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SCHOENBERG

GURRELIEDER

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

DISC 1

Part I

1	Orchestral Prelude		(p. 9)	6.45
2	Waldemar:	*Nun dämpft die Dämmerung jeden Ton*	(p. 9)	3.23
3	Tove:	*O, wenn des Mondes Strahlen leise gleiten*	(p. 10)	2.38
4	Waldemar:	*Roß! Mein Roß! Was schleichst du so träg!*	(p. 10)	2.56
5	Tove:	*Sterne jubeln, das Meer, es leuchtet*	(p. 11)	2.34
6	Waldemar:	*So tanzen die Engel vor Gottes Thron nicht*	(p. 11)	2.14
7	Tove:	*Nun sag' ich dir zum ersten Mal*	(p. 12)	4.15
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9	Tove:	*Du sendest mir einen Liebesblick*	(p. 13)	6.00
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11	Orchestral Interlude		(p. 15)	5.07
12	Stimme der Waldtaube:	*Tauben von Gurre! Sorge quält mich*	(p. 15)	11.48
	Total timings			58.21

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DISC 2

Part II

1	Waldemar:	*Herrgott, weißt du, was du tatest*	(p. 17)	4.54

Part III

2	Waldemar:	*Erwacht, König Waldemars Mannen wert!*	(p. 18)	2.05
3	Bauer:	*Deckel des Sarges klappert und klappt*	(p. 18)	3.57
4	Waldemars Mannen:	*Gegrüßt, o König, an Gurres See Strand*	(p. 19)	5.45
5	Waldemar:	*Mit Toves Stimme flüstert der Wald*	(p. 19)	3.12
6	Klaus-Narr:	*Ein seltsamer Vogel ist so 'n Aal*	(p. 20)	6.43
7	Waldemar:	*Du strenger Richter droben*	(p. 22)	2.45
8	Waldemars Mannen:	*Der Hahn erhebt den Kopf zur Kraht*	(p. 22)	6.28
9	Des Sommerwindes wilde Jagd			
	Sprecher:	*Herr Gänsefuß, Frau Gänsekraut*	(p. 22)	8.34
10	Chor:	*Seht, die Sonne*	(p. 24)	5.37
	Total timings			50.09

PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA

PHILHARMONIA VOICES • CITY OF BIRMINGHAM SYMPHONY CHORUS

STIG ANDERSEN	**Waldemar**	**RALF LUKAS**	**Bauer**
SOILE ISOKOSKI	**Tove**	**ANDREAS CONRAD**	**Klaus-Narr**
MONICA GROOP	**Waldtaube**	**BARBARA SUKOWA**	**Sprecher**

ESA-PEKKA SALONEN CONDUCTOR

SCHOENBERG

GURRELIEDER (1900-03, 1910-11)

In 1900, Schoenberg began a song cycle for soprano, tenor and piano, intending to enter it for a composing competition. A year later, he found he had composed a massive cantata for five soloists, a narrator, three male choruses of four parts each, an eight-part mixed chorus, and an orchestra of about 150. The poems that had inspired such a vast work were drawn from a collection by the Danish poet, Jens Peter Jacobsen (1847-85), itself based upon medieval legends. Both the text, and Schoenberg's response to it, reflect the powerful influence of Wagnerism at the fin-de-siècle to which few young composers, writers and artists were immune. Indeed, Schoenberg's friend Alexander Zemlinsky had begun setting part of the same text in 1899.

The 'songs of Gurre' tell the tale of two lovers – King Waldemar and Tove. When their love is discovered by Waldemar's wife, Queen Helwig, she has Tove killed, a blow from which Waldemar never recovers. He rails against God himself, accusing him of being a tyrant to allow Tove to die and thus to be separated from Waldemar. As punishment for this blasphemy, Waldemar is compelled to ride every night on a wild hunt with the ghostly figures of his dead vassals. This apparently interminable cycle, however, is broken by the return of Spring. As new life blossoms throughout the world, the souls of Waldemar and Tove find release in the renewal of nature, and thus the eternal union that Tove once promised Waldemar.

It is an astonishing work for many reasons, not least that while its composition was begun in 1900, when Schoenberg's musical language was still essentially late-romantic, it was not completed until 1911, by which time he had written some of his key atonal works in a more modernist idiom. In January, 1910, it was performed with the orchestral parts in a six-handed piano reduction by Webern. The fully orchestrated version was premiered in Vienna on February 23, 1913, conducted by Franz Schreker. Schoenberg was dismissive of its positive reception, stung by the fact that his earlier style was enthusiastically acclaimed while his more recent works were rejected.

Over a decade earlier, when he began the work, it had little chance of any performance. Indeed, like the tone poem, *Pelleas und Melisande*, which interrupted his work on *Gurrelieder* in 1903, it was an extremely ambitious project for an almost unknown composer still in his twenties, with virtually no formal instruction. Apart from the limited success of a String Quartet from 1897 and some songs performed to little acclaim in 1900, Schoenberg had no professional performances to his name, and yet *Gurrelieder* shows complete mastery of the techniques of musical narrative and tone painting of Wagner and Strauss.

Perhaps it was Gustav Mahler who provided Schoenberg with a model. *Gurrelieder* finds some parallels in Mahler's youthful cantata *Das klagende Lied*, completed in 1880 at the age of just twenty. Mahler revised the work several times before it was finally premièred in Vienna, conducted by himself, on 17 February, 1901. Alban Berg was at the concert and wrote to Schoenberg (then in Berlin) describing it as 'a magnificent work'. The comparison is a useful one for other reasons. Both composers were wrestling with a hybrid musical form, caught between the idea of operatic and theatrical music on the one hand, and instrumental, symphonic music on the other. *Gurrelieder* is certainly hard to locate in terms of genre; Part I seems to work like an orchestral song cycle, whereas Part III often seems more like opera.

But it is undoubtedly Wagner whose voice is most readily heard behind Schoenberg's in this work. Like Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder* traces the downfall of the mighty, reflected in the all-encompassing cycle of nature. Like *Tristan und Isolde*, it charts a yearning for the loss of individual identity in the ecstatic union of two lovers. Waldemar and Tove know that only in death will their desire, forged out of their separateness in life, finally be reconciled and find resolution. The beginning of the piece takes place at dusk, leading into an intense love duet at midnight, passes through the nocturnal hunt of the ghostly riders and ends at dawn with the promise of new life on the arrival of the summer wind, a year and a day later. For all the medieval origins of the text, this blurring of the world of nature and the erotic is typical of the artistic concerns of the fin-de-siècle.

Part I consists of nine songs (tracks 2 - 10), sung alternately by Waldemar and Tove, seamlessly joined by orchestral transitions. They fall into clear pairs, with each character giving their account of successive stages in the unfolding narrative. The first two songs depict the landscape and atmosphere, as evening turns into a moonlit

night. Waldemar is riding out to the castle of Gurre, where Tove awaits him. Songs 3 and 4 depict his journey and arrival, an ecstatic moment reflected in the whole of nature. Songs 5 and 6 express the lovers' meeting and their declaration of love. Songs 7 and 8 are preceded by a darker tone of foreboding (heard in a brooding cello figure); the midnight hour is eerily signalled by twelve repeated tones in the double basses. Waldemar anticipates with horror that, at some point in the future, they will inevitably be parted, concluding in despair that 'Our time is over'. But Tove answers in a radiant tone, assuring Waldemar that death will not be an end but merely a threshold to an eternity together. The final song is Waldemar's response – 'Du wunderliche Tove' (You wondrous Tove) – in which the lovers' desire gives way to a profound peace.

An orchestral interlude leads to the 'Song of the Wood Dove' (mezzo soprano, track 12), which narrates the aftermath of what we have just witnessed. With mounting grief, the Wood Dove describes Tove's death and burial, and Waldemar's utter distraction. Only at the conclusion of her account does she tell us how Tove died on the orders of Waldemar's jealous Queen. 'Helwig's falcon it was, who cruelly tore apart Gurre's dove.'

In the very brief Part II, Waldemar not only curses God but threatens to storm heaven itself if the souls of himself and Tove are kept apart. It was wrong, he cries to God, to take Tove's life and thus rob him of the one thing he cherished. As he does so, the orchestral music is full of thematic echoes of the earlier love songs, like an obsessive presence in his mind.

Waldemar's curse, and subsequent punishment, is a turning point in the work. It separates the lush romanticism of Part I (the love of Tove and Waldemar) and the grotesque but thrilling ride of death in Part III. Perhaps not coincidentally, it was also the point at which Schoenberg broke off the initial period of composition in 1903. By the time he resumed work, in 1910, his compositional style had changed dramatically. In works like *Erwartung* and the Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op.16, written in 1909, Schoenberg had fully explored an atonal, expressionistic musical language that sounds worlds apart from Part I of *Gurrelieder*. His skill in binding together the earlier and later material is remarkable, but his task was undoubtedly helped by the peculiar nature of the story itself.

The Wild Hunt of Part III depicts a rather ghoulish riding out of Waldemar and his dead vassals, raised from the grave each

night. It opens with a reference back to the start of the seventh song in Part I, Waldemar's anticipation of the lovers' parting in death. Schoenberg unleashes the massive power of his orchestra here, with an overpowering use of the brass section to capture the jangling of armour and horses as the vassals assemble. What follows has the character of Mahler's most austere march movements, the macabre world of his equally ghostly military songs, 'Der Tamboursg'sell' and 'Revelge'. The more fragmentary modernist style suits the subject matter well in the narration of this supernatural scene by a terrified Farmer.

