Sophie Daneman soprano
Julius Drake piano

Recorded live at The Oxford Lieder Festival on 14th October 2006
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Haydn, with his lyrical gift, would have been capable of creating the German Lied, before that honour eventually fell to Beethoven and Schubert. The court of Esterháza, however, hardly encouraged him to compose Lieder. Eighteenth century musical life was dominated socially by the nobility and church, and that meant operas and instrumental music on the one hand, and masses and cantatas on the other. And since contemporary movements in poetry, which so affected the Berlin school of composers such as Reichardt and Zelter, passed Haydn by, it is not surprising that he wrote so few Lieder. He nonetheless composed some 45, possessed an impressive voice, and more than once sang his own songs at royal parties in London.

It was in London that he met Anne Hunter, the author of this evening’s three Haydn songs. She was an amateur versifier and the wife of the famous surgeon John Hunter who, with his brother William, founded the first school of anatomy in London. All three songs come from Haydn’s first set of six Original Canzonettas (1794), which are conceived on a much broader scale than his two earlier collections of German songs (1781 and 1784). The harmonies are more refined and the accompaniments considerably more complex – indeed, the upper line is now so independent of the vocal melody that the songs are written out in three staves instead of two. The opening triplets of The mermaid’s song successfully convey the illusory shimmering of the water, while Despair, considered by some to be Haydn’s finest song, depicts the bleak mood of the poem in a manner that is far removed from the conventions of the Berlin School. The opening introductory adagio, in particular, seems to foreshadow Schubert, and the way in which B major modulates to C. Haydn’s most celebrated song, known severally as ‘Pastorale’, ‘A pastoral song’, ‘Shepherd’s song’ or, to older generations, My mother bids me bind my hair, is to a poem that Mrs Hunter had originally fitted to an Andante from a sonata by Pleyel. The song’s popularity is due partly to the freshness of the melody and partly to the way that Haydn, instead of merely doubling the vocal line in the accompaniment, has created a piano part that weaves its arabesques about the voice. The little interludes are particularly delightful, full of rhythmic interest and abounding in scales that sweep up and down in thirds, octaves and tenths. Despite the serious text, the music is light-hearted, as though the girl were really quite pleased that Lubin had gone away!

By 1849, Clara Schumann had already given birth to five children (her first son died) and was expecting a fifth. In the previous year her husband had composed his Album für die Jugend and now, with the imminent birth of another baby and his own thoughts turning to music connected with childhood, Schumann set about writing his Liederalbum für die Jugend. Anyone familiar with Kinderszenen or Album für die Jugend will know that these are works for children in name only. For all their apparent simplicity, they need to be performed with loving detachment rather than wallowing sentimentality, and the singers who have been most successful with this repertoire are those who have not turned themselves into children.

Schumann’s own view of these delightful Lieder – there are 25 solo songs and 4 duets – is expressed in a letter to his publisher Emanuel Klitzch:

Sie werden es am besten aussprechen, was ich damit gemeint habe, wie ich namentlich dem Jugendalter angemessene Gedichte, und zwar nur von den besten Dichtern gewählt, und wie ich vom Leichten und Einfachen zum Schwierigen überzugehen mich bemühe. Mignon schließt ahnungsvoll, den Blick in ein bewegteres Seelenleben richtend.

They will best express what I had in mind. I have selected poems appropriate to childhood, exclusively from the best poets, and have tried to arrange them in order of difficulty, progressing from the easy and simple to the difficult and complex. At the end comes Mignon, gazing into a more troubled emotional life.
The composition of *Liederalbum für die Jugend* was begun in Dresden in the midst of the 1848 Revolution; and although earlier in the year Schumann had composed pieces of unequivocal revolutionary fervour, such as the *Drei Freiheitsgesänge* for men’s voices, with the titles ‘Zu den Waffen’ (‘To arms’), ‘Schwarz-Rot-Gold’ (‘Black-Red-Gold’) and ‘Deutscher Freiheitsgesang’ (‘German Song of Freedom’), he now fled to the country to complete his song-book for children. Clara was clearly baffled and wrote to a friend: ‘Just when we thought he would be breaking out into the most terrifying battle symphonies, here he is writing these peaceful little songs.’

We hear five of them here. Mörike’s *Er ists*, written on 9 March 1829 during a walk at Pflummern, is justly famous for the way the approach of Spring is expressed through sight (‘blaues Band’), smell and touch (‘Düfte streifen’) and hearing (‘Harfenton’). This is the eighth Spring song of *Liederalbum für die Jugend*, but the first to express anything more than mere child-like wonder. Schumann’s marking of *Innig* (‘Rapt and tenderly’) holds the key to how this lovely song should be performed – as an adolescent’s first fervent outpouring of love. Peters clearly considered *Marienwürmchen* to be one of Schumann’s finest songs, for he printed it in Volume One of his edition. The poem, from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, is one of the many versions of the Ladybird rhyme which, according to some German scholars, originated as a charm to speed the sun across the burning sunset, the house on fire symbolizing the red evening sky. Although Hermann Kletke (1813-1886), the poet of *Der Sandmann*, can consider himself a trifle fortunate to be included by Schumann among ‘the best poets’, his poem clearly fired the composer’s imagination. The little prelude depicts the sandman tiptoeing his way upstairs to sprinkle sand into the children’s eyes; and when he does so (two grains suffice) at the end of the song, the velvety semiquavers turn to minims spread over a whole bar, as sleep descends and God keeps watch.

