Mill**

Here is the mill with the humming of
thunder,
Here is the weir with the wonder of foam,
Here is the sluice with the race running
under –
Marvellous places, though handy to home!

Sounds of the village grow stiller and stiller,
Stiller the note of the birds on the hill;
Dusty and dim are the eyes of the miller,
Deaf are his ears to the moil of the mill.

Years may go by, and the wheel in the river
Wheel as it wheels for us, children, to-day,
Wheel and keep roaring and foaming for ever
Long after all of the boys are away.

Home for the Indies and home from the
ocean,
Heroes and soldiers we all shall come home;
Still we shall find the old mill-wheel in motion,
Turning and churning that river to foam.

13 **Stars**

The lights from the parlour and kitchen shone
out
Through the blinds and the windows and
bars;
And high overhead and all moving about,
There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves
on a tree,
Nor of people in church or the park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down
upon me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark.

The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter
and all,
And the star of the sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall
Would be half full of water and stars.
They saw me at last, and they chased me
with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my
eyes,
And the stars going round in my head.

14 **The Swing**

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
River and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside –

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown –
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

15 **The Moon**

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

16 **Ae fond kiss**

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss ...

Robert Burns

Five Stevenson Songs

Texts by Robert Louis Stevenson

17 **I. ENVOY**

Go, little book, and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore!

From *Underwoods*, Book I

18 **II. For age an' youth**

It's an owercome sooth for age an' youth
And it brooks wi' nae denial,
That the dearest friends are the auldest friends
And the young are just on trial.

There's a rival bauld wi' young an' auld
And it's him that has bereft me;
For the sürest friends are the auldest friends
And the maist o' mines hae left me.

There are kind hearts still, for friends to fill
And fools to take and break them;
But the nearest friends are the auldest friends
And the grave's the place to seek them.

From *Underwoods*, Book II

19 III. Bright is the ring of words

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them.
Still they are carolled and said –
On wings they are carried –
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

From Songs of Travel

20 IV. KATHARINE

We see you as we see a face
That trembles in a forest place
Upon the mirror of a pool
Forever quiet, clear and cool;
And in the wayward glass, appears
To hover between smiles and tears,
Elfin and human, airy and true,
And backed by the reflected blue.

From Underwoods, Book I

21 V. EVENSONG

The embers of the day are red
Beyond the murky hill.
The kitchen smokes: the bed
In the darkling house is spread:
The great sky darkens overhead,
And the great woods are shrill.
So far have I been led,
Lord, by Thy will:
So far I have followed, Lord, and
wondered still.

The breeze from the enbalmèd land
Blows sudden toward the shore,
And claps my cottage door.
I hear the signal, Lord – I understand.
The night at Thy command
Comes. I will eat and sleep and will not
question more.

From Songs of Travel

22 **Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon**

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine;
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover staw my rose –
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Robert Burns

Five Little Songs

Texts by Robert Louis Stevenson, from *A Child's Garden of Verses*

23 I. The Swing

See track 14

24 II. Windy Nights

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, long and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

25 III. My Ship and I

O it's I that am the captain of a tidy little ship,
Of a ship that goes a sailing on the pond;
And my ship it keeps a-turning all around and
all about,
But when I'm a little older, I shall find the
secret out
How to send my vessel sailing on beyond.

For I mean to grow a little as the dolly at the
helm,
And the dolly I intend to come alive;
And with him beside to help me, it's a-sailing
I shall go,
It's a-sailing on the water, when the jolly
breezes blow
And the vessel goes a divie-divie-dive.

O it's then you'll see me sailing through the
rushes and the reeds,
And you'll hear the water singing at the prow;
For beside the dolly sailor I'm to voyage and
explore,
To land upon the island where no dolly was
before,
And to fire the penny cannon on the bow.

