Signum Classics

2CD SET

The Myrthen Ensemble

Songs to the Moon

Brahms • Fauré • Saint-Saëns • Schumann

Mary Bevan • Clara Mouriz • Allan Clayton • Marcus Farnsworth • Joseph Middleton
SONGS TO THE MOON

CD1

1. The Night, AC
   Peter Warlock [2.11]
   Johannes Brahms [1.45]
3. Vor der Tür, Op. 28 No. 2, MB MF
   Johannes Brahms [1.58]
4. Unbewegte laue Luft, Op. 57 No. 8, MF
   Johannes Brahms [4.07]
5. Der Gang zum Liebchen, Op. 31 No. 3, MB CM AC MF
   Johannes Brahms [3.14]
6. Walpurgnacht, Op. 75 No. 4, MB CM
   Johannes Brahms [1.32]
7. Ständchen, Op. 106 No. 1, CM
   Johannes Brahms [1.43]
8. Der Abend, Op. 64 No. 2, MB CM AC MF
   Johannes Brahms [3.51]
9. Vergebliches Ständchen, Op. 84 No. 4, CM MF
   Johannes Brahms [1.43]
10. Unterm Fenster, Op. 34 No. 3, MB AC
    Robert Schumann [1.26]
    Robert Schumann [4.07]
    Robert Schumann [1.58]
13. Leis rudern hier
    [1.16]
14. Wenn durch die Piazzetta
    [1.16]
15. Die Lotosblume, Op. 25 No. 7, CM
    Robert Schumann [1.49]
16. In der Nacht, Op. 74 No. 4, MB AC
    Robert Schumann [5.20]

Total timings: [38.00]

CD2

1. Nocturne, Op. 13 No. 4, MF
   Samuel Barber [3.32]
2. Sun, Moon and Stars, MB
   Elizabeth Maconchy [3.51]
3. Clair de lune, Op. 83 No. 1, AC
   Joseph Szulc [3.25]
4. Damunt de tu només les flors, CM
   Federico Mompou [4.22]
5. Guitares et mandolines, MF
   Camille Saint-Saëns [1.49]
6. Apparition, MB MF
   Claude Debussy [3.48]
7. La nuit, Op. 11 No. 1, MB MF
   Ernest Chausson [2.47]
8. L’heure exquise, CM
   Reynaldo Hahn [2.51]
9. La fuite, CM MF
   Henri Duparc [3.15]
10. Rêvons, c’est l’heure, MB CM
    Jules Massenet [5.04]
    Gabriel Fauré [2.56]
12. Pleurs d’or, Op. 72, AC MF
    Gabriel Fauré [2.47]
    Gabriel Fauré [2.17]

Total timings: [42.47]

THE MYRTHEN ENSEMBLE

MARY BEVAN SOPRANO [MB]
ALLAN CLAYTON TENOR [AC]
CLARA MOURIZ MEZZO SOPRANO [CM]
MARCUS FARNSWORTH BARITONE [MF]
JOSEPH MIDDLETON PIANO

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## CD1

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<td>Peter Warlock</td>
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<td><strong>2</strong></td>
<td><strong>Nächtens, Op. 112 No. 2</strong></td>
<td><strong>MB CM AC MF</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Vor der Tür, Op. 28 No. 2</strong></td>
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<td>Johannes Brahms</td>
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<td><strong>Unbewegte laue Luft, Op. 57 No. 8</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Vergebliches Ständchen, Op. 84 No. 4</strong></td>
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<td><strong>11</strong></td>
<td><strong>Mondnacht, Op. 39 No. 5</strong></td>
<td><strong>MB</strong></td>
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<td><strong>12</strong></td>
<td><strong>Zwei Venetianische Lieder, Op. 25</strong></td>
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## CD2

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SONGS TO THE MOON

Peter Warlock quickly realized that he was unable to compose in large scale forms, and his work list is made up almost entirely of songs and choral music. Following the publication of his first songs – characterized by highly singable melodies and an accompaniment that supports but never overwhelms the voice with a fine blend of original harmonies and skilful part-writing – he devoted most of his time to editing a controversial magazine, The Sackbut. In 1921, however, at his mother’s home in Wales, he began the most prolific period of his composing life, wrote hundreds of transcriptions, a book on Delius and some fine compositions. The Three Belloc Songs date 1926, and this fascinating CD of nocturnal songs opens with The night, in which Warlock instructs the singer to sing soft and chant-like, very slowly, as the poet beseeches ‘Most Holy Night’ to ‘cheat me with your false delight’ and grant him repose in death. The song, which rarely rises above p and ends ppp, requires a peerless legato.

The Brahms group opens with Nächts, the second song of Op. 112, for SATB. This is no serene nocturne, but one of illusion, grief, anxiety and madness, mirrored in the unusual and restless 5/4 metre. The four duets of Opus 28, from which we hear the second, were composed between 1860 and 1862, published in 1864 and dedicated to Frau Amalie Joachim, who had recently married the celebrated violinist, and whose dark contralto was soon to perform many of Brahms finest Lieder. Vor der Tür (a seventeenth century poem taken from Hoffmann von Fallersleben’s Die deutschen Gesellschaftslieder des 16. und 17 Jahrhunderts), begins in a solo manner, as first the man pleads to be let in, and then the woman refuses his request. The voices join in the third verse, but she remains firm, and the lover is left, as in ‘Vergebliches Ständchen’, to languish outside. Unbewegte laue Luft, like Mozart’s ‘An Chloe’ and Richard Strauss’s ‘Ständchen’, culminates in music of undisguised sexual fulfilment. The very first phrase introduces the chromaticism that lends an erotic charge to the song. The stillness is broken by right hand trills that depict the splashing of a fountain; then, with a change of tempo, agitated broken chords in the accompaniment and rising vocal phrases, the music begins to express the ardour of the poet’s words. Der Gang zum Liebchen from Op. 48 was composed in 1858 – a strophic setting of a folksong

‘Ah, moon of my delight’

Art-song exists in western music as one of the most intimate and concentrated modes of expression; the delivery of a text and its music are communicated through the medium of the natural human voice and a piano. The wish to explore the chamber-music element of this life-enhancing art form was the thinking behind the Myrthen Ensemble’s inception and for our début disc together we wanted to record the very first programme we explored. The idea of programming a CD around a theme is not new of course, but we hope nevertheless that presenting these songs, bound together as they are with a leitmotif, will interest the listener and throw new light on well-known repertoire as well as uncovering a few lesser-known gems.

The moon has, since antiquity, inspired artists, musicians and wordsmiths. The programme on this disc looks to its many characteristics for inspiration. The songs are at turns consoling, sometimes seductive in serenades and occasionally paint the moon as a threatening force through its extinguishing of the suns rays. The moon’s silver beams cast their magic in music by Brahms and Schumann in the first of these CDs and in the second, inspire the exquisite treatment of Clair de lune by a selection of the finest French song composers. Short English nocturnal overtures begin each disc. A lunar landscape provides much material for the keen listener willing to delve into the highways and byways of the song literature and we hope you enjoy this repertoire as much as we do.

