



Love
said to me...

Caroline MacPhie
Joseph Middleton



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Love said to me...

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864-1949)

Drei Lieder der Ophelia (*Karl Simrock after William Shakespeare*)

- | | | | |
|---|-----|---|------|
| 1 | i | Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb vor andern nun? | 2'49 |
| 2 | ii | Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag | 1'15 |
| 3 | iii | Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß | 3'58 |

FRANCIS POULENC (1899-1963)

Fiançailles pour rire (*Louise de Vilmorin*)

- | | | | |
|---|-----|------------------------------------|------|
| 4 | i | La dame d'André | 1'31 |
| 5 | ii | Dans l'herbe | 2'31 |
| 6 | iii | Il vole | 1'51 |
| 7 | iv | Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant | 3'15 |
| 8 | v | Violon | 2'06 |
| 9 | vi | Fleurs | 2'46 |

CHARLES KOECHLIN (1867-1950)

Sept chansons pour Gladys (*Charles Koechlin*)

- | | | | |
|----|-----|---------------------------|------|
| 10 | i | «M'a dit Amour ...» | 1'43 |
| 11 | ii | «Tu croyais le tenir ...» | 0'55 |
| 12 | iii | Prise au piège | 1'28 |
| 13 | iv | La Naïade | 1'54 |
| 14 | v | Le Cyclone | 2'03 |
| 15 | vi | La Colombe | 2'20 |
| 16 | vii | Fatum | 1'41 |

HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

from **Italienisches Liederbuch** (Paul Heyse)

17	i	Auch kleine Dinge	2'22
18	x	Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen	1'07
19	xx	Mein Liebster singt	1'21
20	xl	O wär dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas	1'33
21	xlili	Schweig einmal still	1'04
22	xlvi	Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen	0'59

MURIEL HERBERT (1897-1984)

23		To Daffodils (Robert Herrick)	3'09
24		The Lost Nightingale (Helen Waddell after Alcuin)	2'31
25		Renouncement (Alice Meynell)	3'14
26		Cradle Song (Algernon Swinburne)	2'36

ELIZABETH MACONCHY (1907-1994)

27		Ophelia's Song (William Shakespeare)	2'52
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RHIAN SAMUEL (b.1944)

28		The Gaze (William Shakespeare)*	5'57
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CHERYL FRANCES-HOAD (b.1980)

Two Shakespeare Songs (William Shakespeare)

29	i	Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's Day*	2'43
30	ii	They bore him barefaced on the bier*	3'39

69'15

CAROLINE MACPHIE *soprano*

JOSEPH MIDDLETON *piano*

*Première recording



Caroline MacPhie, described as a singer with 'flair, style and imagination' (*The Daily Telegraph*), completed her studies on the Opera Course at the Royal Academy of Music, following which she was selected by the Young Classical Artists Trust. On the operatic stage she has performed repertoire from Monteverdi to Max Richter for the Royal Opera House, Opera North, Scottish Opera, Bristol Old Vic, Opéra National de Lyon, Banff Centre, Canada and many more. A committed recitalist, she made her Wigmore Hall debut with Joseph Middleton in 2011 and has also performed at Purcell Room, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Hall and Ravinia Festival, Chicago as a Steans Institute Young Artist. Her broadcasts include Fauré's *La bonne chanson* live from the Cheltenham Festival for BBC Radio 3 as well as transmissions for France Musique and France 3 with Opéra de Lyon. On the concert and oratorio platform she has collaborated with European Union Chamber Orchestra, Hallé, Hanover Band, Northern Sinfonia, Philharmonia, Southbank Sinfonia and Stockholm Sinfonietta at venues including Basilica di San Pietro, Perugia, Bridgewater Hall, Royal Festival Hall and Stockholm Concert Hall. Having initially read French and German at Bristol University, Caroline went on to pursue postgraduate studies at the Royal Northern College of Music, Manchester. A finalist in the Kathleen Ferrier Awards, her competition successes include First Prize in the Emmy Destinn Awards, Prague, Miriam Licette Scholarship (MBF), Dame Eva Turner Award and Blyth-Buesst Operatic Prize (RAM), Schubert Prize and Claire Croiza Prize for French Song (RNCM). She is also a Britten-Pears Young Artist, Kirckman Society Artist, Samling Scholar and Wingate Scholar.