Three male choirs take the role of the vassals. Schoenberg's most obvious model is Wagner's spectral chorus of sailors in *Der fliegende Holländer*. Indeed, the parallel is an important one, because just as the crew of the Dutchman's ship is compelled to sail endlessly around the world until their captain finds salvation in love, so too will Waldemar's vassals not rest until he recovers Tove. Schoenberg's use of three choirs, each divided into four parts, allows him to construct dense and powerfully dramatic music. Also riding with the vassals is Klaus the Fool, the King's jester, who speaks in riddles. In some ways, his chattering provides some relief from the horror of the Wild Hunt; in other ways, it merely adds to the sense of madness. The Fool's apparent nonsense acts as a kind of sidestep, a strategy that exacerbates the sense that the emotional burden here is too great to be properly expressed. Klaus recalls some of the simpletons in Mahler's use of the folk poetry of *Das Knaben Wunderhorn*, but it also anticipates another fool, the prescient Idiot who appears in the first tavern scene of Berg's *Wozzeck*.

Waldemar pleads with God not to separate him from Tove, threatening that if his soul goes to Hell while hers goes to Heaven, his passion would give him the strength to storm heaven itself. With the coming of dawn, the ghostly ride comes to an end and the vassals return to their graves. In their last chorus, longing to sleep in peace, they briefly anticipate a return of life before the music descends into a dark abyss.

This nadir acts as a foil to what follows: *The Wild Hunt of the Summer Wind*. Schoenberg marks it as a Melodrama, narrated by a Speaker which, in some ways, anticipates a kind of film music with voice-over. Except, that is, that the Speaker's part is notated musically, using the technique of 'Sprechstimme' that Schoenberg brought to fruition in his *Pierrot Lunaire* of 1912. This involves the singer/speaker shaping each line notated with

musical pitches but in a voice that lies somewhere between singing and speaking.

The Melodrama opens mysteriously, like a sort of detuned version of the opening of Mahler's First Symphony, with bare octaves high in the woodwind, revealing a rich tapestry of scurrying figures. The Speaker's descriptions of the renewal of nature are wonderfully detailed and Schoenberg's music seems to pick up on the sense of the internal working of nature – the rustling and microscopic activity of growth rather than with some grand outpouring of emotion. A rich web of musical reminiscences offer fragmentary glimpses of the more substantial forms of Part I, as Waldemar searches to regain what he has lost. Similarly, the rich orchestral tone of Part I gives way to more transparent textures as accompaniment to the Speaker. It makes for an astonishing inversion of the earlier music, something like a photographic negative relates to the full colour image.

Though the Speaker's words are allusive, it is clear that Tove and Waldemar are reunited in this burgeoning of new life ushered in with the summer wind. There are echoes of their love music as the wind bears them upwards into the canopy of budding leaves. Schoenberg's central theme of transfiguration finds a key statement here, as the individual figures of Tove and Waldemar find their union in the renewal of the whole of nature. A final affirmative chorus (crucially, a mixed chorus this time), like a secular version of the end of Mahler's *Resurrection* Symphony, hails the dawn.

Critics have often been divided by *Gurrelieder*. While some regret that he did not continue to write in this late-romantic style, others have dismissed the work as a peripheral example of romantic excess before Schoenberg showed his real modernist credentials. But another way of hearing it suggests that such an either/or choice is a false one. Schoenberg's music as a whole underlines that what we call romantic and modern are like two sides of the same coin. All his music is located on the axis between two musical worlds, at the threshold where one turns into the other. What defined that historical moment around 1900, and what the First World War was to make palpable to everyone, was a catastrophic sense of loss, followed by a yearning to recover what was lost. The story of Waldemar and Tove is an allegory of just that story – the story of the modern, reflected in a single work.

© Julian Johnson

GURRELIEDER

1900-03, 1910-11

by Robert Franz Arnold (originally Levisohn) (1872-1938)
Based on a text in Danish by Jens Peter Jacobsen (1847-1885)
English translation by Donna Hewitt

Disc 1

Erster Teil

1 ***Orchestervorspiel***

2 ***Waldemar***

Nun dämpft die Dämm'rung jeden Ton
Von Meer und Land,
Die fliegenden Wolken lagerten sich
Wohlig am Himmelsrand.
Lautloser Friede schloss dem Forst
Die luftigen Pforten zu,
Und des Meeres klare Wogen
Wiegten sich selber zur Ruh.
Im Westen wirft die Sonne
Von sich die Purpurtracht
Und träumt im Flutenbette
Des nächsten Tages Pracht.
Nun regt sich nicht das kleinste Laub
In des Waldes prangendem Haus,
Nun tönt auch nicht der leiseste Klang.
Ruh' aus, mein Sinn, ruh' aus!

Part One

Orchestral Prelude

Waldemar

Now dusk mutes every sound
on land and sea.
The scudding clouds have gathered close
against the margin of the sky.
Silent peace has closed
the forest's airy gates,
the limpid sea-waves all
have lulled themselves to rest.
Westward, the sun
throws off her purple robes
and dreams upon her couch among the waves
of all the glory of the coming day.
Now not even the smallest bush stirs
in all the wood's resplendent house.
Now not the faintest sound is heard.
Rest, my senses, rest!

Und jede Macht ist versunken
In der eignen Träume Schoß,
Und es treibt mich zu mir selbst zurück,
Stillfriedlich, sorgenlos.

My every power sinks
into the lap of its own dreams,
and I am inward drawn upon myself,
tranquil and free of care.

3 ***Tove***

Oh, wenn des Mondes Strahlen leise gleiten, und
Friede sich und Ruh durchs All verbreiten,
Nicht Wasser dünkt mich dann des Meeres Raum,
Und jener Wald scheint nicht Gebüsch und Baum.
Das sind nicht Wolken, die den Himmel schmücken,
Und Tal und Hügel nicht der Erde Rücken,
Und Form und Farbenspiel, nur eitle Schäume,
Und alles Abglanz nur der Gotteträume.

Tove

O when the moonbeams softly glide,
and peace and rest pervade the world,
then the vast ocean seems not to be water,
yon wood appears not made of bush and tree.
Those are not clouds which adorn the heavens,
valley and hill are not the surface of the earth,
the play of shape and colour are mere froth,
and all is but reflected glory from God's dreams.

4 ***Waldemar***

Roß! Mein Roß! Was schleichst du so träg?
Nein, ich seh's, es flieht der Weg
Hurtig unter der Hufe Tritten.
Aber noch schneller musst du eilen,
Bist noch in des Waldes Mitten,
Und ich wähnte, ohn' Verweilen
Sprengt' ich gleich in Gurre ein.
Nun weicht der Wald, schon seh' ich dort die Burg,
Die Tove mir umschließt,
Indes im Rücken uns der Forst
Zu finstrem Wall zusammenfließt;
Aber noch weiter jage du zu!
Sieh! Des Waldes Schatten dehnen
Über Flur sich weit und Moor!
Eh' sie Gurres Grund erreichen,
Muss ich stehn vor Toves Tor.
Eh' der Laut, der jetzo klinget,

Waldemar

Horse, my horse, why this dragging pace?
No, I see that the road passes
swiftly beneath your hooves.
But you must go even faster,
you are still in the middle of the forest,
and I had fancied, by not dawdling,
I might already be at Gurre.
The forest thins, already I can see the castle
which surrounds my Tove;
Meanwhile the wood behind us
merges to a wall of shadow
But you must speed on even further.
Look! The forest shadows lengthen
all across moor and field!
Before they reach Gurre,
I must stand at Tove's door.
Before that sound which now rings forth

Ruht, um nimmermehr zu tönen,
Muss dein flinker Hufschlag, Renner,
Über Gurres Brücke dröhnen;
Eh' das welke Blatt – dort schwebt es –
Mag herab zum Bache fallen,
Muss in Gurres Hof dein Wiehern
Fröhlich widerhallen ...
Der Schatten dehnt sich, der Ton verklingt,
Nun falle, Blatt, magst untergehn:
Volmer hat Tove gesehn!

ceases, never to be heard again,
your nimble hoofbeats, Racer,
must clatter over Gurre's bridge.
Before that withered leaf – there it hangs –
falls down into the stream,
your neighing must echo
jubilantly about Gurre's yard ...
The shadows lengthen, the sound dies away,
fall now, leaf, now you may die:
Volmer has seen Tove!

5 ***Tove***

Sterne jubeln, das Meer, es leuchtet,
Presst an die Küste sein pochendes Herz,
Blätter, sie murmeln, es zittert ihr Tauschmuck,
Seewind umfängt mich in mutigem Scherz,
Wetterhahn singt, und die Turmzinnen nicken,
Burschen stolzieren mit flammenden Blicken,
Wogende Brust voll üppigen Lebens
Fesseln die blühenden Dirnen vergebens,
Rosen, sie mühn sich, zu spähn in die Ferne,
Fackeln, sie lodern und leuchten so gerne,
Wald erschließt seinen Bann zur Stell',
Horch, in der Stadt nun Hundegebell.
Und die steigenden Wogen der Treppe
Tragen zum Hafen den fürstlichen Held,
Bis er auf alleroberster Staffel
Mir in die offenen Arme fällt.

Tove

The stars rejoice, the shining sea
presses its wildly beating heart against the shore.
Dew-jewels tremble on the murmuring leaves.
Sea-wind embraces me in gallant sport,
Weathercock sings and the battlements nod.
Lads swagger about casting fiery glances
while rosy maidens strive in vain to calm
their heaving bosoms full of lusty life;
roses gaze patiently into the distance,
torches glow and burn with delight.
The forest now sheds its forbidding cloak.
Hark, in the town the barking dogs.
And the surging tide of the staircase
bears the noble hero into port,
till he, upon the topmost tread,
sinks into my open arms.