Joseph Middleton 2016
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Joseph Middleton 2016
Brahms had found in the second volume of the Kretschmer-Zuccalmaglio Deutsche Volkslieder collection, where it appeared under the title ‘From the Lower Rhine’. It’s an intimate song with a broad cantilena and a codetta-like postlude that comments on the final vocal phrase in both the middle and the bass register. Walpurgisnacht, like all the duets of Opus 75, is of the dialogue type. The two sopranos depict the mother and child. The girl’s questions become more and more agitated as she gradually realizes that her mother was not only present at the Walpurgis Night celebrations but is actually a witch; as in Loewe’s ‘Edward’, a series of exchanges reveals successive layers of dreadful truths, which are intensified by ever more dramatic music.

Loewe’s ‘Edward’, a series of exchanges reveals successive layers of dreadful truths, which are intensified by ever more dramatic music. Clara Schumann, it is said, trembled happily as she gradually realizes that her mother was not only present at the Walpurgis Night celebrations but is actually a witch; as in Loewe’s ‘Edward’, a series of exchanges reveals successive layers of dreadful truths, which are intensified by ever more dramatic music.

When the serenaders are introduced in verse 2, the violin and flute can be heard duetting in sixths, while alternating spread chords introduce the third instrument at ‘Zither’ and ‘spielen’. We learn in the final verse that the girl chooses the fair-haired lover and ditches the other two. The unrequited lover standing outside his sweetheart’s door or window is a recurring theme of many Brahms songs – an indication of the composer’s timidity and lack of confidence in his dealings with the fair sex. Schiller’s poem Der Abend describes Phoebus in his chariot being drawn down the sky by his horses, as evening falls. Verse two depicts Thetis, one of the sea deities, rising from the waves and smiling seductively at the sun god. Brahms transforms this stock Classical theme into something special. After the galloping horses (to a staccato piano accompaniment) reach Thetis, and Phoebus springs from his chariot into her arms, there is a wonderful moment of inspiration. As the piano falls silent to indicate that the chariot has halted, the horses drink deeply at the noises in the chimney (stanza 8), and pitied those who could only giggle.

Ständchen, to a poem by Franz Kugler, was inspired by the voice of the beautiful Agathe Siebold, and contains a cryptic reference to her name (Gathe) in the opening melody. Kugler’s poem mentions not only zithers, but flutes and fiddles too.

found the poem Vergebliches Ständchen in the Deutsche Volkslieder collection, edited by Kretschmer and Zuccalmaglio, and it is one of his finest and wittiest songs which he professed, in a letter to Hanslick, to prize above all others. Singer and accompanist are instructed to perform ‘lebhaft und gut gelaunt’ (with animation and good humour), and Gerald Moore in Singer and accompanist (Methuen, 1953) is surely right to interpret the staccando, three bars from the end, as the sound of the window being slammed by the young girl in her lover’s face.

And so to Schumann. The text of Unterm Fenster from Op. 34 was changed significantly by the composer: every other line in the Burns original ended with the impossible to sing “quo’ Findlay”, which Gerhard rendered variously as “Ich bin es!”, “Gar Süßes!”, “O öffne!”, “Mit Freuden!” and other rapturous exclamations. Schumann responded with a pulsing song in A major, at the end of which Findlay, like Schumann, eventually triumphed. Eichendorff’s Mondnacht speaks of sky and earth, age-old symbols for male and female, and their imagined kiss inspired in Schumann a motif of descending fifths in the piano’s left hand that first appears in bars 10-13, and is then repeated three more times, thus binding sky and earth – and the whole song – together. The motif, in German notation, reads E-H-E (marriage). Cryptology was dear to Schumann’s heart, and his message must have been crystal clear to Clara, who had already received a letter from him, in which he described ‘Ehe’ as a ‘sehr musikalisches Wort’. The Zwei Venetianische Lieder (both translations by Freiligrath of poems from Thomas Moore’s Irish Melodies) are from Myrthen, Schumann’s wedding present to Clara. Wenn durch die Piazzetta, the second of the two, is a song about elopement, and is printed as song 18 – or R: did Robert regard this as a reference to his own role in whisking Clara away from her father’s clutches? In the first of the songs, Schumann, via Thomas Moore, consciously says farewell to bachelordom. Die Lotosblume (also from Myrthen) is marked ‘sehr langsam’ (‘very slowly’); this rapt love song, like ‘Widmung’, boasts a melody of miraculous beauty; no matter if the prosody is not quite right (the rest between ‘ängstigt’ and ‘sich’ is syntactically awkward), the magical tune more than makes up for any technical shortcomings in word-setting. In der Nacht from the Spanisches Liederspiel more than matches Wolf’s great version of the same text. - 6 -
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Clair de lune, one of Verlaine’s most celebrated poems from Fêtes galantes, has been set by a huge variety of composers, including Debussy (twice), Fauré, Charpentier, Diepenbrock and Josef Szulc. Szulc belonged to a family of famous Polish musicians, and his Dix Mélodies Sur des Poésies de Verlaine, Op. 83, are divided between high and low voice. Made famous by a recording with Maggie Teyte and Gerald Moore (1941), his ‘Clair de lune’ is a fine song that is not entirely eclipsed by the more famous settings by Fauré and Debussy.

Frederic Mompou (1893-1987), like Manuel de Falla, lived for a time (from 1911-1914 and again between 1921 and 1941) in Paris; his mother was of French descent, and Paris was for many Catalans not only a cultural Mecca but also a haven from the repressive centralist Spanish state in the early years of the twentieth century. Several of Mompou’s forty or so songs – some of them composed to French texts by Paul Valéry and others – were published in Paris by Editions Salabert, and the first set of his Comptines were dedicated to Jane Bathori, the French soprano who created Ravel’s Schéhérazade and Histoires naturelles. Mompou returned to his native Barcelona with the fall of France, and died there in 1987. Many of his songs are to Catalan texts, the most beautiful of which is D’amant de tu només les flors (‘Above you naught but flowers’), the first song of Combat del somni (1942) to a text by the Catalan poet Josep Janés.

The text of Guitares et mandolines is by the composer himself, so Saint-Saëns joins that select breed, which includes Schubert, Schumann, Cornelius, Messiaen, Berlioz and Koechlin, who set their own words to music. The song is one of many evocations of Spain in the song repertoire – the repeated right hand notes of the accompaniment cleverly suggest the plucking of the plectrum. Mallarmé’s Apparition was written when he was twenty years old, and Debussy’s setting dates from 1884, when the poet was largely unknown. He dedicated it to Mme Marie-Blanche Vasnier, the wife of a Parisian architect who, with her husband, fostered the young composer’s talent by inviting him regularly to their home, where she in her high soprano would perform his most recent songs. Their friendship developed into a passion, and before he left for Rome Debussy presented her with a slim volume of 13 songs.

It is set as a duet for soprano and tenor, and expresses the lovers’ mutual passion in a long and aching vocal phrase, begun by the soprano, echoed by the tenor and then finally shared. There can be no deeper expression in the entire song repertoire of the power of love to banish sleep.

