

volume 3



# MENDELSSOHN: COMPLETE SONGS

FANNY HENSEL, 'THE OTHER MENDELSSOHN'

Malcolm Martineau *piano*

Susana Gaspar *soprano*

Gary Griffiths *baritone*

Manuel Walser *baritone*

Kitty Whately *mezzo-soprano*



**I TRACK LISTING****FANNY MENDELSSOHN HENSEL (1805–1847)**

1	<b>MORGENSTÄNDCHEN</b> Op.1, No.5	<i>Susana Gaspar</i>	02'07	14	<b>HARFNERS LIED</b>	<i>Manuel Walsler</i>	02'17
2	<b>ICH KANN WOHL MANCHMAL SINGEN</b>	<i>Gary Griffiths</i>	02'23	15	<b>DÄMMRUNG SENKTE SICH VON OBEN</b>	<i>Manuel Walsler</i>	02'22
3	<b>IM HERBST</b>	<i>Gary Griffiths</i>	02'25	16	<b>SULEIKA</b>	<i>Susana Gaspar</i>	03'02
4	<b>VORWURF</b> Op.10, No.2	<i>Gary Griffiths</i>	02'39	17	<b>DIE SCHIFFENDE</b>	<i>Susana Gaspar</i>	03'38
5	<b>TRAURIGE WEGE</b>	<i>Manuel Walsler</i>	03'47	18	<b>KEIN BLICK DER HOFFNUNG</b>	<i>Gary Griffiths</i>	01'47
6	<b>DER EICHWALD BRAUSET</b>	<i>Susana Gaspar</i>	01'20	19	<b>DIE MAINACHT</b> Op.9, No.6	<i>Susana Gaspar</i>	03'37
7	<b>GEGENWART</b>	<i>Gary Griffiths</i>	03'22	20	<b>ÜBER ALLEN GIPFELN IST RUH</b>	<i>Manuel Walsler</i>	01'32
8	<b>GLEICH MERLIN, DEM EITLEN WEISEN</b>	<i>Manuel Walsler</i>	01'49	21	<b>WANDERERS NACHTLIED</b>	<i>Manuel Walsler</i>	02'27
9	<b>DAS MEER ERLÄNZTE WEIT HINAUS</b>	<i>Manuel Walsler</i>	03'02	22	<b>NACH SÜDEN</b> Op.10, No.1	<i>Kitty Whately</i>	02'00
10	<b>FICHTENBAUM UND PALME</b>	<i>Manuel Walsler</i>	02'21	23	<b>WANDERLIED</b> Op.1, No.2	<i>Kitty Whately</i>	01'55
11	<b>ACH, DIE AUGEN SIND ES WIEDER</b>	<i>Manuel Walsler</i>	01'22	24	<b>BERGESLUST</b> Op.10, No.5	<i>Susana Gaspar</i>	01'45
12	<b>DIE FRÜHEN GRÄBER</b> Op.9, No.4	<i>Susana Gaspar</i>	04'09				
13	<b>WARUM SIND DENN DIE ROSEN SO BLASS</b> Op.1, No.3	<i>Kitty Whately</i>	02'13				

*Total playing time: 59'33*

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**Malcolm Martineau** *piano*

I am so very happy to champion the particular art of Fanny Mendelssohn/Hensel, an interesting figure in the world of music in the mid 19th century who revolutionised the world of domestic music by having strict rehearsals and not accepting any 'dilettante'!

She has a very different voice and style from her younger brother and it was he who sadly stopped her publishing until just a year before her early death from a stroke. He was very supportive and enthusiastic about her compositions but just didn't think it was right for a woman, wife and mother to professionally publish her works.

We are glad that she eventually went against his wishes and went 'public' otherwise we would have been deprived of her works, which are very far from domestic fripperies.



Marc Mastineau

'The other Mendelssohn', the remarkable scholar R. Larry Todd calls Fanny Hensel in the subtitle of his book about her, and the phrase is multivalent. Fanny Mendelssohn (14 November 1805–14 May 1847) was especially close to her younger brother Felix, the most famous member of the pair until recently. Throughout their lives – which ended only five months apart – they were each other's musical lodestars in a complex relationship with elements of competition, encouragement, jealousy, love, ambivalence, paternalistic protectiveness and more. 'I'm a nitpicking Schuhu [a screech owl associated in animal mythology with tyrants] and I belong to the savage race of brothers', he once wrote to her before delivering assurances of his liking for her works. Educated alongside her brother through adolescence, she was confined to the domestic sphere of well-to-do bourgeois women in 19th-century Berlin, once she had married Wilhelm Hensel (a painter to the Prussian court) and given birth to her son Sebastian. Women of her class were not allowed to become professional musicians, much less composers. But despite these constraints, Fanny found ways to express her gifts in the famous Sonntagsmusiken, or Sunday salons; her father Abraham had begun the musical circle in 1823 to benefit his oldest children, especially Felix, and Fanny now revived the salon under her own direction in 1831. And little by little, she overcame her doubts about her extraordinary compositional ability, even daring to publish her Op.1 songs under her own name the year before her sudden death from a stroke on 14 May 1847.

For a long time, Fanny's compositions were (where they were considered at all) received as less-inspired clones of her brother's works. Now that more of her music is available, we can see and hear her distinctive musical voice and can even wonder on occasion who influenced whom. The scholar Stephen Rodgers is one of those pointing to Fanny's Bachian voice-leading in numerous passages, her complex interweaving of voice and piano parts, and more intense chromaticism than is her brother's wont. Her musical mother Lea, steeped in Bach's music, noted Fanny's 'Bach fingers' at birth, and the young girl would later study theory and composition with Carl Friedrich Zelter, a crucial figure in the Bach Revival of the 19th century. The result, evident in

the songs that were the mainstay of Fanny's creative endeavours throughout her life, is a distinctive style, finely crafted and profound.

Both Fanny and Felix were fond of spring songs (the north German climate has that effect) and the poetry of the Catholic Romantic poet Joseph von Eichendorff. In his **Morgenständchen**, Nature's songs and the poet's song merge in the midst of the forest, where mystic experiences so often occur in Eichendorff's realm. Rapid, elemental thrumming in the piano tells us that all of Nature is aquiver, and the vocal phrases often march straight upwards in exhilaration, as if drawn irresistibly into this poet's 'weite Welt' (wide world). To evoke the mystery of Nature, Fanny resorts to an eloquent unison passage midway, before resuming the former lively motion. Robert Schumann too was fond of Eichendorff and had set **Ich kann wohl manchmal singen** to music some six years before Fanny's lovely, flowing version, with its broken-chordal, harp-like accompaniment. The poet tells of melancholy and longing beneath the surface of a seemingly happy song; Fanny accordingly both alternates between the initial major mode ('as if I were happy') and minor mode and – this is typical of her – destabilises both, the music shot through with chromatic pitches. For **Im Herbst**, composed two years earlier, Fanny gives voice to the poetic character's underlying desperation in the midst of forest loneliness; the piano, with its stark doublings between left and right hands, tells us that he has been *driven* there. But he also hears distant bells from his childhood – we hear them in the piano – that seem to be drawing him into his grave. At the final word 'Grab', a last reminiscence of the intense, driven figure returns.

