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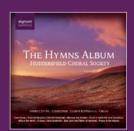
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# CHORAL ARRANGEMENTS BY CLYTUS GOTTWALD

THE RODOLFUS CHOIR DIRECTED BY RALPH ALLWOOD

DEBUSSY WEBERN BERG MAHLER WOLF CAPLET WAGNER RAVEL PUCCINI

# CHORAL ARRANGEMENTS BY CLYTUS GOTTWALD

1.	Die zwei blauen Augen	Gustav Mahler	[5.24]
2.	Soupir	Maurice Ravel	[3.43]
3.	Des pas sur la neige	Claude Debussy	[3.33]
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6. 7. 8. 9.	<b>Vier Lieder</b> Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben se Das verlaßene Mägdlein Auf ein altes Bild Der Gärtner	Hugo Wolf Hen	[1.40] [3.01] [2.19] [1.41]
10.	Les Angélus	Claude Debussy	[2.48]
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13.	Der Tod		[0.59]
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16.	Pieces from <b>Sieben frühe Lieder</b> Die Nachtigall Im zimmer Traumgerkrönt	Alban Berg	[2.33] [1.03] [2.39]
19.	<b>Trois Fragments du Miroir de Jésus</b> Présentation Agonie au Jardin Résurrection	André Caplet	[2.54] [1.47] [2.51]
21.	Oh! mi babbino caro	Giacomo Puccini	[2.51]
22.	Soupir	Claude Debussy	[2.39]
23.	Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen	Gustav Mahler	[5.29]
	Total		[68.23]

## THE RODOLFUS CHOIR DIRECTED BY RALPH ALLWOOD

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## CHORAL ARRANGEMENTS BY CLYTUS GOTTWALD

Following a notable career as a choral director, composer and musicologist, Clytus Gottwald (b.1925) has, in the last 25 years, turned his attention to complex and masterly choral arrangements of works from the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, of which many are included in this programme. His approach to the choral medium is a highly symphonic one. In most of the arrangements performed here the choir is divided up into no less than sixteen parts, spread across the spectrum of voices, and Gottwald's careful blending and balancing of the different voicetypes result in a highly subtle, yet varied palate.

Richard Wagner (1813-1883) is well-known as one of the most important figures in the history of opera, which he believed to be the ultimate form of artistic expression. Indeed, he wrote comparatively few works of any substance which were not in some way associated with one of his 'Music Dramas'. As their title suggests, the two 'Studies for *Tristan und Isolde*' performed here in arrangement are no exception. Having fled Dresden after the Revolution in 1849, Wagner and his wife arrived in Zurich, where, for some years,

they relied heavily upon the financial assistance of a number of well-heeled admirers. One such was Otto Wesendonck, a retired silk merchant. who provided Wagner with generous support from 1852, and, in April 1857, furnished the Wagners with a small house near to the villa into which he and his wife Mathilde were shortly to move. Around this time a love affair began to develop between Wagner and Mathilde Wesendonck, which was eventually to find its artistic expression in Tristan und Isolde. In the meantime she sent him a set of five poems which she had written, which Wagner set to music in 1857-8. Of these five Wesendonck Lieder, two found their way into the completed opera: Im Treibhaus provided material for the opening scene of Act III. while Träume was the starting point for the love duet in Act II.

If, for Wagner, music found its ultimate expression in the context of Music Drama, Gustav Mahler (1860-1911) is remembered primarily as a symphonist - though his legacy of orchestral lieder is also substantial. Indeed, the song cycle *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, originally written in 1883-5 and orchestrated in the 1890s, formed the

basis for his First Symphony, which was completed in 1888. Die zwei blauen Augen is the fourth and last song in this cycle: the music of this song was the source of much of the material of the Symphony's third movement (famous for its ironic treatment of Frère Jaques in the style of a funeral march), in particular the F major middle section. which is based on the latter half of the song. By contrast. Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen was always conceived as an orchestral song, and is one of five settings of Ruckert written in 1901-2. Mahler's reading of the poem instils in it a compelling sense of isolation and longing (without Mahler's music to guide us we might be tempted to read the poem as somewhat self-satisfied!) which, in the original orchestration is beautifully conveyed through fairly small orchestral forces. This beautiful simplicity of scoring lends itself particularly well to choral adaptation; the finished result is breathtakingly effective.

