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SIR EDWARD ELGAR

(1857-1934)

AMANDA ROOCROFT  KONRAD JARNOT  REINILD MEES

*Complete Songs
for voice and piano
vol. I*

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Like most composers, SIR EDWARD ELGAR's first attempts at composition were with anthems and small chamber and piano pieces, though unlike most young composers of his day, strangely Elgar wrote few songs until his various love affairs from his mid-twenties onwards. Elgar's early life as a compo-



Sir Edward Elgar ('Lewis Foreman Collection')

ser was one of constantly importuning publishers to take small pieces – a situation that gradually changed in the 1890s as his early works for chorus and orchestra appeared. But it took Elgar a long time to become established, the *Enigma Variations* only appearing when he was 41.

It is doubly interesting then to encounter so early a song as his setting of Edmund Waller, *The Self-Banished*, which dated from 1875 when he was just 18. It, of course, remained unpublished and unknown until recently when it was printed in the Elgar Collected Edition. In the present selection of Elgar's songs we move on a dozen years for something more familiar, when the thirty-year old Elgar set *Queen Mary's Song*, words by Tennyson. Written in June and July 1887 it was accepted by the London publishers Osborn & Tuckwood and revised for publication in 1889. It later became familiar when included by Elgar in the volume of *Seven Lieder* which the now celebrated composer published in 1907.

In *The Wind at Dawn* the 30 year-old Elgar set words written by his future wife, ('C. Alice Roberts' it says on the printed copies), about a year before they were married. Alice was already a published poet and novelist, if a minor one. It was the first time he had set Alice's verse. However, the music's tremendous character and impact was not fully revealed until he orchestrated it, in his most sumptuous mature manner, in July 1912. Here we have nothing less than what is, to all intents and purposes, a sixth *Sea Picture*. The song dates from May 1888, Elgar sending it to the *Magazine of Music* which awarded it a prize and published it almost immediately. However, it was not published separately until 1907, when it had a dedication to Ludwig Wüllner, the tenor soloist of the early German performances and the London premiere of *The Dream of Gerontius*.

The early songs are all noted for their characteristic lyricism, though, as in *Like to the Damask Rose* of 1892, very much of their time, their accompa-

niments making them as suitable for the respectable drawing room as the concert hall. Also from 1892 the wistful *A Song of Autumn* is perhaps chiefly of note in that it finds Elgar setting words by Adam Lindsay Gordon, to whom he would return in *Sea Pictures*.

Dry Those Fair, Those Crystal Eyes was written for a charity concert at London's Royal Albert Hall in June 1899 and published immediately afterwards in the souvenir volume of the Charing Cross Charity Hospital Bazaar, which explains why it was soon forgotten. Forgotten, too, because within a few months Elgar produced his cycle *Sea Pictures* Op. 37. The *Sea Pictures* date from a significant moment in his emergence as a big name on the British musical scene. Written for the Norwich Festival in October 1899, these songs come between the *Enigma Variations* and *The Dream of Gerontius* in his output, and were an instant success, though later they tended to be regarded – to my mind unfairly – as less than first rate Elgar, largely

on account of the inferior verse that he chose to set. While they were sung by Clara Butt, for whom they were written, they still attracted a big following; but later it was not until Dame Janet Baker's celebrated recording with Sir John Barbirolli in 1965 and the Victorian revival of still more recent years that we have been allowed to forget the once embarrassing moments in the verse and instead relish Elgar's glorious orchestral sound, and soaringly memorable vocal line which at times anticipates the Angel whose music he must even then have been sketching in *Gerontius*. And now that we are more familiar with Mahler's songs with orchestra we are in a better position to consider favourably Elgar's achievement in a comparatively new form when the only widely sung set of serious songs with orchestra was Berlioz's *Les Nuits d'Été*. With the advantage of hindsight it is also worth remembering Garry Humphreys' comment that there is uncanny similarity between points of orchestral accompaniment in *Sea Slumber-Song* and the opening of

Britten's *Moonlight* in *Peter Grimes*.

