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Friday 26 November 2021

The Venue

Leeds Conservatoire

PROGRAMME

Franz Schubert

Die junge Nonne
Nacht und Träume
Daß sie hier gewesen
Wanderers Nachtlied II
Gretchen am Spinnrade

Gabriel Fauré

Cinq Mélodies “de Venise” (1891) Op. 58
Mandoline
En sourdine
Green
À Clymène
C'est l'extase

Interval

Richard Strauss

Morgen
Schlechtes Wetter
Die Nacht
Befreit

Muriel Herbert

Children's Songs
Merry-go-round
The Gypsies
The Tadpole
Jack Spratt
Acorn and Willow
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Trad. arr. Herbert Hughes

The Spanish Lady

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A Dream

Edmund Pendleton

Bid adieu

Trad. arr. Herbert Hughes

Tigaree torum orum

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Die junge Nonne

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende Sturm!
Es klirren die Balken, es zittert das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner, es leuchtet der Blitz,
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!

So tobt' es auch jüngst noch in mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm,
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus,
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.

Nun tobe, du wilder, gewalt'ger Sturm,
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh,
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit sehndem Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole die Braut,
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.
Horch, friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein vom Turm!
Es lockt mich das süsse Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höh'n. Alleluia!

Jakob Nicolaus von Craigher de Jachelutta (1797-1855)

Nacht und Träume

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Matthäus von Collin (1779-1824)

Daß sie hier gewesen

Daß der Ostwind Düfte
Hauchet in die Lüfte,
Dadurch tut er kund,
Daß du hier gewesen.

Weil hier Tränen rinnen,
Dadurch wirst du innen,
Wär's dir sonst nicht kund,
Daß ich hier gewesen.

Schönheit oder Liebe,

The young nun

How the wild storm roars through the treetops!
The rafters clatter, the house shudders!
The thunder roars, the lightning flashes,
And the night is as dark as the grave.

And so, as the storm rages,
Not long ago a storm raged within me
My limbs trembled like the house now,
Love flamed like the lightning now,
And my heart was as dark as the grave.

So rage on, you wild, powerful storm,
In my heart is peace, in my heart is calm,
The loving bride awaits her bridegroom
Purified in the testing flames,
Wedded to eternal love.

I wait, my Saviour, with a longing gaze!
Come, heavenly bridegroom, claim your bride,
Release her soul from earthly ties.
Listen, the bells ring peacefully from the tower!
I am drawn by the sweet sound,
So powerfully to eternal heights. Alleluia!

Night and Dreams

Blessed night, you sink down,
And our dreams also float down,
Like your moonlight through space,
Through the silent hearts of men,
They listen with delight.
And call out as daylight dawns
Come back, blessed night!
Sweet dreams, come back!

Because the East Wind blows scents
Gently in the air
It tells me
That you were here.

Because tears flow here
You will know,
If you don't know it yet,
That I was here.

Beauty or Love,

Ob versteckt sie bliebe?
Düfte tun es und Tränen kund,
Daß sie hier gewesen.

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866

Even if they remain hidden,
Make it known by scents and tears
That they were here.

)

Wanderers Nachtlid

Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde,
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch!

Night song of a Wanderer

Over all the mountain peaks
Lies peace,
In all the tree tops
You hear
Scarcely a murmur;
The birds in the forest are silent;
Just wait, soon
You too can rest.

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seine Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuß!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I'll never find it again,
Never.

Everywhere he isn't with me
Is my grave,
The whole world
Turns bitter for me.

My poor head
Has gone crazy,
My poor soul
Is in pieces.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I'll never find it again,
Never.

It's only for him
That I look out of the window,
It's only to go to him
That I go out of the house.

His proud bearing,
His noble figure,
The smile on his mouth,
The power in his eyes,

And his words,
Like a stream of magic,
The pressure of his hand,
And oh, his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,

Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft ich fassen
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt!

I'll never find it again,
Never.

My heart
Yearns for him.
If only I could clasp
And hold him,

And kiss him,
The way I want to,
On his kisses
I'd die!

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Cinq Mélodies « de Venise »

Settings of Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fit maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

En sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Mêlons nos âmes, nos coeurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider

Mandoline

The serenaders
And the lovely women who listen to them
Exchange sweet nothings
Under the singing branches.

There are Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Cruel woman, wrote many a tender verse.