The reputation of the composer Hugo Wolf (1860-1903) rests almost exclusively on his gifts as a song-writer; indeed, he was arguably the most important composer of lieder in the latter half of the nineteenth century. His understanding and interpretation of poetry, and the imagination and sensitivity of his piano accompaniments, are perhaps unrivalled amongst composers of his

generation, vet, while taking on board the harmonic developments of the mid-late nineteenth century, he nonetheless remained firmly rooted in the song-writing tradition of Schubert and Schumann, Relatively few of his songs exist in orchestral versions, especially compared to his contemporary Mahler, for example. The four somewhat contrasting songs set here were not conceived as a cycle by Wolf (though all but the first are from his 1888 collection of Mörike settings). but nonetheless represent him at the peak of his art, and provide the scope for imaginative choral readings. In *Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben* sehen, the richness of Wolf's chordal accompaniment is brought out with increased counterpoint in Gottwald's 16-part setting, which reflects well the fairly abstract tone of the poem. The word-painting is more direct in Das verlaßene Mägdlein, where the crowing of the cock is almost more successfully depicted by the upper voices of the choir than the piano in the original solo song. Auf ein altes Bild is a poetic reflection on a late medieval painting of the Virgin and Child; here Gottwald has intensified the symbolism of Wolf's chordal, hymnlike piano accompaniment by choosing a 12th century Latin hymn celebrating the Virgin and Child, to which Wolf's accompaniment is set, while the sopranos and altos sing the song melody. Likewise, in the final song, Der Gärtner, Gottwald

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has provided a reading of the poem which draws attention to the impossibility of the love of the gardener for the princess who rides past on her horse, both through his own poetry, to which he sets Wolf's cantering accompaniment, but also through the slow-moving tenor line, which symbolises, in Gottwald's words, 'the barrier, which rigidly and insurmountably separates the worlds of master and servant'

Of the three works by Claude Debussy (1862-1918) performed here, only two were originally songs for voice and piano. Les Angélus dates from 1891 - relatively late in his *oeuvre* of chansons, though before his most groundbreaking orchestral and piano music was written - Debussy very much started off as a song composer. It nonetheless displays a number of the hallmarks typical of his harmonic style. Pentatonic and whole-tone harmonies mingle, while the melody - a fairly aimless one at that - in turn emerges from and recedes back into the accompanimental texture, a feature that is particularly well brought out in Gottwald's arrangement for six upper voices. Soupir, by contrast, is a late song, the first of the Trois Poèmes de Mallarmé, written in 1913 coincidentally, since, unbeknown to Debussy, Ravel had set two of the same poems in his own setting of Trois Poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé, written in the same year, of which his own setting of *Soupir* is also included in arrangement on this disc. Both composers responded to Mallarmé's words in a fairly adventurous way. For Debussy this resulted in the alternation of unusually dissonant harmonies with the use of sparse textures (in the original there are several phrases sung by solo voice alone without accompaniment). *Des pas sur la neige* was originally composed in 1909, not as a song but as a piano piece, published a year later in the first book of *Préludes*. In this arrangement, Clytus Gottwald has chosen words by Rilke and Mallarmé which seem to suit both the idea and the notes of Debussy's music.

If the adventurousness of Debussy's Mallarmé settings can be found in his use of plain textures and obscure harmonies, in the settings by Maurice Ravel (1875-1937) it is primarily to be found in the refinement of his instrumentation - in their original version they are scored for piccolo, flute, clarinet, bass clarinet, piano and string quartet. Gottwald has reflected this to a certain degree in the arrangement performed here; at two points he calls upon certain sections of the choir to whistle their parts - no mean feat given the complexity of his harmonies. Like Debussy's, the harmonies are sophisticated in their chromaticism, but invariably resulting in colour, warmth and sonority.

~ 6 ~

Anton Webern (1883-1945) and Alban Berg (1885-1935) are best known as the two pupils of Arnold Schoenberg whose twelve-tone compositions. along with those of their teacher, came to define the Second Viennese School. The songs presented here, however, are all youthful works, particularly so in the case of Webern, who was still in his teens when he wrote the earliest of his *Eight early songs* (1901-4), of which four are performed here in arrangement. All four originals are brief and concise utterances, though beautiful; one might be tempted to feel that Gottwald's choral arrangements make them altogether weightier pieces. While in Tief von fern, the chordal simplicity of Webern's original piano accompaniment is maintained in the choral version, Heiter, by contrast, represents a fairly liberal arrangement. In the arranger's own words, 'this song has been interpreted... from the viewpoint of the more mature Webern. The setting was not transcribed based on its harmonic substance, but rather it was reduced to one of its intervallic structures'. The result is an arrangement which, though it follows the overall harmonic and melody shape of the song, is rather more contrapuntal and sparse in sonority than the original. The original atmosphere is rather more easily maintained in the short but intense Der Tod. where the full dynamic range and tessitura is exploited, while in

Sommerabend, the pastoral-sounding 6/8 metre holds sway, though the simplicity of expression of the solo voice and piano in Webern's original song is replaced in the choral arrangement by a richer sense of reverie and longing.