Another Romantic poet beloved of composers was Nikolaus Lenau, a restless, gloomy creature who tried to live in a Utopian community in Indiana, fell hopelessly in love with a friend's wife (Sophie von Löwenthal), and succumbed to mental illness in 1844. He is the poet of lost youth, the inexorable passage of time, and overwhelming sense of futility, of *Weltschmerz* and emptiness. In 1841, Fanny set his **Traurige Wege**, a characteristically melancholy poem in which love is no match for hopelessness; at the end, the poet asks whether the dead in their graves weep as the

pair goes by. With her customary chromatic complexity, Fanny departs the opening key shortly after the start of each strophe – repetition reinforces the hopelessness – and sends the Romantic 'horror chord' (diminished seventh chord) wafting upwards and disappearing into the high treble near the gloomy end of it all, with another stark unison phrase before the close. In her highly productive year of 1846, Fanny returned to Lenau's poetry and wrote seven songs in quick succession. For **Vorwurf**, another poem about the death of love, Fanny chooses the unusual key of G-sharp minor, sounds a Baroque 'walking bass' in the piano, and creates a dense fog of chromaticism. The mention of wandering birds impels a brief moment of brightness, quickly dispelled, and the song ends with a Baroque 'Picardy third' (closing a work in minor mode on a major chord).

One of Friedrich von Schiller's most popular poems with composers was Thekla's song 'Des Mädchens Klage', or Fanny's **Der Eichwald brauset**, from Act 5 of his drama *Die Piccolomini* (the second play in the *Wallenstein* trilogy). Both Fanny and Felix set this poem to music, and we do not know which came first – possibly Fanny's in 1826. (Felix's version is undated and only appeared posthumously in print.) In this instance, the songs are too much alike for coincidence to be at work: they are in the same meter, and both entail minor mode turbulence that turns to major mode at the end. The initial phrases are very similar, but Felix's version is more elaborate.

It seems only right to pair a Schiller song with a Goethe song: the two writers – the two colossi astride the German literary landscape – were close friends and associates until Schiller's death in 1805. And who does not love the story of the 73-year-old great poet being so kind to the 12-year-old Felix in 1821, when they met; on a return visit in 1822, Goethe reportedly said, 'I am Saul, and you are my David; when I am sad and dreary, come to me and cheer me with your music'. A lion in winter encountered a child prodigy. For both siblings, Goethe was an inevitable source of texts for music, including Fanny's August 1833 setting of **Gegenwart**. In this 1812 poem in six lilting tercets and dactylic trimeters, a lover hymns the all-creating power

of love as he awaits his love; like the sun, the beloved endows the lover with eternal life. This is one of Fanny's most expansive songs, and she must have enjoyed imbuing the largely diatonic initial section with inflections of chromatic desire, whirling both the vocal line and the piano part into an exuberant dance when the beloved's dancing is invoked, dipping into darker harmonies when night appears, and ending with cross-rhythms to tell of palpitating passion.

Fanny knew Heinrich Heine personally and did not like him: 'He's too affected ... speaks endlessly about himself ... but if one has felt contempt for him ten times in a row, the eleventh time he forces one to recognize that he's a poet, a true poet! Words sing for him, and nature speaks to him as she only speaks to poets'. Heine sent his poem **Gleich Merlin, dem eitlen Weisen**, to the composer Ferdinand Hiller, inviting him to set it to music and saying with characteristic self-mockery, 'No one else can write a poem like this. It takes at least three months of idleness'. With his pen as a scalpel dissecting both Romantic poetry and bourgeois desire, Heine compares his situation to that of the aged sorcerer Merlin ensnared by Niniane in a web of passion. Fanny weaves her own magic, pairing constantly shifting broken-chordal patterns in the piano with an unpredictable vocal line; it is very difficult to tell from the singer's part where one is tonally. It is unlikely that Fanny knew Franz Schubert's immortal setting of **Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus** (Schubert's title is 'Am Meer', D.957, No.12), and her conception is very different from his. Her version is a true barcarolle, with its defining traits of minor mode, 6/8 meter, and melodic loveliness. Heine's poem 'Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam' – Fanny's **Fichtenbaum und Palme** – plays on the polarity of a northern pine tree in ice and snow (the Romantic poet) dreaming of a far-away, mournful Oriental palm. Funereal music in E-flat major for the ice-and-snowbound pine, complete with a tolling bell in the left hand, is transformed to far-off B major for the ethereal palm. Fanny had no qualms about editing out Heine's more cynical passages, as in *Ach, die Augen sind es wieder*. She set the first two stanzas, in which a lover declares that these are once again the eyes, lips and voice that had earlier sweetened his life, but now he is changed. The third stanza has him

lying listless and uninterested on her bosom – and Fanny omitted it. Instead, passion sounds in the palpitating piano chords throughout, the composer decisively rejecting the poet's barbed irony.

Two plangent laments follow, beginning with the 18th-century poet Friedrich Klopstock's (famous for his epic poem *Der Messias*) **Die frühen Gräber**. Fanny's ability to devise original and haunting textures is on display here, the austere accompaniment buried tomb-like in the low bass, with an exquisite vocal melody above this sombre backdrop. The melisma in the singer's final phrase and its broad wing-span are both characteristic of this composer. One of Fanny's loveliest songs is her setting of Heine's **Warum sind denn die Rosen so blaß**; the poem consists almost entirely of anguished questions, ending with the crucial query, 'Why did you leave me?' Fanny accordingly destabilises the main key (seldom securely in evidence) in search of an answer that will never arrive. Once again, she edits Heine, changing his word 'Leichenduft' (corpse-like odour) to 'verwelkter Blüten Duft' (the scent of withered blossoms). In place of Heine's shattering cynicism, Fanny reinforced the central poetic image of faded roses symbolizing abandoned love.

In 1825, Felix and his father Abraham stopped in Weimar on their way to and from Paris and visited Goethe; Felix gave Goethe his Piano Quartet in B minor, Op.3, dedicated to the great poet. Fanny could only experience Weimar through Felix's reports, but she set four of his poems to music in the spring and another four in the autumn, including **Harfners Lied**. The two most haunting characters in Goethe's influential 1795–6 novel *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* (Wilhelm Meister's Years of Apprenticeship) are 'the Harper' and his daughter by unwitting incest, Mignon. The late 18th century made a distinction between 'Einsamkeit' (solitude, which could be positive or negative) and being 'allein' (alone), the latter usually a sad or even pathological state. In this song, the Harper declares that people such as he who surrender to solitude are soon left alone by others; at the end, he anticipates the day when the quasi-anthropomorphised figure of Torment will finally depart. Fanny directs

performers to sing and play this work in recitative style; at the end, when the Harper wishes he could be 'solitary in the grave' and Pain might leave him 'alone', Fanny shifts back and forth between major and minor, between the wished-for and the real.

**Dämmerung senkte sich von oben** is the eighth poem in Goethe's *Chinesisch-Deutsche Jahres- und Tageszeiten* (*Chinese-German Days and Years*) of 1827. From French translations of Chinese novels and poems, Goethe created a cycle of 14 poems in which sensitive, empathic, highly cultivated people contemplate idyllic Nature with the wisdom of ripe understanding – quite like the elderly Goethe. Fanny had undergone a period of compositional drought in 1842, but in 1843, her creativity returned with this marvellous song. Here, death arrives as gently as the falling dusk, rendering everything indistinct, hazy, wavering. Fanny's dusky death is radical chromaticism, with brief brightness for the 'gentle light of the evening star' before the misty unknown settles in once more. To see death approach and still revel in starlight: that is late Goethe, and Fanny meets the challenge of such poetic beauty with depths of her own.