Their short silk doublets,
Their long gowns with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
In the trembling breeze.

Muted

Quietly in this twilight
Which the lofty branches create,
Let us fill our love
With this profound silence.

Let our souls entwine, and our hearts
And our ecstasies,
Midst the lazy languor
Of the pines and the arbutus.

Half-close your eyes,
Cross your arms on your breast,
And from your slumbering heart
Chase away all intent for ever.

Let us succumb to
The soothing, gentle breeze
Which wafts by, rippling at your feet

Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon coeur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encor de vos derniers baisers ;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

À Clymène

Mystiques barcarolles,
Romances sans paroles,
Chère, puisque tes yeux,
Couleur des cieux,

Puisque ta voix, étrange
Vision qui dérange
Et trouble l'horizon
De ma raison,

Puisque l'arome insigne
De ta pâleur de cygne,
Et puisque la candeur
De ton odeur,

Ah! puisque tout ton être,
Musique qui pénètre,
Nimbés d'anges défunts,
Tons et Parfums,

A, sur d'âmes cadences,
En ces correspondances
Induit mon cœur subtil,
Ainsi soit-il!

C'est l'extase

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.

The waves of russet grass.

And when, solemnly, evening falls
From the black oaks,
The voice of our despair
The nightingale will sing.

Green

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches
And here too is my heart, which beats for you alone.
Don't tear it with your two white hands
And may this humble gift find favour in your lovely eyes.

I arrive still covered in dew
Which the morning breeze has frozen to my brow.
Allow my fatigue resting at your feet
To dream of the precious moments which will refresh it.

Let my head rest against your young breast
Still resonating with your last kisses;
Let it rest from the sweet tumult,
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.

To Clymène

Mystical barcarolles,
Songs without words,
Sweet, since your eyes,
The colour of skies,

Since your voice,
Strange vision that unsettles
And troubles the horizon
Of my reason,

Since the rare scent
Of your swan-like pallor,
And since the candour
Of your fragrance,

Ah! since your whole being –
Pervading music,
Haloes of departed angels,
Sounds and scents –

Has in sweet cadences
And correspondences
Led on my receptive heart –
So be it!

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.

Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au bruit doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the sweet sound
The ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?

INTERVAL

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Morgen

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde . . .

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes
Schweigen.

John Henry Mackay (1864-1933)

Schlechtes Wetter

Das ist ein schlechtes Wetter,
Es regnet und stürmt und schneit;
Ich sitze am Fenster und schaue
Hinaus in die Dunkelheit.

Da schimmert ein einsames Lichtchen,
Das wandelt langsam fort;
Ein Mütterchen mit dem Laternchen
Wankt über die Straße dort.

Ich glaube, Mehl und Eier
Und Butter kaufte sie ein;
Sie will einen Kuchen backen
Fürs große Töchterlein.

Die liegt zu Hause im Lehnstuhl,
Und blinzelt schläfrig ins Licht;
Die goldenen Locken wallen
Über das süße Gesicht.

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
And on the path that I will take,
It will unite us, we happy ones, again,
In the midst of this sun-breathing earth.....

And we will go quietly and slowly down
To the wide blue-waved beach,
Mutely we will gaze into each other's eyes,
And the silence of happiness will envelop
us.

Terrible weather

It is terrible weather,
Rain and storm and snow;
I sit at the window and gaze
Out into the darkness

A tiny lonely light glimmers,
Wandering slowly;
A mother with a lantern
Is struggling over the street.

I think she is buying flour, eggs
And butter;
She wants to bake a cake
For her beloved grown-up daughter.

She is lying at home on an easy chair
Gazing sleepily at the light;
Her golden tresses tumble
Over her sweet face.

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Hermann von Gilm (1812-1864)

Befreit

Du wirst nicht weinen. Leise, leise
Wirst du lächeln: und wie zur Reise
Geb' ich dir Blick und Kuß zurück.
Unsre lieben vier Wände! Du hast sie bereitet,
Ich habe sie dir zur Welt geweitet -
O Glück!

Dann wirst du heiß meine Hände fassen
Und wirst mir deine Seele lassen,
Läßt unsern Kindern mich zurück.
Du schenktest mir dein ganzes Leben,
Ich will es ihnen wiedergeben -
O Glück!