The three songs by Alban Berg which are presented here, however, are taken from Seven Youthful Songs, written between 1905-8, which Berg selected and orchestrated in 1932. These songs, a little more substantial than Webern's, are rooted in a chromatic late-romantic tonal language. In 1910 Schoenberg commented that the young Berg had initially seemed 'unable to compose anything other than songs'. The highly vocal and often contrapuntal approach to instrumental writing which characterises Berg's early work is certainly in evidence in these songs. even in their 1932 orchestrated versions, making them ideal for choral adaptation. The simple phrases and imitative texture of the charming Im Zimmer might well be considered to display the sort of vocal traits of which Schoenberg complained; Die Nachtigall contains more pianistic elements in the accompaniment, though bears choral treatment well with little adaptation. Traumgekrönt, the longest song of the three, held particularly fond memories for the composer, as it was written during the courtship of his wife-to-be, Helene Nahowski, and he quotes Rilke's poem in a letter written to her immediately after he had finished the song. They were married in 1910.

The fame of Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924), like that of Wagner, rests on his work as a composer of opera, though he belongs to the Italian opera tradition rather than the German; he is popularly thought of as Verdi's successor. The familiar aria Oh! mio babbino caro is from the fairly burlesque one-act opera Gianni Schicchi, a late work first performed in New York in December 1918, whose libretto was inspired by a reference in Danté's Divine Comedy. In the aria, Lauretta melodramatically threatens to throw herself from the Ponte Vecchio into the Arno if her father will not consent to her marriage to the man she loves.

The compositions of André Caplet (1878-1925) have tended to be somewhat overshadowed by those of his elder contemporary Debussy, to whom he owed a great deal in terms of stylistic influence. In turn, Debussy admired Caplet's work and the two men became good friends. Debussy was even happy to delegate to Caplet the orchestration of a significant part of *Le martyre de Saint Sébastien* in 1911, and he conducted the first performance. Indeed, it was initially as a gifted conductor that Caplet gained recognition;

only after the war did he devote himself fully to composition. *Le Miroir de Jésus*, a cantata written in 1923, based on poems by Henri Ghéon and steeped in Catholic mysticism, can be reckoned amongst his finest works. The original scoring is for mezzo soprano, female voices, harp and strings. Each of the movements of the cantata contains a musical 'title piece', and these have been retained in Gottwald's arrangements of three of the eighteen movements, one from each of the three parts of the cantata, which relate respectively to the incarnation, suffering and glory of Jesus Christ.

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#### TEXTS

## 1. Die zwei blauen Augen

Gustav Mahler (from Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen)

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz, Die haben mich in die weite Welt geschickt. Da mußt ich Abschied nehmen vom allerliebsten Platz! O Augen, blau! Warum habt ihr mich angeblickt? Nun hab ich ewig Leid und Grämen!

Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht, In stiller Nacht wohl über die dunkle Heide. Hat mir niemand ade gesagt, ade! Mein Gesell war Lieb und Leide!

Auf der Straße steht ein Lindenbaum,
Da hab ich zum erstenmal im Schlaf geruht!
Unter dem Lindenbaum, der hat
Seine Blüten über mich geschneit,
Da wußt ich nicht, wie das Leben tut,
War alles, ach, alles wieder gut!
Alles! Alles! Lieb und Leid!
IInd Welt und Traum!

## The Two Blue Eyes Of My Darling

The two blue eyes of my darling they have sent me into the wide world. I had to take my leave of this well-beloved place! O blue eyes, why did you gaze on me? Now I will have eternal sorrow and grief.

I went out into the quiet night well across the dark heath. To me no one bade farewell. Farewell! My companions are love and sorrow!

On the road there stands a linden tree, and there for the first time I found rest in sleep! Under the linden tree that snowed its blossoms onto me -I did not know how life went on, and all was well again! All! All, love and sorrow and world and dream!

Translation: Emily Ezust

## 2. Soupir

Mon âme vers ton front où rêve, o calme sœur, unn automne jonché de taches de rousseur, et vers le ciel errant de ton œil angélique monte

comme dans un jardin mélancolique, fid'le un blanc jet d'eau soupier vers l'Azure!