In late 1836, Felix asked Fanny to contribute songs to a Christmas album for Cécile Jeanrenaud, after meeting her in May 1836 and becoming engaged in September. One was the newly composed **Suleika**, or 'Ach! um deine feuchten Schwingen', with Wilhelm contributing a vignette in which Cécile is a Persian princess, playing a lute and framed by flowers. Neither Schubert nor the Mendelssohns could have known that these words from Goethe's *Der west-östliche Divan* of 1819, inspired by the medieval Persian master Hafiz, were actually written by Marianne von Willemer, who had been rescued as a child-actress and brought up by Goethe's friend Johann Jakob Willemer. Goethe met Marianne for the first time in August 1814, when he was 65 and she was 20; Marianne could not conceal the intense emotional bond that quickly sprang up between them and therefore the 54-year-old Willemer hastily married Marianne before a second meeting with Goethe, who became 'Hatem' to her 'Suleika' in the *West-East Anthology*. In Persian mythology, the East and West winds bear messages between

lovers, and Fanny therefore sends arpeggiated breezes wafting throughout the song. In her trademark fashion, she also sends the music on tonal travels, leaving the home key quickly.

Fanny's 1827 song **Die Schiffende** was first published in *Neue Original-Compositionen für Gesang und Piano* for 1836 under her own name and in company with Felix's duet 'Wie kann ich froh und lustig sein'. The words are by Ludwig Hölty, who died at age 28 of consumption in 1776 and in whose works we find great sensitivity to nature, the influence of folk poetry, and a distinctive, refined melancholy. In 'Die Schiffende', he sings of Anna Juliane Hagemann, with whom he was smitten; here, she sails a skiff on a silvery pond, or chromaticism-adorned, broken-chordal waves in the piano. Hölty also hails his beloved (called Laura, after Petrarch's muse) in **Kein Blick der Hoffnung**, which, like 'Die Schiffende', features a dramatic descending leap in the first vocal phrase and wave-like piano figuration. Hölty was classically educated, and his poem (one of his best) **Die Mainacht** is written in Alcaiac stanzas, a form believed to have been invented by the ancient Greek poet Alcaeus from the isle of Lesbos. Many people are familiar with Brahms' Op.43, No.2 setting, but Fanny's strophic setting is a beautiful rendering in a style that, although quite different from Brahms', bears comparison with his. The heights and depths of feeling are here made evident in the singer's vaulting leaps upward and in the melisma with its huge wingspan at the culmination of each stanza. Here, it unforgettably emphasizes the crucial words 'traurig' (sad) and 'einsame' (lonely).

Among the poems most popular with 19th-century composers were Goethe's two wanderer's night-songs: 'Über allen Gipfeln' and 'Der du von dem Himmel bist'. While avoiding Heine in Boulogne in 1835, Fanny set **Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh** – on everybody's list of immortal German poems – as one of her compressed miniatures, an epigrammatic song. Without any piano introduction, we are quietly launched into a song in which both the singer and the piano invoke rustling branches in triplets at the start, and the singer enacts going to rest in the final two long-breathed phrases.

**Wanderers Nachtlied** is among Fanny's best songs, in which the wanderer's quest for 'sweet peace' that banishes all pain and suffering elicited from her far-ranging harmonic riches. The initial warm A-flat major (again, there is no introduction – we are inducted unannounced into the wanderer's meditations) is destabilised by excursions to distant keys, also coloured by still further chromaticism. Even when peace arrives in hushed chords at the end, we hear in the flatted sixth degree couched inside the piano in the penultimate measures the last fleeting reminder of darkness and pain.

It seems only fitting to close with three songs of wandering, that great Romantic theme *par excellence*. One of the great events in Fanny's life was her family's trip to Italy in 1839–1840, and the inaugural musical work in the extraordinary *Reise-Album 1839–1840* (completed mid-November 1841) – 18 of Fanny's Italian compositions, with title pages and vignettes by her husband Wilhelm – is, appropriately enough, **Nach Süden**. Wilhelm's vignette depicts the first leg of the journey: above a train from Berlin to Potsdam, a bird flies south. Fanny created two versions of this song, one with arpeggiated waves, the other with propulsive, repeated chords. In Goethe's **Wanderlied**, the wanderer's call resounds from mountains and hills, and we trace their craggy contours in the piano. 'That we might lose ourselves in it is why the world is so great', the great optimist Goethe proclaims at the end of this poem, and we can well imagine what this call to self-actualisation must have meant to Fanny, who encountered so much opposition from her father, brother and society to public identity as a composer. Her affirmation is inscribed in every bar of this wonderfully vital music.

**Bergeslust** was Fanny's last song, and it would provide the epitaph on her tombstone: 'Gedanken geh'n und Lieder / Bis in das Himmelreich', 'Thoughts and songs go winging on till they reach the kingdom of heaven'. Perhaps the ultimate Romantic stance is atop a mountain, surveying Time and space, here with utter joy in the freedom of one's thoughts. The effervescence of this music, which roams lightly from one harmonic place to another, culminates in a veritable shout of triumph – and she has triumphed, at long last.

© Susan Youens

## I SONG TEXTS

### 1 **Morgenständchen** Joseph von Eichendorff

In den Wipfeln frische Lüfte,  
Fern melod'scher Quellen Fall,  
Durch die Einsamkeit der Klüfte  
Waldeslaut und Vogelschall,  
Scheuer Träume Spielgenossen,  
Steigen all' beim Morgenschein  
Auf des Weinlaubs schwanken Sprossen,  
Dir in's Fenster aus und ein.  
Und wir nah'n noch halb in Träumen,  
Und wir tun in Klängen kund,  
Was da draußen in den Bäumen  
Singt der weite Frühlingsgrund.  
Regt der Tag erst laut die Schwingen:  
Sind wir Alle wieder weit –  
Aber tief im Herzen klingen  
Lange nach noch Lust und Leid.

### 2 **Ich kann wohl manchmal singen**

Joseph von Eichendorff  
Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,  
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,  
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,  
Da wird das Herz mir frei.  
So lassen Nachtigallen,  
Spielt draußen Frühlingsluft,  
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen  
Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.  
Da lauschen alle Herzen,  
Und alles ist erfreut,  
Doch keiner ahnt die Schmerzen,  
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

### **Morning serenade**

*Fresh breezes in the tree-tops,  
In the distance – the sound of cascading springs,  
Through the solitude of ravines  
Sounds of forest and birdsong.  
Playmates of timid dreams,  
They all rise in the morning light  
On the vine's swaying branches  
In and out of your window.  
And we draw near still half-dreaming  
And we reveal in our music  
The song out in the trees beyond  
Sung by the broad spring valley.  
When day stirs its noisy wings,  
We are once again far away –  
But rapture and pain resound  
A long while yet in the heart.*

### **True, I can sometimes sing**

*True, I can sometimes sing  
As though I were content;  
But secretly tears well up,  
And my heart is set free.  
Nightingales, when spring breezes  
Play outside, sing  
Their song of longing  
From their dungeon cell.  
Then all hearts listen  
And everyone rejoices,  
Yet no one senses the pain,  
The deep sorrow in the song.*

3 **Im Herbst** Joseph von Eichendorff

Der Wald wird falb, die Blätter fallen,  
Wie öd und still der Raum!  
Die Bächlein nur gehn durch die Buchenhallen  
Lind rauschend wie im Traum.  
Und Abendglocken schallen  
Fern von des Waldes Saum.

Was wollt ihr mich so wild verlocken,  
Hier in der Einsamkeit?  
Wie in der Heimat klingen diese Glocken  
Aus stiller Kinderzeit –  
Ich wende mich erschrocken,  
Ach, was mich liebt, ist weit!