Joseph Middleton, described in the *BBC Music Magazine* as 'a born collaborator ... one of the brightest stars in the world of song and Lieder', performs and records with many of the world's finest singers in major music centres across Europe and North America. Recent and forthcoming appearances include those at London's Wigmore Hall, Royal Festival Hall and Royal Opera House, the Konzerthaus Vienna, Het Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Philharmonie Cologne, Luxembourg Philharmonie, Opera Bonn, New York's Alice Tully Hall and at the Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, Bath MozartFest, Brighton, Cheltenham, City of London, Edinburgh, Ravinia Chicago, Three Choirs, Toronto, Vancouver and West Cork festivals. Joseph has enjoyed concerts with internationally established singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Sophie Bevan, Allan Clayton, Sarah Connolly, Lucy Crowe, Iestyn Davies, Wolfgang Holzmair, Christiane Karg, Katarina Karnéus, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Lisa Milne, Clara Mouriz, Ann Murray, Mark Padmore, Joan Rodgers, Amanda Roocroft, Matthew Rose, Carolyn Sampson, Toby Spence, Ailish Tynan and Roderick Williams. Before studying the piano on an EMI Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, Joseph obtained an MPhil degree in Musicology from the University of Birmingham. He subsequently took up the post of Musician in Residence at Pembroke College Cambridge and works extensively for the BBC New Generation Artists scheme.

Women in song

This delightful CD of familiar and unfamiliar songs, inspired or written by women, begins with Strauss's **Drei Lieder der Ophelia**. When the publishing house of Bote & Bock agreed to publish Strauss's Op 56, they inserted a clause in his contract which stipulated that they would hold the rights to his next group of songs. Such a clause was now anathema to Strauss, whose ambitions to protect the rights of German composers in matters of fees and royalties had led to the founding of a Society of German Composers and – subsequently – the founding of a rival Society by Bote & Bock to protect their interests! Strauss's refusal to write a group of songs for them meant that for twelve years after the publication of Opus 56 he composed no further Lieder – until in 1918 the Berlin publishers threatened him with legal action. Strauss's response was to compose the scurrilous *Krämerspiegel*, a vitriolic attack on music publishers, which Bote & Bock refused to accept. To break the deadlock, Strauss dashed off his Opus 67, which comprised three mad Ophelia songs and three bad-tempered songs from the 'Book of Ill-humour' from Goethe's *West-östlicher Divan*. Unlike Brahms's *Ophelia-Lieder*, which were intended to be sung unaccompanied, Strauss's are set to piano accompaniments that stress Ophelia's insanity: the little wandering motif and dissonances of **Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb**, the bizarre flapping syncopations of **Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag**, and in **Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß** the abrupt shifts in tempi.

Francis Poulenc's **Fiançailles pour rire** dates from 1939, and the composer wrote the following commentary on these charming songs in *Diary of my Songs* (Éditions Bernard Grasset, Paris, 1964):

Had it not been for the war I should doubtless never have written this cycle. I hasten to excuse myself for an assertion which at first glance may seem paradoxical. I composed *Fiançailles pour rire* so that I could more often turn my thoughts towards Louise de Vilmorin [the poetess], imprisoned in her castle in Hungary for God knows how long. That was the only connection between my work and this horrible tornado. It is fortuitous, as can be seen.

La dame d'André should be sung very simply. Auric disagrees with the final chord which he finds strange for such a simple song. I think he is wrong. The tonal ambiguity prevents the song from coming to a conclusion and

so prepares the way for the following songs; here it is not a trick. **Dans l'herbe.** Nothing to say about this song. Sing it with great intensity. **Il vole.** One of the most difficult of my songs. It seems to me impossible to interpret it without serious work and numerous rehearsals. **Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.** To be sung very simply, with a good legato tone. **Violon.** Composed with a Hungarian restaurant on the Champs-Élysées in mind, for which Louise's husband, Count Palffy, had engaged a Hungarian gypsy band from Budapest. I have tried to suggest only very distantly the local colour because the hand that wrote the poem is French. The musician similarly transposes the rhythm of the Danube into our own atmosphere. 'Violon' evokes Paris, and its listener in a hat from Reboux, just as the fox-trot from Ravel's *L'Enfant et les sortilèges* is redolent of the Casino de Paris, the rue de Clichy, the rue d'Athènes where Ravel lived. **Fleurs.** Whenever this song is sung separately always try to precede it with a song in a distant key ('Violon' if possible), or a song in A; this will safeguard the impression of a sound that comes from far away. If it is begun without this preparation of key, D flat sounds dull. I believe that there is such melancholy here that after the first bars the listener will assign to the song its role of *coda*. It should be sung with *humility*, the lyricism coming from within.

The songs of *Fiançailles pour rire* do not constitute a cycle, since there is no poetic or musical link between them, and they are frequently performed separately in recitals.