26 IV. The Stars

See track 13

27 V. A Good Boy

I woke before the morning, I was happy all
the day,
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and
stuck to play;

And now at last the sun is going down
behind the wood,
And I am very happy, for I know that I've
been good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with linen
smooth and fair,
And I must be off to sleeps in' by, and not
forget my prayer.

I know that till to-morrow I shall see the
sun arise,
No ugly dream shall fright my mind, no ugly
sight my eyes,

But slumber hold me tightly till I waken in
the dawn,
And hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs
round the lawn.

28 Wee Willie Gray

Wee Willie Gray and his leather wallet,
Peel a willow wand, to be him boots and
jacket.
The rose upon the brier will be him trowse
and doublet.

Wee Willie Gray and his leather wallet,
Twice a lily-flower will be him sark and cravat.
Feathers of a flie wad feather up his bonnet.

Robert Burns

29 My heart's in the Highlands

See track 4 (stanzas 2 and 3 transposed)

Biographies

Tenor **Glen Cunningham**, from the Scottish Highlands, is a graduate of the Royal College of Music's Opera Studio and the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland. Glen was a member of Opéra Studio at Opéra national du Rhin 2022/24, where he performed roles including L'ombre d'un poète *Guercoeur*, Der Schreiber in *Der Schatzgräber* and the Governor in *Candide*. He jumped into the title role of *Candide* for two performances and was hailed as 'the revelation of the night without contest' by *Forum Opera*.

He was a Scottish Opera Emerging Artist 2021/2 where he performed roles including Francis Flute *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Lord Dramaleigh *Utopia Limited*. Glen recently made his German debut at Theater Freiburg in the role of Nick *The Handmaid's Tale* in the German premiere of the opera. In the 2024/5 season he performs the title role in *Albert Herring* at Scottish Opera with performances at the Lammermuir Festival, Glasgow and Edinburgh, as well as reprising the role of Nick *The Handmaid's Tale* (Theater Freiburg), makes his debut in Switzerland as Snout *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Opéra de Lausanne) and return to the Opéra national du Rhin to play Beadle Bamford *Sweeney Todd*. He also joins the Orchestre symphonique de Mulhouse as the tenor soloist in Mozart's Mass in C minor.

Glen recently featured on the world premiere recording of Jonathan Sheffer's *Four Ten-Minute Operas* with the RNSO, released in March 2023. He and his accompanist Anna Tilbrook regularly perform recitals together in the UK and Europe.

Anna Tilbrook has been a regular artist at all the major concert halls and festivals since her debut at the Wigmore Hall in 1999 and frequently broadcasts for Radio 3. She has collaborated with many leading singers including Lucy Crowe, James Gilchrist, Ian Bostridge, Mary Bevan, Sophie Bevan, Barbara Hannigan, Sir John Tomlinson, Sir Willard White and Roderick Williams, and instrumentalists such as Michael Collins, Natalie Klein, Nicholas Daniel, Philip Dukes, Jack Liebeck, Chloe Hanslip, Emily Sun, Sol Gabetta, Guy Johnston, Laura van der Heijden, Jess Gilliam and the Fitzwilliam, Carducci, Sacconi, Elias, Navarra and Barbirolli string quartets. She has also accompanied José Carreras, Angela Gheorghiu and Bryn Terfel in televised concerts.

Performance highlights include Concertgebouw Amsterdam and Carnegie Hall New York, Wigmore Hall, St John's Smith Square, deSingel Antwerp, Alte Oper Frankfurt, Anima Mundi Pisa, Wratislavia

Cantans (Wroclaw) and appearances at the Edinburgh, Aldeburgh, Cheltenham, Oxford Lieder, Jersey, West Cork and Savannah (Georgia) Chamber Music festivals; she has also curated a number of series of concerts for the BBC.