So brecht hervor nur, alte Lieder,  
Und brecht das Herz mir ab!  
Noch einmal grüß ich aus der Ferne wieder,  
Was ich nur Liebes hab.  
Mich aber zieht es nieder  
Vor Wehmut wie ins Grab.

4 **Vorwurf** Nikolaus Lenau

Du klagst, daß bange Wehmut dich beschleicht,  
Weil sich der Wald entlaubt  
Und über deinem Haupt  
Dahin der Wanderzug der Vögel streicht?

O, klage nicht, bist selber wandelhaft!  
Denkst du der Liebesglut?  
Wie nun so traurig ruht  
In deiner Brust die müde Leidenschaft!

**In autumn**

*The forest turns fallow, the leaves fall,  
What silence and desolation!  
Only the streams stir through the tall beech-groves,  
Murmuring gently as in a dream.  
And evening bells sound from afar  
From the forest's edge.*

*Why do you entice me so fiercely  
Here in this solitude?  
The sound of these bells recall  
My homeland and quiet childhood –  
I turn away in fright:  
All who love me, alas, are far away!*

*So break out now, you ancient songs,  
And break my heart!  
One more time I greet from afar  
All that I love.  
But sadness draws me down,  
As though into my grave.*

**Reproach**

*You complain that anxious sadness steals over you,  
Because the forest is losing its leaves  
And above your head  
The migrating birds are flying?*

*Ah! do not lament, you too are fickle!  
Do you recall Love's ardour?  
How sadly now within your breast  
Weary passion rests!*

5 **Traurige Wege** Nikolaus Lenau

Bin mit dir im Wald gegangen;  
Ach, wie war der Wald so froh!  
Alles grün, die Vögel sangen,  
Und das scheue Wild entfloh.  
Wo die Liebe frei und offen  
Rings von allen Zweigen schallt,  
Ging die Liebe ohne Hoffen  
Traurig durch den grünen Wald.  
Bin mit dir am Fluß gefahren;  
Ach, wie war die Nacht so mild!  
Auf der Flut, der sanften, klaren,  
Wiegte sich des Mondes Bild.  
Lustig scherzten die Gesellen;  
Unsre Liebe schwieg und sann,  
Wie mit jedem Schlag der Wellen  
Zeit und Glück vorüberraun.  
Graue Wolken niederhingen,  
Durch die Kreuze strich der West,  
Als wir einst am Kirchhof gingen;  
Ach, wie schiefen sie so fest!  
An den Kreuzen, an den Steinen  
Fand die Liebe keinen Halt;  
Sahen uns die Toten weinen,  
Als wir dort vorbeigewallt?

**Sad pathways**

*I walked with you into the forest;  
Ah, how beautiful the forest was!  
All was green, the birds were singing,  
And the startled wild beasts fled.  
Where Love, freely and openly,  
Echoed all around the branches,  
Our love, void of hope,  
Moved sadly through the green forest.  
I went with you to the river;  
Ah, how soft the night was!  
On the clear and tranquil waters  
The moon's reflection swayed.  
Our companions laughed out loud;  
Our love was silent and sensed  
How with every plashing wave  
Time and happiness slipped away.  
Grey clouds hung down from heaven,  
The West Wind blew among the crosses,  
When we passed by the graveyard once;  
Ah, how deeply they were sleeping!  
By the crosses, by the stones  
Love could find no anchor;  
Did the dead see us weeping,  
As we passed them by?*

6 **Der Eichwald brauset** Friedrich von Schiller

Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,  
Das Mägdlein sitzt an Ufers Grün,  
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,  
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,  
Das Auge vom Weinen getrübet.

„Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,  
Und weiter gibt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr,  
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,  
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,  
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet!“

7 **Gegenwart** Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Alles kündet dich an!  
Erscheinet die herrliche Sonne,  
Folgst du, so hoff ich es, bald.

Trittst du im Garten hervor,  
So bist du die Rose der Rosen,  
Lilie der Lilien zugleich.

Wenn du zum Tanze dich regst,  
So regen sich alle Gestirne  
Mit dir und um dich umher.

Nacht! und so wär es denn Nacht!  
Nun überstrahlst du des Mondes  
Lieblichen, ladenden Glanz.

Ladend und lieblich bist du,  
Und Blumen, Mond und Gestirne  
Huldigen, Sonne, nur dir.

Sonne! so sei du auch mir  
Die Schöpferin herrlicher Tage;  
Leben und Ewigkeit ist.

**The oak wood roars**

*The oak wood roars, the clouds race by,  
The girl sits by the grassy shore,  
The breakers crash with all their might,  
And she sings into the dark night,  
Her eyes bedimmed with weeping.*

*'My heart is dead, the world is void  
And no longer yields to my desires,  
Holy Mother, call back your child,  
I have enjoyed earthly bliss,  
I have lived and loved!'*

**Presence**

*All things herald you!  
When the splendid sun appears,  
You will soon, I hope, follow it.*

*When you walk in the garden,  
You are the rose of roses,  
The lily of lilies as well.*

*When you move to the dance,  
All the stars move  
With you and round you.*

*Night! Let it be night!  
You now outshine the moon's  
Lovely, inviting radiance.*

*You too are lovely and inviting,  
And flowers, moon and stars  
Pay homage, o sun, to you alone.*

*Sun! be to me also  
The creator of splendid days;  
This is life everlasting.*

8 **Gleich Merlin** Heinrich Heine

Gleich Merlin, dem eitlen Weisen,  
Bin ich, armer Nekromant,  
Nun am Ende festgebannt  
In den alten Zauberkreisen.

Festgebannt zu ihren Füßen  
Lieg ich nun, und immerdar  
Schau ich in ihr Augenpaar;  
Und die Stunden, sie verfließen.

Stunden, Tage, ganze Wochen,  
Sie verfließen wie ein Traum,  
Was ich rede, weiß ich kaum,  
Weiß auch nicht, was sie gesprochen.

Manchmal ist mir, als berühren  
Ihre Lippen meinen Mund –  
Bis in meiner Seele Grund  
Kann ich dann die Flammen spüren.

9 **Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus** Heinrich Heine

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus  
Im letzten Abendscheine;  
Wir saßen am einsamen Fischerhaus,  
Wir saßen stumm und alleine.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,  
Die Möwe flog hin und wieder;  
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll  
Fielen die Tränen nieder.

**Like Merlin**

*Just as thou, vain wizard Merlin  
I, apprentice sorcerer,  
find myself transported here  
through old spells and magic whirlings.*

*Spellbound at her feet  
I lie, and gaze  
For evermore in her eyes;  
And the hours flow by.*

*Hours, days, entire weeks  
Flow by like a dream,  
I scarcely know what I say,  
Nor the words she has spoken.*

*Sometimes it's as though  
Her lips touched my mouth –  
In the very depths of my soul  
I then feel the blazing flames.*

**The sea gleamed far and wide**

*The sea gleamed far and wide  
In the last evening light;  
We sat by the fisherman's lonely hut,  
We sat in silence and alone.*

*The mist lifted, the water rose,  
The gull flew to and fro;  
From your loving eyes  
The tears began to fall.*

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand,  
Und bin aufs Knie gesunken;  
Ich hab' von deiner weißen Hand  
Die Tränen fortgetrunken.

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein Leib,  
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen; –  
Mich hat das unglücksel'ge Weib  
Vergiftet mit ihren Tränen.

10 **Fichtenbaum und Palme** Heinrich Heine

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam  
Im Norden auf kahler Höh'.  
Ihn schläfert; mit weißer Decke  
Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.

Er träumt von einer Palme,  
Die, fern im Morgenland,  
Einsam und schweigend trauert  
Auf brennender Felsenwand.