6 ***Waldemar***

So tanzen die Engel vor Gottes Thron nicht,
Wie die Welt nun tanzt vor mir.
So lieblich klingt ihrer Harfen Ton nicht,

Waldemar

Never have angels danced before the throne of God
the way the world now dances before me.
So lovely the strains from their harps never were

Wie Waldemars Seele dir.
Aber stolzer auch saß neben Gott nicht Christ
Nach dem harten Erlösungsstreite,
Als Waldemar stolz nun und königlich ist
An Tovelilles Seite.
Nicht sehnlicher möchten die Seelen gewinnen
Den Weg zu der Seligen Bund,
Als ich deinen Kuss, da ich Gurres Zinnen
Sah leuchten vom Oeresund.
Und ich tausch' auch nicht ihren Mauerwall
Und den Schatz, den treu sie bewahren,
Für Himmelreichs Glanz und betäubenden Schall
Und alle der Heiligen Scharen!

7 ***Tove***
Nun sag ich dir zum ersten Mal:
„König Volmer, ich liebe dich!"
Nun küss' ich dich zum ersten Mal,
Und schlinge den Arm um dich.
Und sprichst du, ich hätt' es schon früher gesagt
Und je meinen Kuss dir geschenkt,
So sprech' ich: „Der König ist ein Narr,
Der flüchtigen Tandes gedenkt."
Und sagst du: „Wohl bin ich solch ein Narr",
So sprech' ich: „Der König hat recht",
Doch sagst du: „Nein, ich bin es nicht",
So sprech' ich: „Der König ist schlecht."
Denn all meine Rosen küsst' ich zu Tod,
Dieweil ich deiner gedacht.

8 ***Waldemar***
Es ist Mitternachtszeit,
Und unsel'ge Geschlechter

as these strains Waldemar's soul sings for thee.
But Christ was not prouder, seated with God,
after the cruel war for salvation had passed,
than Waldemar now stands, regal and proud
at Tovelille's side.
With no greater longing have souls yearned to find
the way to the realms of the blest,
than I longed for your kiss when I saw Gurre's towers
gleaming on Oeresund.
And I would not exchange their stout walls,
and the treasure they faithfully guard
for all heaven's splendour and deafening din,
and all the sainted hosts of the redeemed!

Tove
Now for the first time I say:
"King Volmer, I love you!"
Now I kiss you for the first time,
and encircle you in my arms.
And if you say I have already told you.
or ever given you my kiss.
to that I say: "The king's a fool
who thinks of transient, tawdry things."
And if you say: "I am indeed a fool,"
I'll say: "The king is right."
But if you say: "That I am not,"
I'll say: "The king is bad."
For I have kissed my roses all to death
The while I thought of you.

Waldemar
It is midnight,
and unholy beings

Stehn auf aus vergessnen, eingesunknen Gräbern,
Und sie blicken mit Sehnsucht
Nach den Kerzen der Burg und der Hütte Licht.
Und der Wind schüttelt spottend
Nieder auf sie Harfenschlag und Becherklang
Und Liebeslieder.
Und sie schwinden und seufzen:
„Unsre Zeit ist um."
Mein Haupt wiegt sich auf lebenden Wogen,
Meine Hand vernimmt eines Herzens Schlag,
Lebenschwellend strömt auf mich nieder
Glühender Küsse Purpurregen,
Und meine Lippe jubelt:
„Jetzt ist's meine Zeit!"
Aber die Zeit flieht,
Und umgehn werd' ich
Zur Mitternachtsstunde
Dereinst als tot,
Werd' eng um mich das Leichenlaken ziehn
Wider die kalten Winde
Und weiter mich schleichen im späten Mondlicht
Und schmerzgebunden
Mit schwerem Grabkreuz
Deinen lieben Namen
In die Erde ritzen
Und sinken und seufzen:
„Unsre Zeit ist um!"

9 ***Tove***
Du sendest mir einen Liebesblick
Und senkst das Auge,
Doch der Blick presst deine Hand in meine,

rise from forgotten, sunken graves,
and gaze with longing
at the candles in the castle, and the cottage lights.
Mocking, the wind shakes down
upon them harp-songs, and the clink of goblets,
and love songs.
And they vanish sighing:
"Our time is done."
Living waves cradle my head,
my hand can feel the beating of a heart.
Swelling to life, there now streams down upon me
a purple rain of burning kisses,
and my lips rejoice:
"My time is now!"
But time is fleeting
and I too must die
at midnight!
Then being dead.
I'll draw my funeral shroud about me
against the cold winds,
to drag myself in late moonlight,
bound fast to pain;
and with the heavy cross from off a grave
carve your beloved name
into the earth,
and sinking I shall sigh:
"Our time is done!"

Tove
You send a loving glance at me
and then avert your eyes.
That glance alone pressed your hand into mine,

Und der Druck erstirbt;
Aber als liebeweckenden Kuss
Legst du meinen Händedruck mir auf die Lippen
Und du kannst noch seufzen um des Todes Willen,
Wenn ein Blick auflodern kann
Wie ein flammender Kuss?
Die leuchtenden Sterne am Himmel droben
Bleichen wohl, wenn's graut,
Doch lodern sie neu jede Mitternachtszeit
In ewiger Pracht.
So kurz ist der Tod,
Wie ruhiger Schlummer
Von Dämm'rung zu Dämm'rung.
Und wenn du erwachst:
Bei dir auf dem Lager
In neuer Schönheit
Siehst du strahlen
Die junge Braut.
So lass uns die goldene
Schale leeren
Ihm, dem mächtig verschönenden Tod:
Denn wir gehn zu Grab
Wie ein Lächeln, ersterbend
Im seligen Kuss!

and now the handclasp fades.
But for a love-awakening kiss
you press my handclasp back against my lips.
And can you then still sigh for sake of death,
when just a glance can flame
as does an ardent kiss?
The glowing stars high in the heavens
do fade at break of day,
but with each midnight flame a new
in their eternal splendour.
Death is so brief,
like tranquil slumber
between one twilight and the next.
And when you waken
there upon your couch,
clad in new beauty,
you will see
a young and radiant bride.
So let us drain our goblets
in a toast to Him,
mighty, adorning death;
for we go to the grave
like a smile, dying
in a rapturous kiss!

10 ***Waldemar***

Du wunderliche Tove!
So reich durch dich nun bin ich,
Dass nicht einmal mehr ein Wunsch mir eigen.
So leicht meine Brust,
Mein Denken so klar,
Ein wacher Frieden über meiner Seele.

Waldemar

Extraordinary Tove!
You have made me so rich
that now I wish for nothing more.
My heart is so light,
my mind so very clear.
Peace now keeps watch about my soul.

Es ist so still in mir,
So seltsam stille.
Auf der Lippe weilt brückeschlagend das Wort,
Doch sinkt es wieder zur Ruh.
Denn mir ist's, als schlüg' in meiner Brust
Deines Herzens Schlag,
Und als höbe mein Atemzug,
Tove, deinen Busen.
Und uns're Gedanken seh' ich
Entstehn und zusammengleiten
Wie Wolken, die sich begegnen,
Und vereint wiegen sie sich in wechselnden Formen.
Und meine Seele ist still,
Ich seh in dein Aug' und schweige,
Du wunderliche Tove.

I feel so still within,
so strangely still.
As though to build a bridge a word hangs
trembling on my lips, but it sinks back to rest.
To me it is as if there beats within my breast
your heartbeat now.
Tove, as if my breathing
made your bosom rise.
and I see our thoughts
take shape and glide together
as clouds do, when they meet,
which once united drift and change their shapes.
And my soul is still.
I gaze into your eyes and do not speak,
extraordinary Tove!

11 ***Orchesterzwischenspiel***

Orchestral Interlude

12 ***Stimme der Waldtaube***

Tauben von Gurre! Sorge quält mich,
Vom Weg über die Insel her!
Kommet! Lauschet!
Tot ist Tove! Nacht auf ihrem Auge,
Das der Tag des Königs war!
Still ist ihr Herz,
Doch des Königs Herz schlägt wild,
Tot und doch wild!
Seltsam gleichend einem Boot auf der Woge,
Wenn der, zu dess' Empfang
Die Planken huldigend sich gekrümmt,
Des Schiffes Steurer tot liegt,
Verstrickt in der Tiefe Tang.
Keiner bringt ihnen Botschaft,

Voice of the Wood-Dove

Doves of Gurre! Sorrow has plagued me
all along the way across the island!
Come! Listen!
Tove is dead! Night rests upon her eyes,
which were the king's day.
Her heart is still,
and yet the king's heart wildly beats,
wildly, though dead!
Curiously like a boat upon the waves,
when he, for whose welcome
the planks in homage curve,
the steerer of the ship, lies dead,
entangled in the deep sea-weed.
No one can bring them word,

Unwegsam der Weg.
Wie zwei Ströme waren ihre Gedanken,
Ströme gleitend Seit' an Seite.
Wo strömen nun Toves Gedanken?
Die des Königs winden sich seltsam dahin,
Suchen nach denen Toves,
Finden sie nicht.
Weit flog ich, Klage sucht' ich, fand gar viel!
Den Sarg sah ich auf Königs Schultern,
Henning stürtzt' ihn;
Finster war die Nacht, eine einzige Fackel
Brannte am Weg;
Die Königin hielt sie, hoch auf dem Söller,
Rachebegierigen Sinns.
Tränen, die sie nicht weinen wollte,
Funkelten im Auge.
Weit flog ich, Klage sucht' ich, fand gar viel!
Den König sah ich, mit dem Sarge fuhr er,
Im Bauernwams.
Sein Streitross, das oft zum Sieg ihn getragen,
Zog den Sarg.
Wild starrte des Königs Auge, suchte
Nach einem Blick,
Seltsam lauschte des Königs Herz
Nach einem Wort.
Henning sprach zum König,
Aber noch immer suchte er Wort und Blick.
Der König öffnet Toves Sarg,
Starrt und lauscht mit bebenden Lippen,
Tove ist stumm!
Weit flog ich, Klage sucht' ich, fand gar viel!
Wollt' ein Mönch am Seile ziehn,

impenetrable is the way.
Their thoughts were like two streams,
which glided side by side
Where do Tove's thoughts flow now?
The king's thoughts wander strangely
in search of Tove's thoughts,
finding them not.
I flew far, sought for grief, and have found much!
I saw the coffin on the shoulders of the king;
Henning supported it.
The night was dark, a lone torch
burned along the way;
it was the queen who held it, high upon the battlements,
obsessed with thoughts of vengeance,
the tears she did not wish to weep
glittering in her eyes.
I flew far, sought for grief, and have found much!
I saw the king ride with the coffin,
dressed in a farmer's garb.
His battle horse, which oft carried him to victory,
drew the coffin.
Wildly, the king's eyes stared, searching
for just one glance.
Strangely, the king's heart listened closely
for a single word
Henning spoke to the king,
who all the while looked only for a word, a glance.
The king opened Tove's coffin,
staring and listening with trembling lips.
Tove is silent!
I flew far, sought for grief, and have found much!
A monk about to pull the ropes