Song, opera and choral works represent over half of Samuel Barber’s output. Born in 1910, he started writing for the voice at a precocious age, and was encouraged by his aunt, Louise Homer, the Metropolitan Opera contralto, whose husband was the distinguished song composer Sidney Homer. Barber tells how she, after an exhausting day in the recording studio with the likes of Caruso and Galli-Curci, would often sing through his early songs, such as ‘Daisies’, written in 1927. Nocturne, the last of his Four Songs Op. 13, was composed in 1940 to a poem by his friend Frederic Prokosch who, in his memoirs, Voices, relates how one day he heard Sir Thomas Beecham informally singing, to his own accompaniment, “my good friend Samuel Barber’s setting of my poem ‘Nocturne’.”
Clair de lune, one of Verlaine’s most celebrated poems from Fêtes galantes, has been set by a huge variety of composers, including Debussy (twice), Fauré, Charpentier, Diepenbrock and Josef Szulc. Szulc belonged to a family of famous Polish musicians, and his Dix Mélodies Sur des Poésies de Verlaine, Op. 83, are divided between high and low voice. Made famous by a recording with Maggie Teyte and Gerald Moore (1941), his ‘Clair de lune’ is a fine song that is not entirely eclipsed by the more famous settings by Fauré and Debussy.

Frederic Mompou (1893-1987), like Manuel de Falla, lived for a time (from 1911-1914 and again between 1921 and 1941) in Paris; his mother was of French descent, and Paris was for many Catalans not only a cultural Mecca but also a haven from the repressive centralist Spanish state in the early years of the twentieth century. Several of Mompou’s forty or so songs – some of them composed to French texts by Paul Valéry and others – were published in Paris by Editions Salabert, and the first set of his Comptines were dedicated to Jane Bathori, the French soprano who created Ravel’s Schéhérazade and Histoires naturelles. Mompou returned to his native Barcelona with the fall of France, and died there in 1987. Many of his songs are to Catalan texts, the most beautiful of which is Damunt de tu només les flors (‘Above you naught but flowers’), the first song of Combat del somni (1942) to a text by the Catalan poet Josep Janés.

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Jules Massenet's mélodies have been somewhat sidelined in recent years – not without some justification. He probably composed too many songs (with over 260 to his credit he is one of the most prolific of all composers of mélodies), and he chose poems that were decidedly second or third rate. You look in vain on any worklist for the great poets of France, although – oddly – he was the first composer to set a Verlaine poem: the beautiful duet *Rêvons, c’est l’heure* (1871), which is known as ‘L’heure exquise’ in other famous settings.

Gabriel Fauré composed more than 100 mélodies, and was very little influenced by contemporaries such as Debussy and Ravel. The style of his songs develops from the gracefully melodic early mélodies, through the productive second period, to the late songs – mostly cycles – which display a simplicity, a austerity and purity that are quite unlike anything else in song literature. *Clair de lune*, Fauré’s first Verlaine setting, dates from 1887, five years after Debussy’s version of the same poem. It is one of his finest compositions, a piano piece with vocal obbligato of breathtaking beauty that evokes the masked figures of the commedia dell’ arte in an eighteenth century landscape, familiar to us from the paintings of Antoine Watteau. With a touch of genius, Fauré allows the voice to mingle with the piano accompaniment at the moment when Verlaine describes the song of the masqueraders blending with the moonlight: ‘Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune’). The key is B flat minor and should not be tampered with, since this tonality expresses so perfectly the wistfulness of the poem. *Pleurs d’or* (1896) was composed in London for a concert in St James’s Hall on 1 May 1896. The original title was ‘Larmes’, but Fauré, fearing that this would be confused with his earlier Richepin setting, asked the poet Samain to supply a new title. This delicious duet, with its long descending whole-tone phrases and triplet arpeggio accompaniment, is a fine way to end a shared Fauré recital. And so is *Tarentelle*, a setting of a poem by Marc Monnier which, in Monnier’s Poésies, is followed by a sequel which reveals that the Tarantella is set in Naples. Fauré composed this virtuoso duet while he was in love with Marianne Viardot, and the operatic arrangement was destined to be sung by Marianne and her sister Claudie. This technically difficult moto...
Théodore de Banville, a poet favoured by the young Debussy and vilified by the even younger Rimbaud, has been widely set by mélodie composers who detected a melodic immediacy, a structural simplicity and an emotional directness about his poetry. La nuit comes from the Rondels composés à la manière de Charles d’Orléans, a collection of 24 poems, of which Reynaldo Hahn set 12—not as many as the quirky Charles Koehlin who composed 23 of the 24. Koehlin set ‘La nuit’ as a solo song and Hahn as a piano accompanied choral trio for sopranos, contraltos and tenors. Chausson’s duet, composed in September 1883, is one of his happiest songs and is remarkable for the way in which the accompaniment—now semiquavers, now quavers—gradually descend the stave to depict the sunset and the ensuing content.

Paul Verlaine was one of Reynaldo Hahn’s favourite poets, and on a famous occasion, at the house of Alphonse Daudet in 1893, Sibyl Sanderson (the dedicatee of ‘L’enamorée’) performed Hahn’s Verlaine cycle, Chansons grises, in front of the poet. Verlaine, who did not care for Fauré’s settings of his poems, was greatly moved by Hahn’s songs, and wept as he listened. L’heure exquise is the fifth song of the set, and should be heard in a remarkable performance recorded in 1929 by Ninon Vallin with Hahn himself at the piano (EMI, Références).

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**Nächtens**

Nächtens wachen auf die irren,
Lügenmächt’gen Spukgestalten,
Welche deinen Sinn verwirren.

Nächtens ist im Blumengarten
Reif gefallen, daß vergebens
Du der Blumen würdest warten.

Nächtens haben Gram und Sorgen
In dein Herz sich eingenistet,
Und auf Tränen blickt der Morgen.

Text: Franz Theodor Kugler (1808-1858)

**Vor der Tür**

Tritt auf den Riegel von der Tür,
Wie gern käm’ ich herein
Um dich zu küssen.

’Ich lass’ dich nicht herein,
Schleich immer heim ganz sacht
Auf deinen Füßen.’

Wohl kann ich schleichen sacht
Wie Mondenschein,
Steh nur auf, laß mich ein;
Das will ich von dir haben,

Text: Hilaire Belloc (1870-1953)

# TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

**CD1**

**1. The night**

Most holy Night, that still dost keep
The keys of all the doors of sleep,
To me when my tired eyelids close
Give thou repose.

And let the far lament of them
That chaunt the dead day’s requiem
Make in my ears, who wakeful lie,
Soft lullaby.

Let them that guard the horned moon
By my bedside their memories croon.
So shall I have new dreams and blest
In my brief rest.

Fold your great wings about my face,
Hide dawning from my resting-place,
And cheat me with your false delight,
Most Holy Night.

Text: Hilaire Belloc (1870-1953)

‘The Night’ from Complete Verse by Hilaire Belloc reprinted by permission of Peters Fraser & Dunlop (www.petersfraserdunlop.com) on behalf of the Estate of Hilaire Belloc

**2. Nächtens**

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Du der Blumen würdest warten.

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In dein Herz sich eingenistet,
Und auf Tränen blickt der Morgen.

Text: Franz Theodor Kugler (1808-1858)

**3. Vor der Tür**

Tritt auf den Riegel von der Tür,
Wie gern käm’ ich herein
Um dich zu küssen.

’Ich lass’ dich nicht herein,
Schleich immer heim ganz sacht
Auf deinen Füßen.’

Wohl kann ich schleichen sacht
Wie Mondenschein,
Steh nur auf, laß mich ein;
Das will ich von dir haben,

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**During the night**

During the night the insane
Mighty, illusory apparitions awake
That confuse your senses.

During the night in the flower garden
Heartrrost fell, so that
You would wait in vain for blossoms.