Children down the ages have been spellbound by the story of William Tell, reason enough for Schumann to include in his *Liederalbum* two songs from Schiller’s play, ‘Des Buben Schützenlied’ and *Des Sennen Abschied*, in which we hear the alpine herdsman sing farewell to the mountains, now summer is over. The accompaniment bears a passing resemblance to ‘Der Leiermann’ – but whereas Schubert’s organ-grinder sets down his hurdy-gurdy in the left hand chord of each bar and then drones the mechanical tune in the right hand quavers, Schumann’s herdsman plays the drone of his bagpipe in the piano bass, while the treble blares the melody of its chanter reed – a pictorial touch to delight any child.

The *Liederalbum* ends with a song that has little to do with childhood; as Schumann explained in the letter to his publisher, he had arranged the songs in order of difficulty, ending with *Mignon* (‘Kennst du das Land?’), the song in which Mignon gazes ‘into a more troubled emotional life.’ This great poem describes Mignon, whose fate in Goethe’s *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* was to be captured by a troupe of strolling players and abducted to Germany— which is where we find her singing these immortal words, as an expression of her longing to return to her homeland. Challier records over 60 settings of the poem by 1885, including those by Beethoven, Liszt, Reichardt, Rubinstein, Schubert, Schumann, Spohr, Tchaikovsky and Zelter. The most ambitious is by Wolf, and some commentators claim that his version is impossibly sophisticated for a thirteen year-old girl to sing – which was basically Goethe’s criticism of Beethoven’s setting. But the poem is sophisticated too: the progression from general to specific longing, as first she has a vision of Italy, then of her house, then of the Alps which bar her way; the use of Fremdwörter (‘Orangen’, ‘Zitronen’) to convey her longing for her ‘foreign’ homeland; the subtle assonance of ‘stehn und sehn’; the impassioned enjambements of the refrain; the insistent sibilants of the final phrase and, most wonderful of all, the sudden open-vowelled pleading of ‘Vater’ that contrasts with the closed vowels of ‘Beschützer’ and ‘Geliebter’. Schumann’s setting,
though more modest than Wolf’s great song, deserves to be much better known. Aware that his strophic setting could not really convey the crescendo of emotion in Goethe’s poem, he instructs the singer to perform the last two verses ‘mit gesteigertem Ausdruck’ (‘with mounting expression’). Schumann’s memorable little prelude seems to encapsulate, in the way it falls, climbs and falls, the ache of longing that Mignon expresses in the poem. It reappears as a ritornello before verses two and three and then – a touch of genius, this – tries to make itself heard in the postlude. But Mignon’s pleas to Wilhelm have fallen on deaf ears, her longing has been drained of ardour, and the ritornello peters out, almost before it had begun. The song ends in desolation.

Like all of Hugo Wolf’s mature songbooks, the *Italienisches Liederbuch* was composed in feverish bouts. “Suspicious signs of creativity are stirring within me, and I expect an imminent explosion”, we read in a letter to Gustav Schur, dated 24 September 1890. He was right. Two days later the first of the songs was penned – ‘Mir ward gesagt, du reisest in die Ferne’. Three more followed in early October and then three in November. A year of creative paralysis ensued, and the letters of this period speak of gloom and self-disgust: “The end is near – may it come soon and completely. That is my most fervent wish”. Despite a visit to Bayreuth and the support of friends, despair and melancholy were beginning to crush him. “I think I shall probably never write another note”, he wrote to Grohé on June 12. This time he was wrong. Inspiration suddenly returned with the composition on 29 November 1891 of ‘Daß doch gemalt all deine Reize wären’; and within the next twenty-five days, fifteen further songs were composed. All of them were now sold, for a fee of 1000 marks, to Schott, who published them in 1892. Secondary syphilis then took its hold. Wolf complained of feverish sore throats, and from 1892 to 1894 composed not a note of original music. There was a recovery, however, in 1895, when he worked feverishly at his new opera, *Der Corregidor*, which was premiered the following year. And on 25 March 1896 he resumed the *Italienisches Liederbuch*, composing the remaining twenty-four songs in a spate of inspiration in less than five weeks.

Heyse’s translation of the anonymous Italian poems 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 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 despairs of men and women in love. Heyse’s translations often intensify the simple, unemotional Italian of the original poems, and almost any comparison shows the German versions to be richer in hyperbole, alliteration and dramatic force. If Heyse’s translations often intensify the mood of the originals, Wolf’s settings, particularly of the more serious poems, represent a further heightening of emotion. Time and again Wolf deepens the translations. The downward leap of a sixth at the close of *Wer rief dich denn?* betrays an underlying commotion that is foreign to the angry tone of the poem. Miniatures these songs may be, but many of them strike unforgettable at the heart. *Man sagt mir, deine Mutter wolle es nicht* shows the girl moving from initial petulance to warmth, affection and finally passion, as she bids him to visit her every day – on a high E that lasts for almost two bars! The punch-line of several of the *rispetti* are transformed by Wolf into moments of unforgettable poignancy – like the final line of ‘Gesegnet sei, durch den die Welt entstund’. We expect the crescendo enumeration of God’s creations to climax in the final line; instead, there is hushed adoration at ‘Schönheit und dein Angesicht’, as the singer is struck almost dumb with awe at the image of his beloved’s face. And there is new tenderness in many other of Wolf’s settings, such as *Wir haben lange Zeit geschwiegen* and *Nun laß uns Frieden schliessen*.