Vers l'Azur attendri d'Octobre pale et pur, qui mire aux grands basins sa langueur infinie.

Sur l'eau morte où la fauve agonie des feuilles erre au vent et creuse un froid sillon, se trainer le soleil jaune d'un long rayon.

## 3. Des pas sur la neige Claude Debussy

En hiver, la mort meurtrière entre dans les maisons; elle cherche la sœur, le père, et leur joue du violon.

Quelque hiver sur mon front morose

## Sigh

My soul rises towards your face, oh calm sister, where an autumn lies dreaming, covered with freckles, and towards the restless sky of your angelic eye,

as in a melancholy garden, a white fountain sighs faithfully towards the azure!

Towards the softened azure of an October pale and clear, which regards its endless languor in the great pools.

On the stagnant water, where the faded agony of leaves stirs in the wind and draws a cold furrow, the yellow sun drags itself out in a long ray.

Text: Stéphane Mallarmé from *Trois Poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé*Translation: Farl Rosenhaum

## Footprints in the snow

In winter murderous death enters into the houses; he seeks the sister, the father, and plays the violin for them; Some winter left a snowflake un flocon de neige creva
que de l'ongle ...

La mort
leur joue du violon,
du violon de glace,
la mort ...

Que contre elle ne protégé
pas une flame au dedans.

to burst on my disgruntled brow, that the nail ...

Death
plays the violin,
the violin of ice,
death ...
from him a flame within
gives no protection.

Text: Ranier Maria Rilke & Stéphane Malarmé Translation By John Coombs

## 4 - 5. Zwei Studien zu Tristan & Isolde Richard Wagner

#### 1. Im Treibhaus

Hochgewölbte Blätterkronen, Baldachine von Smaragd, Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen, saget mir, warum ihr klagt?
Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige, mallet Zeichen n die Luft und der Leidenstummer Zeuge, steiget aufwärts süßer Duft.
Weit in sehnendem Verlangen breitet ihr die Arme aus und umschlinget wahnbefangen öde Leere, nichten Graus.

## In the Greenhouse

High-arched crowns of leaves, emerald canopies, you children of distant regions, tell me, why do you lament?
Silently you bend the branches, painting symbols in the air, and of suffering mute witness, sweet fragrance ascending.
In yearning desire you spread wide your arms and, caught up in delusion, embrace the desolate void, devastating horror.
Well I know, poor plant, one fate we share, though illuminated by light and brightness,

~ 10 ~

~ 11 ~

Wohl ich weiß es, arme Pflanze ein Geschicke teilen wir.

ob umstrahlt von Licht und Glanze, unsre Heimat ist nicht hier!

Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet von des Tages leerem Schein.

hüllet der, der wahrhaft leidet, sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein

Stille wirds, ein säuselnd Weben füllet band den dunklen Raum

Schwere Tropfen she ich schweben an der Blätter grünem Saum.

our home is not here!

And as happily the sun parts the day's idle lustre, he, who truly suffers,

shrouds himself in the darkness of silence.

It becomes still, a murmur weaving,

filling anxiously the dark room.

Heavy drops I see suspended on the green seams of leaves.

2. Träume

Sag, welch wunderbare Träume halten meinen Sinn umfangen.

dass sie nicht wie leere Schäume sind in odes Nichts vergangen?

Träume, die in jeder Stunde, jedem Tage schooner blühn

und mit ihrer Himmelskunde selig durchs Gemüte ziehn?

Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen in die Seele sich versenken.

dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:

Allvergessen, Eingedenken!

Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne aus dem

Dreams

Tell me, what wonderful dreams keep encircling mv mind.

which, like nothing but idle froth, have dissolved in an empty void?

Dreams, which flourish more beautifully every hour, every day

and with their message from haven pass through the soul?

Dreams, which like rays sublime sink into the soul, to paint eternally a picture there:

all forgotten, remembering!

Dreams, as spring sun kissed the blossoms from the snow.

Schnee die Blüten küsst,

dass zu nie geahnter Wonne sie der neue Tag begrüßt.

dass sie wachsen, dass sie blühenm träumend spenden ihren Duft,

sanft an deiner Brust verglühen und dann sinken in die Gruft.

that to a never foreseen bliss they greet the new day, that they grow, that they blossom, dreamingly giving their fragrance, gently fading away on your breast and then sinking into the grave.