Abendsegen läuten;
Doch er sah den Wagenlenker
Und vernahm die Trauerbotschaft:
Sonne sank, indes die Glocke
Grabgeläute tönte.
Weit flog ich, Klage sucht' ich und den Tod!
Helwigs Falke
War's, der grausam
Gurres Taube zerriss!

to sound the evening Angelus,
seeing the wagon driver,
learned of the sad news.
The sun sank while the bells
tolled out a knell of death.
I flew far, sought for grief and death.
Helwig's falcon
'twas, that cruelly has slaughtered
Gurre's dove.

Disc 2

Zweiter Teil

Part Two

1 ***Waldemar***
Herrgott, weißt du, was du tatest,
Als klein Tove mir verstarb?
Triebst mich aus der letzten Freistatt,
Die ich meinem Glück erwarb!
Herr, du solltest wohl erröten:
Bettlers einz'ges Lamm zu töten!
Herrgott, ich bin auch ein Herrscher,
Und es ist mein Herrscherglauben:
Meinem Untertanen darf ich
Nie die letzte Leuchte rauben.
Falsche Wege schlägst du ein:
Das heißt wohl Tyrann, nicht Herrscher sein!
Herrgott, deine Engelscharen
Singen stets nur deinen Preis,
Doch dir wäre mehr vonnöten
Einer, der zu tadeln weiß.
Und wer mag solches wagen?
Lass mich, Herr, die Kappe deines Hofnarr'n tragen!

Waldemar
Lord God, do you know what it was you did,
when my little Tove died?
You drove me from the last remaining refuge
I had found for joy!
God, it is meet you should blush:
Putting a beggar's only lamb to death!
Lord God, I also am a monarch
and this my sovereign creed:
my subjects I may never
rob of their last light.
The course which you pursue is wrong:
which means you are a tyrant, not a king!
Lord God, your angel hosts
continually sing only your praise,
but you are more in need
of one who can rebuke you.
And who would dare do such a thing?
Let me, Lord, wear your jester's cap!

Dritter Teil

Die wilde Jagd

2 ***Waldemar***

Erwacht, König Waldemars Mannen wert!
Schnallt an die Lende das rostige Schwert,
Holt aus der Kirche verstaubte Schilde,
Gräulich bemalt mit wüstem Gebilde.
Weckt eurer Rosse modernde Leichen,
Schmückt sie mit Gold, und spornt ihre Weichen:
Nach Gurrestadt seid ihr entboten,
Heute ist Ausfahrt der Toten!

3 ***Bauer***

Deckel des Sarges klappert und klappt,
Schwer kommt's her durch die Nacht getrabt.
Rasen nieder vom Hügel rollt,
Über den Grüften klingt's hell wie Gold.
Klirren und Rasseln durchs Rüsthaus geht,
Werfen und Rücken mit altem Gerät,
Steinegepolter am Kirchhofrain,
Sperber sausen vom Turm und schrei'n,
Auf und zu fliegt's Kirchentor!

Waldemars Mannen

Holla!

Bauer

Da fährt's vorbei! Rasch die Decke übers Ohr!
Ich schlage drei heilige Kreuze geschwind
Für Leut' und Haus, für Ross und Rind;
Dreimal nenn' ich Christi Namen,
So bleibt bewahrt der Felder Samen.
Die Glieder noch bekreuz ich klug,

Part Three

The Wild Hunt

Waldemar

Arise, King Waldemar's noble men!
To your loins gird your rusted swords.
From the church bring your dusty shields,
grey-streaked with wasted figures.
Waken your horses' mouldering corpses,
deck them with gold, set spurs to their flanks;
to the city of Gurre commanded,
today the dead ride abroad!

Peasant

Coffin lids rattle and clatter,
comes a heavy trotting through the night.
The sod rolls off the hill;
Above the tombs a ringing bright as gold.
A clanking and a rattling through the armoury,
the tossing and hoisting of ancient gear,
a hail of stones at the churchyard's edge.
Screaming, sparrow-hawks swoop from the spire.
Back and forth the church door flies.

Waldemar's Men

Holla!

Peasant

There they go! Quickly the blanket over your ears.
The sign of the holy cross thrice I quickly make,
for my kinfolk, my home, my cattle and horses.
If three times the name of Christ I say,
then the seed in the field will be safe.
Wisely, I cross the very limbs

Wo der Herr seine heiligen Wunden trug,
So bin ich geschützt vor der nächtlichen Mahr,
Vor Elfenschuss und Trolls Gefahr.
Zuletzt vor die Tür noch Stahl und Stein,
So kann mir nichts Böses zur Tür herein.

4 ***Waldemars Mannen***

Gegrüßt, o König, an Gurre-Seestrand!
Nun jagen wir über das Inselland.
Holla! Vom stranglosen Bogen Pfeile zu senden,
Mit hohlen Augen und Knochenhänden,
Zu treffen des Hirsches Schattengebild,
Holla! Dass Wiesentau aus der Wunde quillt.
Holla! Der Walstatt Raben
Geleit uns gaben,
Über Buchenkronen die Rosse traben.
Holla! So jagen wir nach gemeiner Sag'
Eine jede Nacht bis zum jüngsten Tag.
Holla! Hussa Hund! Hussa Pferd!
Nur kurze Zeit das Jagen währt!
Hier ist das Schloss, wie einst vor Zeiten!
Holla! Lokes Hafer gebt den Mähren,
Wir wollen vom alten Ruhme zehren.

5 ***Waldemar***

Mit Toves Stimme flüstert der Wald,
Mit Toves Augen schaut der See,
Mit Toves Lächeln leuchten die Sterne,
Die Wolke schwillt wie des Busens Schnee.
Es jagen die Sinne, sie zu fassen,
Gedanken kämpfen nach ihrem Bilde.
Aber Tove ist hier und Tove ist da,
Tove ist fern und Tove ist nah.

where our Saviour bore his holy wounds,
so I am protected from phantoms of night,
from the darts of elves and the menace of trolls.
Lastly I bar it with steel and with stones
so no evil can enter my door.

Waldemar's Men

Greetings, King, here in Gurre-on-Sea!
Let us now hunt across the island.
Holla! Our arrows let fly from unstrung bows,
with hollow eyes and hands of bone,
to pierce the shadow of the stag.
Holla! So that meadow-dew from the wound may spring.
Holla! To the battlefield
have the ravens led,
over beech-tree tops our horses trot.
Holla! I We will hunt again in the age-old way,
night after night, till the judgement day.
Holla! Onward hound, onward horse!
The hunt only lasts a brief while!
Here stands the castle as of old!
Holla! Feed Loki's fiery oats to the mares,
we will feast on olden glories of yore.

Waldemar

With Tove's voice whispers the wood,
through Tove's eyes gazes the lake.
And Tove's smile beams from the stars.
The clouds swell like her snow-white breast.
My senses strive to give her form,
my thoughts struggle to find her image.
But Tove is here and Tove is there,
Tove is far away, Tove is near.

Tove, bist du's, mit Zaubermacht
Gefesselt an Sees- und Waldespracht?
Das tote Herz, es schwillt und dehnt sich,
Tove, Tove, Waldemar sehnt sich nach dir!

6 ***Klaus-Narr***

„Ein seltsamer Vogel ist so'n Aal,
Im Wasser lebt er meist,
Kommt doch bei Mondschein dann und wann
Ans Uferland gereist."
Das sang ich oft meines Herren Gästen,
Nun aber passt's auf mich selber am besten.
Ich halte jetzt kein Haus und lebe äußerst schlicht
Und lud auch niemand ein und prasst' und
lärmte nicht,
Und dennoch zehrt an mir manch unverschämter
Wicht,
Drum kann ich auch nichts bieten,
ob ich will oder nicht,
Doch – dem schenk ich meine nächtliche Ruh,
Der mir den Grund kann weisen,
Warum ich jede Mitternacht
Den Tümpel muss umkreisen.
Dass Palle Glob und Erik Paa
Es auch tun, das versteh ich so:
Sie gehörten nie zu den Frommen;
Jetzt würfeln sie, wiewohl zu Pferd,
Um den kühlsten Ort, weit weg vom Herd,
Wenn sie zur Hölle kommen.
Und der König, der von Sinnen stets,
Sobald die Eulen klagen,
Und stets nach einem Mädchen ruft,

Tove, is that you, bound by a strong enchantment
To the splendour of the lake – and of the wood?
My dead heart fills and swells,
Tove, Tove, Waldemar yearns after you!