This last song, when the *Italienisches Liederbuch* is given complete, usually occasions a wrangle between the singers as acrimonious as the quarrelling in the songs. Sopranos usually lay claim to it, since most of the serious songs in the
collection 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. There are, of course, exceptions, such as ‘Mir ward gesagt’, but in general the women’s songs flame more with mockery, scorn, rage and jealousy, than with adoration and passion. The soprano, however, has the best comic songs, which are among the best in the entire Lieder repertoire. We are introduced to an unforgettable array of oddities in songs such as Mein Liebster ist so klein and Du denkst mit einem Fädchen. ‘Not without humour’ is Wolf’s indication to his interpreters in Wie lange schon – and there can hardly be a more comic postlude than this wretched musician’s laborious trill. The unhappy woman of Wenn du, mein Liebster has a vision of the day when she will meet her estranged lover in heaven and God will make ‘one heart of our two loving hearts’. Such feelings of fidelity are quite foreign to the promiscuous girl who sings Ich hab in Penna, the final song of the Italienisches Liederbuch. The poem 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.

The Italienisches Liederbuch is unlike any of Wolf’s other collections. The opening song – No. 16 in order of composition – states that ‘even small things can delight us’, and Wolf presumably opened his final songbook with Auch kleine Dinge 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 songs fill a single page. The volume contains no grand-scale songs like Goethe’s ‘Prometheus’ or Mörike’s ‘Der Feuerreiter’, there are no passionate songs like ‘Kennst du das Land?’, no religious fervour, as in the Spanisches Liederbuch, no introspection to match the Harper’s songs. Yet there is an Innigkeit, an emotional immediacy about them and an understanding of the human heart that is in no way diminished by the miniature form.

Although French song is probably synonymous in the public’s mind with the names of Fauré, Debussy and Ravel, it was Charles Gounod who, according to an article by Ravel published in La revue musicale (October 1, 1922), was ‘Le véritable instaurateur de la mélodie en France’ – the true founder of the mélodie in France. Graham Johnson writes most perceptively in A French Song Companion (OUP) on Gounod’s role in the development of French song: ‘He entertained the French bourgeoisie but at the same time composed music which was a significant advance on what had gone before in terms of word-setting and harmony. Gounod’s gift for singable melody enabled him to smuggle art song [...] into the homes and hearts of the French middle-class where operatic arias, operetta, romance and chansonette had previously held sway. Although he was not the first to effect a civilised marriage between text and music [...] Gounod’s rôle was to show how poetry and music, and vocal line and accompaniment, could all gracefully interact on a level hitherto only found in the German Lied. He acknowledged his debt to Franz Schubert (a composer popular in Paris thanks to the performances of Adolphe Nourrit) by fashioning independently interesting piano parts for his songs, and also by recognizing that the most beguiling melodies were only the starting point when it came to the overall craft of song composition and performance. The quality of poetry was also taken to be an important factor in this marriage of word and tone...’

Most of the finest Gounod songs are settings of celebrated poets such as Hugo, Musset, Banville, La Fontaine, Baïf, Passerat, Gautier and Lamartine, the bulk of which appear in the first Choudens recueil. Au rossignol is one of Gounod’s beautiful settings of Lamartine (other miracles...
include ‘Le vallon’ and ‘Le soir’). Instead of depicting the nightingale’s song, Gounod concentrates on rendering the mood that the bird’s song arouses in the poet’s breast. The marking is ‘Andante (calme et tranquille)’, and its long spun phrases make this one of the most meditative of all Gounod’s mélodies. \textit{Viens, les gazons sont verts} sets a translation by Barbier of Longfellow’s ‘If thou art sleeping, maiden’ from \textit{The Spanish Student}. Gounod’s music is remarkable for the verve of its melodic line and the speed of its modulations.

\textit{Banalités} is a group of 5 poems (we hear two of them here), composed by Poulenc in 1940, to poems by Apollinaire. This is not a cycle, and there is no connection between the songs, which are sharply contrasted. The group is beautifully balanced, and it is perhaps worth considering the way in which Poulenc assembled these poems. The first 2 poems that he earmarked were ‘Sanglots’ and ‘Fagnes de Wallonie’ which, instead of setting immediately, he stored up. Then, returning several years later to his home in Noizay, he was browsing in past literary reviews when he came across the delicious poem ‘Voyage à Paris’, in which Apollinaire expresses his love for Paris. And as Poulenc wrote in \textit{Journal de mes mélodies}: ‘Lorsqu’il s’agit de Paris j’y vais souvent de ma larme ou de ma note’. His love of Paris also suggested ‘Hôtel’, which he tells us describes a room in Montmartre. With 4 poems composed, he now had to find what he called ‘an opening rhymical song’, since ‘Sanglots’, he knew, would round off the work with gravity. ‘I suddenly remembered a song [...] that Apollinaire had inserted in a strange and beautiful prose piece entitled \textit{Oitocritique}. In June 1940, marching like a soldier on the road to Cahors, I began to whistle, I do not know why, ‘Par les portes d’Orkenise’. Poulenc sets it as a diatonic folksong with a short piano ritornello. \textit{Hôtel}, with Haydn’s ‘Lob der Faulheit’, must be the laziest song in the world. It is marked ‘très lent et paresseux’ and yawns its way to its laid-back end on a bed of weary chords. \textit{Voyage à Paris} is the song with which Bernac and Poulenc would often finish their concerts in the provinces – rather maliciously, one guesses! Although Poulenc had a beautiful house in the Touraine, he returned again and again to his apartment overlooking the Jardin du Luxembourg. He was at heart a native of the city.