Charles Koechlin (1867-1950) studied at the Paris Conservatoire where he attended classes by Massenet and Fauré. He became a celebrated teacher in his own right, numbered Poulenc and Sauguet among his pupils, and wrote treatises on harmony, orchestration and counterpoint, as well as publishing monographs on Fauré and Debussy. As a composer, he concentrated on chamber music, but also wrote music for solo piano (*13 Sonatines*), orchestra (*Le Livre de la Jungle*) and the stage (the ballets *La Forêt païenne* and *La Divine Vespérée*). Of his hundred or so *mélodies*, he chose several poems that have been immortalized by other composers, including 'Le colibri' (Chausson), 'Il pleure dans mon cœur' (Debussy), 'N'est-ce pas?' and 'Accompagnement' (Fauré). His songs, with few exceptions, are not memorable for their melodic beauty, but are rather characterized by a certain quirkiness and an ability to conjure up atmosphere; and like Debussy, Koechlin was adept at rendering speech. **Sept chansons pour Gladys** were the last songs he composed, and reflect

his admiration for Lilian Harvey, whose performance as Gladys O'Halloran, the diminutive newspaper vendor in Anatol Litvak's film *Calais-Douvres* (1931), bewitched him: he also composed no fewer than 113 short piano pieces in her honour! The seven songs, which Koechlin describes as 'pièces humoristiques', set zany poems written by the composer himself. «**M'a dit Amour ...**» makes witty use of sixteenth-century modal counterpoint; **La Naïade** opens with a quote from Beaujoyeux's *Balet comique de la Roynie* (1581); **Le Cyclone** plays on the identical surnames of Lilian Harvey and the English scientist who discovered the circulation of the blood; **Prise au piège** pokes fun at the banality of many a film script; and **La Colombe** mentions the Venus of Botticelli, with whom Gladys is compared in 'Le Cyclone'. Unlike some of Koechlin's other song collections, the *Sept Chansons pour Gladys* are the ideal length for inclusion in a recital.

Hugo Wolf's **Italienisches Liederbuch** is a collection of 46 songs to translations by Paul Heyse of anonymous Italian poems, which had been published in 1860. Wolf ignored the ballads and death laments, and concentrated almost exclusively on the *rispetti*—short love poems that depict a wide variety of emotions. Like much demotic verse (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, for example), the language is simple and the lines frequently end-stopped. Almost all the poems set by Wolf concern the lover and his sweetheart, and they chart against a Tuscan landscape of Orvieto, Siena and the Arno, the everyday squabbles, tiffs, jealousies, flirtations, machinations, frivolities, joys and despair of men and women in love. Heyse's translations often intensify the simple, unemotional Italian of the original verse, and Wolf's settings, particularly of the more serious poems, represent a further heightening of emotion. The opening song of the collection, **Auch kleine Dinge**, states that 'even small things can delight us', and Wolf presumably opened his final songbook with it to indicate the miniature form of these songs. Of forty-six, only six are three pages long, the majority occupy a mere two pages, while two are no longer than a single page. The volume contains no grand-scale songs like Goethe's 'Prometheus' and 'Ganymed' or Mörike's 'Der Feuerreiter'; no religious fervour as in the *Spanisches Liederbuch*; yet there is an Innigkeit, an emotional immediacy about these songs and an understanding of the human heart that is in no way diminished by the miniature form. In **Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen** the girl teases her admirer with a naughty *appoggiatura* on 'fangen' and raises his hopes on the final 'verliebt', as her voice rises an octave – only to dash them in the rest of the phrase. The poignant **Mein Liebster singt** portrays two lovers: the young man serenades his sweetheart in the mazarca-like accompaniment, while she sings of her sorrow in the simple voice part. Her mother keeps the lovers apart, but Wolf unites their two melodies in wonderfully expressive counterpoint. **O wär dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas** shows the girl tiptoeing past her lover's house, wishing it were transparent so that she could feast her eyes on

him at every moment – an extraordinarily virtuosic song in which the diaphanous accompaniment takes the form of a recurrent figure consisting of four demisemiquavers followed by a crotchet played an octave higher.

Most of the serious songs in the *Italienisches Liederbuch* are given to men (not because of Wolf's own bias, but because it is in the nature of *rispetti* to let men speak of passion and adoration), and almost all the comic songs belong to the soprano. **Schweig einmal still** expresses the woman's distaste at the man's serenading, which is cleverly suggested by a donkey's bray that descends from D sharp to A – a motif that the piano repeats in the postlude. **Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen** is about a nymphomaniac, a sort of female counterpart to Mozart's Don Giovanni – and the comparison is apt, even though Wolf's heroine, with 21 conquests, is no match for the Don's 2,064. Wolf must have known Leporello's 'Madamina, il catalogo è questo', for there are unmistakable echoes of the Catalogue aria, such as the rapid quaver movement and the whiplash scale passage at 'Maggione' which scuttles down the stave just like Mozart's accompaniment. And the final phrase of the song 'Zehn in Castiglione' is breathtakingly similar in rhythm to Leporello's 'Ma in Espagna' – the cadence in Wolf's song is marked 'frei', as though it were the conclusion of a cabaletta.