Text: Mathilde Wesendonck
Translation: Farl Rosenhaum

6 - 9. Vier Lieder - Hugo Wolf

1. Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen

Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen, so trage nicht dein Haar gelockt, du Holde, lass von den Schultern frei sie niederwehen, wie Fäden sehn sie aus von purem Golde.

Wie golden Fäden, die der Wind bewegt, schön sind die Haare, schön ist, die sie trägt! Goldfäden, Seidenfaden, ungezählt, schön sund die Haare, schön ist, die strählt! And if you want to see your dearest die

And if you want to see your dearest die, then do not wear your hair so curly, you fair one, let it blow down freely from the shoulders, they look like threads of pure gold.

Like golden threads which the wind blows, beautiful the hair, beautiful is she who wears it. Golden threads, silk threads, countless, beautiful the hair, beautiful is she who combs it.

Text: Anonymous

~ 12 ~

## 2. Das verlaßene Mägdlein

Früh, wann die Hähne krähn, eh die Sternlein schwinden, muss ich am Herde stehn, muss Feuer zünden

Schön ist der Flammenschein, es springen die Funken, ich schaue so darein, in Leid versunken

Plötzlich, da kommt es mir, treuloser Knabe, dass ich die Nacht von dir geträumet habe. Träne auf Träne dann stürzet hernieder, so kommt der Tag heran, o ging er wieder!

#### 3. Auf ein altes Bild

In grüner Landschaft Sommerflor, bei kühlem Wasser, Schilf und Rohr, schau wie das Knäblein sünderlos frei spielet auf der Mutter Schoß! Und dort im Walde wonnesam, ach, grünet schon des Kreuzes Stamm! [Eduard Mörike]

#### The deserted maiden

Early, when the roosters crow, before the stars begin to fade, I mast stand by the hearth, must light the fire.

The glowing flames are beautiful, the sparks fly, I look into it, lost in sorrow.

Suddenly, it comes to me, faithless boy, that this night I dreamed of you. Then tear after tear rolls down, thus the day draws near, oh, he leaves again!

Text: Eduard Mörike

To an old Picture

In green landscape summer blossoms, by cool water, rushes and reeds, seem how the Child, so free from sin, plays freely on the Virgins lap! And there in forest, blissfully ah, already grows the Cross's trunk! O gloriosa virginum, sublimes:
qui te creavit, parvulum
lactente nutris ubere.
Quod Heva tristis abstulit,
tu reddis almo germine:
Intrent ut astra flebilis,
caeli recludis cardines.
Tu Regis alti janua;
Arbor una nobilis.
Vexilla Regis prodeunt,
fulget cruces mysterium.
[Anonymous, 12th Century]

#### 4 Der Gärtner

Auf ihrem Leibrösslein, so weiß wie der Schnee, die schönste Prinzessin reit't durch die Allee. Der Weg, den das Rösslein hintanzet so hold, der Sand, den ich streute, er blinket wie Gold! Du rosenfarbs Hütlein wohl auf und wohl ab, o wirf eine Feder verstohlen herab! Und willst du dagegen eine Blüte von mir, nimm tausend für eine, nimm alle dafür!

Ein Sommertag, voll Blumenduft, voll Vogelsang, reizendem Farbenklang, ein Sommertag hell, die Blümelein am Quell O Queen of all the Virgin Choir, exalted:
Who with pure milk from thy own breast
Thy own Creator didst supply.
What man hath lost in hapless Eve,
Thy sacred womb to man restores;
Thou to the sorrowing here beneath
Hast open'd Heaven's eternal doors.
Hail, O refulgent Hall of light;
Most noble among all.
The royal standards are raised,
the mystery of the Cross shines.

Text: Eduard Mörike & Anonymous

#### The Gardener

~ 15 ~

On her favourite horse, as white as the snow, the most beautiful princess rides through the road

The path that the horse prances down gracefully, the sand that I scattered, glistens like gold! Your rose-coloured hat, which bobs up and down, cast me a feather, furtively.

And if you want, in exchange, a flower from me.

A summer day, full of blossoms' fragrance, full of birdsong, charming, colourful sounds, a bright summer day, flowers by the spring

take a thousand for one, take them all in return!