11 **Ach, die Augen sind es wieder**

Heinrich Heine

Ach, die Augen sind es wieder  
Die mich einst so freundlich grüßten,  
Und es sind die Lippen wieder,  
Die mir's Leben einst versüßten!

Auch die Stimme ist es wieder,  
Die ich einst so gern gehört!  
Nur ich selber bin's nicht wieder,  
Bin verändert heimgekehret.

*I watched them fall on your hand,  
And sank down to my knees;  
From your white hand  
I drank away the tears.*

*Since that hour my body wastes,  
My soul expires with longing;  
That unhappy woman  
Has poisoned me with her tears.*

**Spruce tree and palm**

*A spruce tree stands lonely,  
Naked on a northern height.  
And drowns; a white blanket  
Enshrouds it in ice and snow.*

*It dreams of a palm tree,  
Which, far away in the east,  
Grieves lonely and silent  
On a blazing wall of rock.*

**Ah, those eyes are the same**

*Ah, those eyes are the same,  
Which gave me once such friendly looks,  
And those lips are the same,  
That once sweetened my life.*

*And that voice is the same,  
Which once I heard with such glee!  
Only I am not the same,  
And returned home a different man.*

12 **Die frühen Gräber** Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock

Willkommen, o silberner Mond,  
Schöner, stiller Gefährt der Nacht!  
Du entfliehst? Eile nicht, bleib,  
Gedankenfreund!

Sehet, er bleibt, das Gewölk wallte nur hin.

Des Maies Erwachen ist nur  
Schöner noch wie die Sommernacht,  
Wenn ihm Tau, hell wie Licht, aus der Locke träuft  
Und zu dem Hügel herauf rötlich er kommt.

Ihr Edleren, ach, es bekränzt  
Eure Male schon erstes Moos!  
O, wie glücklich war ich, als ich einst mit euch  
Sahe sich röten den Tag, schimmern die Nacht.

13 **Warum sind denn die Rosen so blaß?**

Heinrich Heine

Warum sind denn die Rosen so blaß,  
O sprich, mein Lieb, warum?  
Warum sind denn im grünen Gras  
Die blauen Veilchen so stumm?

Warum singt denn mit so kläglichem Laut  
Die Lerche in der Luft?  
Warum steigt denn aus dem Balsamkraut  
Verwelkter Blüten Duft?

Warum scheint denn die Sonn' auf die Au'  
So kalt und verdrießlich herab?  
Warum ist denn die Erde so grau  
Und öde wie ein Grab?

Warum bin ich selbst so krank und so trüb,  
Mein liebes Liebchen? Sprich!  
O sprich, mein herzallerliebstes Lieb,  
Warum du verließest mich.

**The early graves**

*Welcome, O silver moon,  
Lovely, tranquil companion of night!  
You flee? Do not hasten away, stay, friend  
to thought!  
Look, she stays, the clouds alone moved on.*

*Only May's awakening  
Is lovelier still than the summer night,  
When dew, bright as light, drips from his locks,  
As he rises red above the hill.*

*You nobler spirits, alas, gloomy moss  
Already garlands your monuments!  
Ah, how happy I was when, still with you, I could  
Watch the day dawn and the night shimmer.*

**Then why are all the roses so pale?**

*Then why are all the roses so pale,  
Oh speak, my love, oh why?  
Then why in the verdant grass  
Are the blue violets so mute?*

*Then why does the lark in the air  
Sing such a song of gloom?  
Why does an odour of withered flowers  
Rise from the balsam plants?*

*Why does the sun shine on the fields  
So cold and peevishly?  
Then why is the earth so grey  
And desolate as a grave?*

*Why am I myself so sick and sad,  
Oh tell me, my dearest love!  
Tell me my sweetheart, tell me, my love,  
Why did you abandon me?*

14 **Harfners Lied** Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt,  
Ach! der ist bald allein;  
Ein jeder lebt, ein jeder liebt,  
Und läßt ihn seiner Pein.

Ja! laßt mich meiner Qual!  
Und kann ich nur einmal  
Recht einsam sein,  
So bin ich nicht allein.

Es schleicht ein Liebender lauschend sacht,  
Ob seine Freundin allein?  
So überschleicht bei Tag und Nacht  
Mich Einsamen die Pein,  
Mich Einsamen die Qual.  
Ach könnt ich nur einmal  
Einsam im Grabe sein,  
Da läßt sie mich allein!

15 **Dämmerung senkte sich von oben**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Dämmerung senkte sich von oben,  
Schon ist alle Nähe fern;  
Doch zuerst emporgehoben  
Holden Lichts der Abendstern!  
Alles schwankt ins Ungewisse,  
Nebel schleichen in die Höh;  
Schwarzvertiefte Finsternisse  
Widerspiegelnd ruht der See.

**Harper's song**

*Who gives himself to loneliness,  
Ah! he is soon alone;  
Others live, others love,  
And leave him to his pain.*

*Yes! Leave me to my torment!  
And if I can but once  
Be truly lonely,  
Then I'll not be alone.*

*A lover steals up listening,  
To learn if his love's alone.  
So in my solitude  
Do pain and torment  
Steal over me by day and night.  
Ah, when once I lie  
Lonely in my grave,  
Loneliness will leave me alone!*

**Dusk has fallen from on high**

*Dusk has fallen from on high,  
All that was near now is distant;  
But first the evening star appears  
Shining with its lovely light!  
All becomes an uncertain blur,  
Stealthily the mists rise;  
Ever blacker depths of darkness  
Are mirrored in the silent lake.*

Nur am östlichen Bereiche  
Ahn' ich Mondenglanz und -glut,  
Schlanker Weiden Haargezweige  
Scherzen auf der nächsten Flut.  
Durch bewegter Schatten Spiele  
Zittert Lunas Zauberschein,  
Und durchs Auge schleicht die Kühle  
Sänftigend ins Herz hinein.

16 **Suleika** Marianne von Willemer and  
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,  
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:  
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen  
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel  
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;  
Blumen, Augen, Wald und Hügel  
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen  
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;  
Ach, vor Leid müßt' ich vergehen,  
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,  
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;  
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben  
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:  
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,  
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden  
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

*Only in the eastern reaches  
I sense the moon's light and glow,  
The branching hair of slender willows  
Frolics on the nearby water.  
Through the play of moving shadows,  
The moon's magic light quivers down,  
And coolness steals through the eye  
Soothingly into the heart.*

**Suleika**

*Ah, West Wind, how I envy you  
Your moist pinions:  
For you can bring him word  
Of what I suffer away from him!*

*The movement of your wings  
Wakes silent longing in my heart;  
Flowers, eyes, woods and hills,  
Dissolve in tears where you blow.*

*Yet your mild, gentle breeze  
Cools my sore eyelids;  
Ah, I'd surely die of grief,  
Did I not hope to see him again.*

*Hurry, then, to my beloved,  
Whisper softly to his heart;  
Take care, though, not to sadden him,  
And hide from him my anguish.*

*Tell him, but tell him humbly:  
That his love is my life,  
That his presence here will fill me  
With happiness in both.*

17 **Die Schiffende** Ludwig Hölty

Sie wankt dahin; die Abendwinde spielen  
Ihr Apfelblüten zu;  
Die Vögelein, so ihre Nähe fühlen,  
Erwachen aus der Ruh.

Wie ihr Gewand im Morgenglanze flittert,  
Und ihres Busens Flor!  
Sie wankt dahin; der helle  
Vollmond zittert  
Aus jeder Well' hervor.