Klaus the Jester

"A strange bird is the eel,
lives in the water mostly.
but now and then, by the light of the moon,
he travels up to the shore."
I sang that often to my lordship's guests
but now it fits me best.
I don't keep house now, lead a very frugal life,
I have invited no one home, have not caroused
and made a lot of noise,
and still, despite all that, there's many a shameless
fellow drains me dry.
So I have naught to offer,
whether I would or no,
but I would give away my nightly rest
to any who can tell the reason why,
with every midnight I am forced
to make the circuit of this pool.
That Palle Glob and Erik Paa
do likewise, that I understand:
pious they never were;
right now they're rolling dice, on horseback,
mind you, for the coolest spot, far from the fire,
when they arrive in hell.
And the king, ever insane,
who from the moment that the owls first cry,
incessantly calls to a maiden

Das tot seit Jahr und Tagen,
Auch dieser hat's verdient
Und muss von Rechtes wegen jagen.
Denn er war immer höchst brutal,
Und Vorsicht galt es allermal
Und off'nes Auge für Gefahr,
Da er ja selber Hofnarr war
Bei jener großen Herrschaft überm Monde.
Doch dass ich, Klaus – Narr von Farum,
Ich, der glaubte, dass im Grabe
Man vollkomm'ne Ruhe habe,
Dass der Geist beim Staube bleibe,
Friedlich dort sein Wesen treibe,
Still sich sammle für das große
Hoffest, wo, wie Bruder Knut
Sagt, ertönen die Posaunen,
Wo wir Guten wohlgemut
Sünder speisen wie Kapaunen.
Ach, dass ich im Ritte rase,
Gegen den Schwanz gedreht die Nase,
Sterbensmüd im wilden Lauf,
Wär's zu spät nicht, ich hinge mich auf.
Doch o wie süß soll's schmecken zuletzt,
Wird' ich dann doch in den Himmel versetzt!
Zwar ist mein Sündenregister groß,
Allein vom meisten schwatz ich mich los!
Wer gab der nackten Wahrheit Kleider?
Wer war dafür geprügelt leider?
Ja, wenn es noch Gerechtigkeit gibt,
Dann muss ich eingehn im Himmels Gnaden ...
Na, und dann mag Gott sich selber gnaden.

dead these many years and days,
he too has earned the same,
and for the sake of right, he is compelled to hunt.
For he was always quite ruthless,
one had to be on guard at every turn,
watching for danger always, with one eye.
He was, himself, the jester to the court
of that great monarchy beyond the moon.
But that I, Klaus, Jester of Farum,
I, who believed that in the grave
one would have perfect rest,
that my spirit would remain there with the dust,
peacefully attending its concerns,
and quietly collect itself for that great
feast at court, where, as Brother Knut
says, trumpets sound,
where we, the righteous, cheerfully
will make a meal of sinners, as we would of capons.
Alas, that I must ride this frenzied race,
my nose toward the tail,
wearied to death of this wild course.
If it were not too late, I'd hang myself
But oh, how sweet the taste at last,
Indeed, to be transported into heaven!
Truly, the sum of all my sins is great.
I can talk my way out of all but a few!
Who was it who dressed the naked truth?
And who, alas, was flogged for it?
Yet, but if there's any justice left,
then I must surely enter into heaven's grace ...
forsooth, and then may God have mercy on himself.

7 ***Waldemar***

Du strenger Richter droben,
Du lachst meiner Schmerzen,
Doch dereinst, beim Auferstehn des Gebeins
Nimm es dir wohl zu Herzen;
Ich und Tove, wir sind eins.
So zerreiß' auch unsre Seelen nie,
Zur Hölle mich, zum Himmel sie,
Denn sonst gewinn' ich Macht,
Zertrümmre deiner Engel Wacht
Und sprenge mit meiner wilden Jagd
Ins Himmelreich ein.

Waldemar

You harsh judge up above,
you scoff at my distress,
but some day, at the resurrection of the flesh,
mark well my words:
I and Tove shall be one.
So never rend our common soul asunder,
my portion into hell and hers to heaven,
or I shall gain the strength
to crush your angel guard
and barge with my wild huntsmen
into heaven.

8 ***Waldemars Mannen***

Der Hahn erhebt den Kopf zur Kraht,
Hat den Tag schon im Schnabel,
Und von unsern Schwertern trieft
Rostgerötet der Morgentau.
Die Zeit ist um!
Mit offnem Mund ruft das Grab,
Und die Erde saugt das lichtscheue Rätsel ein.
Versinket! Versinket!
Das Leben kommt mit Macht und Glanz,
Mit Taten und pochenden Herzen,
Und wir sind des Todes,
Der Sorge und des Todes,
Des Schmerzes und des Todes,
Ins Grab! Ins Grab! Zur träumeschwangern Ruh.
Oh, könnten in Frieden wir schlafen!

Waldemar's Men

The cock, about to crow, raises his head.
He has the day already in his beak.
And from our swords the morning dew streams,
red with rust.
Our time is done!
With open mouth the grave calls,
and earth sucks in that mystery which fears the light.
Sink down! Sink down!
Life comes with might and splendour,
with deeds and pounding hearts,
and we are of death,
of sorrow and of death,
of pain and of death.
Into the grave! To a rest pregnant with dreams.
O could we but sleep in peace!

9 *Des Sommerwindes wilde Jagd*

Orchestervorspiel

The Wild Hunt of the Summer Wind

Orchestral Prelude

Sprecher

Herr Gänsefuß, Frau Gänsekraut, nun duckt euch
nur geschwind,
Denn des sommerlichen Windes wilde Jagd beginnt.
Die Mücken fliegen ängstlich aus dem
schilfdurchwachs'nen Hain,
In den See grub der Wind seine Silberspuren ein.
Viel schlimmer kommt es,
als ihr euch nur je gedacht;
Hu! wie's schaurig in den Buchenblättern lacht!
Das ist Sankt Johanniswurm mit der Feuerzunge rot,
Und der schwere Wiesennebel,
ein Schatten bleich und tot!
Welch Wogen und Schwingen!
Welch Ringen und Singen!
In die Ähren schlägt der Wind in leidigem Sinne,
Dass das Kornfeld tönend bebt.
Mit den langen Beinen fiedelt die Spinne,
Und es reißt, was sie mühsam gewebt.
Tönend rieselt der Tau zu Tal,
Sterne schießen und schwinden zumal;
Flüchtend durchraschelt der Falter die Hecken,
Springen die Frösche nach feuchten Verstecken.
Still! Was mag der Wind nur wollen?
Wenn das welke Laub er wendet,
Sucht er, was zu früh geendet;
Frühlings blauweiße Blütensäume,
Der Erde flüchtige Sommerträume –
Längst sind sie Staub!
Aber hinauf, über die Bäume
Schwingt er sich nun in lichtere Räume,
Denn dort oben, wie Traum so fein,

Speaker

Sir Goosefoot, Lady Amaranth, duck down, and
quickly too,
the summer wind's wild hunt is just beginning.
The gnats fly anxiously about the wood grown
thick with reeds,
the wind has graven silver tracks into the lake.
It's much worse when it comes,
than you have ever dreamed.
Ha, how eerily it laughs among the beech-leaves!
There goes Sir Glow-worm with his fire-red tongue,
the heavy meadow-mist,
a pale, dead shadow!
Such billowing and swaying!
Such ringing and singing!
Among the sheaves, the wind beats with a melancholy
sense, resounding through the shaking fields of corn.
With her long legs the spider fiddles,
and the wind tears what she carefully has spun.
Ringing, the dew drifts down into the valley.
Stars shoot and vanish all at once.
Fleeing, the butterflies rustle through briars and hedges.
The frogs leap to moist hideaways.
Hush! What can the wind want?
When he stirs the withered leaves,
he searches for what too soon has ended:
spring's blossoming verges blue and white –
earth's transient summer dreams.
They are long since dust.
But upward above the trees he whirls
now upward through open spaces;
for there, like an exquisite dream,

Meint er, müssten die Blüten sein!
Und mit seltsamen Tönen
In ihres Laubes Kronen
Grüßt er wieder die schlanken Schönen.
Sieh! nun ist auch das vorbei.
Auf luftigem Steige wirbelt er frei
Zum blanken Spiegel des Sees,
Und dort in der Wellen unendlichem Tanz,
In bleicher Sterne Widerglanz
Wiegt er sich friedlich ein.
Wie stille wards zur Stell!
Ach, war das licht und hell!
O schwing dich aus dem Blumenkelch, Marienkäferlein,
Und bitte deine schöne Frau um Leben und Sonnenschein!
Schon tanzen die Wogen am Klippenecke,
Schon schleicht im Grase die bunte Schnecke,
Nun regt sich Waldes Vogelschar,
Tau schüttelt die Blume vom lockigen Haar
Und späht nach der Sonne aus.
Erwacht, erwacht, ihr Blumen zur Wonne!

he knows, the flowers are sure to be!
And with a curious ringing
through their leafy crowns,
he greets the slender beauties once again.
Look! Now that too is past.
On airy stairs he freely whirls
down to the clear mirror of the lake.
There in the waves' eternal dance,
in the pale stars' reflected gleam,
peacefully, he rocks himself to sleep.
How still it was, and all at once!
Ah, and so bright, so clear!
From your flower-chalice, ladybug, fly now,
ask of your mistress fair,
sunshine and life!
The waves already dance about the cliff,
already a bright-hued snail crawls through the grass.
The birds of the wood are all astir.
A flower shakes dew from her hair,
and gazes upward at the sun.
Awaken, awaken, all ye flowers, to joy!

10 ***Gemischter Chor***
Seht die Sonne,
Farbenfroh am Himmelssaum,
Östlich grüßt ihr Morgentraum!
Lächelnd kommt sie aufgestiegen
Aus den Fluten der Nacht,
Lässt von lichter Stirne fliegen
Strahlenlockenpracht!