Es wird sehr bald sein, wir wissen's beide,
Wir haben einander befreit vom Leide;
So gab ich dich der Welt zurück.
Dann wirst du mir nur noch im Traum erscheinen
Und mich segnen und mit mir weinen -
O Glück!

Richard Dehmel (1863-1920)

Night

Night comes out from the woods,
It steals softly from the trees,
Looks all around in a wide circle,
Now take care!

All the lights in the world,
All the flowers, all the colours
It extinguishes, steals the sheaves
From the fields.

It takes everything precious,
Steals the silver from the streams,
And from the copper roof of the cathedral
It steals the gold.

The bushes stand plundered:
Come closer, soul to soul,
Oh I fear the night will also
Steal you from me.

Released

You will not weep. Gently, gently
You will smile, and as before a journey
I will return your gaze and your kiss.
Our dear four walls that you helped to build,
I have widened them into the world for you -
O joy!

Then you will warmly seize my hands
And will leave me your soul,
Leaving me behind for our children,
You have given me your whole life,
So I will give it back to them -
Oh joy!

It will happen soon, we both know;
We have freed each other from sorrow:
So I give you back to the world;
Then you will appear to me only in my dreams
And bless me and weep with me -
Oh joy!

Muriel Herbert (1897-1984)

Children's Songs

words by Ada Harrison [1900-1958]

Merry-go-round

Round, round, round goes the merry-go-round,
With the swings and the boats on the old fair-ground.
Never mind the long way home,
Never mind tea.
Little painted horses,

The Gypsies

In the dell are camped the gypsies,
Brown as berries to a man;
They live, the lucky creatures,
In a painted caravan.
A perfect little house that the horse draws about,

Wait for me.

And a perfect little chimney with the smoke
coming out.

The Tadpole

Kitten of course is the small for cat,
Puppy the small for dog;
Yet who would have guessed in a hundred
years,
That tadpole was small for frog.

Birds grow feathers and mice grow fur,
Ev'ry thing swells in size;
But to grow four legs from a head and a tail,
Could you believe your eyes?

Jack Spratt

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean.
Some like rosy apples,
I like them green.
Some, when they eat an egg
Only like the white,
I only like the yolk,
So that's all right.

Some like their beef done red,
Others like it brown;
Some like the country,
Others like the town.
Some like buttercups
And some like diamond rings;
Isn't it a mercy
We all like diff 'rent things?

Acorn and Willow

The acorn that we planted will grow into a tree
When I'm about ninety and you're sixty three;
So don't we find it charming
to see how fine and big
Is the two year old willow
From our willow twig.

The Bunny

It always seems funny, but it's true that a bunny
Can be lifted by the ears and it does no harm;
If you lift him by the middle, before you can say fiddle,
He's bolted like a rabbit over your arm.

Trad: arr. **Herbert Hughes** (1882-1937)

The Spanish Lady

I walked down thro' Dublin city
At the hour of twelve at night,
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady,
Washing her feet by candlelight.

First she washed them,
Then she dried them,
O'er a fire of amber coal;
All my life I ne'er did see
A maid so neat about the sole.

Whack for the toora loora lady
Whack for the toora loora lee
Whack for the toora loora lady
Whack for the toora loora lee

As I came back thro' Dublin city
At the hour of half-past eight,
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady
Brushing her hair in broad day light.

First she tossed it,
Then she brushed it,
On her lap was a silver comb;
In all my life I ne'er did see
So fair a maid since I did roam.

As I went down thro' Dublin city
When the sun began to set,
Who should I see but a Spanish lady
Catching a moth in a golden net;

When she saw me
Then she fled me,
Lifting her petticoat over the knee;
In all my life I ne'er did spy
A maid so blithe as the Spanish lady!

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1976)

A Dream

I dreamed that one had died in a strange place
Near no accustomed hand
And they had nailed the boards above her face
The peasants of that land
And, wond'ring, planted by her solitude
A cypress and a yew
I came, and wrote upon a cross of wood
Man had no more to do
"She was more beautiful than thy first love
This lady by the trees."
And gazed upon the mournful stars above
And heard the mournful breeze

William B. Yeats (1865-1939)

Edmund Pendleton (1899-1987)

Bid adieu

Bid adieu, adieu, adieu, Bid adieu to girlish days, Happy love is come to woo Thee and woo thy girlish ways - The zone that doth become thee fair, The snood upon thy yellow hair.	When thou hast heard his name upon The bugles of the cherubim Begin thou softly to unzone Thy girlish bosom unto him And softly to undo the snood That is the sign of maidenhood.
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James Joyce (1882 - 1941)

Trad: arr **Herbert Hughes**

Tigaree torum orum

There was a wise old woman and her story I will tell,
She loved her husband dearly and another man just as well.
With my tigaree torum orum and my torum orum me
And my tigaree torum orum and the blind man he can see.