Elgar's work originated with the second song of the cycle, to words by his wife. This became *In Haven (Capri)* in *Sea Pictures*, but in fact dated from two years earlier and had already appeared in the quarterly periodical *The Dome* for January 1898 as *Lute Song*. The invention of the new songs that Elgar composed in the summer of 1899 is informed by elements derived from his wife's song, and various phrases and textures appear in more than one of the songs, giving a unity to the cycle. By 11 August the voice and piano version was ready for Elgar to run through with Clara Butt, and at the Norwich Festival on the 5 October she had a tremendous success before an audience reported as 1,320 though even *The Times* found the concert 'absurdly long' (it included, among others, Albani in the *Liebestod* from Wagner's *Tristan*). The cycle has a distinguished history with piano accompaniment, and back in London Elgar appeared at the piano to accompany Clara Butt in four of the songs.

On 20 October they were sung by her before the Queen at Balmoral. Three years later Butt crowned her association with Elgar's music by making *Land of Hope and Glory* all her own. While Elgar's music must have been very striking in 1899, we should not forget that the 27 year-old Clara Butt was 6' 2" in height, appeared in a stunning uncorsetted dress, and had an exceptionally powerful voice. She thus possessed all the musical and personal charisma to be the star turn despite the celebrated singers of an older generation who appeared in the same concert.

Recent research has suggested that this work is connected with Elgar's Worcester love for Helen Weaver, who ended their engagement when she emigrated to New Zealand in 1885. It is an interesting speculation whether, with her as his wife, Elgar would have become the celebrated composer he did. I do not have space here to relate the detailed text to possible Helen allusions, but it is worth remembering the context of a long sea voyage in the 1880s and noting that several commen-

tators have heard *Sabbath Morning* as sung in Helen's voice.

Elgar was now established as a song composer and so it is natural he was asked for songs, and able to respond with memorable settings. In 1901 the Irish plays were all the rage and he wrote *There Are Seven That Pull the Thread* for the play *Grania and Diarmid* by George Moore and W. B. Yeats, for which he also wrote a celebrated funeral march and incidental music. Elgar's atmospheric song is sung by the druidess Laban who, norn-like, sits spinning as the tragedy unfolds. Elgar could always be relied on to rise to the demands of the theatre.

The early years of the twentieth century were a fruitful time for Elgar's song output and from 1901 we also have *Always and Everywhere* and *Come, Gentle Night*, the latter written for a Boosey Ballad Concert. Elgar was seen as a writer of popular songs – classy perhaps, but still popular.

1902 was the year of the Coronation of King Edward VII, to which Elgar contributed various works,

indeed it was the first high profile *de facto* festival of Elgar's music, not least the *Coronation Ode*. Aligned with Elgar's music were the words of A. C. Benson (1862-1925), the author of the text of *Land of Hope and Glory*, the *Coronation Ode* and the two songs to which Elgar gave the opus number 41 – *In the Dawn* and *Speak, Music!* completed in August.

Elgar's 'concert overture' – really an extended symphonic poem of a holiday in Italy – *In the South (Alassio)* includes an interlude, *Canto Popolar*, in which a shepherd sings an imagined folksong, first heard on the solo viola. *In the South* was first heard in 1904 and this was soon published separately in a variety of instrumental arrangements. Elgar fitted words from Shelley's 'An Ariette for Music' to make the song *In Moonlight*, first published as a supplement to the French magazine *L'Illustration*.

Possibly Elgar's high point as a songwriter came between 1908 and 1910. *Pleading*, written in 1908, immediately follows the First Symphony in Elgar's output, its noble wide-spanning melody, quintessentially Elgar, successfully synthesising the world of art song and the drawing room ballad.

In the Autumn of 1909 Elgar attempted to produce a song cycle on words by Sir Gilbert Parker, introduced by Elgar's friend Alice Stuart-Wortley. Six songs were planned and given the opus number 59 but only three completed, of which two are sung here: *Oh, Soft was the Song* and *Twilight*. They were first performed by Muriel Foster at the Jaeger memorial concert on 24 January 1910, the elegiac *Twilight* perfect for the occasion with its sorrowing 'adieu' ostensibly to the setting sun, but all too clearly to a world lost with the death of Jaeger.

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AMANDA ROOCRAFT – soprano
Amanda Roocraft has secured an international reputation as one of Britain's most exciting singers, in opera, concert, and in recital. She graduated from the Royal Northern College of Music. A celebrated opera singer, she enjoys a close relationship with the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, the English National Opera, the Glyndebourne Festival, and the Bavarian State Opera in Munich where her roles have included Fiordiligi in *Così fan Tutte*, Countess in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni*, Desdemona in *Otello*, Amelia in *Simon Boccanegra*, Mimi in *La Bohème*, Eva in *Die Meistersinger*; the title roles in *Madama Butterfly*, *Katya Kabanova* and *Jenufa*, Ginevra in *Ariodante* and *Cleopatra* in *Giulio Cesare*.