~ 14 ~

und Duft in der Luft. Blumen am Weg. der Liebste mein, wo weilt er doch. o brausende, drängende Seligkeit du. ach, vorbei ist die alte, die fröhliche Zeit, doch weit von hier, durch Meere getrennt. weilt er doch ietzt: Herz erschrick. gedenket des Tags, da Abschied uns sang, verworrener Ström verworrener Gang. und in schwankenden Wogen das Schiff sich verliert: wie Sommertag, voll lauer Luft, voll Finkenschlag, die Blümelein, der Liebste, ach, wo weilt er doch, gedenket der Zeit. ach Mütterlein mein, nur dir allein vertraut ich es. doe goldene Zeit, die Wolken ziehn hin. o Menschenkind, was schaudert dich, gedanke der Zeit, der Wasserfall dort, mit hellem Schall. ein kühlender Hort Horch! Hörnerklang! Ach so hoffnungshell, Täuschung ists, nur rauscht der Wald

verwirrend, aus einsamen Tiefen

[Clytus Gottwald]

rufts dunkel und traurig ein leises "vorbei"!

and perfume in the air. flowers on the path. my dearest, mine, where does he linger, ves. oh vou rushing, hurtling bliss. ah, the old, happy times have passed. indeed, far from here, divided by oceans. vet he lingers still: heart is frightened. think of the day, when of parting sang confused streams confused walk and in rolling waves the ship moves out of sight: as the summer day, full of mild air, filled with the song of a finch, little flower, my dearest, ah. but where does he linger. think of the time. ah dear mother mine, only to you alone can I confide it. the golden time, the clouds passing on, oh soul, why do you shudder? Think of the time. the waterfall there, roaring clearly, a cool refuge. Hear! Horn calls! Ah, so hopefully bright, it is deceptive, only the forest rustles confusing, from the lonely depths calls dark and sorrowfully a soft "it's over"!

Text: Eduard Mörike & Clytus Gottwald Translations: Earl Rosenbaum

## 10. Les Angélus

Claude Debussy

Cloches chrétiennes pour les matines, Sonnant au coeur d'espérer encore! Angelus angelisés d'aurore! Helas! Où sont vos prières câlines?

Vous étiez de si douce folies! Et chanterelles d'amour prochaines! Aujourd'hui souveraine est ma peine. Et toutes matines abolies.

Je ne vis plus que d'ombre et de soir; Les las angelus pleurent la mort, Et là dans mon coeur résigné, dort La seule veuve de tout espoir.

## 11 - 14. Vier frühe Lieder Anton Webern

1. Tief von fern

Aus des Abends weißen Wogen taucht ein Stern; tief von fern kommt der junge Mond gezogen.

## The Angleus

Christian bells for matins, Ringing so the heart can hope again! Angelus angelised by the dawn! Alas. where are your tender prayers?

You were of such sweet follies!
Singing of approaching love!
Today it is my pain that reigns.
And the matins are all banished.

I live only in shadow and evening; The weary Angelus lament death, And there in my resigned heart, sleeps The lone widow of all hope.

Text: Grégoire Le Roy Translation: Matt Hall

#### Below, from afar

From the white waves of evening a star appears; below, from afar, trails the young moon. Tief von fern, aus des Morgens grauen Wogen, langt der große Bogen nach dem Stern.

2 Heiter

3 Der Tod

from the gray waves of morning, the great arc reaches towards the star.

Text · Richard Dehmel

Relow from afar

Serene

Mein Herz ist wie ein See so weit, drin lacht dein Antlitz sonnenlicht in tiefer süßer Einsamkeit, wo leise Well' an Well' sich bricht. Ist's Nacht, ist's Tag? Ich weiß es nicht. Lacht doch auf mich so lieb und lind dein sonnenlichtes Angesicht, und selig bin ich wie ein Kind. My heart is as big as the sea, in it your face laughs sunlit in deep, sweet seclusion, where wave upon wave gently breaks. Is it night, is it day? I do now know. Your sunlit face smiles at me so soft and gentle, and I am happy as a child.

Text: Friedrich Nietzsche

Death

Ach, es ist so dunkel in des Todes Kammer, tönt so traurig, wenn er sich bewegt sounds so sad when he moves und nun aufhebt seinen schweren Hammer und die Stunde schlägt.

Oh, it is so dark in Death's chamber, sounds so sad when he moves and now raises his heavy hammer and strikes the hour.

Text: Matthias Claudius

4. Sommerabend

Licht! In sanftem Glühen steht die Flur entzündet. Kein Laut, der dieses Friedens Lauschen bricht, in ein Gefühl ist alles hingem"ndet. Auch meine Seele sehnt sich nach der Nacht und nach des Dunkels taugeperltem Steigen, und nach des Dunkels taugeperltem Steigen, und will nur lauschen, wie in Rosenpracht die dunklen Himmelsstunden leuchtend schweigen.