Poulenc was in part drawn to the texts of \textit{Trois poèmes de Louise Vilmorin} (1937) by his fondness for the poetess. ‘Few people’, he wrote, ‘move me as much as Louise de Vilmorin: because she is beautiful, because she is lame, because she writes innately immaculate French, because her name evokes flowers and vegetables, because she loves her brothers like a lover and her lovers like a sister. Her beautiful face recalls the seventeenth century, as does the sound of her name. [...] Love, desire, illness, exile, and money difficulties were at the root of her genuineness.’ He describes the three mélodies in \textit{Diary of my Songs}. \textit{‘Le garçon de Liège} must be sung at a dizzy speed. The \textit{empirical} tempo of the metronomic indication is meant to safeguard the turbulent atmosphere of the song and to show to advantage the cadence of the poem. Besides, the writing for the voice requires a much less rapid delivery than that for the piano.’ And of \textit{Au-delà} he writes: ‘I regret that in her volume \textit{Fiançailles pour rire} Louise has thought fit to tone down the veiled eroticism of \textit{Eau-de-vie! Au-delà!} For nothing in the world would I make this alteration in my musical version, for that would create a positive misconception. The palpitation of the accompaniment would have no reason to exist... This song should be sung very lightly, very simply, without any underlining, but at the same time without dissimulation. The \textit{staccato} triplets of the piano must remain in the background while still being precise.’ The final song of \textit{Trois poèmes de Louise Vilmorin}, \textit{Aux officiers de la garde blanche}, receives the following commentary: ‘It was after a great deal of reflection that I adopted the style of piano writing in this song. “What poor stuff”, the grouser of Geneva [a critic who disliked Poulenc’s music] will write on discovering the unchanging unison of the beginning. It has nevertheless given me a great deal of trouble. What a temptation to harmonize after the fourth bar, and yet I am convinced that it was necessary to resist this false richness. For my part I see more humility than misery in it. These repeated semiquavers evoke the guitar that Louise used to take with her when she went to dine with her friends.’
A garland for Marjory Fleming by Richard Rodney Bennett comprises five songs that were composed in 1969. The poems are by Marjory Fleming who died at the age of eight in 1803, seven years younger than Elisabeth Kulmann – a comparable example of poetic precociousness in song – who by the age of fifteen had mastered eleven languages, and two years later had translated Anacreon into eight volumes. Schumann’s obsession with the young poetess inspired the seven songs of his Op 104; these poems, though, are cloyingly sentimental compared with Marjory Fleming’s unselfconsciously humorous verse. The five poems chosen by Richard Rodney Bennett are all characterized by wittily rhyming couplets, zany orthography and suspect syntax, all of which increases the comic effect. At her death Marjory Fleming left behind three volumes of journals and several poems, some of which, like In Isas bed and Sweet Isabell are about her cousin and best friend Isabella Keith, to whom she addressed the following couplet four days before her death: ‘O Isa do remember me/And try to love your Marjory.’

Richard Stokes © 2006

Texts and Translations
(N.B. The texts of songs in English are not reproduced here)

Franz Joseph Haydn (1732 - 1809)
Three settings of Anne Hunter (1742 - 1821)

1 The Mermaid’s Song

2 Despair

Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856)
From Liederalbum für die Jugend

3 My Mother bids me bind my hair

4 Er ists!
Eduard Mörike (1759 – 1805)

Spring is here

- Spring sends its blue banner
- Fluttering on the breeze again;
- Sweet, well-remembered scents
- Drift propitiously across the land.
- Violets dream already,
- Will soon begin to bloom.
- Listen, the soft sound of a distant harp!
- Spring, that must be you!
- It’s you I’ve heard!

Cole Porter’s Seven Lively Arts, a sort of lavish review that opened in New York in 1944, turned out to be a flop and closed after only twenty weeks, yet it contained one of Porter’s most haunting ballads, Ev’ry time we say Goodbye, the effect of which was lost in the vast and cavernous Ziegfeld Theatre, where the show was premiered. In the still of the night comes from the 1937 smash-hit Rosalie, for which Louis B. Mayer, MGM’s chief, offered Porter $100,000. ‘In the still of the night’ was written for Nelson Eddy, who rejected it as unsuited to his operatic voice. The matter was taken to L.B. Mayer for a final decision – he was so overcome by the emotional power of the number (partly due to the high tessitura and the sentimental bridge, which the composer marked appassionato) that Nelson Eddy was overruled. Porter also composed a long piano postlude that is rarely performed.
Marienwürmchen
Caroline Rudolphi (1754 – 1811)

Marienwürmchen, setze dich
Auf meine Hand, auf meine Hand,
Ich tu dir nichts zu Leide,
Es soll dir nichts zu Leid geschehn,
Will nur deine bunten Flügel seh'n,
Bunte Flügel, meine Freude!

Marienwürmchen, fliege weg,
Dein Häuschen brennt, die Kinder schrein
So sehe, wie so sehe,
Die böse Spinne spinnt sie ein,
Marienwürmchen flieg hinein,
Deine Kinder schreien sehe.

Marienwürmchen, fliege hin
Zu Nachbars Kind, zu Nachbars Kind,
Sie tun dir nichts zu Leide,
Es soll dir da kein Leid geschehn,
Sie wollen deine bunten Flügel seh'n,
Und grüß sie alle beide.

Der Sandmann
Hermann Kletke (1813 – 1886)

Zwei feine Stieflein hab' ich an,
Mit wunderweichen Söhlchen d'ran,
Ein Säcklein hab' ich hinten auf,
Husch! tripp' ich rasch die Trepp' hinauf;
Und wenn ich in die Stube tret',
Die Kinder beten ihr Gebet,
Von meinem Sand zwei Körnelein
Streu' ich auf ihre Äugelein,
Da schlafen sie die ganze Nacht
In Gottes und der Englein Wacht.
Von meinem Sand zwei Körnelein
Streu' ich auf ihre Äugelein,
Den frommen Kindern soll gar schön
Ein froher Traum vorübergehn.
Nun risch und rasch mit Sack und Stab
Nur wieder jetzt die Trepp' hinab,
Ich kann nicht länger müßig stehn,
Muß heut noch zu gar Vielen gehn, -
Da nickt ihr schon und lacht im Traum,
Und öffnete doch mein Säcklein kaum!