In concert Amanda Roocraft has appeared with leading orchestras throughout Europe and North America with conductors including Sir Simon Rattle, Zubin Mehta, Mariss Jansons, Ivor Bolton, Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Daniele Gatti, Sir Neville Marriner, Sir

Andrew Davis, Sir Charles Mackerras and Sir Bernard Haitink. A noted recitalist, she has performed at London's Wigmore Hall, Queen Elizabeth Hall, the Concertgebouw Amsterdam, the Musikverein in Vienna, New York's Lincoln Center, La Monnaie in Brussels and in Munich, Frankfurt, Paris, Valencia and Lisbon. In 2007 Amanda Roocraft received the Laurence Olivier Award for her 'Outstanding Achievement in Opera' as Janacek's *Jenufa* with English National Opera. Called 'perhaps the best performance of her career', 'world class' and a 'performance memorable even by her own high standards', her involving portrayal was heart-wrenching and devastatingly moving.

KONRAD JARNOT – baritone
Konrad Jarnot studied with Rudolf Piernay at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama where he received the Gold Medal in 1997. In 1996 he was awarded the Decca Prize of the Kathleen Ferrier Awards and in 2000

he won the First Prize at the International ARD Competition in Munich. He subsequently studied with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. He is particularly known as a recitalist. Previous recital appearances have included the Richard Strauss Festival in Garmisch, the Beethoven Festival in Bonn and the Schwetzingen Festival. He has worked with many pianists including Helmut Deutsch, Irwin Gage, Hartmut Höll, Reinild Mees, Wolfram Rieger and Alexander Schmalcz. Forthcoming concert engagements include his debuts at the Wigmore Hall, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Konzerthaus Vienna, Konzerthaus Berlin, Alte Oper Frankfurt, Teatro Real Madrid, Tonhalle Zurich, Théâtre des Champs-Élysées Paris, Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels, Megaron Athens, Palau de la Musica València, Opera City Hall Tokyo, Kennedy Center Washington, Lincoln Center New York and at the Rheingau, Schleswig Holstein and Ludwigsburg Festivals. His numerous recordings include discs of Mahler (*Lieder eines fahrenden*

Gesellen) Mozart (songs by Leopold, Wolfgang Amadeus and Franz Xaver Mozart), Strauss (baritone version of *Vier letzte Lieder*), Zilcher, Ravel (baritone version of *Shéhérazade*), Brahms (*Die schöne Magelone*) and Duparc. He has worked with many conductors including Riccardo Chailly, Marek Janowski, Marcello Viotti, Jesus Lopez-Cobos, Pinchas Steinberg, Ulf Schirmer, Jonathan Nott, Gustav Kuhn, Philippe Herreweghe, Peter Schreier and Helmut Rilling and with such orchestras as the Concertgebouw Orchestra, Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, Orchestre National de France, Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Orchestra Sinfonica di Milano, Mozarteum Orchester Salzburg and in Germany with the Gewandhaus Orchester Leipzig, the Bamberger Symphoniker, Münchener Rundfunkorchester and Bayerisches Staatsorchester. His opera roles include Guglielmo (*Così fan Tutte*) in Savonlinna, Onegin (*Eugen Onegin*) in Baden-Baden, Yeletzky (*Pique Dame*) in Glasgow,

Aeneas (*Dido and Aeneas*) in London, Harlekin (*Ariadne auf Naxos*) in Garmisch, *Pelléas* (*Pelléas et Mélisande*) in Innsbruck, *Tambourmajor* (Gurlitt's *Woyzeck*) in Madrid and *Amfortas* (*Parsifal*) in Monte-Carlo and Frankfurt. In June 2007 Konrad Jarnot made his Royal Opera House Covent Garden debut as Don Fernando (*Fidelio*), conducted by Antonio Pappano.