Now she went into the doctor's shop some medicine for to buy,
She asked the doctor kindly what would close her old man's eye.
Now get for him some marrow bones and make him suck them all
And when he has the last one sucked, he cannot see you at all.

Now the doctor sent for this old man and told him what she spoke,
He thanked the doctor kindly and he said he'd play the joke.
Now she got for him the marrow bones and she made him suck them all
And when he had the last one sucked, he couldn't see her at all.

"In this world I have no comfort and it's here I can't remain,
Sure I'll go out and drown myself if I could see the stream."
"In this world you have no comfort and it's here you can't remain
And if you like to drown yourself I'll show you to the stream."

"Let you stand on the river bank and I'll run up the hill."
"Then push me in with all your might," he says. "My love, I will."
Now he stood on the river bank and she ran up the hill
And when she ran down he slipped aside and let her tumble in.

She sank down to the bottom and she floated to the top,
He put a wattle to her side and he shoved her further off.
“Yirra, Johnny, dearest Johnny, are you leaving me behind?”
“Yirra, Nancy, dearest Nancy, sure you thought you had me blind!”

Programme Notes

Franz Schubert

Die junge Nonne
Nacht und Träume
Daß sie hier gewesen
Wanderers Nachtlied II
Gretchen am Spinnrade

On 3 March 1825 the soprano Sophie Müller wrote in her diary, 'After lunch Schubert came and brought a new song, Die junge Nonne; later Vogl came, and I sang it to him; it is splendidly composed.' Schubert used a text by the impressively named Jakob Nikolaus, Reichsfreiherr von Craigher de Jachelutta (1797-1855). Around 1820 Craigher had moved to Vienna, where he joined a circle of romantic poets. His poem includes many familiar romantic topics like the forest, the storm, and the grave, and these external phenomena are linked with the narrator's own state of mind – except that the storm is happening now, and she sees her stormy emotions as something in the past, that she will escape in the convent. The orchestral character of the piano writing led to versions with orchestra made by Liszt and the conductor Weingartner, as well as a version by Schubert's brother Ferdinand (this for orchestra and female chorus). Musically, the storm continues even as she anticipates union with Christ, her bridegroom – the piano *tremolando*, the low octaves, the ringing bell, all persist to the end – so she may not find the peace she seeks. 'Nacht und Träume', also from 1825, uses a poem by Matthäus von Collin (the writer of the play *Coriolan* to which Beethoven wrote an overture), although when first published it was ascribed to Schiller. Schubert creates a single mood throughout. The low, dense chordal writing in the piano part continues throughout (night does indeed sink down), and the whole song is *pianissimo*. Even the modulation from B major to G major at 'Die belauschen sie mit Lust' [They listen with delight] does not break the mood. Samuel Beckett used the last seven bars in his television play *Nacht und Träume*. 'Daß sie hier gewesen' is one of Schubert's most remarkable songs. From the very outset, with the exotic and ambiguous harmony of the opening chords (technically, the first bar resolves an appoggiatura to a diminished seventh chord, but the first chord, rearranged, was to become the 'Tristan' chord), the scent of the east is present. The certainty that 'you have been here' comes in simple chordal C major, but the scent and tears waft through a series of sighing pairs of chords through ten bars, and this time she 'has been here' in A flat, before the song closes in C. 'Wanderers Nachtlied II' is the second of two poems with this title by Goethe (both set by Schubert, hence the numbering). He wrote this one in 1780 on the wall of gamekeeper's lodge on top of a mountain where he spent the night. Fifty years later he went back and found his poem still there, but it disappeared after his death in 1831. 'Über alle Gipfeln' is one of Schubert's shortest songs, a mere fourteen bars long. Composers from Schubert's contemporary Zelter to the Russian Nikolai Medtner have also set it (Reger also orchestrated it), but Schubert's setting is the most famous. He treats the poem in three main sections, moving from landscape (mountain-top) to animal (birds) and then to the human, varying the piano textures in each. As the poet will soon be at peace, a horn-call motif appears in the piano part as if to evoke the forest. 'Gretchen am Spinnrade' uses a text from part one of Goethe's *Faust*. It is a relatively early work, composed when Schubert was nearly eighteen. The obsessive turning of the spinning wheel mirrors Gretchen's emotional state, and it dramatically breaks off when she remembers Faust's kiss (moving to the most exotic chord in the song!), only restarting with difficulty. The arc of modulation takes us through several keys but we return to D minor – at the end Gretchen still wants to be with Faust and strives towards a major key, but the music suggests a less happy ending.