In 2022 Anna and James Gilchrist celebrated 25 years as a duo partnership. They have made a series of acclaimed recordings of English song for Linn and Chandos; the Schubert song cycles for Orchid; Schumann's cycles; the songs and chamber music of Vaughan Williams with Philip Dukes; *Solitude*, settings of Purcell, Schubert, Barber and a cycle written for James and Anna by Jonathan Dove, *Under Alter'd Skies*; and most recently a disc of songs by Roger Quilter. In August 2021 Lucy Crowe and Anna marked 20 years of working together by releasing their disc *Longing* featuring Lieder by Strauss, Berg and Schoenberg on the Linn label.

In 2023 Anna was on the jury for the Song Prize for Cardiff Singer of the World. She teaches at the University of Oxford and the Royal Academy of Music where she is an Associate. If not sitting at the piano, Anna can normally be found watching cricket, playing tennis, having a gin and tonic or eating a curry!



Glen Cunningham gratefully acknowledges a generous donation by the Vaughan Williams Foundation towards the commissioning of Stuart MacRae's Five Stevenson Songs.

With sincere thanks to his parents, Ritchie and Linda Cunningham for their unwavering support. Special thanks also to Colin Lewis, Amand Hekkers, Patricia Hay, Russell Smythe, Ben Johnson and Les Azuriales Opera.

Also available on Delphian

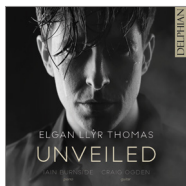


Chisholm (1904–1965): Songs

Mhairi Lawson, Nicky Spence, Michael Mofidian; Iain Burnside *piano*
DCD34259

Erik Chisholm made his home as a musician in South Africa, but it was in the Gaelic folk tunes of his native Scotland that he found lifelong inspiration for his songs. Modern yet instantly accessible and engaging, and revelling in the Scots language, their apparent simplicity belies the composer's sophisticated craftsmanship. Master of twentieth-century song Iain Burnside and three of the brightest stars in the firmament of Scottish singers bring out the individual characters of these pieces, by turns haunting, tender and irreverent, making of each one a uniquely coloured little jewel.

'A fine showcase for the Glaswegian-born composer' — BBC Radio 3 *Record Review*, July 2021



Unveiled: Britten – Tippett – Gipps – Browne – Thomas

Elgan Llŷr Thomas *tenor*, Craig Ogden *guitar*, Iain Burnside *piano*
DCD34293

In Jeremy Sams' new English-language singing version of Britten's *Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo*, the passionate sentiments are liberated from the safe historical distance of the Italian Renaissance and unveiled in a way that was not possible in 1940, when Britten wrote the cycle – his first for his partner Peter Pears. Presenting it alongside Tippett's equally ardent *Songs for Achilles* and premiere recordings of songs by Ruth Gipps and Elgan Llŷr Thomas himself, the programme tackles themes of love, shame, acceptance, war and death to traverse a history of male homosexuality from necessary discretion to the (relatively) liberated present.

'Thomas and Burnside do [the Britten] full, impassioned justice, and the Welsh tenor's own song-cycle *SWAN* acts as a most effective counterpart. — Presto Music, April 2023, EDITOR'S CHOICE



The Shadow Side: contemporary song from Scotland

Irene Drummond *soprano*, Iain Burnside *piano*
DCD34099

For many years Irene Drummond has been the leading exponent of contemporary song in Scotland. With her partner Iain Burnside – peerless in this music – she offers here a fascinating snapshot of her repertoire. From the rarefied sparseness of James MacMillan to the sustained luminosity of Paul Mealer and the emotionally charged dramatic outbursts of John McLeod, *The Shadow Side* explores a world of half-lights and visceral intensity.