REINILD MEES – piano

After extensive piano studies with Gérard van Blerk (Amsterdam), Malcolm Frager (USA) and Noël Lee (Paris) the Dutch pianist Reinild Mees concentrated her activities on accompanying singers and instrumentalists in recital. High-ranking artists such as Elly Ameling, Gérard Souzay and Sandor Végh helped her refine and perfect her talents in this demanding métier. Today Reinild Mees is a much sought-after accompanist for song recitals and duo concerts. She performs regularly in radio and television broadcasts. For Channel Classics Records she

has recorded a number of interesting CDs: *The Complete Songs of Ottorino Respighi*, Franz Schreker and Karol Szymanowski. Currently she is recording all song cycles by Robert Schumann with the German baritone Jochen Kupfer, playing a historical grand piano dating from Schumann's time. All of her CDs have received extremely good reviews in Gramophone, Fono Forum, Musica, Luister and other magazines. In 2004 Reinild Mees won the Szymanowski-Award and the Medal Merit of Polish Culture for her achievements in promoting the song repertoire of Karol Szymanowski. Recently the Szymanowski CDs won the Fryderyk Award, the most prestigious music award in Poland for the best recording of Polish music. As a vocal coach Reinild Mees has taught at the Amsterdam and Utrecht Conservatory, the European Centre for Opera and Vocal Art (Ghent) and the Opera Studio in Amsterdam. In addition to accompanying masterclasses for Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Irmgard Seefried, Galina Vishnevskaja, Grace Bumbry and other

famous singers she played as an official accompanist for a number of international competitions.

In order to promote the revival of the beautiful songs, mainly from the interbellum, which have been neglected since the Second World War, Reinild Mees founded the 20th Century Song Foundation. This foundation aims to bring back these musical treasures to the public by producing (semi-staged) song recitals with special themes: Spotlights concerts.



Photographers:

Anthony Roocroft (Amanda Roocroft)

Holger Jacoby (Konrad Jarnot)

Catherine Reijans (Reinild Mees)

1 **The Self-Banished** (1875)
Edmund Waller (1606-1687)

It is not that I love you less
Than when before your feet I lay:
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain! alas! for ev'rything
Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the Spring from the new Sun,
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins these shafts to shun,
Which Phoebus thro' his veins has shot.

Too late he would the pain assuage,
To shadows thick he doth retire;
About with him he bears the pain
And in his tainted blood the fire.

Absence is vain for ev'rything
That I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring
And makes my old wound bleed anew.

But vow'd I have and never must
Your banish'd servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may mistrust
The vow I made to love you too.

2 **Oh, Soft was the Song** Op. 59 No. 3
(1909)
*from 'At Sea' by Sir Gilbert Parker
(1862-1932)*

Oh, soft was the song in my soul, and soft
beyond thought were thy lips,
And thou wert mine own, and Eden recon-
quered was mine:
And the way that I go is the way of thy
feet, and the breath that I breathe
It hath being from thee, and life from the
life that is thine!

3 **In Moonlight** (1904)
from 'To Jane' by Percy Bysshe Shelley
(1792-1822)

As the moon's soft splendour
O'er the faint cold starlight of heav'n
Is thrown,
So thy voice most tender
To the strings without soul has given
Its own.
Though the sound o'erpowers,
Sing again, with thy sweet voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.

4 **Pleading Op. 48 No. 1** (1908)
Arthur Leslie Salmon (b. 1865-?)

Will you come homeward from the hills of
Dreamland,
Home in the dusk, and speak to me again?
Tell me the stories that I am forgetting,
Quicken my hope, and recompense my pain?

Will you come homeward from the hills of
Dreamland?
I have grown weary, though I wait you yet;
Watching the fallen leaf, the faith grown
fainter,
The mem'ry smoulder'd to a dull regret.

Shall the remembrance die in dim forgetting
All the fond light that glorified my way?
Will you come homeward from the hills of
Dreamland,
Home in the dusk, and turn my night to day?

5 **There Are Seven That Pull the Thread**
(1901) *after 'Spinning Song' by*
William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

There are seven that pull the thread.
There is one under the waves,
There is one where the winds are wove,
There is one in the old grey house
Where the dew is made before dawn.
One lives in the house of the sun,
And one in the house of the moon,
And one lies under the boughs
Of the golden apple tree,
And one spinner is lost.
Holiest, holiest seven
Put all your pow'r on the thread
That I've spun in the house tonight.