Gabriel Fauré

Cinq melodies 'de Venise' op. 58

Mandoline
En sourdine
Green
À Clymène
C'est l'extase

This song cycle was composed in 1891 to poems by Verlaine. Fauré said himself that there were musical themes that recurred in the last song, 'C'est l'extase', which made the group into a 'suite'. He did something similar in his other Verlaine cycle *La bonne chanson*. He began 'Mandoline' and 'En sourdine' in Venice, completing the group in Paris later. The first printed edition was illustrated with a picture of a gondola with the basilica of San Marco in the background. Fauré was staying in Venice as a guest of Winnaretta Singer, later Princesse de Polignac (the heiress to the Singer sewing machine fortune, and one of the most important patrons of modern French composers of the time). He spent six weeks with her and they became close friends. She wrote later:

I carefully prepared a quiet room with a piano as a study for Fauré to work in, but I had forgotten how fond he was of cafés; and I am obliged to say that he wrote his *Cinq Mélodies de Venise* at a little marble table at the Café Florian on the Piazza, in the midst of the noise and turmoil of a busy Venetian crowd, rather than in the peaceful room I had arranged for him.

'Mandoline' and 'En sourdine' were performed at Polignac's Parisian salon in 1892. After the performance, Fauré wrote to her: 'No one knows as well as you how to bring out the best in me ... Be assured that I am always minutely appreciative of all the testimonies of your dear friendship, and that I am grateful for them right down to the smallest corners of my being!' Polignac arranged a meeting between Fauré and Verlaine, but by then Verlaine was too far into drugs and absinthe – he just asked Fauré for 100 francs.

Roy Howat has noted the 'freedom, humour, and rhythmic grace' of 'Mandoline'. The piano plays a plucked accompaniment (Ravel was to imitate a harpsichord in his *Epigrammes de Clément Marot*) but it also joins in with the singer's extended melismas. The evocation of the beautiful ladies in silk (Tircis, Aminte...) was idea that had appeared earlier in the words for the original sung version of Fauré's *Pavane* (1887), written in imitation of Verlaine by the dandy Robert de Montesquiou. 'En sourdine' weaves a web of extraordinary harmonic subtlety around the two lovers in the wood; we touch the tonic E flat at 'arbousiers' but move away, only really 'arriving' at the final 'chantera'. After the night, in 'Green' the lover arrives 'with the wind of the morning'. Fauré wrote to Polignac about this song, 'It's difficult to interpret: slow moving but agitated in feeling, happy and miserable, eager and discouraged! What a lot in thirty bars!'. To another friend, he said 'above all, sing it as if to yourself. I've no desire to intrude my personal accents into other people's reveries.' His friend Camille Benoît wrote to Fauré about 'À Clymène' that he 'was becoming too incoherent and nebulous! Which left me [Fauré] very worried because I always worried that I was too classical!' But this is integral to the subject matter – the lover's voice 'troubles the horizon of my reason', and he is lost in sound and perfume to which he surrenders with the final 'Ainsi soit-ill!'. 'C'est l'extase' uses the same ambiguous harmony of 'En sourdine' and is similarly set in the natural world – here the lovers are indistinguishable from the sounds of nature ('This soul ... is ours, is it not?').