Muriel Herbert was born in Sheffield and grew up in Liverpool, where her mother was much involved with the church choir. Her eldest bother Percy, a good musician, encouraged her to play the piano and sing, and she was soon writing down her own songs. Her father died in 1909, and the family experienced dire poverty. A *Liverpool Post* journalist, Hugh Farrie, hoped to make her into a concert pianist, but she was primarily interested in composition, and began to study the songs of Debussy, Ravel and Richard Strauss. By the time she was 16, she had completed songs to poems by Herrick, Blake, Christina Rossetti, Byron, Browning, Bridges and Swinburne. In 1917 she won a scholarship to the Royal College of Music, where she was taught by Charles Stanford. She taught for a while at Wycombe Abbey School for girls, had her voice trained and gave a few recitals. In the early 20s she met Roger Quilter who recommended her songs to the publisher Augener, who published five of them in 1922. She was further encouraged by Robert Elkin, and John Barbirolli included two of her violin and piano pieces, published by Elkin, in a concert that took place in the 1920s. In 1925 she married Emile Delavenay, a French academic, and during her honeymoon in Paris she was introduced to James Joyce who greatly admired her settings of his poems. He gave her inscribed copies of *Chamber Music* and *Pomes Pennyeach*, and permission to publish her settings. Yeats, always loath to have his poems set, allowed her to publish 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree'. *Merry-go-round*, a group of children's songs, appeared in 1938. **To Daffodils** (1916) sets a famous poem by Robert Herrick

that also attracted Delius; **The Lost Nightingale** dates from 1938-9 and sets, in a translation by Helen Waddell, a poem by Alcuin of York, the eighth-century English scholar, ecclesiastic and poet; **Cradle Song** (1922) provides a welcome addition to songs inspired by Swinburne; and **Renouncement** (1923) is a touching setting of a poem by Alice Meynell.

Ophelia's songs from *Hamlet* have attracted an astonishing array of composers – see Gooch and Thatcher's *A Shakespeare Music Catalogue* (OUP, 1991) for further information. Strangely, Elizabeth Maconchy's **Ophelia's Song** seems to have escaped their attention. More attracted by the European modernism of Bartók and Janáček than English pastoralism, she composed in a great variety of forms, including song, favouring such poets as Byron, Day Lewis, Donne, Hopkins, MacNeice, Shelley, Traherne and, of course, Shakespeare. 'Ophelia's Song' dates from 1926.

The programme concludes with three songs commissioned specifically for this disc. Rhian Samuel's **The Gaze** interweaves part of Ophelia's speech from Act 2, Scene 1 with her Act 4 mad song 'How should I your true love know'. The title of the song ('The gaze') refers to the way in which the lovelorn Hamlet stares at Ophelia in the earlier speech ('He falls to such perusal of my face/As he would draw it.') Ophelia has been warned by both her brother (Laertes: 'Keep you in the rear of your affection') and father (Polonius: 'In few, Ophelia,/Do not believe his vows.') not to believe Hamlet's confessions of love; and both of them urge her to withdraw her sympathy. By cleverly juxtaposing the two scenes, Rhian Samuel hints at one of the reasons for Ophelia's eventual madness.

Cheryl Frances-Hoad (b.1980) studied music at the Yehudi Menuhin School and won the BBC Young Composer Competition in 1996 at the age of 15. Her compositions have won numerous prizes, including the Royal Philharmonic Society Composition Prize in 2007, and many of her works have been premiered in such prestigious venues as the Wigmore Hall and Purcell Room. **Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's Day** and **They bore him barefaced on the bier** set two of Ophelia's songs from *Hamlet* that have attracted many composers, including both Brahms and Richard Strauss. A characteristic of these powerful songs is the way in which Ophelia's madness is rendered by music of unexpected sobriety.

To Daffodils

verick

March Herbert October 27 96

Four Daffodils, we sing to see, you
haste away so soon, but yet the early rising sun
not attend his no one,

The musical score is handwritten on aged paper. It features a vocal line with lyrics and two piano accompaniment staves. The lyrics are: "Four Daffodils, we sing to see, you haste away so soon, but yet the early rising sun not attend his no one,". The piano part consists of chords and simple melodic lines. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and two piano staves. The handwriting is in dark ink, and the paper shows signs of age and wear.

RICHARD STRAUSS

Drei Lieder der Ophelia

Karl Simrock (1802-76) after William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

1 i Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb

Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb
Vor andern nun?
An dem Muschelhut und Stab
Und den Sandalschuh'n.

Er ist tot und lange hin,
Tot und hin, Fräulein!
Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras,
Ihm zu Fuß ein Stein. – O, ho!

Auf seinem Bahrtuch, weiß wie Schnee,
Viel liebe Blumen trauern.
Sie gehn zu Grabe naß, o weh,
Vor Liebesschauern.

How should I your true love know

*How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.*

*He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone.
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his feet a stone.*

*White his shroud as the mountain snow
Larded with sweet flowers
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.*

2 ii Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag

Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag
So früh vor Sonnenschein.
Ich junge Maid am Fensterschlag
Will Euer Valentin sein.

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's Day

*Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's Day
All in the morning betime
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.*

Der junge Mann tut Hosen an
Tät auf die Kammertür,
Ließ ein die Maid, die als Maid
Ging nimmermehr herfür.