Mixed Chorus
Behold the sun,
gay-coloured on the margin of the sky.
Morning-dreams greet her in the East!
Smiling she rises
out of the night-tides,
and from her radiant brow there streams
the splendour of her locks of light.

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BIOGRAPHIES

ESA-PEKKA SALONEN

Born in Helsinki, the conductor and composer Esa-Pekka Salonen studied at the Sibelius Academy, and made his conducting début with the Finnish Radio Symphony Orchestra in 1979. He was Chief Conductor of the Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra for ten years (1985-1995) and Director of the Helsinki Festival in 1995 and 1996. From 1992 until 2009 Salonen was Music Director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic and was named the orchestra's Conductor Laureate in April 2009.

Since September 2008 Esa-Pekka Salonen has been Principal Conductor and Artistic Advisor of the Philharmonia Orchestra. In his first season in this role he devised and led *City of Dreams*, a nine-month exploration of the music and culture of Vienna between 1900 and 1935. The project, which presents the music of Mahler, Schoenberg, Zemlinsky and Berg in its social and historical context, has travelled to 18 cities across Europe, culminating with semi-staged performances of Berg's *Wozzeck* in October 2009. Other highlights of the 2009/10 season with the Philharmonia Orchestra include the UK première of Magnus Lindberg's new choral work *Graffiti*, and touring throughout Europe and Japan.

His appointment with the Philharmonia cements a relationship that dates back over 25 years. Esa-Pekka Salonen made his London conducting début with the Philharmonia Orchestra in September 1983, stepping in at the last minute for an indisposed Michael Tilson Thomas to conduct a now-legendary performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 3. Salonen was offered the position of Principal Guest Conductor, which he held from 1985-1994, and he has returned to conduct the Orchestra on a regular basis ever since.

Esa-Pekka Salonen's guest conducting engagements in the season 2009/10 include appearances with the Vienna Philharmonic, the New York Philharmonic, the Mahler Chamber Orchestra and the Sinfonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks. He makes his début at the Metropolitan Opera with the

production of Janáček's opera *From the House of the Dead* which goes afterwards to the Teatro alla Scala, directed by Patrice Chéreau.

In his time as Music Director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, highlights have included residencies at the Salzburg Festival, Köln Philharmonie and at the Théâtre du Châtelet, Paris, as well as numerous European tours and guest performances in Japan. On the occasion of his 17-year tenure the Los Angeles Philharmonic celebrated him with a series of concerts in April 2009, including the première of his own violin concerto.

Salonen is the recipient of many major awards including the Royal Philharmonic Society's Opera Award (1995) and the Conductor Award (1997). Since 1998 he carries the title of 'Officier de l'ordre des Arts et des Lettres' by the French government. In 2003 he received an honorary doctorate from the Sibelius Academy and in 2005 the 'Helsinki Medal'. Salonen was Musical America's "Musician of the Year 2006". In June 2009 Salonen received an honorary doctorate from the Hong Kong Academy of Performing Arts.

Esa-Pekka Salonen is renowned for his interpretations of contemporary music and has led critically acclaimed festivals of music by Berlioz, Ligeti, Schoenberg, Shostakovich, Stravinsky and Lindberg.

Salonen is artistic director of the Baltic Sea Festival, that he co-initiated in 2003. It invites celebrated ensembles and soloists to promote unity and ecological awareness among the Baltic Sea countries.

Esa-Pekka Salonen has a considerable discography. Forthcoming recordings as part of his new partnership with the Philharmonia Orchestra and Signum include Mahler's 6th and 9th symphonies and Berlioz's *Symphonie fantastique*. Other recent releases on Deutsche Grammophon include a disc of Salonen works performed with the Finnish Radio Symphony Orchestra and a DVD of Kaija Saariaho's opera, *L'amour de loin* with the Finnish National Opera as well as two CDs with Hélène Grimaud with works by Pärt and Schumann. In November 2008, Deutsche Grammophone released a CD with Salonen's piano concerto and his works *Helix* and *Dichotomie*.

philharmonia orchestra

The Philharmonia Orchestra is one of the world's great orchestras. Acknowledged as the UK's foremost musical pioneer, with an extraordinary recording legacy, the Philharmonia leads the field for its quality of playing, and for its innovative approach to audience development, residencies, music education and the use of new technologies in reaching a global audience. Together with its relationships with the world's most sought-after artists, most importantly its Principal Conductor and Artistic Advisor Esa-Pekka Salonen, the Philharmonia Orchestra is at the heart of British musical life.

Today, the Philharmonia has the greatest claim of any orchestra to be the UK's National Orchestra. It is committed to presenting the same quality, live music-making in venues throughout the country as it brings to London and the great concert halls of the world. Every year the Orchestra performs more than 200 concerts, as well as presenting chamber performances by the Soloists of the Philharmonia Orchestra, and recording scores for films, CDs and computer games. Since 1995 the Orchestra's work has been underpinned by its much admired UK Residency Programme, which began with the launch of its residencies at the Bedford Corn Exchange and London's Southbank Centre, and now also includes De Montfort Hall in Leicester, The Anvil in Basingstoke and a series of partnerships across Kent and the Thames Gateway, based in Canterbury. The Orchestra's international extensive touring schedule each season involves appearances at the finest concert halls across Europe, the USA and Asia.

During its first six decades, the Philharmonia Orchestra has collaborated with most of the great classical artists of the 20th century. Conductors associated with the Orchestra include Furtwängler, Richard Strauss, Toscanini, Cantelli, Karajan and Giulini. Otto Klemperer was the first of many outstanding Principal Conductors, and other great names have included Lorin Maazel (Associate Principal Conductor), Riccardo Muti (Principal Conductor and Music Director) and Giuseppe Sinopoli (Music Director). As well as Esa-Pekka Salonen, current titled conductors are Christoph von Dohnányi

(Honorary Conductor for Life), Sir Charles Mackerras (Principal Guest Conductor), Kurt Sanderling (Conductor Emeritus) and Vladimir Ashkenazy (Conductor Laureate).

The Philharmonia Orchestra continues to pride itself on its long-term collaborations with the finest musicians of our day, supporting new as well as established artists. This policy extends into the Orchestra itself, where many of the players have solo or chamber music careers as well as their work with the Orchestra. The Philharmonia's Martin Musical Scholarship Fund has for many years supported talented musicians at the start of their careers and a new Orchestral Award, inaugurated in 2005, allows two young players every year to gain performing experience within the Orchestra.

The Orchestra is also recognised for its innovative programming policy, at the heart of which is a commitment to performing and commissioning new works by leading composers, among them the Artistic Director of its Music of Today series, Julian Anderson. Since 1945 the Philharmonia Orchestra has commissioned more than 100 new works from composers including Sir Harrison Birtwistle, Sir Peter Maxwell Davies, Mark-Anthony Turnage and James MacMillan. The Philharmonia Orchestra's joint series with Southbank Centre, *Clocks and Clouds: The Music of György Ligeti*, won the Royal Philharmonic Society's Best Concert Series Award in 1997 and *Related Rocks: The Music of Magnus Lindberg*, was nominated for an RPS Award. Other recent awards for the Orchestra include the RPS Large Ensemble Award and two *Evening Standard* Awards for Outstanding Artistic Achievement and Outstanding Ensemble. In May 2007 PLAY. orchestra, a 'virtual Philharmonia Orchestra' created in partnership with Southbank Centre and Central St Martin's College of Art, won the RPS Education Award.

Throughout its history, the Philharmonia Orchestra has been committed to finding new ways to bring its top quality live performance to audiences worldwide, and to using new technologies to achieve this. Many millions of people since 1945 have enjoyed their first experience of classical music through a Philharmonia recording, and in 2007 audiences can engage with the Orchestra through webcasts, podcasts, downloads, computer games and film scores as well as through its unique interactive music education website launched in 2005, The Sound Exchange (www.philharmonia.co.uk/thesoundexchange), which is now visited by almost 2 million people a year. In 2005 the Philharmonia became the first ever classical music organisation to be shortlisted for a BT Digital Music Award, and in the same year the Orchestra presented both the first ever fully interactive webcast and the first podcast by a UK orchestra. In September 2005 computer games with Philharmonia scores were at No.1 and No.2 in the national charts, while the Orchestra's scores for the last two Harry Potter computer games have both been nominated for BAFTA Awards. Recording and live broadcasting both also continue to play a significant part in the Orchestra's activities: since 2003 the Philharmonia has enjoyed a major partnership with Classic FM, as The Classic FM Orchestra on Tour, as well as continuing to broadcast on BBC Radio 3.

STIG ANDERSEN Waldemar

Danish tenor Stig Andersen's 2009 projects include *Die Walküre* in Hamburg; *Siegfried* and *Götterdämerung* in Seattle and *Tristan und Isolde* (stage direction and the role of Tristan) and *Tannhäuser* in Copenhagen, where he is a member of the Royal Theatre. Future plans include *Das Lied von der Erde* (Washington 2010) and *Salome* (2011).