During the night grief and anxiety
Settled in your heart,
And the morning looks upon tears.

Outside the door

Draw back the bolt from the door,
How I would love to come in
To kiss you.

’I’ll not let you in,
Creep back home as soft as you can
On your feet.’

I can of course creep as softly
As moonlight,
Only get up and let me in;
That’s what I want from you,
Nächtens wachen auf die irren,
Lügenmächt'gen Spukgestalten,
Welche deinen Sinn verwirren.

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Reif gefallen, daß vergebens
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‘Ich lass' dich nicht herein,
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Steh nur auf, laß mich ein;
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Draw back the bolt from the door,
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‘I'll not let you in,
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On your feet.’

I can of course creep as softly
As moonlight,
Only get up and let me in;
That's what I want from you,
Der Gang zum Liebchen

Es glänzt der Mond nieder,
Ich sollte doch wieder
Zu meinem Liebchen,
Wie mag es ihr gehn?
Ach weh, sie verzaget
Und klaget, und klaget,
Daß sie mich nimmer
Im Leben wird sehn!

Es ging der Mond unter,
Ich eilte doch munter,
Und eilte, daß keiner
Mein Liebchen entführt.

Ihr Täubchen, o girret,
Ihr Lüftchen, o schwirret,
Daß keiner mein Liebchen,
Mein Liebchen entführt!


Walpurgisnacht

Lieb' Mutter, heut' Nacht heulte Regen und Wind.
"Ist heute der erste Mai, liebes Kind!"

Lieb' Mutter, es donnerte auf dem Brocken oben.
"Lieb' Kind, es waren die Hexen droben."

Text: Anonymous

O Mädlein, deinen Knaben
Laß ein!

Motionless mild air

Motionless mild air,
Nature deep at rest,
Through the still garden night
Only the fountain plashes,
But my soul swells
With a more ardent desire,
Life surges in my veins
And yearns for life.

Should not your breast too
Heave with more passionate longing?
Should not the cry of my soul
Quiver deeply through your own?
Softly on ethereal feet
Glide to me, do not delay!
Come, ah! come, that we might
Give each other heavenly satisfaction!

Text: Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800-1875)

The walk to the beloved

The moon shines down,
So I should set out
Again to my love,
How is she, I wonder?

Alas, she's despairing
And lamenting, lamenting
She'll never see
Me again in her life!

The moon went down,
I hurried off happily,
Hurried so that no one
Should steal my love away.

Keep cooing, you doves,
Keep whispering, you breezes,
So that no one
Should steal my love from me!

Walpurgisnacht

Dear Mother, this night the rain and wind howled.
'Today is the first of May, dear child!'

Dear Mother, it thundered up on the Brocken.
'Dear child, it was the witches up there!'
Der Gang zum Liebchen
Es glänzt der Mond nieder,
Ich sollte doch wieder
Zu meinem Liebchen,
Wie mag es ihr gehn?
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Dear Mother, this night the rain and wind howled.
'Today is the first of May, dear child!'
Dear Mother, it thundered up on the Brocken.
'Dear child, it was the witches up there!'
Ständchen

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut;
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.

Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei
Mit Flöt und Geig und Zither
Und singen und spielen dabei.

Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt: „Vergiß nicht mein!“

Text: Franz Kugler

Der Abend

Senke, strahlender Gott, die Fluren dürsten
Nach erquickendem Tau,
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.

Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei
Mit Flöt und Geig und Zither
Und singen und spielen dabei.

Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt: „Vergiß nicht mein!“

Text: Willibald Alexis (1798-1871)

Serenade

The moon shines over the mountain,
Just right for people in love;
A fountain purrs in the garden —
Otherwise silence far and wide.

By the wall in the shadows,
Three students stand
With flute and fiddle and zither,
And sing and play.

The sounds steal softly into the dreams
Of the loveliest of girls,
She sees her fair-headed lover
And whispers ‘Remember me!’

Evening

Sink, radiant god, the meadows thirst
For refreshing dew,
man languishes,
The horses pull more weakly,
Let the chariot sink down.

See who from the ocean’s crystalline waves
Beckons to you lovingly!
Ständchen

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut;
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
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For refreshing dew;
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The horses pull more weakly,
Let the chariot sink down.

See who from the ocean’s crystalline waves
Beckons to you lovingly!

Text: Franz Kugler

Dear Mother, I don’t want to see any witches.
‘Dear child, you probably already often have.’

Dear Mother, are there really witches in the village?
‘They’re even closer to you, dear child.’

Ah, Mother, on what do witches fly to the mountain?
‘On mist, on smoke, on burning tow.’

Ah, Mother, what do witches ride when playing?
‘They ride, they ride on broomsticks.’

Ah, Mother, how the brooms were sweeping the village!
‘That’s because they’re many witches on the mountain.’

Ah, Mother, there was such a crash in the chimney!
‘One probably flew out in the night.’

Ah, Mother, your broom was not in the house last night!
‘Dear child, then it was out on the Brocken.’

Ah, Mother, your bed was empty last night!
‘Your Mother was on watch up on the Blocksberg.’

Text: Willibald Alexis (1798-1871)

Liebe Mutter, ich möchte’ keine Hexen seh’n.
“Liebes Kind, es ist wohl schon oft geschehn.”

Liebe Mutter, ob im Dorf wohl Hexen sind?
“Sie sind dir wohl näher, mein liebes Kind.”

Ach, Mutter, worauf fliegen die Hexen zum Berg?
“Auf Nebel, auf Rauch, auf loderndem Werg.”

Ach, Mutter, was reiten die Hexen beim Spiel?
“Sie reiten, sie reiten den Besenstiel.”

Ach, Mutter, was fegten im Dorfe die Besen!
“Es sind auch viel Hexen auf’n Berge gewesen!”

Ach, Mutter, was hat es im Schornstein gekracht!
“Es flog auch wohl Eine hinaus über Nacht.”

Ach, Mutter, dein Besen war die Nacht nicht zu Haus!
“Lieb’s Kind, so war er zum Brocken hinaus.”

Ach, Mutter, dein Bett war leer in der Nacht!
“Deine Mutter hat oben auf dem Blocksberg gewacht.”

Text: Willibald Alexis (1798-1871)
Erkennt dein Herz sie?
Rascher fliegen die Rosse,
Tethys, die göttliche, winkt.

Schnell vom Wagen herab in ihre Arme
Springt der Führer, den Zaum ergreift Kupido,
Stille halten die Rosse,
Trinken die kühlende Flut.

An dem Himmel herauf mit leisen Schritten
Kommt die duftende Nacht; ihr folgt die süße
Liebe. Ruhet und liebet!
Phöbus, der liebende, ruht.

Text: Friedrich von Schiller (1759-1805)

Vain serenade

He
Good evening, my sweetheart,
Good evening, my child!
I come because I love you,
Ah! open up your door to me,
Open up your door!

She
My door’s locked,
I won’t let you in;
Mother gave me good advice,

If you were allowed in,
All would be over with me!

He
The night’s so cold,
The wind’s so icy,
My heart is freezing,
My love will go out;
Open up, my child!

She
If your love goes out,
Then let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
Then go home to bed and go to sleep,
Good night, my lad!

Text: Anonymous

Unterm Fenster

Wer ist vor meiner Kammertür?
Ich komm aus Lieb zu dir,
Ach, mach mir auf die Tür,
Mach mir auf die Tür!