'soprano Irene Drummond at her most breathtakingly stellar and seductive' — The Herald, June 2011



Schubert Lieder: Love's Lasting Power

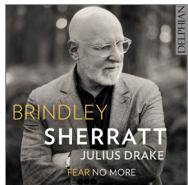
Harriet Burns *soprano*, Ian Tindale *piano*
DCD34251

Love – from many-splendoured and joyous to tragic and rejected, homo- and heterosexual, light-hearted and broken-hearted, heavenly and earthly, innocent and anything but ... In their first joint recording, long-term performing partners Harriet Burns and Ian Tindale make a deeply personal choice from Schubert's lieder, exploring the theme of love, but also the friendships and relationships between poets and the composer out of which he crafted songs of astonishing empathy. Former winners of the Contemporary Song Prize in the International Vocal Competition at 's-Hertogenbosch, Ian and Harriet bring an outstanding empathy of their own to songs in which we hear, in Ian's words, 'young artists being creative together and exploring things'.

'There's little doubt of the strength of this partnership ... A very fine disc indeed' — Gramophone, January 2024



Also available on Delphian

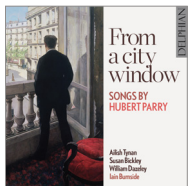


Brindley Sherratt: Fear No More

Brindley Sherratt *bass*, Julius Drake *piano*
DCD34313

Brindley Sherratt's pre-eminence as an operatic bass is the result of two daring career shifts. Initially trained as a trumpeter, it was only in his mid-thirties that he left the professional security of a position in the BBC Singers to explore the world of opera. Now, the voyage of discovery continues as Sherratt turns to the intimate medium of the song recital. With the superb pianist Julius Drake as collaborator, in *Fear No More* Sherratt draws on all of his accumulated technical and expressive wisdom in death-haunted songs by Schubert, Mussorgsky and Richard Strauss and a group of five twentieth-century English songs in which consolation and acceptance are the keynotes.

'Sherratt's interpretations have an imposing power all their own, the deep, oaky patina of the voice carrying with it a special emotional weight' — Gramophone, May 2024



From a city window: songs by Hubert Parry

Ailish Tynan, Susan Bickley, William Dazeley; Iain Burnside *piano*
DCD34117

Recorded in the music room of Hubert Parry's boyhood home, Highnam Court in Gloucestershire, this disc sees three of our finest singers shed illuminating light on an area of the repertoire that has rarely graced the concert hall in recent times. Iain Burnside and his singers rediscover what has been forgotten by historical accident – and what a treasure chest of song they have found! These beautiful performances return Parry's songs to the heart of his output, where the composer always felt they belonged.

'The emotional range of these songs, almost faultlessly conceived in terms of textual rhythm, reminds us of just how expert a song-writer and pioneer of the English art Parry was ... The performances are exquisite' — Gramophone, April 2013



Buxton Orr (1924–1997): Songs

Nicky Spence, Iain Burnside, Jordan Black, Nikita Naumov,
Edinburgh Quartet
DCD34175

When Nicky Spence was first shown the score to 'The Boy in the Train', the last of Buxton Orr's *Songs of a Childhood*, he was transported to the late 1980s – his own childhood in Scotland. 'Something about Buxton's sense of humour, excitement and honesty resonated with me,' Spence says. Sometimes thrillingly complex and always beautiful, and given character and verve by Orr's delightful setting of the Scots language, this rich body of work has finally found a worthy modern-day advocate.

'A revelation. Imagine a gentler, quirkier Britten with dabbings in 12-tone technique and old Scots poems set to generous vocal lines and off-piste instrumentation ... Spence himself [is] nimble, direct, deftly playful and expressive with the text' — The Guardian, March 2017



Within a mile of Edinburgh

Malcolm Green *baritone*, John Kitchen *fortepiano*
DCD34005

Rediscovering Georgian Edinburgh's musical past: a musical snapshot of an Enlightenment-era phenomenon with great social repercussions. This recording features fortepiano repertoire published for performance on the popular square pianos sold in Edinburgh's wealthy New Town. Paired with the elegant variations are the songs that inspired them, collected by Burns, Thomson and Johnson and published in *The Scots Musical Museum* of 1787. The popularity of Scots song in the latter half of the eighteenth century also carried political significance in a nation recently torn by the strife of the Jacobite Rebellion.

'A generous, attractive programme' — International Record Review, June 2003