Bei Sankt Niklas und Charitas,
Ein unverschämt Geschlecht!
Ein junger Mann tut's wenn er kann,
Für wahr, das ist nicht recht.

Sie sprach: Eh' Ihr gescherzt mit mir,
Verspricht Ihr mich zu frein.
Ich bräch's auch nicht beim Sonnenlicht,
Wäirst du nicht kommen herein.

3 iii Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß,
Leider, ach leider, den Liebsten!
Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes Schoß:
Fahr wohl, meine Taube!

Mein junger frischer Händel ist's der mir gefällt,
Und kommt er nimmermehr?
Er ist tot, o weh!
In dein Todbett geh,
Er kommt dir nimmermehr.

*Then up he rose, and donned his clothes,
And dupped the chamber door:
Let in the made, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

*By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By cock, they are to blame.*

*Quoth she, 'Before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.'
'So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.'*

They bore him barefaced on the bier

*They bore him barefaced on the bier
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny,
And on his grave rains many a tear –
Fare you well, my dove.*

*My bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,
And he will not come again!
No, no, he is dead:
Go to thy bed,
He will never come again.*

Sein Bart war weiß wie Schnee,
Sein Haupt wie Flachs dazu:
Er ist hin, er ist hin,
Kein Leid bringt Gewinn:
Mit seiner Seele Ruh!

Und mit allen Christenseelen! darum bet' ich! –
Gott sei mit euch.

FRANCIS POULENC

Fiançailles pour rire

Louise de Vilmorin (1902-1969)

4 i La dame d'André

André ne connaît pas la dame
Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main.
A-t-elle un cœur à lendemains
Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?

Au retour d'un bal campagnard
S'en allait-elle en robe vague
Chercher dans les meules la bague
Des fiançailles du hasard?

A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue,
Guettée par les ombres d'hiver,
Dans son jardin lorsque l'hiver
Entrait par la grande avenue?

*His beard as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan.
Gramercy on his soul!*

*And of all Christian souls, I pray God.
God buy ye.*

Capricious betrothals

André's lady

*André does not know the lady
Whom he takes by the hand today.
Does she have a heart for the future
And for the evening does she have a soul?*

*On her return home from a country dance
Dressed in her flowing finery
Did she search for the engagement ring of fortuity
Amidst the haystacks?*

*Was she fearful, once night fell,
Spied upon by the ghosts of yesteryear,
In her garden as winter time approached
Along the impressive driveway?*

Il l'a aimé pour sa couleur
Pour sa bonne humeur de Dimanche.
Pâlera-t-elle aux feuilles blanches
De son album des temps meilleurs?

5 ii Dans l'herbe

Je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.
Il est mort de sa belle
Il est mort de sa mort belle
Dehors
Sous l'arbre de la Loi
En plein silence
En plein paysage
Dans l'herbe.

Il est mort inaperçu
En criant son passage
En appelant, en m'appelant
Mais comme j'étais loin de lui
Et que sa voix ne portait plus
Il est mort seul dans les bois
Sous son arbre d'enfance
Et je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.

*He loved her for her complexion,
For her good Sunday disposition.
Will she fade upon the blank pages
Of his album of better times?*

In the grass

*I cannot say any more
Nor do anything for him.
He died for his beautiful one
He died a natural death
Outside
Under the tree of Justice
In complete silence
In the middle of the countryside
In the grass.*

*He died unnoticed
Crying out as he slipped away
Calling out, calling my name
But as I was far from him
And his voice could no longer be heard
He died alone in the woods
Under his childhood tree
And I cannot say any more
Nor do anything for him.*

6 iii Il vole

En allant se coucher le soleil
Se reflète au vernis de ma table:
C'est le fromage rond de la fable
Au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil.

– Mais où est le corbeau? – Il vole.

Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.
Sur la place les joueurs de quilles
De belle en belle passent le temps.

– Mais où est mon amant? – Il vole.

C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant,
Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole,
Voleur de coeur manque à sa parole
Et voleur de fromage est absent.

– Mais où est le bonheur? – Il vole.

Je pleure sous le saule pleureur
Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.

– Mais où donc est l'amour? – Il vole.

He steals away

*As the sun prepares to set
Reflected in the varnish of my table:
It is the round cheese in the fable
In the beak of my silver-gilt scissors.*

– But where is the crow? – He steals away.

*I would like to sew but a magnet
Draws all my needles.
In the square the skittle-players
Pass the time of day, one game after another.*

– But where is my lover? – He steals away.

*I have a stealer for a lover,
The crow steals away and my lover steals,
The stealer of my heart breaks his word
And the stealer of cheese is absent.*

– But where is happiness? – It steals away.

*I weep under the weeping willow
My tears and its leaves are one
I weep because I want to be desired
And my stealer does not like me.*

– But where then is love? – It steals away.