Des Sennen Abschied
Friedrich von Schiller (1759 – 1805)

Ihr Matten, lebt wohl!
Ihr sonnigen Weiden!
Der Senne muß scheiden,
Der Sommer ist hin.

Ladybird

Ladybird, come and settle
On my hand, on my hand,
I shall do you no harm,
You shall suffer no harm,
I just want to see your bright wings,
Bright wings are my joy!

Ladybird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, the children are crying
So much, so very much,
The wicked spider's spinning them in,
Ladybird, fly away home,
Your children are crying so much.

Ladybird, fly off
To the children next door, next door,
They will do you no harm,
You shall suffer no harm,
They want to see your bright wings,
And say hallo to them from me.

The sandman

I wear two little soft boots
With marvellously soft little soles,
I carry a little sack on my back,
In a flash I slip upstairs;
And when I step into their room
The children are saying their prayers,
I sprinkle on their little eyes
Two little grains of my sand,
Then they sleep all night long,
In the care of God and angels.
I've sprinkled on their little eyes
Two little grains of my sand,
For all good children
Ought to have happy dreams.
Quick as a flash with sack and wand
I steal downstairs again,
I can't afford to linger longer,
There are many more to visit tonight, -
You're nodding and smiling in your dreams,
Yet I hardly opened my sack at all!

The alpine herdsman's farewell

Farewell, you meadows!
You sunny pastures!
The herdsman must leave you,
Summer is over.
We'll return to the mountains, we'll come again,  
When the cuckoo calls, when songs awaken,  
When the earth is freshly clothed with flowers,  
When the brooklets are flowing in lovely May.

Farewell, you meadows!  
You sunny pastures!  
The herdsman must leave you,  
Summer is over.

Mignon

Do you know the land where lemons blossom,  
Where oranges grow golden among dark leaves,  
A gentle wind drifts across blue skies,  
The myrtle stands silent, the laurel tall,  
Do you know it?  
It's there, it's there  
I long to go with you, my love.

Do you know the house?  Columns support its roof,  
Its hall gleams, its apartment shimmers,  
And marble statues stand and stare at me:  
What have they done to you, poor child?  
Do you know it?  
It's there, it's there  
I long to go with you, my protector.

Do you know the mountain and its cloudy path?  
The mule seeks its way through the mist,  
In caverns dwell the dragons' ancient brood;  
The cliff falls sheer, the torrent over it,  
Do you know it?  
It's there, it's there  
Our pathway lies!  O father, let us go!

Even small things can delight us,  
Even small things can be precious.  
Think how gladly we deck ourselves with pearls;  
They fetch a great price but are only small.  
Think how small the olive is,  
And yet it is prized for its goodness.  
Think only of the rose, how small it is,  
And yet smells so lovely, as you know.
10 Mein Liebster ist so klein

Mein Liebster ist so klein, daß ohne Bücken
Er mir das Zimmer fegt mit seinen Locken.
Als er ins Gärtelein ging, Jasmin zu pflücken,
Ist er vor einer Schnecke sehr erschrocken.
Dann setz' er sich ins Haus um zu verschlauchen,
Da warf ihm eine Fliege über den Haufen;
Und als er hintrat an mein Fensterlein,
Stieß eine Bremse ihm den Schädel ein.
Verwünscht sei'n alle Fliegen, Schnaken, Bremsen
Und wer ein Schätzchen hat aus den Maremmen!
Verwünscht sei'n alle Fliegen, Schnaken, Mücken
Und wer sich, wenn er küßt, so tief muß bücken!

11 Gesegnet sei das Grün

Gesegnet sei das Grün und wer es trägt!
Ein grünes Kleid will ich mir machen lassen.
Ein grünes Kleid trägt auch die Frühlingsaue,
Grün kleidet sich der Liebling meiner Augen.
In Grün sich kleiden ist der Jäger Brauch,
Ein grünes Kleid trägt mein Geliebter auch;
Das Grün steht allen Dingen lieblich an,
Aus Grün wächst jede schöne Frucht heran.

12 Du denkst mit einem Fädchen

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.

13 Wer rief dich denn?

Wer rief dich denn? Wer hat dich herbestellt?
Wer hieß dich kommen, wenn es dir zur Last?
Geh zu dem Liebchen, das dir mehr gefällt,
Geh dahin, wo du die Gedanken hast.
Geh nur, wohin dein Sinnen steht und Denken!
Däß du zu mir kommst, will ich gern dir schenken.
Geh zu dem Liebchen, das dir mehr gefällt!
Wer rief dich denn? Wer hat dich herbestellt?

My sweetheart's so small, that without bending down
He can sweep my room with his hair.
When he entered the garden to pick jasmine
He was terrified by a snail.
Then when he came indoors to recover,
A fly knocked him head over heels;
And when he stepped over to my window,
A horse-fly caved his head in.
A curse on all flies – crane- and horse –
And anyone with a sweetheart from Maremma!
A curse on all flies, craneflies and midges
And on all who have to stoop for a kiss!

Blessed be green and whoever wears it!
I shall have a green dress made.
The meadow in spring wears a green dress too.
And the darling of my eyes wears green,
Huntsmen are wont to dress in green,
My sweetheart too is clad in green;
All things look lovely in green,
Every lovely fruit grows from green.