Sie
Mein Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich laß dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät mir klug,

If you were allowed in,
All would be over with me!

He
The night’s so cold,
The wind’s so icy,
My heart is freezing,
My love will go out;
Open up, my child!

She
If your love goes out,
Then let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
Then go home to bed and go to sleep,
Good night, my lad!

Text: Anonymous

Beneath the window

Who’s at my bedroom door?
It’s me!
Be off with you, what d’you want here?
Something very sweet!
You’ve come in the dark just like a thief.
Why not catch me, then?
Don’t you love me just a little?
With all my heart!

Er
So kalt ist die Nacht,
So eisig der Wind,
Daß mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein Lieb erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Sie
Löschet dein Lieb,
Laß sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh heim zu Bett, zur Ruh,
Gute Nacht, mein Knab!

Does your heart recognize her?
The horses fly more swiftly,
Divine Tethys beckons.

Quickly the driver springs down from the chariot
Into her arms, Cupid seizes the bridle,
The horses do not stir,
They drink the cooling water.

With gentle steps fragrant night
creeps up to the heavens; followed by sweet
love. Rest and love!
Amorous Phoebus is sleeping.
Wärst du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

Er
So kalt ist die Nacht,
So eisig der Wind,
Daß mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein Lieb erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

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Laß sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh heim zu Bett, zur Ruh,
Gute Nacht, mein Knab!

Unterm Fenster
Wer ist vor meiner Kammertür?
Ich bin es!
Geh, schier dich fort, was suchst du hier?
Gar Süßes!
Du kommst im Dunkeln wie ein Dieb.
So fang mich!
Du hast mich wohl ein wenig lieb?
Von Herzen!

Erkennt dein Herz sie?
Rascher fliegen die Rosse,
Tethys, die göttliche, winkt.

Schnell vom Wagen herab in ihre Arme
Springt der Führer, den Zaum ergreift Kupido,
Stille halten die Rosse,
Trinken die kühlende Flut.

An dem Himmel herauf mit leisen Schritten
Kommt die duftende Nacht; ihr folgt die süße Liebe. Ruhet und liebet!
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Mother gave me good advice,
If you were allowed in,
All would be over with me!

Er
The night's so cold,
The wind's so icy,
My heart is freezing,
My love will go out;
Open up, my child!

She
If your love goes out,
Then let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
Then go home to bed and go to sleep,
Good night, my lad!

Text: Unknown

Beneath the window
Who's at my bedroom door?
It's me!
Be off with you, what d'you want here?
Something very sweet!
You've come in the dark just like a thief.
Why not catch me, then?
Don't you love me just a little?
With all my heart!
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.
Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

Text: Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Zwei Venetianische Lieder

Row gently here, my gondolier,
ply the water gently,
So that only she, to whom we glide, shall hear
us coming!
Oh, if only heaven could speak and reveal all that
it sees,
It would tell much about what the stars discern
at night!

Mondnacht

It was as though Heaven
Had softly kissed the Earth,
So that she in a gleam of blossom
Had now to dream of him.
The breeze passed through the fields,
The corn swayed gently to and fro,

And what if I opened the door as you ask?
Open it!
That would be the end of sleep and rest!
Let them be!
Are you a dove in a dovecote?
With his mate!
Will you coo until dawn?
Most likely!

No, I’ll never let you in!
Do it all the same!
I’ll bet you’d want to come each day?
I’d love to!
How presumptuous and brazen you are!
Then may I?
As long as you don’t tell a soul!
Of course not!

Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Text: Robert Burns (1759-1796), trs. Wilhelm Gerhard

Two Venetian airs

Moonlit night

Es war, als hätt’ der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküßt,
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nur träumen müßt’.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Dei Ähren wogten sacht,

Text: Robert Burns (1759-1796), trs. Wilhelm Gerhard

Now stay here, my gondolier, gently into the boat
with your oar!
Gently, gently! While I climb the balcony, you keep
watch beneath.
Oh, if we devoted ourselves to heaven
as eagerly
As we seek favours of fair women,
we could be angels!

And öffnet ich nach deinem Wunsch?
O öffe!
Da war ja Schlaf und Ruhe hin!
Laß hin sein!
Ein Tauber du im Taubenschlag?
Beim Tauben!
Du girrest bis zum hellen Tag?
Wohl möglich!

Nein, nimmer laß ich dich herein!
Tu’s dennoch!
Du stelltest wohl dich täglich ein?
Mit Freunden!
Wie keck du bist und was du wagst!
So darf ich?
Daß du’s nur keiner Seele sagt!
Gewiß nicht!

Text: Robert Burns (1759-1796), trs. Wilhelm Gerhard

The forests murmured softly,
The night was so clear with stars.

And my soul spread
Her wings out wide,
Flew across the silent land,
As though flying home.

Zwei Venetianische Lieder

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ply the water gently,
So that only she, to whom we glide, shall hear
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Gently, gently! While I climb the balcony, you keep
watch beneath.
Oh, if we devoted ourselves to heaven
as eagerly
As we seek favours of fair women,
we could be angels!
Wenn durch die Piazzetta
Die Abendluft weht,
Dann weißt du, Ninetta,
Wer wartend hier steht.
Du weißt, wer trotz Schleier
Und Maske dich kennt,
Wie Amor die Venus
Am Nachtfirmament.

Ein Schifferkleid trag’ ich
Zur selbigen Zeit,
Und zitternd dir sag’ ich:
Das Boot liegt bereit!

In der Nacht
Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh,
Alle schlafen, nur nicht du.

Text: Thomas Moore (1779-1852), trs. Ferdinand Freiligrath

Die Lotosblume
Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

In der Nacht
Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh,
Alle schlafen, nur nicht du.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle,
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Hüh’s;
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

Text: Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

The lotus-flower
The lotus-flower fears
The sun’s splendour,
And with bowed head,
Dreaming, awaits the night.

In the night
All have gone to rest, O heart,
All are sleeping, all but you.

For hopeless grief
Banishes slumber from your bed,
And your thoughts fly in speechless
Sorrow to your love.

Text: Anonymous., trs. Emanuel Geibel

When through the Piazzetta
The night air drifts,
Then you know, Ninetta,
Who’s waiting here.
You know who, despite your veil
And mask, recognizes you;
As Amor knows Venus
In the night sky.

At that very hour
I’ll come dressed as a gondolier,
And trembling, tell you:
The boat lies ready!
O come now, while the moon
Is covered in clouds,
Let us flee, my love,
Across the lagoons!

The moon is her lover,
He wakes her with his light,
And to him she tenderly unveils
Her innocent flower-like face.

She blooms and glows and gleams,
And gazes silently aloft —
Fragrant and weeping and trembling
With love and the pain of love.

Text: Anonymous., trs. Emanuel Geibel
Wenn durch die Piazzetta
Die Abendluft weht,
 Dann weißt du, Ninetta,
 Wer wartend hier steht.
Du weißt, wer trotz Schleier
Und Maske dich kennt,
Wie Amor die Venus
Am Nachtfirmament.

Ein Schifferkleid trag’ ich
Zur selben Zeit,
Und zitternd dir sag’ ich:
Das Boot liegt bereit!

O kommen, wo den Mond
Noch Wolken umziehn,
Laß durch die Lagunen,
Mein Leben, uns friehn!