Trouvez la rime à ma déraison
Et par les routes du paysage
Ramenez-moi mon amant volage
Qui prend les cœurs et perd ma raison.

Je veux que mon voleur me vole.

7 iv Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Doux comme un gant de peau glacée
Et mes prunelles effacées
Font de mes yeux des cailloux blancs.

Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage,
Dans le silence deux muets
Ombrés encore d'un secret
Et lourds du poids mort des
images.

Mes doigts tant de fois égarés
Sont joints en attitude sainte
Appuyés au creux de mes plaintes
Au nœud de mon cœur arrêté.

Et mes deux pieds sont les montagnes,
Les deux derniers monts que j'ai vus
A la minute où j'ai perdu
La course que les années gagnent.

*Find a rhyme to fit my madness
And along the country paths
Bring me back my philandering lover
Who steals hearts and robs me of my sanity.*

I want my stealer to steal me away.

My corpse is as soft as a glove

*My corpse is as soft as a glove
Soft as a glove of frozen skin
And my scored-out pupils
Make white pebbles of my eyes.*

*Two white pebbles in my face,
In the silence two mutes
Still shadowed by a secret
And heavy with the deathly weight of what they
have seen.*

*My often wandering fingers
Are joined in a saintly pose
Pressed against the hollow of my sobs
At the tangle of my unbeating heart.*

*And my two feet are mountains,
The last two hills that I saw
At that very moment when I lost
The race that the years win.*

Mon souvenir est ressemblant.
Enfants, emportez-le bien vite,
Allez, allez, ma vie est dite.
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.

8 v Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
A l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le cœur, en forme de fraise,
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.

9 vi Fleurs

Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la cheminée
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes
Brûle avec ses images saintes.

*My recollection resembles this.
Children, take it away quickly,
Go, go now, my life is spoken for.
My corpse is as soft as a glove.*

Violin

*Loving couple with indistinguishable accents
The violin and its player please me.
Ah! I love the drawn out groans
On the string of uneasiness.
To the sound of suspended harmonies
At the hour when Justice falls silent
The heart, in the shape of a strawberry,
Offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.*

Flowers

*Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,
Flowers from the parentheses of a single step,
Who brought you these winter flowers
Dusted with the sand from the sea?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves
Your beautiful eyes are turned to ash and in the fireplace
A heart enwrapped in lamenting
Burns with its holy images.*

CHARLES KOECHLIN

Sept chansons pour Gladys

Charles Koechlin (1867-1950)

10 i «M'a dit Amour ...»

M'a dit Amour: garde de te prendre à tes filets,
la Belle, m'a dit Amour,
Belle, garde toi, garde toi de tomber dans ton piège ...
M'a dit Amour: garde que la flèche ne se tourne vers
toi, Belle, m'a dit Amour, garde toi de toi même.

11 ii «Tu croyais le tenir ...»

Tu croyais le tenir et il t'a prise,
Tu croyais avoir fait un prisonnier et il te tient!
Tu croyais le tenir et il t'a prise,
Tu croyais avoir fait un prisonnier,
Tu croyais jouer avec l'amour et il te tient!
Et le petit jeu est devenu la grande aventure.

12 iii Prise au piège

Tu croyais prendre et tu es prise,
Tu pensais l'attrapper au piège de tes yeux malins et
doux,
Tes grands yeux naïfs et rusés, tendres et moqueurs.

Seven songs for Gladys

'Love said to me ...'

*Love said to me: beware of becoming entangled in your
own net, Beautiful One, Love said to me
Beautiful One, beware, beware of falling in to your own trap ...
Love said to me: beware of the arrow turning towards
you, Beautiful One, Love said to me, beware of yourself.*

'You believed you held him ...'

*You believed you held him and he took you,
You believed you had imprisoned him and he held you!
You believed you held him and he took you,
You believed you had imprisoned him,
You believed you were playing with love and he held you!
And the little game became the great affair.*

Caught in the trap

*You believed you were the captor yet you were the prisoner,
You thought you would ensnare him with your shrewd
and gentle eyes,
Your big naive and cunning eyes, tender and mocking.*

Il n'y a pas résisté, mais dans sa chute il t'entraîna
vers l'Amour –
Le banal, le merveilleux Amour,
Par quoi finissent tous les scénarios.
Ainsi soit il.

13 iv La Naiade

Quand tu nageois emmy Syrènes et Tritons,
Gente naïade au corps souëf,
Enjôleuse la jolie, tu cuydois l'enjôler,
Tu «t'entraînais», ah! la bonne blague!
Et c'est la sérieuse affaire qui t'a prise.
Aphrodite s'est vengée de voir en toi, lovely,
Une si jolie rivale à la Vénus de Botticelli,
Enjôleuse la jolie, enjôlée à son tour.
Ridete, Veneres, Cupides que, Ridete.