6 **Twilight Op. 59 No. 6** (1909)
from 'The Twilight of Love'
by Sir Gilbert Parker (1862-1932)

Adieu! and the sun goes awearily down,
The mist creeps up o'er the sleepy town,
The white sails bend to the shudd'ring mere,
And the reapers have reaped, and the night is
here.

Adieu! and the years are a broken song,
The right grows weak in the strife with
wrong,
The lilies of love have a crimson stain,
And the old days never will come again.

Adieu! Some time shall the veil between
The things that are, and that might have been,
Be folded back for our eyes to see,
And the meaning of all be clear to me.

SEA PICTURES (1899)

7 **Sea Slumber-Song Op. 37 No. 1**
Hon. Roden Berkeley Wriothesley
Noel (1834-1894)

Seabirds are asleep,
The world forgets to weep,
Sea murmurs her soft slumber-song
On the shadowy sand
Of this elfin land;
“I, the Mother mild,
Hush thee, O my child,
Forget the voices wild!

Isles in elfin light
Dream, the rocks and caves
Lull’d by whisp’ring waves,
Veil their marbles bright,
Foam glimmers faintly white
Upon the shelly sand
Of this elfin land;

Sea-sound, like violins,
To slumber woos and wins,
I murmur my soft slumber-song,
Leave woes, and wails, and sins,
Ocean’s shadowy might
Breathes good night!”

8 **In Haven (Capri) Op. 37 No. 2**
Caroline Alice Elgar, née Roberts
(1848-1920)

Closely let me hold thy hand,
Storms are sweeping sea and land;
Love alone will stand.

Closely cling, for waves beat fast,
Foam flakes cloud the hurrying blast
Love alone will last.

Kiss my lips and softly say
“Joy seaswept, may fade today
Love alone will stay.”

9 **Sabbath Morning at Sea Op. 37 No. 3**
from ‘A Sabbath on the Sea’ (1839)
by Elizabeth Barrett Browning
(1806-1861)

The ship went on with solemn face;
To meet the darkness on the deep,
The solemn ship went onward.
I bow’d down weary in the place;
For parting tears and present sleep
Had weigh’d mine eyelids downward.
The new sight, the new wond’rous sight!

The waters around me, turbulent,
The skies, impassive o’er me,
Calm in a moonless, sunless light,
As glorified by even the intent
Of holding the day glory!

Love me, sweet friends, this sabbath day.
The sea sings round me while ye roll
Afar the hymn unalter’d,
And kneel, where once I knelt to pray,
And bless me deeper in your soul
Because your voice has falter’d.

And tho’ this sabbath comes to me
Without the stolèd minister,
And chanting congregation,
God’s Spirit shall give comfort.
HE Who brooded soft on waters drear,
Creator on creation.

He shall assist me to look higher,
Where keep the saints, with harp and
song,
An endless sabbath morning.
And, on that sea commix’d with fire,
Oft drop their eyelids raised too long
To the full Godhead’s burning.

10 **Where Corals Lie Op. 37 No. 4**
Richard Garnett (1835-1906)

The deeps have music soft and low
When winds awake the airy spry,
It lures me, lures me on to go
And see the land where corals lie.

By mount and mead, by lawn and rill,
When night is deep, and moon is high,
That music seeks and finds me still,
And tells me where the corals lie.

Yes, press my eyelids close, ’tis well;
But far the rapid fancies fly
To rolling worlds of wave and shell,
And all the land where corals lie.

Thy lips are like a sunset glow,
Thy smile is like a morning sky,
Yet leave me, leave me, let me go
And see the land where corals lie.

11 **The Swimmer Op. 37 No. 5**

from 'The Swimmer'

by Adam Lindsay Gordon (1833-1870)

With short, sharp, violent lights made vivid,
To southward far as the sight can roam,
Only the swirl of the surges livid,
The seas that climb and the surfs that comb.
Only the crag and the cliff to nor'ward,
The rocks receding, and reefs flung
forward,
Wail's wreck'd seaward and wasted
shoreward
On shallows sheeted with flaming foam.

A grim, grey coast and a sea-board
ghastly,
And shores trod seldom by feet of men
Where the batter'd hull and the broken
mast lie,
They have lain embedded these long years
ten.
Love! when we wander'd here together,
Hand in hand thro' the sparkling
weather,
From the heights and hollows of fern and
heather,
God surely lov'd us a little then.

The skies were fairer, the shores were firmer
The blue sea over the bright sand roll'd;
Babble and prattle, and ripple and murmur,
Sheen of silver and glamour of gold.