Text: Thomas Moore (1779-1852), trs. Ferdinand Freiligrath

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Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
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The sun’s splendour,
And with bowed head,
Dreaming, awaits the night.

Text: Anonymous., trs. Emanuel Geibel
1. Nocturne

Close, my darling, both your eyes,
Let your arms lie still at last.
Calm the lake of falsehood lies
And the wind of lust has passed,

Waves across these hopeless sands
Fill my heart and end my day,
Underneath your moving hands
All my aching flows away.

Even the human pyramids
Blaze with such a longing now.
Close, my love, your trembling lids,
Let the midnight heal your brow.

Northward flames Orion’s horn,
Westward the Egyptian light.
None to watch us, none to warn
But the blind eternal night.

Text: Frederic Prokosch (1906-1989)

2. Sun, Moon and Stars

All appeared New, and Strange at [the] first,
inexpressibly rare, and Delightful, and Beautiful.
[...]. The Streets were mine, the Temple was mine,
the People were mine [...], and so were the Sun
and Moon and Stars, and all the World was mine.
All Things were Spotless and Pure and Glorious:
yea and infinity mine, and Joyful and Precious.
[...] But little did the Infant dream that all the treaures of the world were by. And that himself
was so the cream and crown of all, which round
about did lie.

Text: Thomas Traherne (1636-1674)

3. Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L’amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n’ont pas l’air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d’extase les jets d’eau,
Les grands jets d’eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

Text: Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

4. Damunt de tu només les flors

Damunt de tu només les flors.
Eren com una ofrena blanca:
La llum que daven al teu cos
Mai més seria de la branca;
Tota una vida de perfum
Amb el seu bes t’era donada.
Tu respendies de la llum
Per l’esguard clos atresorada.

Text: Frederic Prokosch (1906-1989)

4. Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Bewitched by masque and bergamasque,
Playing the lute and dancing and almost
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

Singing as they go in a minor key
Of conquering love and life’s favours,
They don’t quite seem to believe in their fortune
And their song mingles with the light of the moon,

The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,
That sets the birds dreaming in the trees
And the fountains sobbing in their rapture,
Tall and svelte amid the marble statues.

Above you naught but flowers

Above you naught but flowers.
They were like a white offering:
The light they shed on your body
Will nevermore belong to the branch.

An entire life of perfum
Was given you with their kiss.
You were resplendent in the light,
Treasured by your closed eyes.
Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
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They were like a white offering:
The light they shed on your body
Will nevermore belong to the branch.

An entire life of perfume
Was given you with their kiss.
You were resplendent in the light,
Treasured by your closed eyes.
Si hagués pogut ésser sospir
De flor! Donar-me, com un llir,
A tu, perqué la meva vida

S’anés marcant sobre el teu pit.
I no saber mai més la nit,
Que al teu costat fóra esvaiïda.

Text: Josep Janés (1913-1959)

5 Guitares et mandolines

Guitares et mandolines
Ont des sons qui font aimer.
Tout en croquant des pralines
Pépa se laisse charmer
Quand, jetant dièses, bécarres,
Mandolines et guitares
Vibrent pour la désarmer.

Mandoline avec guitare
Accompagnent de leur bruit
Les amants suivant le phare
De la beauté dans la nuit.
Et Juana montre, féline,
(Guitare avec mandoline)
Sa bouche et son œil qui luit.

Text: Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

6 Apparition

La lune s’attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs
Révant, l’archet aux doigts, dans le calme
des fleurs
Vapoureuses, tiraient de mourantes violes
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l’azur des corolles.
- C’était le jour béní de ton premier baiser.
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser
S’enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse
La cueillaison d’un Rêve au cœur qui l’a cueilli.
J’errais donc, l’œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli,
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue
Et dans le soir, tu m’es en riant apparue
Et j’ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d’enfant gâté
Passait,
Laisant toujours de ses mains mal fermées
Neiger de blancs bouquets d’étoiles parfumées.

Text: Stéphane Mallarmé (1842-1898)

7 La nuit

Nous bénissons la douce Nuit
Dont le frais baiser nous délivre.
Sous ses voiles on se sent vivre
Sans inquiétude et sans bruit.

Apparition

The moon grew sad. Weeping seraphim,
Dreaming, bows in hand, in the calm of hazy
Flowers, drew from dying viols
White sobs that glided over the corollas’ blue.
- It was the blessed day of your first kiss.
My dreaming, glad to torment me,
Grew skilly drunk on the perfumed sadness
That - without regret or bitter after-taste -
The harvest of a Dream leaves in the reaper’s heart.
And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the old paving stones,
When with sun-flecked hair, in the street
And in the evening, you appeared laughing before me
And I thought I glimpsed the fairy with her cap of light
Who long ago crossed my lovely spoilt child’s slumbers,
Always allowing from her half-closed hands
White bouquets of scented flowers to snow.

Night

We bless the sweet night,
Whose cool kiss sets us free.
Beneath its veils we feel we live
Without noise or anxiety.
Apparition

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Rêvant, l’archet aux doigts, dans le calme
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Night

We bless the sweet night,
Whose cool kiss sets us free.
Beneath its veils we feel we live
Without noise or anxiety.

Guitar and mandolin

Guitar and mandolin
Cause you to fall in love.
While crunching pralines,
Pepe lets herself be charmed
When, sounding sharps and flats,
Mandolin and guitar
Resound to disarm her.

Mandoline avec guitare
Accompagnement de leur bruit
Les amants suivant le phare
De la beauté dans la nuit.
Et Juana montre, féline,
(Guitare avec mandoline)
Sa bouche et son œil qui luit.

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Text: Josep Janés (1913-1959)

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Text: Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

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Rêvons, c’est l’heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l’astre irise ...

C’est l’heure exquise.

Text: Paul Verlaine

La fuite

Kadidja

Au firmament sans étoile,
La lune éteint ses rayons;
La nuit nous prête son voile;
Fuyons! fuyons!

Ahmed

Ne crains-tu pas la colère
De tes frères insolents,
Le désespoir de ton père,
De ton père aux sourcils blancs?

Kadidja

Que m’importent mépris, blâme,
Dangers, malédictions!

Escape

Kadidja

In the starless sky
The moon extinguishes its rays;
Night lends us her veil;
Let us flee! Let us flee!

Ahmed

Do you not fear the anger
Of your insolent brothers,
The despair of your father,
Your white-haired father?

Kadidja

What do I care for scorn, rebuke,
Dangers, imprecations!

Text: Théodore de Banville (1823-1891)
Le souci dévorant s’enfuit,
Le parfum de l’air nous enivre;
Nous bénissons la douce Nuit
Dont le frais baisser nous délivre.

Pâle songeur qu’un Dieu poursuit,
Repouse-toi, ferme ton livre.
Dans les cieux blancs comme du givre
Un flot d’astres frissonne et luit.
Nous bénissons la douce Nuit
Dont le frais baisser nous délivre.

Text: Théodore de Banville (1823-1891)

L’heure exquise
Révons, c’est l’heure
La fuite
La nuit nous prête son voile;
Fuyons! fuyons!
Ahmed
Ne crains-tu pas la colère
Des frères insolents,
Le désespoir de ton père,
Le désespoir de ton père?

Kadidja
Que m’importent mépris, blâme,
Dangers, malédictions!

Exquisite hour
Let us dream, it is the hour
The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...
O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...

Rêvons, c’est l’heure.
Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
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Que l’astre irise ...