14 v Le Cyclone

«Un cyclone?»
La mer était calme, et le soleil radieux.
Un cyclone?
Ce n'était qu'un prétexte inventé par le fidèle Jean,
Le merveilleux et ridicule serviteur.
Un cyclone?
«Il n'y en avait pas plus que dans le creux de la main»
dites vous?
Mais le cyclone était dans ton coeur où le sang
bouillonnait avec frénésie.

*He did not resist, but in his fall he drew you
towards Love –
That banal, marvelous Love
Which draws every storyline to a close.
So be it.*

The Naiad

*As you were swimming amongst Sirens and Tritons,
Gente naiad soft of body,
Bewitching pretty one, you thought you were bewitching him.
You 'were practicing', ah! that's a funny one!
And you got caught up in the serious affair.
Aphrodite took revenge for seeing in you, ma belle,
Someone so pretty as to rival Botticelli's Venus.
Bewitching pretty one, bewitched in her turn.
Laugh, Venuses and Cupids, laugh.*

The Cyclone

'A cyclone?'
The sea was calm and the sun radiant.
A cyclone?
*It was only a ploy dreamt up by the loyal Jean,
The marvelous and ridiculous servant.*
A cyclone?
*'There was no more than there was in the palm of the
hand', you say?*
*But the cyclone was in your heart where the blood was
boiling frenetically.*

Et comme cela se trouve!
La circulation du sang fut découverte par un savant
d'Angleterre,
Qui s'appelait Harvey, ô Lillian!

15 vi La Colombe

Gladys! Gladys!
Laisse la colombe se poser sur ton épaule
Mais sache que c'est une colombe païenne.
La petite Vénus de Botticelli te l'envoya
Pour te séduire plus sûrement,
Gladys! Gladys!
Petite Star de la mer qui te joues dans des flots en
attendant l'heure de séduire,
Prends garde à la colombe,
Gladys, Gladys!

16 vii Fatum

L'homme ne peut rien contre l'Amour, la Femme
non plus.
Voilà pourquoi, ô nageuse Gladys, ton sort m'apparut
aussi clair sur la merveilleuse eau claire où jouait
ton corps de naïade fluide.
La Femme ne peut rien contre l'Amour, l'Homme non
plus.

*And how about that then!
The circulation of the blood was discovered by an
English scientist,
Who was called Harvey, O Lillian!*

The Dove

*Gladys! Gladys!
Let the dove perch on your shoulder
But just know that it is a pagan dove.
Botticelli's little Venus sent it to you
To seduce you more convincingly.
Gladys! Gladys!
Little Star of the Sea who, whilst awaiting the hour of
seduction, plays amongst the waves,
Beware of the dove,
Gladys, Gladys!*

Fate

*Man can do nothing against Love, nor can
Woman.
This is why, O Gladys the swimmer, your fate appeared so
clear to me on the marvelous clear water on which
your sinuous naiad's body frolicked.
Woman can do nothing against love, nor can Man.*

HUGO WOLF

from **Italienisches Liederbuch**

Paul Heyse (1830-1914)

17 i Auch kleine Dinge

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,
Auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen schmücken;
Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur klein.
Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,
Und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist,
Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wißt.

18 x Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen

Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen,
Mit einem Blick schon mich verliebt zu machen?
Ich fing schon andre, die sich höher schwangen;
Du darfst mir ja nicht trau'n, siehst du mich lachen.
Schon andre fing' ich, glaub' es sicherlich,
Ich bin verliebt, doch eben nicht in dich.

Even small things

*Even small things can delight us,
Even small things can be dear.
Just think how happily we adorn ourselves with pearls;
They are very heavily paid for and are only small.
Just think, how small the olive is,
And is sought after for all its goodness.
Just think of the rose, how small it is,
And yet has such a lovely scent, as you know.*

You think you can catch me with a thread

*You think you can catch me with a thread,
With a single glance make me fall in love?
I have already caught others, who soared higher;
You shouldn't trust me, when you see me laughing.
I have already caught others, believe you me,
I am in love, just not with you.*

19 xx Mein Liebster singt

Mein Liebster singt am Haus im Mondenscheine,
Und ich muß lauschend hier im Bette liegen.
Weg von der Mutter wend' ich mich und weine,
Blut sind die Tränen, die mir nicht versiegen.
Den breiten Strom am Bett hab ich geweint,
Weiß nicht vor Tränen, ob der Morgen scheint.
Den breiten Strom am Bett weint' ich vor Sehnen;
Blind haben mich gemacht die blut'gen Tränen.