So, girt with tempest and wing'd with thunder
And clad with lightning and shod with sleet,
And strong winds treading the swift waves
under
The flying rollers with frothy feet.
One gleam like a blood-shot sword-blade
swims on
The sky-line, staining the green gulf crimson,
A death-stroke fiercely dealt by a dim sun
That strikes thro' his stormy winding sheet.

O brave white horses! you gather and gallop,
The storm sprite loosens the gusty reins;
Now the stoutest ship were the frailest shallop
In your hollow backs, on your high-arch'd
manes.
I would ride as never man has ridden
In your sleepy, swirling surges hidden,
To gulfs foreshadow'd thro' strifes forbidden,
Where no light wearies and no love wanes.

12 **The Wind at Dawn (1888)**

Caroline Alice Elgar,

née Roberts (1848-1920)

And the wind went out to meet with the sun
At the dawn when the night was done,
And he racked the clouds in lofty disdain
As they flocked in his airy train.

And the earth was grey, and grey was the
sky,
In the hour when the stars must die;
And the moon had fled with her sad,
wan light,
For her kingdom was gone with night.

Then the sun upleapt in might and in power,
And the worlds woke to hail the hour,
And the sea stream'd red from the kiss of his
brow,
There was glory and light enow.

To his tawny mane and tangle of flush
Leapt the wind with a blast and a rush;
In his strength unseen, in triumph upborne,
Rode he out to meet with the morn!

13 **In the Dawn Op. 41 No. 1 (1902)**

Arthur Christopher Benson

(1862-1925)

Some souls have quickened, eye to eye,
And heart to heart, and hand in hand;
The swift fire leaps, and instantly
They understand.

Henceforth they can be cold no more;
Woes there may be, ay, tears and blood,
But not the numbness, as before
They understood.

Henceforth, though ages roll
Across wild wastes of sand and brine,
Whate'er betide, one human soul
Is knit with mine.

Whatever joy be dearly bought,
Whatever hope my bosom stirs,
The straitest cell of secret thought
Is wholly hers.

Ay, were I parted, life would be
A helpless, heartless flight along
Blind tracks in vales of misery
And sloughs of wrong.

Nay, God forgive me!
Life would roll like some dim moon thro'
cloudy bars;
But to have loved her sets my soul
Among the stars.

14 **Speak, Music! Op. 41 No. 2 (1902)**
Arthur Christopher Benson (1862-1925)

Speak, music, and bring to me
Fancies too fleet for me,
Sweetness too sweet for me,
Wake, voices, and sing to me,
Sing to me tenderly; bid me rest.

Rest! ah, I am fain of it!
Die, Hope! small was my gain of it!
Song, take thy parable,
Whisper, that all is well,
Say that there tarrieth
Something more true than death,
Waiting to smile for me; bright and blest.

Thrill, string: echo and play for me
All that the poet, the priest cannot say for me;
Soar, voice, soar, heavenwards, and pray for me,
Wondering, wandering; bid me rest.

15 **Dry Those Fair, Those Crystal Eyes**
*(1899) 'Song' by Dr. Henry King,
Bishop of Chichester and chaplain to
James I (1592-1669)*

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which like growing fountains rise
To drown their banks;
Grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks;
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those wat'rish stars again,
Which else portend a lasting rain;
Lest the clouds which settle there
Prolong my winter all the year,
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake.

16 **Always and Everywhere (1901)**
*Frank H. Fortey from the Polish of
Count Zygmunt Krasinski
(1812-1849)*

O say not, when my earthly days are o'er,
That I have only caused *thee* sorrows sore;
For I have wreckt my own life, even more,
Always and Ev'rywhere.

O say not, when on earth I no more dwell,
That I have numbed thy young heart's
joyous swell;
I, too, have quaffed the Poison-Cup of Hell,
Always and Ev'rywhere.

But say, when soft the grasses o'er me wave,
That God is kind to hide me in the grave;
For both my life and thine I did enslave,
Always and Ev'rywhere.

But say, O say! when my last hours depart,
That my poor life was one long frenzied
smart;
For I have loved thee, though with bitter
heart,
Always and Ev'rywhere.