You think you can catch me with a thread,
Make me fall in love with a mere glance?
I've caught others who flew higher;
You can't trust me if you see me laugh.
I've caught others, believe you me.
I am in love – but not with you.

Who called you, then? Who sent for you?
Who asked you to come, if it's a burden?
Go to the sweetheart you like better,
Go there – where your thoughts are.
Just go to her you dream and think of!
I'll gladly spare you from seeing me.
Go to the sweetheart you like better!
Who called you, then? Who sent for you?
Man sagt mir, deine Mutter woll es nicht

Man sagt mir, deine Mutter woll es nicht;  
So bleibe weg, mein Schatz, tu ihr den Willen.  
Ach Liebster, nein! tu ihr den Willen nicht,  
Besuch mich doch, tu's ihr zum Trotz, im stillen!  
Nein, mein Geliebter, folg' ihr nimmermehr,  
Tu's ihr zum Trotz, komm öfter als bisher!  
Nein, höre nicht auf sie, was sie auch sage;  
Tu's ihr zum Trotz, mein Lieb, komm alle Tage!

For a long time we had both been silent,  
Now all at once speech has returned.  
The angels of God have descended,  
They brought back peace after war.  
The angels of God have descended  
And with them peace has returned.  
The angels of love came in the night  
And have brought peace to my breast.

Wir haben beide

Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen,  
Auf einmal kam uns nun die Sprache wieder.  
Die Engel Gottes sind herabgefllogen,  
Sie brachten nach dem Krieg den Frieden wieder.  
Die Engel Gottes sind herabgefllogen,  
Mit ihnen ist der Frieden eingezogen.  
Die Liebesengel kamen über Nacht  
Und haben Frieden meiner Brust gebracht.

Let us now make peace, love of my life,  
We have been feuding for far too long.  
If you’re not willing, I’ll give in to you,  
How could we wage war to the death?  
Peace is made by kings and princes,  
Why should not lovers crave the same?  
Peace is made by soldiers and princes,  
So why should two lovers not succeed?  
Do you think what such great lords can manage  
Cannot be done by two contented hearts?

Nun laß uns Frieden schließen

Nun laß uns Frieden schließen, liebstes Leben,  
Zu lang ist's schon, daß wir in Fehde liegen.  
Wenn du nicht willst, will ich mich dir ergeben;  
Wie könnten wir uns auf den Tod bekriegen?  
Es schließen Frieden Könige und Fürsten,  
Und sollen Liebende nicht danach dürsten?  
Es schließen Frieden Fürsten und Soldaten,  
Und soll' es zwei Verliebten wohl mißraten?  
Meinst du, daß, was so großen Herrn gelingt,  
Ein Paar zufriedner Herzen nicht vollbringt?

When you, my love, ascend to heaven,  
I'll come to you with my heart in hand.  
And then you will embrace me so lovingly  
And we shall fall at the Lord's feet.  
And when the Lord sees the anguish of our love,  
He'll make one heart of two loving hearts,  
He'll fashion two hearts into one,  
In Paradise, ringed by heavenly radiance.

Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum Himmel auf

Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum Himmel auf,  
Trag' ich mein Herz dir in der Hand entgegen.  
So liebevoll umarmst du mich darauf,  
Dann woll'n wir uns dem Herrn zu Füssen legen.  
Und sieht der Herrgott uns're Liebesschmerzen,  
Macht er ein Herz aus zwei verliebten Herzen,  
Zu einem Herzen fügt er zwei zusammen,  
Im Paradies, umglänzt von Himmelsflammen.
Ich hab' in Penna

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 anderer 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.

Charles Gounod (1818 - 1893)

To the Nightingale

When your heavenly voice ushers in
The silence of the lovely nights,
You are unaware, winged bard
Of my solitude, that I follow you!

You are unaware that my ear,
Spellbound by your gentle voice,
Has revelled for long beneath the trees
In the miracle of your melody!

You are unaware that my breath
Does not dare to pass my lips,
That my soundless feet scarcely tread
The leaves they fear to crush!

Ah! Your voice, touching or sublime,
Is too pure for this base earth!
This music which inspires you
Is an impulse that soars to God!

You gather your melodies
From the murmuring of the waves,
From the rustling of the leaves,
From the echoes’ dying cadences,
And from these sweet sounds, mingled
With the heavenly instinct that instructs you,
God fashions your voice, O Philomèle!
And you sing your hymn to the night!

Ah, these sweet nocturnal scenes,
These divine mysteries of evening,
And these flowers which incline their heads
Like a censer's urn,
And this mysterious voice
That I with angels listen to,
This sigh of divine night—
All this, melodious bird, is you!
Ah, mingle your voice with mine!
The same ear hears us both;
But your aerial prayer
Climbs better to heaven which awaits it!

**Come, the lawns are green**

If you are sleeping, my girl,
Rise up, rise up, the sun is here!
Brush idle sleep from your eyes,
It is time to awake!

Follow me quickly and sweetly,
Barefoot, come, the lawns are green!
The babbling brooks in the empty woods
Flow with limpid water!

**Trip to Paris**

Oh! how delightful
To leave a dismal
Place for Paris
Charming Paris
That one day
Love must have made
Oh! how delightful
To leave a dismal
Place for Paris

**Hotel**

My room is shaped like a cage
The sun slips its arm through the window
But I who want to smoke to make mirages
I light my cigarette on daylight’s fire
I do not want to work I want to smoke

**The boy of Liège**

A fairy-tale youth
boldly bowed low to me,
in the open air, on the verge of a
pathway,
standing under the tree of the Law.