2008 included *Tristan und Isolde* in Amsterdam; *Gurrelieder* at the Bergen Festival, *Die Walküre* and *Götterdämmerung* in Budapest; *Salome* in Munich and a new production of *Götterdämmerung* in Esbjerg (Denmark), for which he not only sang the role of Siegfried but was also director. Other notable productions have included *Lohengrin* in Copenhagen, Zurich, Berlin and Tokyo; *Peter Grimes* in Copenhagen and Dresden; *Fidelio* in Copenhagen, Zurich and Munich, and at the Bregenz Festival; the title role in *Otello* in Copenhagen; the title role in *Tannhäuser* in Copenhagen, Chemnitz, Berlin, Munich and Houston; Erik (*Der fliegende Holländer*) in Copenhagen; Siegmund (*Die Walküre*) in Århus, Chicago, Turin, Berlin, Munich, Copenhagen and Dresden; the title role in *Siegfried* in Århus, Santiago de Chile, Buenos Aires, Turin, Helsinki, Amsterdam, London, New York, Geneva, Berlin, Munich, Madrid, Dortmund, Copenhagen and Esbjerg; Siegfried (*Götterdämmerung*) in Århus, Turin, London, New York, Helsinki, Mannheim, Berlin, Geneva, Munich and Dortmund; Albrecht (*Mathis der Maler*) in London; *Parsifal* in Cologne, Zurich, Tokyo, Berlin and London; *Tristan und Isolde* in Copenhagen, Berlin, Mannheim, Houston, Prague, Bonn, Trondheim, Berlin and Rome; Hermann (*Pique Dame*) in Copenhagen, and King of Naples (*The Tempest* by Thomas Adès) in Copenhagen.

In concert he has also performed Haydn's *Die Jahreszeiten*; Brahms's *Rinaldo*; Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* and Symphony No. 8; Franz Schmidt's *Das Buch mit den sieben Siegeln* and Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*.

Recordings include *Das Buch mit sieben Siegeln* with Franz Welser-Möst; *Rinaldo*; Danish composer CEF Weyses's *Sovedrikken* and *Siegfried* and Götterdämmerung with Hartmut Haenchen. He has made many broadcasts and several TV recordings. Stig Andersen was awarded the title of *Kammersänger* of the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen.

SOILE ISOKOSKI Tove

One of Finland's most celebrated sopranos, Soile Isokoski graduated from the Sibelius Academy in Helsinki. She made her stage début at the Finnish National Opera, going on to capture the attention of audiences and critics worldwide.

Working with the great conductors of our time and a regular guest of the most renowned opera houses, Soile Isokoski has given numerous concerts, as well as recitals with her permanent accompanist Marita Viitasalo. Among her most cherished recordings are Richard Strauss's *Four Last Songs* conducted by Marek Janowski with the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra (*Gramophone* Editor's Choice Award 2002), and Sibelius's *Luonnotar* and songs with orchestra under the baton of Leif Segerstam (MIDEM classical award; *BBC Music Magazine* Vocal Award and Disc of the Year 2007).

Her past opera highlights have included *Otello* in Paris (2005); *Die Zauberflöte* in Helsinki, London, Milan and Orange (2005); *Capriccio* in Dresden (2005-07); *The Bartered Bride* in London (2006); *Eugene Onegin* in Helsinki (2006); *Ariadne auf Naxos* in Monte Carlo (2006); *Le nozze di Figaro* in Dresden, Vienna (2006) and Genf (2008); *Der Rosenkavalier* in Dresden, Helsinki, Cologne and San Francisco (2007); and *La Juive* in New York and Vienna (2008).

Besides her recent role débuts as Tatiana (*Eugene Onegin*, Helsinki), Ellen Orford (*Peter Grimes*, Dresden) and Christine (*Intermezzo*, Theater an der Wien, Vienna), Soile Isokoski's forthcoming engagements until 2010 include *Cosí fan tutte* in Bilbao, London (Royal Opera) and Vienna; Donna Elvira (*Don Giovanni*) in New York (Metropolitan Opera), Tanglewood and Vienna; *Le nozze di Figaro* in London; and *Les dialogues des Carmélites* in Munich and *Lohengrin* in Los Angeles, amongst many others.

In honour of her notable contribution to Finnish music Soile Isokoski was awarded the Pro-Finlandia Medal in 2002 and the Sibelius Medal in 2007. In Austria, the title of *Kammersängerin* was conferred on her in 2008.

MONICA GROOP Waldtaube

Finnish mezzo-soprano Monica Groop has performed with many of the world's major opera companies and orchestras including the Bayrische Staatsoper; The Netherlands Opera; Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; Munich State Opera; Royal Swedish Opera, Stockholm; New York City Opera; the opera companies of Los Angeles, Cologne and Paris and the Glyndebourne and Aix-en-Provence festivals.

Orchestral appearances include the Philharmonia, London Philharmonic, BBC Symphony, Bavarian Radio, Dresden Staatskapelle, Leipzig Gewandhaus, NDR Radio, French National, Rotterdam Philharmonic, Vienna Symphony, Vienna Philharmonic, Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Boston Symphony, Chicago Symphony, Cinncinnati Symphony, Dallas Symphony, Houston Symphony and San Francisco Symphony orchestras, under such conductors as Carlo Maria Giulini, Bernard Haitink, Zubin Mehta, Seiji Ozawa, Christoph Eschenbach, Herbert Blomstedt, Gary Bertini, Marek Janowski, Armin Jordan, Neeme Järvi, Myung Whun Chung, Franz Welser-Möst, Kent Nagano, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Daniel Harding and Sir Georg Solti.

In the 2008/09 season, Monica Groop sang in Copenhagen (*Kindertotenlieder*), Stockholm (Bach's *B minor Mass)*, London (including a Wigmore Hall recital) and Barcelona (Saariaho's *Adriana Mater*), as well as a tour to Germany with Deutsche Symphonie Orchester Berlin. She performed Bach's *St Matthew Passion* in Oviedo and The Hague. Other concerts included Schulhoff's *Menschheit* with the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra in Prague and Berlioz's *La damnation de Faust* with the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra at the Bridgewater Hall, Manchester.

A prolific recording artist, Monica Groop has made over 60 recordings. Her operatic recordings include *Linda di Chamounix* with Edita Gruberova, *Don Giovanni* conducted by Sir Georg Solti, *Le nozze di Figaro, Cosí fan tutte*, Haydn's *La fedeltá premiata* and Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*. She records for Sony, Decca, Chandos, Harmonia Mundi, CPO, Accent, Ondine and BIS. The DVD of Saariaho's opera *L'amour de loin*, in which Groop performs the acclaimed role of the Pilgrim, was released in 2006, and was awarded the *BBC Music Magazine* Jury Award.

RALF LUKAS Bauer

Born in Bayreuth, Ralf Lukas studied at the Hochschule der Künste in Berlin, was a member of the Studio of the Bayerische Staatsoper in Munich and won the first prize at the International Vocal Competition in s' Hertogenbosch (Netherlands). As a member of the ensemble at the Deutsche Oper Berlin till 2002, he sang major roles such as Papageno (*Die Zauberflöte*), Leporello *(Don Giovanni*) and Beckmesser (*Die Meistersinger*), working with world renowned conductors.

Ralf Lukas made acclaimed débuts in 1999 as Wotan (*Das Rheingold*) at the Städtische Bühnen Münster and at the Salzburg Easter Festival as Melot (*Tristan und Isolde*) with the Berliner Philharmonic conducted by Claudio Abbado, going on to sing the same role at the Salzburg Festival under Lorin Maazel. He sang Wolfram (*Tannhäuser*) at the Théâtre du Capitole in Toulouse, returning two years later as Beckmesser, and made his début as Amfortas (*Parsifal*) at the Staatstheater Kassel. At the Staatstheater Wiesbaden, he gained great acclaim as Wotan (*Das Rheingold; Die Walküre*) as well as Wanderer (*Siegfried*). He sang his first Donner at the 2006 Bayreuth Festival, returning in 2007 as Gunther and 2008 as Donner.

Also a renowned concert singer, Ralf Lukas appears in Berlin, Brussels, Hamburg, Madrid, Munich, Paris, Rome, São Paulo and Vienna, and at leading festivals such as Montpellier, Lucerne, Rheingau and Schleswig-Holstein, as well as the BBC Proms. He regularly records for television and radio, as well as on CD. Releases include Fortner *Lieder* on Orfeo; *Die schöne Magelone* on Concerto Bayreuth; Berlioz's *L'enfance du Christ* (King Herodes) and *Benvenuto Cellini* (Pope Clément) under Sir Roger Norrington on Hänssler and Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder* under Michael Gielen. His recording of Schoeck's Cantata Op. 49 under Mario Venzago was awarded the Diapason d'Or, and Liszt's *Christus* under Roman Kofman received an ECHO.

Ralf Lukas recently sang Biterolf (*Tannhäuser*) under Seiji Ozawa at the Opéra Bastille in Paris and made his début as Kaspar (*Der Freischütz*) under Jiri Kout at the Theater St Gallen. Last Autumn he sang his first Hans Sachs (*Die Meistersinger*) in Darmstadt, followed by Melot at the Opéra Bastille, Biterolf in Rome and Barak (*Die Frau ohne Schatten*) in Tokyo.

ANDREAS CONRAD Klaus-Narr

Andreas Conrad was guest at the 2007 Vienna Festwochen in the role of Cherevin (Janáček's *From the House of the Dead*), directed by Patrice Chéreau and conducted by Pierre Boulez, which subsequently transferred to The Netherlands Opera, Amsterdam and the Aix-en-Provence Festival. In September that same year, the Ruhr Triennale Essen invited him to sing the young count in B A Zimmermann's *The Soldiers*, in which production he made his début at the Lincoln Center Festival, New York in Summer 2008. In November/December 2007 he gave his début at the Opera Bastille, Paris with the role of Heinrich der Schreiber (*Tannhäuser*).

From the outset of his career, Andreas Conrad received invitations from prestigious international opera companies and festivals, including the Salzburg and Aix-en-Provence festivals and the opera houses of Buenos Aires, Madrid, Amsterdam, Nizza, Dresden, Barcelona, Catania, Vienna and London (Royal Opera House, Covent Garden).

He has worked with such leading conductors as Seiji Ozawa, Kurt Masur, Claudio Abbado and Sir Collin Davis, as well as major directors including Harry Kupfer. Together with Placido Domingo, he performed at the Wiener Klangbogen in 2004 in Menotti's *Goya*. At Domingo's invitation, he appears as a guest at the Washington National Opera in 2008/09 in the role of Mime (*Siegfried*), having already sung Steuermann (*Der fliegende Holländer*) there in 2007/08.