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The despair of your father,
Your white-haired father?

Kadidja
What do I care for scorn, rebuke,
Dangers, imprecations!
C'est en toi que vit mon âme.
Fuyons! Fuyons!

Ahmed
Le cœur me manque, je tremble,
Et, dans mon sein traversé,
De leur kandjar il me semble
Sentir le contact glacé!

Kadidja
Née au désert, ma cavale
Sur les blés, dans les sillons,
Volerait, des vents rivale.
Fuyons! Fuyons!

Ahmed
Au désert infranchissable,
Sans parasol, pour jeter
Un peu d’ombre sur la sable,
Sans tente pour m’abriter...

Kadidja
Mes cils te feront de l’ombre,
Et, la nuit, nous dormirons
Sous mes cheveux, tente sombre,
Fuyons! Fuyons!

Ahmed
Si le mirage illusoire
Nous cachait le vrai chemin,
Sans vivres, sans eau pour boire,
Tous deux nous mourrions demain.

Kadidja
Sous le bonheur mon cœur ploie;
Si l’eau manque aux stations,
Bois les larmes de ma joie.
Fuyons! Fuyons!

Text: Théophile Gautier (1811-1872)
Pleurs d’or
Larmes aux fleurs suspendues,
Larmes aux sources perdues
Aux mousses des rochers creux;
Larmes d’automne épandues,
Larmes de cors entendues
Dans les grands bois douloureux;
Larmes des cloches latines,
Carmélites, Feuillantines ...
Voix des beffrois en ferveur;

Ahmed
If a mirage
Were to hide the true path,
Without food and without drink,
We would both die tomorrow.

Kadidja
My heart gives way with happiness;
If there’s no water along the route,
Drink the tears of my joy.
Let us flee! Let us flee!

Tears of gold
Tears clinging to flowers,
Tears from springs lost
In the mass of hollowed rocks;
Tears shed by autumn,
Tears from horns sounding
In great doleful forests;
Tears of church bells,
Of Carmel and Feuillant convents ...
Devout belfry voices;

Ahmed
My soul lives in you.
Let us flee! Let us flee!

Ahmed
My heart fails me; I tremble,
And in my pierced heart
I seem to feel the icy
Touch of their khanjars!

Kadidja
My desert-born mare
Would fly across the wheat,
Along the furrows, vying with the winds.
Let us flee! Let us flee!

Ahmed
To the impassable desert,
With no parasol to cast
A little shade on the sand,
With no tent to shelter me...

Kadidja
My eyelashes shall shade you,
And at night we shall sleep
Beneath the dark tent of my hair.
Let us flee! Let us flee!

Ahmed
Si le mirage illusoire
Nous cachait le vrai chemin,
Sans vivres, sans eau pour boire,
Tous deux nous mourrions demain.

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Were to hide the true path,
Without food and without drink,
We would both die tomorrow.

Kadidja
My heart gives way with happiness;
If there’s no water along the route,
Drink the tears of my joy.
   Let us flee! Let us flee!

Text: Théophile Gautier (1811–1872)

Pleurs d’or

Tears of gold

Tears clinging to flowers,
Tears from springs lost
In the moss of hollowed rocks;
Tears shed by autumn,
Tears from horns sounding
In great doleful forests;
Tears of church bells,
Of Carmel and Feuillant convents ... 
Devout belfry voices;
Doux est le bruit du tambourin!
Si j’étais fille de marin
Et toi pêcheur, me disait-elle,
Toutes les nuits joyeusement
Nous danserions en nous aimant
La tarentelle.

Text: Marc Monnier (1887-1885)

Tears of starlit nights,
Tears of muffled flutes
In the blue of the sleeping park;
Pearly tears on long lashes,
A beloved’s tears flowing
To her friend’s soul;
Tears of rapture, delicious weeping,
Fall at night! Fall from the flowers!
Fall from these eyes!

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Larmes aux grands cils perlés,
Larmes d’amantes coulées
Jusqu’à l’aime de l’ami;
Larmes d’extase, éploration déciriaux,
Tombez des nuits! Tombez des fleurs!
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Text: Albert Samain (1858-1900)

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Jusqu’à l’âme de l’ami;  

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Tombez des nuits! Tombez des fleurs!  
Tombez des yeux!  

Text: Albert Samain (1858-1900)  

Tarentelle  

Aux cieux la lune monte et luit.  
Il fait grand jour en plein minuit.  
Viens avec moi, me disait-elle,  
Viens sur le sable grésillant  
Où saute et glisse en frétillant  
La tarentelle.  

Sus, les danseurs! En voilà deux;  
Foule sur l’eau, foule autour d’eux;  
L’homme est bien fait, la fille est belle;  
Maid garé à vous! Sans y penser,  
C’est jeu d’amour que de danser  
La tarentelle.  

Text: Marc Monnier (1887-1885)  

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Translations by Richard Stokes, from:  
A French Song Companion (OUP, 2000)  
The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)  
The Spanish Song Companion (Scarecrow Press, 2006)
Described by The Telegraph as “the crème de la crème of young British-based musical talent”, and praised in BBC Music Magazine for their “irresistible combination of arresting programming and vocal flair assembled around pianist Joseph Middleton”, the newly formed Myrthen Ensemble brings together rising stars in the world of art-song and Lieder. The founder members were Mary Bevan, Clara Mouriz, Allan Clayton, Marcus Farnsworth and Joseph Middleton and they very much enjoy working alongside other outstanding young guest singers.

The group takes its name from the composition Robert Schumann wrote as a wedding present for his wife Clara in 1840. Myrtles have for centuries been seen as the German symbol of marriage and their modest form seems an apt image for the relationship between words and music, singer and pianist, imagination and sound and performer and audience. The vignette the group use to display their name has been designed using the ‘ornamental binding’ which Schumann’s original score carried. Delving into the treasure chest that makes up the canon of the song repertoire, The Myrthen Ensemble explores all areas of art-song through illuminating and thoughtful programming.

In their first seasons together the Myrthen Ensemble enjoyed performances at Snape Maltings as part of an Aldeburgh Festival residency, broadcast for BBC Radio 3, and gave a triumphant launch concert in London: “For sheer joy – for youthful panache and heartfelt commitment – nothing I have experienced musically this year comes near to matching this lovely soirée... there was no mistaking its exceptional musicality – every phrase was coloured and shaped, everything emotionally felt” (Rupert Christiansen, The Telegraph). They have gone on to perform at the Wigmore Hall, as well as for BBC Radio 3 from the Bath MozartFest, Leeds Lieder, Newbury Spring, Norwich and Norfolk, Wimbledon, Northern Aldborough and St Magnus Festivals. Future seasons see them appear at Amsterdam’s Concertgebouw, New York’s Frick Collection, and at the Musée d’Orsay in Paris. The individual members can be heard in the world’s finest opera houses, musical centres and on numerous award-winning recordings.
Mary Bevan is one of Britain’s top emerging artists, receiving acclaim from critics and audiences for her stand out performances. She is currently a Harewood Artist at ENO and an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music. In 2014 she was awarded the UK Critics’ Circle Award for Exceptional Young Talent in music. Recent operatic engagements include the title role in Rossi Orpheus for the Royal Opera at Shakespeare’s Globe; Yum-Yum The Mikado, Susanna The Marriage of Figaro and Rebecca in Nico Muhly’s Two Boys, all for English National Opera; Elvira in Rossini L’italiana in Algeri at Garsington Opera, Music & Euridice in Monteverdi L’Orfeo with ROH at the Roundhouse, Barbarina Le nozze di Figaro at the ROH, and David Bruce’s The Firework Maker’s Daughter with The Opera Group, Opera North and ROH2.