The birds of late autumn
were busy, in spite of the rain,
and, seized by a foolish whim,
I dared to say to him: I am bored.
Sans dire un doux mot de menteur,
Le soir, dans ma chambre à tristesse,
Il vint consoler ma pâleur;
Son ombre me fit des promesses.

Mais c’était un garçon de Liège
Léger, léger comme le vent,
Qui ne se prend à aucun piège
Et court les plaines du beau temps.

Et dans ma chemise de nuit,
Depuis lors, quand je voudrais rire,
Ah! beau jeune homme, je m’ennuie,
Ah! dans ma chemise, à mourir.

Without one sweet deceiving word,
at evening, in my cheerless room,
he came to console my pallor;
his shadowy figure made me promises.

But he was a boy of Liège
light, light as the wind,
who would never be caught in a trap
and roams the plains in fine weather.

And in my nightdress,
ever since then, when I want to laugh,
Ah! handsome young man, I am bored,
Ah! in my nightdress, bored to death.

---

Au-delà

Eau-de-vie! Au-delà!
A l’heure du plaisir,
Choisir n’est pas trahir,
Je choisi celui-là.

Je choisi celui-là
Qui sait me faire rire,
D’un doigt de-ci, de-là,
Comme on fait pour écrire.

Comme on fait pour écrire,
Il va par-ci, par-là,
Sans que j’ose lui dire:
J’aime bien ce jeu-là

J’aime bien ce jeu-là,
Qu’un souffle fait finir,
Jusqu’au dernier soupir
Je choisis ce jeu-là.

Eau-de-vie! Au-delà!
A l’heure du plaisir,
Choisir n’est pas trahir,
Je choisis ce jeu-là.

---

Aux officiers de la Garde Blanche

Officiers de la Garde Blanche,
Gardez-moi de certaines pensées, la nuit,
Gardez-moi de corps à corps et de l’appui
D’une main sur ma hanche.

To the officers of the White Guard

Officers of the White Guard,
guard me from certain thoughts at night,
guard me from love’s tussle and the pressure
of a hand upon my hip.
Guard me above all from him
who pulls me by the sleeve
towards the danger of full hands,
and elsewhere, of water that shines.

Spare me the tempestuous torment
of loving him one day more than today,
and the cold moisture of expectation
that will press on the windows and
doors
my profile of a woman already dead.

Officers of the White Guard,
I do not want to weep for him
on earth, I would weep as rain
on his land, on his star of carved
boxwood,
when later I float transparent,
above a hundred steps of weariness.

Officers of the pure consciences,
you who beautify faces,
confide in space, to the flight of the
birds,
a message for the seekers of moderation,
and forge for us chains without rings.

Richard Rodney Bennett (b. 1936)
A Garland for Marjory Fleming
Marjory Fleming (1803 – 1811)

26 In Isas Bed
28 On Jessy Watsons elopment
30 Sonnet on a monkey

Cole Porter (1891 – 1964)
2 Arrangements by Madeleine Dring (1923 – 1977)
31 Ev’ry time we say goodbye
33 The tale of the oyster (Encore)

32 In the still of the night

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Sophie Daneman

Soprano

Sophie Daneman studied at the Guildhall School of Music with Johanna Peters and has established an international reputation in repertoire ranging from Monteverdi and Handel to Schoenberg and Berg. An accomplished recitalist, Sophie Daneman appears regularly at the Wigmore Hall and the Queen Elizabeth Hall, London, in France and Italy, and at the Cheltenham, Belfast and Saintes Festivals with Julius Drake, Roger Vignoles, Graham Johnson, Eugene Asti and Imogen Cooper.

Her opera engagements have included the title roles in Handel’s ‘Rodelinda’ (Broomhill Opera and in the Netherlands) and ‘Arianna’ (Göttingen Handel Festival with Nicholas McGegan) and an acclaimed Mélisande (Opéra Comique with Georges Prêtre). She has sung Servilia (‘La Clemenza di Tito’) with the Barcelona Symphony Orchestra and Hogwood, Euridice (Haydn’s ‘L’Anima del Filosofo’) for the Opéra de Lausanne, Euridice (Monteverdi’s ‘L’Orfeo’) and ‘Dido and Aeneas’ at the Bavarian State Opera and the title role in Handel’s ‘Theodora’ with William Christie in New York, Paris and Salzburg (recorded by Erato), and Bernstein’s ‘Wonderful Town’ for Grange Park Opera.

As a specialist in period performance, she has toured and recorded extensively with William Christie and Les Arts Florissants, as well as performing with Christopher Hogwood, Sir Neville Marriner, Gérard Lesne, Jean-Claude Malgoire, Marcus Creed, Phillipe Herreweghe, Robert King, Paul Daniel and Richard Hickox. She has sung Handel’s ‘Apollo e Dafne’ at the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, ‘L’Allegro’ with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra, and appeared with the Halle Handel Festival, the Freiburg Baroque Orchestra, the Rias Kammerchor and the Beaune Festival. She has sung the Fauré Requiem with the Colorado Symphony, Haydn’s ‘The Seasons’ in St. Louis, Purcell’s ‘The Fairy Queen’ with William Christie in Lyon and made her début with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.

Sophie Daneman’s many recordings include the title role in Handel’s ‘Rodelinda’ with Nicholas Kraemer (Virgin Classics), Vivaldi’s ‘Ottone in Villa’ with Richard Hickox (Chandos) and Mendelssohn Lieder with Nathan Berg and Eugene Asti (Hyperion). For EMI she has recorded a disc of Schumann Lieder with Julius Drake. She has taken part in numerous recordings with William Christie and Les Arts Florissants, including Rameau ‘Grands Motets’ (Gramophone award, Best Baroque Vocal recording 1995) and ‘Les Fêtes d’Hébé’ (Gramophone award, Early Opera 1998), Handel’s ‘Acis and Galatea’ (Gramophone Award, Baroque Vocal 2000) and works by Charpentier, Couperin, Mondonville, Monteclaire and Purcell.