My beloved sings

*My beloved sings outside the house in the moonlight,
And I can only lie here in bed listening.
I turn away from my mother and weep,
My tears are like blood that never runs dry.
I have wept a wide river's worth of tears in this bed,
I can't tell whether it is morning for all my sobbing.
Out of longing I have wept a wide river;
The bloody tears have made me blind.*

20 xl O wär dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas

O wär dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas,
Mein Holder, wenn ich mich vorüberstehe!
Dann säh ich drinnen, dich ohn Unterlaß,
Wie blickt' ich dann nach dir mit ganzer Seele!
Wie viele Blicke schickte dir mein Herz,
Mehr als da Tropfen hat der Fluß im März!
Wie viele Blicke schickt' ich dir entgegen,
Mehr als da Tropfen nieder sprühn im Regen!

If only your house were as transparent as a glass

*O, if only your house were as transparent as a glass,
My dearest, when I slip by!
Then I would constantly see you inside,
How I would gaze at you with my whole soul!
How many glances my heart would send you,
More than there are drops in the river in March!
How many glances would I send you,
More than all the drops that cascade down when it rains!*

21 xliii Schweig einmal still

Schweig einmal still, du garst'ger Schwätzer dort!
Zum Ekel ist mir dein verwünschtes Singen
Und triebst du es bis morgen früh so fort,
Doch würde dir kein schmuckes Lied gelingen.
Schweig einmal still und lege dich aufs Ohr!
Das Ständchen eines Esels zög ich vor.

Be quiet for once

*Be quiet for once, you obnoxious windbag over there!
Your loathsome singing makes me feel sick.
And were you to carry on caterwauling until sunrise,
You would still not be able to pull off a decent song.
Be quiet for once and get off to bed!
I would rather be serenaded by a donkey.*

22 xlvi Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen

Ich hab in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen,
In der Maremmeneb'ne einen andern,
Einen im schönen Hafen von Ancona,
Zum Vierten muß ich nach Viterbo wandern;
Ein Andrer wohnt in Casentino dort,
Der Nächste lebt mit mir am selben Ort,
Und wieder einen hab' ich in Magione,
Vier in La Fratta, zehn in Castiglione.

I have a lover in Penna

*I have a lover living in Penna,
Another in the plain of Maremma,
One in the beautiful port of Ancona,
For the fourth I must walk to Viterbo;
Another one lives over there in Casentino,
The next with me in my own town,
And I have yet another one in Magione,
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione.*

MURIEL HERBERT

23 To Daffodils

Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

Faire Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soone;
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his Noone,
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day,
Has run
But to the evensong;
And, having pray'd together,
We will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and drie
Away,
Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

24 The Lost Nightingale

Helen Waddell (1889-1965) after Alcuin (735-804)

Whoever stole you from that bush of broom,
I think he envied me my happiness,
O little nightingale, for many a time
You lightened my sad heart from its distress,
And flooded my whole soul with melody.
And I would have the other birds all come,
And sing along with me thy threnody.

So brown and dim that little body was,
But none could scorn thy singing.
In that throat
That tiny throat, what depth of harmony,
And all night long,
Ringing that changing note,
What marvel if the cherubim in heaven
Continually do praise Him, when to thee,
O small and happy, such a grace was given?

25 Renouncement

Alice Meynell (1847-1922)

I must not think of thee; and, tired, yet strong,
I shun the love that lurks in all delight –
The love of thee –
And in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the dearest passage of a song.
Oh, just beyond the sweetest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits hidden yet
bright;
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.
But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away, -
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

26 Cradle Song

Algernon Swinburne (1837-1909)

Baby, baby dear,
Heav'n and Earth are near
Now, for Heav'n is here.

Heav'n is ev'ry place
When you flower-sweet
Fills our eyes with grace.

Till your own eyes deign
Earth a glance again
Earth and Heav'n are twain.

Now your sleep is done
Shine and show the sun,
Earth and Heav'n are one.

ELIZABETH MACONCHY

27 Ophelia's Song

William Shakespeare

How should I your true-love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.
He is dead and gone, lady.
He is dead and gone.
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow –
Larded with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

RHIAN SAMUEL

28 **The Gaze**

William Shakespeare

He took me by the wrist and held me hard.
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
He falls to such perusal of my face
As 'a would draw it. Long stayed he so.

(How should I your true-love know from another one?)

At last, a little shaking of my arm
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being. That done, he lets me go;
(By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon)
And, with his head o'er his shoulder turn'd,
He seemed to find his without his eyes,
For out of doors he went without their helps
And to the last bended their light on me.

(He is dead and gone, lady.
He is dead and gone.
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.)

CHERYL FRANCES-HOAD

Two Shakespeare Songs

William Shakespeare

29 i **Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's Day**

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's Day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose and donned his clothes,
And dugged the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't if they come to't.
By Cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, 'Before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.'

He answers:

'So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An' thou hadst not come to my bed.'

30 ii They bore him barefaced on the bier

They bore him barefaced on the bier,
Hey non nonny nonny, hey nonny,
And in his grave rained many a tear –
Fare you well, my dove!

And will 'a not come again?
And will 'a not come again?
No, no he is dead.
Go to thy deathbed.
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll.
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan.
God 'a' mercy on his soul!

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