Summer Evening

Light! the meadow is afire, softly gleaming.

No sound disturbs this peace in slumber,
all is merged in one emotion.

My sould longs also for the night
and for steep paths of darkness pearled with dew,
and wants only to listen how in splendor of roses,
the dark. heavenly hours glow in silence.

Translations By Earl Rosenbaum Text: Wilhelm Weigand

**15 - 17. Pieces from Sieben frühe Lieder** (1905 - 1908) Alban Berg

1. Die Nachtigall

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem s¨Ben Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.
Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und Weiß nich, was beginnen.

The Nightingale

It happened because the nightingale sang the whole night long; from her sweet call, from the echo and re-echo, roses have sprung up.

She was but recently a wild blossom, and now she walks, deep in thought; she carries her summer hat in her hand, enduring quietly the heat of the sun, knowing not what to begin.

Text: Theodor Storm

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#### 2. Im zimmer

Herbstsonnenschein.
Der lieve Abend blickt so still herein.
Ein Feuerlein rot
Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.
So, mein Kopf auf deinen Knien,
So ist mir gut.
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht,
Wie leise die Minuten ziehn!

## 3. Traumgerkrönt

Das war der Tag der Weißen Chysanthemem, Mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht... Und dann, dann kamst du mir die Seele nehmen Tief in der nacht. Mir was so bang, und du kamst lieb und leise, Ich hatte grad im Traum an dich gedacht. Du kamst, und leis' wie eine Märchenweise Erklang die Nacht.

#### In the Chamber

Autumn sunlight.
The lovely evening peers so quietly in.
A little red fire
crackles in the stove and flares up.
And with my head on your knee,
I am contented.
When my eyes rest in yours,
how gently do the minutes pass!

Text- Inhannes Schlaf

#### Crowned in a Dream

That was the day of the white chrysanthemums, I was almost intimidated by its glory...
And then, then you came to take my soul deep in the night.
I was so worried, and you came so lovingly and quietly, I had just thought of you in a dream.
You came, and softly the night resounded like a fairy tale song.

Text: Rainer Maria Rilke

## Trois Fragments du Miroir de Jésus André Caplet

## 1. Présentation

Le lys entré dans l'averse blanc n'en sortira pas plus blanc
Ainsi la Vierge traverse
la cascade aux eaux d'argent.
Sur ses paumes rafraîchies,
elle offrira la primeur
du jardin de modestie
à son Epoux et Seigneur.
Le vieillard qui la salue
renonce à vivre à la vue
du Fils attendu longtemps,
s'endormant dans son rêve,
montre à la mère le glaive
qui fauchera ce printemps.

Lumen ad revelationem gentium.

#### 2. Agonie au Jardin

Dans sa maison la fenêtre ouverte, sur la colline qui fut si verte à contempler au temps du bonheur, la Mère aussi souffre l'agonie du Fils absent,

## Offering 1997

The lilly, struck by rain, is scarcely whiter than before. Thus, the Virgin walks through the silver schimmering waterfall. With cleansed hands she brings the firstborn as the fruit of her lowliness to her spouse and Lord. Simeon, the old man, greets Maria, he embraces the son, the Saviour, as in a dream. And as he passes away, he sees, as in a dream, the sword that smites this spring.

A light to lighten the gentiles

#### Gethsemene

In her house, at the open window, she looks out, upon that hill which once, in good fortune, seemed so green to her, the maternal heart suffers the suffering of her absent son.

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que son Père oublie. Et doit garder pour elle ses pleurs.

3. Résurrection

Le troisème jour était proche ;
elle ne doutaut oas de kui,
le troisième jour était proche ;
ayant prié toute la nuit
elle respirait sous le porche ;
Mère, le Maitre vit !
La mere sanglote, sourit :
Je le savais déjà, dit-elle.
Alleluia

**Oh! mi babbino caro** from *Gianni Schicchi* Giacomo Puccini

O mio babbino caro, mi piace è bello, bello; vo'andare in Porta Rossa a comperar l'anello! Sì, sì, ci voglio andare! e se l'amassi indarno, andrei sul Ponte Vecchio, ma per buttarmi in Arno! whom the Father forgot, but she holds back her tears.

Resurrection

The third day he was near.
She did not doubt his word,
already, the third day had dawned,
her prayer lasted the whole night,
then she stepped out of the door.
Mother, the Master lives!
The mother sobbed, smiling:
I had always known it, she said.
Alleluia

Text: Henri Ghéon Translations: Earl Rosenbaum

Oh my dear daddy

Oh my dear daddy
I love him, he is so handsome
I want to go to Porta Rossa
to buy the ring!
Yes, yes, I mean it
And if my love were in vain
I would go to Ponte Vecchio
and throw myself in the Arno!