Verdeckt mir nicht, ihr hangenden Gesträuche,  
Ihr lächelnd Angesicht;  
Sie tanzt so schön auf ihrem Silberteiche:  
Ihr Erlen, bergt sie nicht

Weht, Winde, weht, o flügelt sie, ihr Winde,  
An diese Laub' heran,  
Daß ich mich ihr im Schauer dieser Linde  
Beseeligt nahen kann.

18 **Kein Blick der Hoffnung** Ludwig Hölty

Kein Blick der Hoffnung heitert mit trübem Licht  
Der Seele Dunkel!  
Nimmer, o nimmer wird  
Dein Auge, Laura, meinem Auge  
Wieder begegnen, und Liebe sprechen!

Du sollst getröstet werden, du weinend Herz.  
Ruft, Palmen tragend, freundlich um Mitternacht  
der Tod,  
Mir schallt der Sterbeglocke dumpfes Geläut  
Und des Grabes Heimruf.

**She sets sail**

*Her swaying boat sets sail; the evening breezes  
Bring her apple blossom;  
The little birds, sensing her proximity,  
Start to stir.*

*How her garments glitter in the morning light,  
And her voluptuous bosom!  
Her swaying boat sets sail; the bright full  
moon flickers  
Up from every wave.*

*Do not hide from me, you hanging bushes,  
Her smiling face;  
She dances so beautifully on her silver pond:  
You alder trees, do not conceal her.*

*Blow, breezes, blow, o wing her  
Towards this harbour  
That I might, in the shelter of this lime tree,  
Draw near to her in rapture.*

**No gaze of hope**

*No gaze of hope cheers with dim light  
The darkness of the soul!  
Never, never again, O Laura,  
Will your gaze encounter mine  
And speak of love!*

*You must be comforted, O weeping heart.  
When Death, bearing palms, utters its  
friendly cry at midnight,  
I hear the muted funeral-bell,  
And the grave calling me home.*

Komm endlich, Tröster, welcher den Sterblichen  
Die Ketten ablöst, komm, und entfeßle mich,  
O Wonnetod! Dann schweb' ich  
Laura entgegen, und werd' ihr Engel!

19 **Die Mainacht** Ludwig Hölty

Wenn der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche blinkt  
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den  
Rasen streut,  
Und die Nachtigall flötet,  
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Selig preis' ich dich dann, flötende Nachtigall,  
Weil dein Weibchen mit dir wohnt in einem Nest,  
Ihrem singenden Gatten  
Tausend trauliche Küsse gibt.

Überhüllet von Laub girret ein Taubenpaar  
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,  
Suche dunklere Schatten,  
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

20 **Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe  
Über allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh',  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest Du  
Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde.  
Warte nur, balde  
Ruhest du auch.

*Come at last, O comforter; you, who removes  
From mortals the chains, come, unshackle me,  
O blissful Death! Then shall I soar  
And meet Laura, and become her angel!*

**May night**

*When the silvery moon gleams through the  
bushes,  
And sheds its slumbering light on the grass,  
And the nightingale is fluting,  
I wander sadly from bush to bush.*

*I call you blessed then, fluting nightingale,  
For your mate lives with you in one nest,  
Giving her singing spouse  
A thousand intimate kisses.*

*Covered by leaves, a pair of doves  
Coo to me their ecstasy; but I turn away,  
Seek darker shadows,  
And the lonely tear flows down.*

**Over every mountain-top lies peace**

*Over every mountain-top  
Lies peace,  
In every tree-top  
You scarcely feel  
A breath of wind;  
The little birds are hushed in the wood.  
Wait, soon you too  
Will be at peace.*

21 **Wanderers Nachtlied** Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Der du von dem Himmel bist,  
Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillest,  
Den, der doppelt elend ist,  
Doppelt mit Erquickung füllest,  
Ach! ich bin des Treibens müde!  
Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust?  
Süßer Friede!  
Komm, ach komm in meine Brust!

22 **Nach Süden** Anon.

Von allen Zweigen schwingen  
Sich wandernde Vögel empor,  
Weit durch die Lüfte klingen  
Hört man den Reisechor:  
Nach Süden, nach Süden  
In den ewigen Blumenflor.

Ihr Vöglein singt munter hernieder,  
Wir singen lustig hinaus;  
Wenn der Lenz kommt,  
Kehren wir wieder,  
Wieder in Nest und Haus,  
Von Süden! Jetzt aber hinaus!

**Wanderer's night song**

*Thou who art from Heaven  
Soothing all pain and sorrow,  
Filling the doubly wretched  
Doubly with refreshment,  
Ah! I am weary of this strife!  
What use is all this joy and pain?  
Sweet peace!  
Come, ah come into my breast!*

**To the South**

*Migrating birds from every branch  
Rise up into the air,  
Resounding far through the skies  
The travelling chorus can be heard:  
To the South, to the South  
Into the eternal blossoming*

*Little birds, you sing merrily from on high,  
We sing out merrily too;  
When Spring comes  
We shall return,  
Return to nest and home  
From the South! But now – let's away!*

23 **Wanderlied** Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Von den Bergen zu den Hügeln,  
Niederab das Tal entlang,  
Da erklingt es wie von Flügeln,  
Da bewegt sich's wie Gesang;  
Und dem unbedingten Triebe  
Folget Freude, folget Rat;  
Und dein Streben, sei's in Liebe,  
Und dein Leben sei die Tat!

Bleibe nicht am Boden heften,  
Frisch gewagt und frisch hinaus!  
Kopf und Arm mit heitern Kräften,  
Überall sind sie zu Haus;  
Wo wir uns der Sonne freuen,  
Sind wir jeder Sorge los.  
Daß wir uns in ihr zerstreuen,  
Darum ist die Welt so gross.

24 **Bergeslust** Joseph von Eichendorff

O Lust, vom Berg zu schauen  
Weit über Wald und Strom,  
Hoch über sich den blauen  
Den klaren Himmelsdom!

Vom Berge Vögel fliegen  
Und Wolken so geschwind,  
Gedanken überfliegen  
Die Vögel und den Wind.

Die Wolken zieh'n hernieder,  
Das Vöglein senkt sich gleich,  
Gedanken geh'n und Lieder  
Bis in das Himmelreich.

**Wanderer's song**

*From the mountains to the hills,  
Down from the hills along the valley,  
A sound of wings can be heard,  
A stirring, as in song.  
And these untrammelled desires  
Are followed by joy, followed by counsel,  
And may you strive in love,  
And may you strive in deeds!*

*Do not remain rooted to the ground,  
Venture out into the world!  
Strength of mind and strength of arm  
Are attendant on you everywhere;  
Wherever we enjoy the sun,  
We shall be free of care.  
That the world delights us so,  
Makes the world so great.*

**Mountain rapture**

*Ah, the joy of gazing from the mountain  
Far over wood and stream,  
With the blue, pellucid vault of heaven  
Arching overhead!*

*Little birds and clouds  
Fly swiftly from the mountain,  
Thoughts fly faster  
Than birds and wind.*

*The clouds drift down,  
The little bird plummets,  
Thoughts and songs go winging on  
Till they reach the kingdom of heaven.*

## BIOGRAPHIES

### MALCOLM MARTINEAU *piano*

Malcolm Martineau was born in Edinburgh, read Music at St Catharine's College, Cambridge and studied at the Royal College of Music.