Today, Andreas Conrad's repertoire comprises around 50 diverse roles, including: Mozart (Pedrillo, Monostatos, Basilio); Mussorgsky (Grigory/'False Dimitry'); Janáček (Mr Brouček, Stewa); Richard Strauss (Brighella, Tanzmeister); Berg (Hauptmann); Britten (Albert Herring, Quint) and Wagner (David, Heinrich der Schreiber, Mime). At the Komische Oper Berlin, Andreas Conrad gave his début as Hoffmann (*Les contes d'Hoffmann)* and Max (*Der Freischütz*).

Andreas Conrad was born in Magdeburg. He studied singing at the Carl Maria von Weber Conservatory in Dresden with Marianne Fischer–Kupfer. After a three-year engagement at the Opera Studio of the Staatsoper Dresden he joined the Komische Oper Berlin, where he remained as a member until the 2006/07 season, interpreting many important roles. In 1998 Andreas Conrad was awarded the title Berliner *Kammersänger*.

BARBARA SUKOWA Sprecher

Barbara Sukowa has enjoyed a distinguished career on the stage in Europe, but is best known for her powerful performances in latter-day masterpieces of the New German Cinema. Sukowa played the victimized Mieze in Rainer Werner Fassbinder's *Berlin Alexander Platz*, for which she received the German Best Young Actress Award, and she received the German Gold Award in Gold for her performance in the title role in Fassbinder's *Lola*.

Equally memorable are her portrayals of fiercely independent radicals in Margarethe von Trotta's films of Marianne and Julianne (*Die Bleierne Zeit*), which earned her the Best Actress Award in the Venice Film Festival and *Rosa Luxemburg*, for which she won a Palme d'Or for Best Actress at the Cannes Film Festival.

Other credits include *Zentropa* (Lars von Trier), *Voyager* (Volker Schloendorff), for which she received nominations as Best Actress and Best Actress in a Supporting Role in the European Film Festival, 2009; *Hierankel* (Hans Steinbichler – Grimm Award in Gold, 2003), and *ich bin die Andere* (Margarethe von Trotta, 2007). *The Discovery of the Curried Sausage*, released in 2008, earned her the Best Actress Award at the Montreal Film Festival. In the US she played in *The Sicilian* (Michael Cimino), *The Third Miracle* (Agnieszka Holland) and *Cradle will Rock* (Tim Robbins).

Apart from her career as an actress, Barbara Sukowa is an internationally renowned concert artist. She has been critically acclaimed as a leading interpreter of Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*, which she first performed with the Schoenberg Ensemble under Reinbert De Leeuw and has since performed throughout Europe, as well as in Tokyo, Los Angeles (with Esa-Pekka Salonen) and, most recently, with Mitsuko Uchida and the Brentano Quartet in the US, London and Amsterdam. Other concerts include Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder* with Esa-Pekka Salonen in Helsinki and Los Angeles, and with Josef Pons in Barcelona and Zaragossa. In 2006 she appeared with David Robinson and the St Louis Symphony in Zankel at Carnegie Hall performing *Cassandra* by Michel Jarrell, which she also performed at the 2008 Ojal Festival. In 2007 she première d Reinbert De Leeuw's *Im wunderschoenen Monat Mai*, also at Carnegie Hall; the subsequently released recording has received ECHO Klassik and Edison awards, and a Grammy Nomination for 2009.

PHILHARMONIA VOICES

Philharmonia Voices is a professional choir, formed in 2004 to work with the Philharmonia Orchestra and international conductors on performances of the great choral-orchestral repertoire. Since then the choir has established itself as one of the most exciting professional choruses in London, attracting consistently high praise from the critics for its collaborations with the Orchestra in a wide range of repertoire. Notable appearances have included highly acclaimed performances of Britten's *Death in Venice* and Vaughan Williams's *The Pilgrim's Progress* under the late Richard Hickox, while recent appearances have included Stravinsky's *Oedipus rex* under Esa-Pekka Salonen and Messiaen's *La Transfiguration de Notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ* under Kent Nagano; a *Sunday Times* review of the Stravinsky described the choir as 'spectacularly good'. The choir's members are drawn from some of the finest young singers in the country, most of them either at the start of their professional careers or completing their conservatoire studies. Working exclusively with the Philharmonia Orchestra, the make-up of the choir is tailored precisely to the varying demands of each collaboration by Chorus Master Aidan Oliver, providing the orchestra with a choral partnership of unique flexibility.

One of the country's leading young choral conductors, **Aidan Oliver** (**Chorus Master**) is Director of Music at St Margaret's Church, Westminster (the Parliamentary Church), and works as a conductor and freelance choir trainer with many of London's leading professional and amateur choirs. He began his musical career as a chorister at Westminster Cathedral, later singing as a choral scholar at King's College, Cambridge. Having also trained as a répétiteur at the National Opera Studio, he is highly active in the field of opera, and has worked on the music staff of many of UK's major opera companies. Since 2004 he has been Associate Conductor of the St Endellion Summer Festival in Cornwall.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM SYMPHONY CHORUS

Since its début in 1974, the City of Birmingham Symphony Chorus (CBSC) – a body of 'unpaid professionals' – has become one of the finest of its kind, performing frequently with the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra (CBSO) and in regular demand from other world-class orchestras.

Conducted by Chorus Director Simon Halsey, the CBSC is one of five choruses within the CBSO family, along with two symphony youth choruses, a community-based choir for young people and a boys' choir for changing voices; this extensive choral set-up is unique in Great Britain.

The CBSC performs regularly at Symphony Hall, Birmingham and undertakes a huge range of challenging repertoire with the CBSO and its Music Director Andris Nelsons. The Chorus is also an extremely important cultural ambassador, both for the CBSO and for Birmingham, and its résumé of engagements with other orchestras rivals any other symphony chorus in the world. Among a wealth of prestigious engagements in the past few years are a performance at the opening of the Sydney Olympic Arts Festival in 2000, a live recording for EMI with the Vienna Philharmonic and Sir Simon Rattle in 2002 and the second-ever performance in Finland of *The Dream of Gerontius* with Sakari Oramo and the Finnish Radio Symphony Orchestra in Helsinki in 2004. In 2006 the CBSC performed twice at the Hong Kong Festival with the Hong Kong Philharmonic Orchestra; toured to Lyon and Grenoble over New Year 2007 to perform with the Orchestre National de Lyon and, in spring 2008, travelled to Kuala Lumpur for two performances of Vaughan Williams's *A Sea Symphony* with the Malaysian Philharmonic Orchestra. The CBSC also has over 40 recordings to its credit.

Simon Halsey has been **Chorus Director** of the City of Birmingham Symphony Chorus for over 25 years and is Chief Conductor of the Berlin Radio Choir. He is Artistic Director and founder of the dynamic professional choir European Voices, formed at the invitation of Sir Simon Rattle and is in his fifth season as Principal Conductor, Choral Programme for The Sage Gateshead. He also holds the position of consultant editor for Faber Music in the UK. As a chorus master, he has formed close partnerships with conductors including Sir Simon Rattle, Edo de Waart, Valery Gergiev, Riccardo Chailly, Marek Janowski, Sakari Oramo, Kent Nagano, Claudio Abbado and Esa-Pekka Salonen. Halsey regularly conducts major choral projects with some of the world's greatest orchestras, including the Philharmonia, Berlin Radio Symphony and Minnesota orchestras.

REVIEWS of this performance of ***GURRELIEDER***

5 Stars ★★★★★

Sometimes less is not more. More is exhilarating. ...
the music-making was superb ... And what terrific soloists!

Richard Morrison
The Times

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4 Stars ★★★★

How fitting that the opening concert of Esa-Pekka Salonen's Philharmonia series 'City of Dreams: Vienna 1900-1935' should conclude with the mightiest wake-up call in all music ...
Part two's "Wild Hunt" rose from muted Wagner tubas (the eeriest sound in music) to the all bones and chain rattling rampage of the undead (Schoenberg's surreal take on the summoning of the vassals from Wagner's Gotterdammerung) to vivid effect while the "Klaus, the Jester" episode - Schoenberg's scoring at its most fantastical - was despatched with great virtuosity.

Edward Seckerson
The Independent

'Vienna - City of Dreams'... looks set to be one of the musical highlights of 2009 if Esa-Pekka Salonen's sensational account of Schoenberg's seminal Gurrelieder at the Festival Hall last weekend proves typical. ... It was a brilliant, bold and generous masterstroke to open the festivities with Schoenberg's song-symphonic epic, Gurrelieder ... Salonen charts Schoenberg's journey from darkness to light, from Romanticism to modernism, with an unerring command of his vast forces ... he achieves an impressionistic transparency in Schoenberg's lighter-scored pages, suggesting the influence of Debussy.

Hugh Canning
The Sunday Times

What better way to launch such an endeavour than with Schoenberg's Gurrelieder ... Part 1 is really a succession of love songs and Salonen did well not to let the lid off too soon. Holding something in reserve for the Wild Hunt and the glorious Hymn to the Sun of Part 3 - terrific contributions from Simon Halsey's City of Birmingham Symphony Chorus and Philharmonia Voices - he brought this extravagant manifestation of late Romanticism to a suitably blazing climax.

Barry Millington
The Evening Standard

The opening songs had a featherweight transparency, the interludes a natural fluency, so that when the big moments arrived, they resembled a culmination, an organic development, of all that had gone before. The Philharmonia played as if the music really mattered, with beautifully moulded textures and impeccable attacks.

Andrew Clark
The Financial Times

Recorded live at Southbank Centre's Royal Festival Hall Hall, London, 28 February 2009
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