In concert Bevan recently performed Silandra in Cesti Orontea with La Nuova Musica, Bach cantatas with the Dunedin Consort, baroque programmes with the Academy of Ancient Music and Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, and Faure Requiem with Orquestra Sinfonica de Sevilla and Philharmonia. She has previously

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MARY BEVAN

© Victoria Cadisch
CLARA MOURIZ

Spanish-born mezzo-soprano Clara — a former member of the BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artist — was an Independent Opera / Wigmore Hall Fellow 2009/11, and an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music, where she studied.

She made her Wigmore Hall debut under the auspices of the Kirckman Concert Society in 2007, and has returned there regularly, as well as appearing in radio broadcasts and at festivals across Europe and North America with pianists Julius Drake, Graham Johnson, Simon Lepper, Malcolm Martineau, Joseph Middleton, Melvyn Tan and Roger Vignoles.

Career highlights include her BBC Proms debut in 2013, performing Falla’s *Three Cornered Hat* with the BBC Philharmonic, a recital at the Musée D’Orsay with Dame Felicity Lott and Graham Johnson, Ravel’s *Chansons Madecasses* with the Nash Ensemble, Rossini’s *Giovanna d’Arco* with the Royal Scottish National Orchestra, Ravel’s *Sheherazade* with the Orquesta de RTVE, Canteloube’s *Chants d’Auvergne* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra and the Hong Kong Philharmonic, Mozart’s *Requiem* with the Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra, Bach’s *Mass in B minor* with the Real Filharmonia de Galicia, Rossini’s *Petite messe solennelle* with the BBC Singers, Rossini’s *Stabat Mater* with the Orquesta de la Comunidad, and Mahler’s *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* with the BBC Philharmonic.

Her operatic roles include the title-role in *Ariodante*, Angelina (*La Cenerentola*), Rosina (*The Barber of Seville*), Melibea (*Il viaggio a Reims*), Cherubino (*The Marriage of Figaro*), Tirinto (*Imeneo*), Piacere (*Il trionfo del tempo*), Cefiro (*Nebra’s Vienbto es la dicha de amor*), Myrtale (*Thaïs*) and Olga (*Eugene Onegin*).

ALLAN CLAYTON

Allan Clayton is established as one of the most exciting and sought after singers of his generation. A consummate actor and deeply sensitive musician he has made a huge impact on the international operatic and concert scene.

Allan performs on the world’s great opera stages, including the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, English National Opera, Welsh National Opera, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Komsiche Oper, Berlin, and Teatro Real, Madrid.
sung Mozart Requiem with the English Chamber Orchestra, Maxwell Davies Caroline Mathilde Suite at the BBC Proms, Mendelssohn Symphony No.2 with the CBSO, Stravinsky Pulcinella with the Prague Philharmonia and Handel Messiah with the English Concert. A dedicated recitalist, she has appeared at the Oxford Lieder Festival and Wigmore Hall.

Bevan’s recordings include Ludwig Thuille and Mendelssohn songs for Champs Hill Records, Handel The Triumph of Time and Truth and Ode for St Cecilia’s Day with Ludus Baroque, Vaughan Williams Symphony No.3 and Schubert Rosamunde with the BBC Philharmonic, and Hadley Fen and Flood with the Bournemouth Symphony.

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Marcus has given recitals at venues including the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam; La Monnaie, Brussels; Opéra de Lille; Musée d’Orsay, Paris as well as at the Australian Chamber Music Festival. He regularly appears at Wigmore Hall, working with pianists including Simon Lepper, Graham Johnson, James Baillieu, Malcolm Martineau, Julius Drake and with the Myrthen Ensemble.

He sings with leading modern and period orchestras in the UK and abroad in works including the Bach Passions, Berlioz L’enfance du Christ, Britten War Requiem, Taverner Flood of Beauty and Beethoven Missa Solemnis with conductors including Sir Mark Elder, Paul McCreesh, Gianandrea Noseda and Nicholas Collon and Bernard Labadie.

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Allan Clayton studied at St John’s College, Cambridge and at the Royal Academy of Music in London. An Associate of the Royal Academy of Music and former BBC New Generation Artist from 2007-2009, his awards also include “The Queen’s Commendation for Excellence” and an inaugural Sir Elton John Scholarship at the RAM, the John Christie Award for his Glyndebourne Festival debut as Albert Herring, and a Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship.

A consummate recitalist, Allan has given lieder recitals at the Cheltenham, Perth and Aldeburgh Festivals, and London’s Wigmore Hall. He has been fortunate to work with many outstanding pianists including Paul Lewis, Graham Johnson, Malcolm Martineau, Roger Vignoles, Julius Drake, James Baillieu, Simon Lepper, and Joseph Middleton.

He also has a busy and varied concert career, appearing regularly with the London Symphony Orchestra, the London Philharmonic Orchestra, the Gulbenkian Orchestra, and the Sydney Symphony Orchestra. Conductors he has worked with include Sir Mark Elder, Bernard Labadie, Christian Curnyn, Mark Wigglesworth, and Masaaki Suzuki.
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Pianist Joseph Middleton specialises in the art of song accompaniment and chamber music and has been highly acclaimed within this field. Described in BBC Music Magazine as ‘one of the brightest stars in the world of song and Lieder’, he has also been labelled as ‘the cream of the new generation’ by The Times. He is Director of Leeds Lieder, resident musician at Pembroke College Cambridge and a Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, his alma mater. He performs and records with many of the world’s finest singers in major music centres including New York’s Alice Tully Hall (Lincoln Centre), the Vienna Konzerthaus, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Köln Philharmonie, Zürich Tonhalle, Luxembourg Philharmonie and London’s Wigmore Hall, Royal Opera House and Royal Festival Hall. He is a regular guest at Festivals in Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, BBC Proms, Brighton, Cheltenham, Chicago Ravinia, City of London, Edinburgh, Munich, Toronto, Vancouver and West Cork. He has a special relationship with BBC Radio 3 through his work with its New Generation Artists Scheme, while his discography includes the Gramophone Award-nominated Fleurs with Carolyn Sampson and recital CDs with Dame Felicity Lott, Amanda Roocroft, Sophie Bevan, Ruby Hughes and Allan Clayton. He regularly partners Sir Thomas Allen, Ian Bostridge, Sarah Connolly, Iestyn Davies, Wolfgang Holzmair, Christiane Karg, Kate Royal and Christopher Maltman.
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Timothy Travers-Brown
Jeremy Filsell

"Tim Travers-Brown sings with a sinewy grace throughout and Jeremy Filsell accompanies with mercurial charm."

The Observer

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Thomas Allen, Thomas Oliemans, Joshua Ellicott
Catherine Wyn-Rogers, Ann Murray, Sarah Fox
Malcolm Martineau

"Thomas Allen’s delivery of [La bestiare] is suave and secure … Catherine Wyn-Rogers finds a steely sensuality in Poulenc’s sexiest song ‘Hotel’ … The playing is strong, especially from Martineau."

BBC Music Magazine

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