Richard Strauss

Morgen
Schlechtes Wetter
Die Nacht
Befreit

'Morgen' is from Strauss' op. 27 song collection of 1894, and sets a poem by the Scot John Henry Mackay (1864–1933). Mackay was an anarchist and wrote under a pen name about the sexual

underworld of Berlin. In this rapturous love song, the voice waits some considerable time before entering, almost absent-mindedly, on the word 'and', in mid-thought. The sequence of unresolved harmonies suspends the sense of time. 'Schlechtes Wetter' is a Heine setting from 1918, and Strauss is in, relatively, an expressionistic vein – the sudden drop over an octave at 'schneit' is far from the melodious Strauss we know, but the sudden waltz music just after the old lady totters across the road is just as surprising. 'Die Nacht' is the earliest of this group, written in 1885. Normal Del Mar suggested that its opening phrase was very similar to the oboe solo in Strauss's *Don Juan* from 1890. The loss of colour from the natural world suggests the fear that the night will also separate the lovers, suggested by the opening descending chords whose harmonies merge in a series of passing-notes, and enacted in the final three separated words 'dich mir auch'. 'Befreit' was written in 1898, and was published as part of a group of five songs that year. The poet Richard Dehmel (1863–1920) was a leading member of the German Expressionist movement, exploring darker, sometimes disturbing, feelings. The poem expresses the bond between a loving couple whose devotion frees them from suffering and even death. The text is ambiguous, but much of Strauss's setting retains a sense of serenity (Dehmel said he would have preferred something more bitter). The sonorous chords suggest permanence, and the rising phrase at the end of each verse stresses happiness rather than sorrow – this phrase was also used by Strauss in his *Ein Heldenleben* a few years later.

Muriel Herbert

Children's songs

Sheffield-born Muriel Herbert (1897–1984) was principally a song composer, setting poems by, among others, Hardy, Herrick, Swinburne, Joyce, and Yeats. After a poverty-stricken childhood following the death of her father, she won a scholarship to the Royal College of Music where she studied with Stanford. Roger Quilter recommended her to the publisher Augener. On honeymoon in Paris, she met James Joyce, who gave her inscribed copies of his poetry collections, and permission to publish her settings of his texts. She enjoyed some success in the 1920s and 30s, publishing songs and playing on the BBC. Her *Children's Songs* from 1938 set poems by Ada May Harrison (1900–1958), a still obscure figure who wrote several children's books and a scholarly work on Ann Brontë. After this, she produced less. Her daughter the writer Claire Tomalin remembers 'her full, beautiful soprano' and her fine pianism, but says that Herbert said little about her early years. She was largely unknown in modern times until the recording made in 2008 by Ailish Tynan, James Gilchrist, and David Owen Norris.

Rebecca Clarke

A Dream

Rebecca Clarke wrote nearly 60 songs, using texts by Goethe, Maeterlinck, Dehmel, Yeats, Blake, and many other poets. This Yeats setting (the poem's full title is 'A dream of death') dates from 1926; the poem was first published in 1891. It refers to Yeats's muse Maud Gonne, who was travelling to France when Yeats wrote it – he was afraid for her health.

Edmund Pendleton

Bid adieu

The American composer-conductor Edmund J. Pendleton was born in Cincinnati in 1899. He studied music at Columbia University, and went on to study in Paris and Salzburg with Paul Dukas, Charles Münch, Pierre Monteux, Charles Panzera, and Igor Markevitch. He was famous as an organist and improviser; from 1935 until 1975 he served as organist and choir master for the American Church of Paris. Pendleton lived in Paris (where he died in 1987) and was a friend of Joyce, Picasso, and Hemingway. He conducted several major French orchestras including L'Orchestre de Paris and the Lamoureux. For 20 years he was music critic for the *Herald Tribune*. His setting of James Joyce's 'Bid adieu' from *Chamber Music* was published in 1949, using a tune that Joyce had composed himself – Joyce was a highly knowledgeable musician and music pervades his literary work.

Trad. arr Herbert Hughes

The Spanish Lady
Tigaree torum orum

Hughes was born and brought up in Belfast and studied at the Royal College of Music, with Stanford and Charles Wood, graduating in 1901. Later he worked as a music critic, particularly for the *Daily Telegraph*. He collected and arranged hundreds of Irish folk songs, publishing them at intervals in four collections called *Irish Country Songs*. He recorded some of these himself for HMV in 1930 (including 'The Spanish Lady', available at the Irish Traditional Music Archive). He also edited an important collection of settings of James Joyce by wide range of composers from Bax to Roussel. When harmonising these songs, he wanted to avoid text-book harmony, which he said would make them all sound like bad hymn-tunes from the 1830s; he saw his accompaniments more as improvisations which might have been quite different on another day. 'The Spanish Lady' was published separately in 1930; 'Tigaree' comes from Hughes's fourth volume, mainly containing songs from West Kerry, published in 1936.