Future engagements include her first Susanna for Grange Park Opera and Cleopatra in ‘Julio Cesare’ for the Göttingen Handel Festival and Nicholas McGegan.
Julius Drake

Piano

The pianist Julius Drake lives in London and specialises in the field of chamber music, working with many of the world’s leading vocal and instrumental artists, both in recital and on disc.

He appears at all the major music centres: in recent seasons concerts have regularly taken him to the Edinburgh, Munich, Salzburg, Schubertiade, and Tanglewood Festivals; to Carnegie Hall and The Lincoln Centre, New York; the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam; the Chatalet, Paris; the Musikverein and the Konzerthaus in Vienna; and the Wigmore Hall and BBC Proms in London.

Director of the Perth International Chamber Music Festival in Australia from 2000 to 2003, Julius Drake was also musical director in Deborah Warner’s staging of Janáček’s ‘Diary of One who Vanished’, touring to Munich, London, Dublin, Amsterdam and New York.

Julius Drake’s passionate interest in song has led to invitations to devise song series for the Wigmore Hall, London (Britten Songs, Schubert Song Diary, Songs of the Nineties), the BBC (Complete Songs of Fauré) and the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam (Brahms Songs).

A series of song recitals - Julius Drake and Friends - in the historic Middle Temple Hall in London, includes recitals with many outstanding artists including Thomas Allen, Olaf Bär, Ian Bostridge, Phillip Langridge, Jonathan Lemalu, Amanda Roocroft and Willard White.

Julius Drake is also a frequent visitor to international chamber music festivals and his instrumental duo with Nicholas Daniel has been described in The Independent newspaper as ‘one of the most satisfying in British chamber music: vital, thoughtful and confirmed in musical integrity of the highest order.’ Julius Drake is invited regularly to give masterclasses, most recently in Amsterdam, Baden bei Wien, Graz and Oxford, and in 2006 he is invited on to the jury of The Leeds International Piano Competition.

Recordings include French song with Cuenod (Chandos), French Sonatas with Daniel (Virgin), Britten song with Ragin (Etcetera), Haydn Canzonettas with Genz (Edel), Schumann Lieder with Daneman (EMI), Gurney songs with Agnew (Hyperion), Sibelius songs with Karneus (Hyperion), Shostakovitch sonatas with Bartholdy (Naxos) and Haydn, Schumann and Mahler with Coote (EMI). His award-winning recordings with Ian Bostridge on EMI (a Gramophone Award and
an Edison Award) include Schumann Lieder, two volumes of Schubert Lieder, Henze’s ‘Songs from the Arabian’, Britten Canticles (also with Daniels and Maltman) and The English Songbook.

Recent discs include Mahler, Schumann and Haydn with Alice Coote; Charles Ives with Gerald Finley; French Song with Lynne Dawson; Schoeck Cello Sonatas with Christian Poltera; Fauré’s ‘La Bonne Chanson’ with Ian Bostridge and the Belcea Quartet; Mahler’s ‘Des Knaben Wunderhorn’ songs with Christianne Stotijn; and both a ‘Wigmore Live’ and a Spanish Song disc with Joyce Didonato.

Oxford Lieder would like to express its warmest thanks to the following:

Richard Stokes
Henry Jones
Colin Turner, Steinway & Sons

Recorded LIVE in The Jacqueline du Pré Music Building, St Hilda’s College, Oxford 14th October 2006 as part of The Oxford Lieder Festival.

The Steinway concert piano chosen and hired by The Oxford Lieder Festival for this performance was supplied and maintained by Steinway & Sons, London.

Recording Engineer - JULIAN MILLARD
Cover & Booklet Design - ADRIAN LOWE
Cover Image - MOONRISE OVER THE SEA - C. D. Friedrich (1822)
(bpk / Nationalgalerie, Staatliche Museen zu Berlin. Photo: Jörg P. Anders)

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Sophie Daneman *soprano*
Julius Drake *piano*

Franz Josef Haydn (1732 - 1809)

1. The Mermaid’s Song  
2. Despair  
3. My mother bids me bind my hair

Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856)
(from *Liederalbum für die Jugend*)

4. Er ists  
5. Marienwürmchen  
6. Der Sandmann  
7. Des Sennen Abschied  
8. Mignon (Kennst du das Land?)

Hugo Wolf (1860 - 1903)
(from *Italienisches Liederbuch*)

9. Auch kleine Dinge  
10. Mein Liebster ist so klein  
11. Gesegnet sei das Grün  
12. Du denkst mit einem Fädchen  
13. Wer rief dich denn?  
14. Man sagt mir, deine Mutter wolle es nicht  
15. Wir haben beide  
16. Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen  
17. Wenn du mein Liebster steigst zum Himmel auf  
18. Ich hab in Penna

Charles Gounod (1818 - 1893)

19. Au Rossignol  
20. Viens, les gazons sont verts

Francis Poulenc (1899 - 1963)

21. Voyage a Paris  
22. Hôtel  
23 - 25. 3 Poèmes de Louise Vilmorin

Richard Rodney-Bennet (b. 1936)

26 - 30. A Garland for Marjory Fleming

Cole Porter (1891 - 1964)

2. Arrangements by Madeleine Dring (1923 - 1977)

31. Every time we say goodbye  
32. In the still of the night  
33. The Tale of the Oyster  
(ENCORE)