Mi struggo e mi tormento! O Dio, vorrei morir!

Babbo, pietà, pietà! Babbo, pietà, pietà!

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen Gustav Mahler

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen, Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben, Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen, Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen, Ob sie mich für gestorben hält, Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen, Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.

Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel, Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet! Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel, In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied! I fret and suffer torments! Oh God, I would rather die!

Daddy, have pity, have pity! Daddy, have pity, have pity

I am lost to the world

I am lost to the world with which I used to waste so much time, It has heard nothing from me for so long that it may very well believe that I am dead!

It is of no consequence to me Whether it thinks me dead; I cannot deny it, for I really am dead to the world.

I am dead to the world's tumult, And I rest in a quiet realm! I live alone in my heaven, In my love and in my song!

Text: Friedrich Rückert Translation: Emily Ezust

## **BIOGRAPHIES**

#### THE RODOLFUS CHOIR

The Rodolfus Choir was founded in 1983. Its members, aged up to 25, are chosen from students of the Eton Choral Courses. Each year these six summer courses attract some 350 young singers, and of these a dozen or so of the best are invited to join the Rodolfus Choir. Many of the singers are choral scholars, several are at music college, some are still at school, and many hope to make a career in music. They come from all over the country to sing for a few intensive days during the three main holidays. In recent years the choir has concentrated on recordings and performances within the UK, with the exception of a two-week tour of the US in 2005. It made a great impression at the Gloucester Three Choirs Festival in 1989 and since then has appeared at many other important English Festivals.

The choir has made six CDs on the Herald label, two of music by Francis Grier, one of choral music by Arnold Bax and Pierre Villette, one of English and Scottish folk-song settings (commissioned by Past Times), one of music by C. H. H. Parry. including his Songs of Farewell and some partsongs, one of sacred music by the 18th-century Austrian composer Johann Eberlin, one which features special choral arrangements of favourite instrumental classics, "By Special Arrangement", one of Christmas arrangements and carols and one of German Romantic motets. In January 2000 the choir gave a performance of the Bach B minor mass with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment broadcast on Classic FM, and in the summer of 2001 sang again in the Three Choirs Festival in Gloucester, Regular singing at festivals has recently included the Chiswick Festival and the International Organ and Choral Festival in Dublin

Clare Stevens wrote in March 2005, in 'The Singer':

The sound of the Rodolfus Choir is like that of no other UK chamber choir that I can think of. It is fresh, because all the members are under 25, it is

wonderfully blended. It is fantastically in tune and very expressive, with a wide range of dynamics, sensitively employed. What does that leave out? Oh yes, balance - and that too is superb, and it has a quite extraordinary flexibility.

#### www.rodolfuschoir.com



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#### RALPH ALLWOOD

Ralph Allwood is Precentor and Director of Music at Eton College. He was a pupil at Tiffin School, where he came under the influence of David Nield and Bruce Pullan, and graduated from Durham University in 1972 with the Eve Myra Kysh prize for music. He was later a member of the Choir of King's College, Cambridge under Sir David Willcocks, then became Director of Music at Pangbourne College. While Director of Music at Uppingham he founded the annual Eton Choral Courses for prospective choral scholars.

The five Eton Choral Courses, attended each year by three hundred singers aged between 16 and 20. The courses broadcast and record evensongs and sequences for BBC Radio Three. He has conducted choral courses in Taiwan, Sydney, Barcelona, Harvard University, Boston, Kansas, Utrecht and Vancouver. He has been musical director for National Youth Music Theatre musicals for ITV, Granada and BBC2, and conducted on two occasions for the Edinburgh International Festival.

Eton College Chapel Choir, which he directs, tours abroad every year and have released seven recordings. He is an advisor for Novello and Co and for the Voices Foundation, and a judge for the



Choir of the Year Competition and the Llangollen International Eisteddfod. He has recently been made an honorary Fellow of the Royal School of Church Music and an honorary Associate of the Royal Academy of Music. He also directs the Windsor and Eton Choral Society.

www.ralphallwood.com

Recorded at Eton College Chapel, UK, January 1 - 3 & August 28 - 29, 2006
Producer - Matthew O'Donovan
Recording, Editing and Mastering Engineer - David Wright
Cover Image - Shutterstock
Design and Artwork - Woven Design www.wovendesign.co.uk

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