Recognised as one of the leading accompanists of his generation, he has worked with many of the world's greatest singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Janet Baker, Olaf Bär, Barbara Bonney, Ian Bostridge, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Della Jones, Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschlager, Magdalena Kozena, Solveig Kringelborn, Jonathan Lemalu, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Lisa Milne, Ann Murray, Anna Netrebko, Anne Sofie von Otter, Joan Rodgers, Amanda Roocroft, Michael Schade, Frederica von Stade, Sarah Walker and Bryn Terfel.

He has presented his own series at the Wigmore Hall (a Britten and a Poulenc series, *Decade by Decade – 100 years of German Song* and *Songlives* broadcast by the BBC) and at the Edinburgh Festival (the complete lieder of Hugo Wolf). He has appeared throughout Europe (including London's Wigmore Hall, Barbican, Queen Elizabeth Hall and Royal Opera House; La Scala, Milan; the Châtelet, Paris; the Liceu, Barcelona; Berlin's Philharmonie and Konzerthaus; Amsterdam's Concertgebouw and Vienna's Konzerthaus and Musikverein), North America (including in New York both Alice Tully Hall and Carnegie Hall), Australia (including the Sydney Opera House) and at the Aix-en-Provence, Vienna, Edinburgh, Schubertiade, Munich and Salzburg festivals.



photo: Russell Duncan

Recording projects have included Schubert, Schumann and English song recitals with Bryn Terfel (for Deutsche Grammophon); Schubert and Strauss recitals with Simon Keenlyside (for EMI) and *Songs of War* which won a Grammy Award; recital recordings with Angela Gheorghiu and Barbara Bonney (for Decca), Magdalena Kozena (for DG), Della Jones (for Chandos), Susan Bullock (for Crear Classics), Solveig Kringelborn (for NMA); Amanda Roocroft (for Onyx); the complete Fauré songs with Sarah Walker and Tom Krause; the complete Britten Folk Songs for Hyperion;

the complete Beethoven folk songs for Deutsche Grammophon; the complete Poulenc songs for Signum; and Britten Song Cycles as well as Schubert's *Winterreise* and *Schwanengesang* with Florian Boesch for Onyx; *Heimliche Aufföderung* and *Scene!* with Christiane Karg and *Portraits* with Dorothea Röschmann.

He was given an honorary doctorate at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in 2004, and appointed International Fellow of Accompaniment in 2009. Malcolm was the Artistic Director of the 2011 Leeds Lieder+ Festival. He was made an OBE in the 2016 New Year's Honours.

### SUSANA GASPAR *soprano*

Portuguese soprano Susana Gaspar's recent engagements have included Gilda in *Rigoletto* for Nevill Holt Opera, Teatro São Carlos Season Opening Gala in Lisbon, Mimi in *La bohème* for Grange Park Opera, First Nymph in *Rusalka* (Opera de Valladolid), Mozart's *Coronation Mass* and Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* at the Cadogan Hall, a gala concert with Royal Tunbridge Wells Symphonic Orchestra, a CD of arias and duets under Renato Balsadonna with Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, a recording of *Semiramide* with Opera Rara, return to the Royal Albert Hall (BBC Proms Festival 2016), and her debut with Le Cercle de l'Harmonie under the baton of Jérémie Rhorer at Deauville Festival.



photo: Lukasz Rajchert

Her recent appearances include a concert performance of *Rigoletto* with the London Symphony Orchestra under Gianandrea Noseda, recitals with Gary Matthewman, Beethoven's Mass in C with the Philharmonia Orchestra and Stephen Cleobury, Cesar Franck's *Les béatitudes* and Elgar's *The Spirit of England* in Lisbon and concerts in Porto under Martin André, Haydn's *Die Schöpfung* with the Simón Bolívar Symphony Orchestra under Gustavo Dudamel.

Susana represented Portugal in the 2013 BBC Cardiff Singer of the World.

She joined the Jette Parker Young Artists Programme (JPYAP) in September 2011 and made her Covent Garden debut as Barbarina in *Le nozze di Figaro*, followed by Contessa di Ceprano in *Rigoletto*, Giannetta in *L'elisir d'amore*, First innocent in Birtwistle's *Minotaur*, Papagena in *Die Zauberflöte*, and *Voice from Heaven* in *Don Carlo*. Also at the ROH she covered Susanna in *Le nozze di Figaro*, Gilda in *Rigoletto*, Mimì in *La bohème*, Waldvogel in *Siegfried*, Adina in *L'elisir d'amore*, Magda in *La Rondine* and Corinna in *Il viaggio a Reims* (JPYAP 10 Anniversary Summer Performance). During Meet the Young Artists Week, at the Linbury Theatre, she sang and recorded – for Opera Rara – a staged production of *Les nuits d'été* (Berlioz) and *Aurore* in *Le portrait de Manon* (Massenet).

Opera roles include: Violetta in *La traviata* for Hawke's Bay Opera (New Zealand), Josephine in Martinu's *Comedy on the Bridge*, Lauretta in *Gianni Schicchi* and Vi in Gershwin's *Blue Monday* at Teatro Nacional de São Carlos, Paride in Gluck's *Paride ed Elena* at Centro Cultural de Belém, Mimì in *La bohème* for British Youth Opera, Dircea/Mochila in José de Nebra's *Iphigenia en Tracia* at Zürich's Grossmünster, title role in Daniel Schvetz's *The Little Prince* at Teatro da Trindade, Euridice in *Orfeo ed Euridice* at Convento de Mafra. She has appeared in concert and recital in London (St Martin-in-the-Fields, St Olave's Church, Barbican Centre, Wigmore Hall, Cadogan Hall), Winchester, Cambridge, Birmingham, Cardiff, Lisbon (Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, Centro Cultural de Belém), Porto (Casa da Música), Zürich, France, Malaysia and Mexico.

Competition awards include the Basil Turner Prize (BYO), First Prize, Best Lied/Mélodie, Best Portuguese Song and Associação Musical do Algarve prizes in the 4th edition of the Portuguese Rotary Foundation Singing Competition (2010). She was a finalist in the Richard Tauber Competition at Wigmore Hall (2010) and the GSMD Gold Medal Singing Competition (2009).

Susana studied at Lisbon's Music Conservatory, Guildhall School of Music & Drama (MMus), and The National Opera Studio in London (backed by the Royal Opera House).

GARY GRIFFITHS *baritone*

Winner of the Welsh Singers Competition in 2012, Gary Griffiths was a finalist representing Wales in the 2013 BBC Cardiff Singer of the World. He studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama where, in 2009, he won the prestigious Gold Medal Competition.



photo: Sandra Häuer

He was immediately engaged by Welsh National Opera as an Associate Artist, making a critically acclaimed debut in 2011 as Guglielmo (*Così fan tutte*). His other roles with the company include Cecil (*Maria Stuarda*), Masetto (*Don Giovanni*), Claudio (*Beatrice et Benedict*), and Schaunard in a new production of *La bohème* (for which he was awarded the Welsh Theatre Critics' Award). He returns to the company this season for Salano (*The Merchant of Venice*) and Marcello (*La bohème*).

Having made a successful role debut as the Count (*Figaro*) in Wiesbaden, he was invited back in 2016 for Ford (*Falstaff*) and Sharpless (*Madama Butterfly*). Other recent operatic appearances include Maximilian (*Candide*) at the Maggio Musicale in Florence, the Executioner (*Ines de Castro*) for Scottish Opera, Ned Keene (*Peter Grimes*) for Grange Park Opera, Figaro (*Le nozze di Figaro*) for New Zealand Festival Opera and Malatesta (*Don Pasquale*) for the Longborough Festival Opera. Earlier roles have included Germano (*La Scala di Seta*) for British Youth Opera; Dog/Innkeeper (*The Cunning Little Vixen*) for Grange Park Opera; and L'Incognito (*L'Assedio di Calais*), Le Comte (*Chérubin*), Mr. Gedge (*Albert Herring*), Arsenio (*La Spinabla*) and Marquis de la Force (*Les Dialogues des Carmélites*) at the Guildhall School Opera.