17 **Like to the Damask Rose (1892)**
*in score poem is attributed to Simon
Wastell (1560-1635), possibly by
William Alabaster (1567-1640)*

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like a dainty flow'r of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
E'en such is man whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man he dies!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like a bird that's here today,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan,
E'en such is man who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended;

The hour is short, the span not long;
The swan's near death, Man's life is done!

18 **Queen Mary's Song** (1887)
from Act V, Scene 2 of 'Queen Mary'
(1888) by Lord Alfred Tennyson
(1809-1892)

Hapless doom of woman happy in
betrothing,
Beauty passes like a breath and love is
lost in loathing:
Low! my lute: Speak low, my lute, but say
the world is nothing.
 Low! lute, low!

Love will hover round the flowers when
they first awaken;
Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be
overtaken;
Low, my lute! O low my lute! we fade
and are forsaken.
 Low, dear lute, low!

19 **A Song of Autumn** (1892)
Adam Lindsay Gordon (1833-1870)

“Where shall we go for our garlands glad
At the falling of the year
When the burnt-up banks are yellow and
sad
 When the boughs are yellow and sere?
Where are the old ones that once we had
 And when are the new ones near?
What shall we do for our garlands glad
 At the falling of the year?”

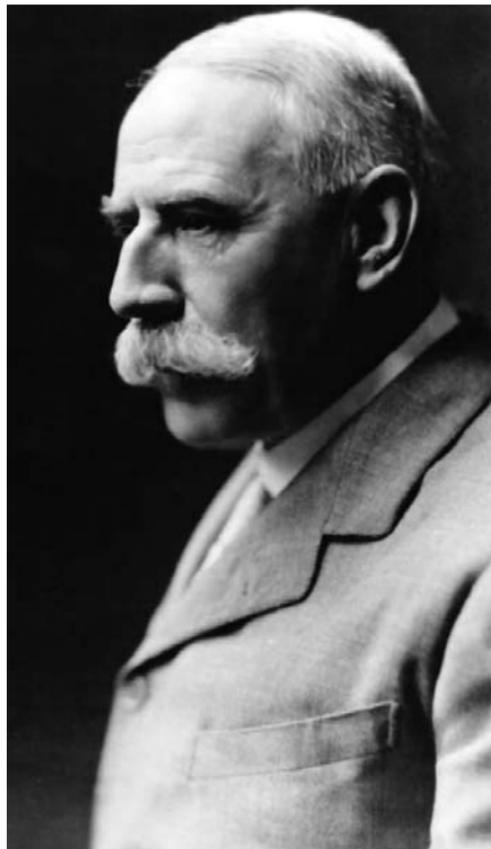
“Child! can I tell where the garlands go?
 Can I say where the lost leaves veer?
On the brown-burnt banks, when the wild
winds blow
 When they drift thro' the dead-wood
drear?
Girl! when the garlands of next year glow
 You may gather again, my dear;
But I go where the last year's lost leaves go
 At the falling of the year.”

20 **Come, Gentle Night** (1901)
C. Clifton Bingham (1859-1913)

Come, gentle night!
Upon our eyelids lay thy fingers light;
For we are tired, and fain aside would lay
The cares and burdens that surround the day.

Come, peaceful night!
Thy courierstars already glitter bright;
And we who labour, both unblest and blest,
Are weary of our work, and long for rest.

Come, holy night!
Long is the day, and ceaseless is the fight;
Around us bid thy quiet shadows creep,
And rock us in thy sombre arms to sleep!



The 20th Century Song Foundation (Stichting 20ste-eeuwse Lied), settled in Amsterdam (The Netherlands), aims at fanning the flames of enthusiasm for the extensive repertoire of songs written during the last century. Many of these, especially those composed between the World Wars, have fallen into oblivion. The Foundation tries systematically to champion these masterpieces by uniting musicians, scholars, concert halls, CD-producers and the public. Recently composers such as Franz Schreker, Ottorino Respighi and Karol Szymanowski were spotlighted, not only in the concert hall

but also by the recording of their *Complete Songs* – a CD series issued by Channel Classics Records that has an important documentary value. In order to appeal to a larger audience, a new form of recital has been developed: ‘SPOTLIGHTS concerts’. The 20th Century Song Foundation presents a series of various programmes which strike a different note, the music being enhanced by light effects, declamation, direction, the exposition of photographs or the projection of slides.

www.songfoundation.com

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Lewis Foreman

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Brian Galliford

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