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Artists' Biographies

AILISH TYNAN

Irish soprano Ailish Tynan won the 2003 Rosenblatt Recital Song Prize at *BBC Cardiff Singer of the World*. Ailish was a member of the prestigious *Vilar Young Artist Programme* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden and a *BBC New Generation Artist*.

Ailish established herself with operatic roles including Gretel *Hänsel und Gretel* (The Royal Opera, Welsh National Opera and Scottish Opera); Madame Cortese *Il viaggio a Reims*, Marzelline *Fidelio* and Madame Podtoshina's Daughter *The Nose* (The Royal Opera); Vixen *The Cunning Little Vixen* and Mimì *La bohème* (Grange Park Opera); Tigrane *Radamisto* (English National Opera); Papagena *Die Zauberflöte* (Teatro alla Scala and The Royal Opera); Despina *Così fan tutte* (Théâtre du Capitole); Héro *Béatrice et Bénédict* (Houston Grand Opera and Opéra Comique); Sophie *Der Rosenkavalier*, Nannetta *Falstaff* and Atalanta *Xerxes* (Royal Swedish Opera); and Miss Wordsworth *Albert Herring* (Opéra Comique and Opéra de Rouen).

Notable concert appearances include Mahler *Symphony No. 8* (Dresdner Philharmonie, Frankfurt Radio Symphony Orchestra, Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, and Philharmonia Orchestra); Mahler *Symphony No. 4* (Prague Symphony Orchestra and the Hallé); Mahler *Symphony No. 2* (Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra); Britten *War Requiem* (RTÉ National Symphony Orchestra); Handel *Messiah* (Academy of Ancient Music); and Haydn *The Creation* (City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra). She has also appeared regularly at the BBC Proms.

Ailish is a passionate recitalist performing internationally with pianists including Iain Burnside, James Baillieu, Graham Johnson and Simon Lepper. Her numerous recordings include *Fauré Melodies* (Opus Arte), *Nacht und Träume* (Delphian), *An Irish Songbook* (Signum), Mahler *Symphony No. 8* (LSO Live), and most recently *Airs from another Planet* with the Hebrides Ensemble (Delphian).

JOSEPH MIDDLETON

Pianist Joseph Middleton specialises in the art of song accompaniment and chamber music and has been internationally acclaimed within this field. Described in the BBC Music Magazine as 'one of the brightest stars in the world of song and Lieder', he has also been labelled 'the cream of the new generation' by The Times and 'a perfect accompanist' by Opera Now. Joseph enjoys fruitful partnerships with internationally established singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Louise Alder, Ian Bostridge, Dame Sarah Connolly, Iestyn Davies, Fatma Said, Samuel Hasselhorn, Wolfgang Holzmair, Christiane Karg, Katarina Karnéus, Angelika Kirchschrager, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, John Mark Ainsley, Ann Murray, James Newby, Mark Padmore, Miah Persson, Allan Clayton, Matthew Rose, Carolyn Sampson and Roderick Williams. He collaborates with rising stars from the younger generation and regularly programmes his own series for BBC Radio 3. Recent seasons have taken him to London's Wigmore Hall, Royal Opera House and Royal Festival Hall, the Vienna Konzerthaus, Amsterdam Concertgebouw and Muziekgebouw, Köln Philharmonie, Strasbourg, Frankfurt, Lille and Gothenburg Opera Houses, Berlin Boulez Saal, Paris Musée d'Orsay, Zürich Tonhalle, deSingel Antwerp, Luxembourg Philharmonie, Bozar Brussels, Tokyo's Oji Hall and New York's Alice Tully Hall. He regularly appears at festivals in Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich, Schubertiade Schwarzenberg and Hohenems, Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Ravinia, Japan, San Francisco, Toronto and Vancouver as well as the BBC Proms. His fast growing discography on Harmonia Mundi, BIS, Chandos and Signum Records have won him a Diapason D'or, Edison Award, Prix Caecilia as well as numerous Gramophone and BBC Music Magazine Award nominations. Joseph Middleton is director of Leeds Lieder, musician in residence at Pembroke College Cambridge and a professor and Fellow at his alma mater, the Royal Academy of Music. He was the recipient of the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist of the Year Award in 2017.