His recent concert appearances include Berlioz *Les Troyens* with Valery Gergiev and the London Symphony Orchestra, Grieg's *Peer Gynt* with the Hallé Orchestra conducted by Nikolaj Znaider, Fauré Requiem with John Wilson and the RTÉ Concert Orchestra, Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius* with the Berliner Kantorei, Mozart's Requiem with the orchestra of the Welsh National Opera and Christoph Poppen, a gala performance at the National Eisteddfod of Wales with the Welsh Chamber Orchestra, and Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast* at the Barbican with the Guildhall Symphony Orchestra conducted by Martyn Brabbins.

A committed recitalist, he has appeared at the Oxford Lieder Festival with Sholto Kynoch, the Cowbridge Music Festival with Joseph Middleton, King's Place with Iain Burnside, the Ludlow English Song Weekend with Simon Lepper, Chipping Campden Music, in Harrogate, Dore Abbey and St. David's Hall, Cardiff.

In recording, he also appears on Catrin Finch's *Lullabies* CD for Deutsche Grammophon and on his solo album *Début* which was released last year.

#### MANUEL WALSER *baritone*

Swiss baritone Manuel Walsler studied voice under Thomas Quasthoff at the Hanns Eisler School of Music in Berlin and finished his studies in July 2015 with distinction. In addition to Thomas Quasthoff, some of his most important mentors and teachers are Brigitte Fassbaender, Frédéric Gindraux, and Wolfram Rieger. At the Das Lied International Song Competition in Berlin he received both 1st Place and the Audience Award in 2013. He is also a laureate of the Stella Maris International Song Competition and received the Armin Weltner Foundation Award in May of 2014.



photo: Thomas Walsler

Since 2015/16 he has been a member of the Ensemble of the Wiener Staatsoper, where he has performed *Harlekin/Ariadne auf Naxos*, *Masetto/Don Giovanni*, *Schaunard/La bohème*, *Publio/La Clemenza di Tito*, *Christian/Un ballo in Maschera*, *Marullo/Rigoletto*, *Antonio/Le nozze di Figaro*, *Hunter/Rusalka*, *Dominik/Arabella*, *Fiorello/Il barbiere di Siviglia*, *Alessio/La Sonnambulla*.

Manuel Walsler has had an extensive and active concert career. A special highlight was his performance of Christ in Bach's *St Matthew Passion* at the Verbier Festival in the summer of 2015, under the musical direction of Thomas Quasthoff. Further highlights of the 2014/15 season were his performance in Händel's *Israel in Egypt* with the Concentus Musicus under Christopher Moulds, and in a musical comedy titled *Salomons Reise* with Mozart arias conducted by Rubén Dubrovsky at the Baroque Days in Stift Melk. In 2018 he will perform Bach's *St Matthew Passion* under Ton Koopman at the Concertgebouw Amsterdam.

Manuel Walsler is passionately dedicated to the art of Lied. He can regularly be heard in recitals with Anano Gokieli, Alexander Fleischer, Malcolm Martineau, Alejandro Picó-Leonís, Wolfram Rieger, Jonathan Ware, and Justus Zeyen. He has given recitals at the Oster Festival Bayreuth, the Schubertiade Hohenems, the Berliner Philharmonie, and at the Lucerne Festival. He performed with Malcolm Martineau at the Haus für Mozart at the Salzburger Festspiele 2014. This opportunity resulted in a Schubert recital at the Oxford Lieder Festival together with Kate Royal and Malcolm Martineau. A recital with Thomas Quasthoff and Justus Zeyen took Manuel Walsler to the Paris Philharmonic for the first time. In August 2015 he sang Schubert's *Winterreise* at the Schubertiade in Vilabertran, to great acclaim, as well as at the Schubertiade in Schwarzenberg, accompanied by Wolfram Rieger. Another important debut took place in December 2015 at the Wiener Musikverein. He made his debut at the Wigmore Hall in March 2017.

KITTY WHATELY *mezzo-soprano*

Kitty Whately trained at Chetham's School of Music, the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, and the Royal College of Music International Opera School. She won both the Kathleen Ferrier Award and the 59th Royal Overseas League Award in the same year, and was part of the prestigious Verbier Festival Academy where she appeared as Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro* and in Beethoven's *Choral Fantasy*. Kitty was a BBC New Generation Artist from 2013–15, during which time she recorded her debut solo album *This Other Eden* (Champs Hill Records, CHRCD094), made recordings with the BBC orchestras, commissioned a new song cycle and made several appearances at the Proms.

Opera highlights include Nancy *Albert Herring* for The Grange Festival as part of the festival's debut season, Hermia *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on tour with the Aix-en-Provence Festival in Beijing, the world premiere of Vasco Mendonça's *The House Taken Over* directed by Katie Mitchell, with performances in Antwerp, Strasbourg, Luxembourg, Bruges and Lisbon; Rosina *Il barbiere di Siviglia* and Stewardess in Jonathan Dove's *Flight* (Opera Holland Park); Hermia *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Bergen National Opera); Kate Owen *Wingrave* (Opéra National de Lorraine); Dorabella *Così fan tutte* (English Touring Opera) and Ippolita / Pallade in Cavalli's *Elena* in Montpellier and Versailles for the Aix-en-Provence Festival; and Eurydice *Orfeo* with English National Opera at Bristol Old Vic theatre.



photo: Natalie J Watts

Kitty is in high demand as a concert artist and has given performances with most of the UK's major orchestras, including Duruflé's Requiem and Mozart's Requiem (Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, in Oslo with the Dunedin Consort), Bach's B Minor Mass (Royal Northern Sinfonia and Scottish Chamber Orchestra), Beethoven's Mass in C Major (Philharmonia Orchestra), Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Ulster Orchestra), Haydn's *Nelson Mass* (Britten Sinfonia on tour in Spain and the Netherlands) and Bach's *Magnificat* (Britten Sinfonia and Choir of King's College Cambridge). She has premiered a new work by Sally Beamish at the Three Choirs Festival, and recently stepped in at the last minute to give an acclaimed recital at the Wigmore Hall. Further performances include Elgar *Dream of Gerontius* at St John's Smith Square and Handel *Messiah* at the Royal Albert Hall. Kitty has given recitals at Wigmore Hall, Leighton House, and the Edinburgh, Oxford Lieder, Leeds Lieder and Buxton festivals, working regularly with renowned accompanists Roger Vignoles, Graham Johnson, Malcolm Martineau, Gary Matthewman, James Baillieu and Joseph Middleton. She recently premiered Jonathan Dove's song cycle *Nights Not Spent Alone* at the Cheltenham Festival (recorded for Champs Hill Records, *Nights Not Spent Alone*, CHRCD125).

Kitty made her BBC Proms debut in Sir Peter Maxwell Davies' Suite from Act II of *Caroline Mathilde*, and also appeared in a Chamber Music Prom singing the music of Stephen Sondheim. Her frequent performances with the BBC orchestras include De Falla's *The Three Cornered Hat* (BBC National Orchestra of Wales). Her recordings include Ravel's *Sheherazade* with BBC Philharmonic Orchestra, Canteloube's *Songs of the Auvergne* with BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, and songs by Rogers & Hammerstein, Jerome Kern and Cole Porter with BBC Concert Orchestra.

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