

DAME ETHEL SMYTH (1858-1944)

Songs and Ballads

Lucy Stevens *contralto*
Elizabeth Marcus *piano*

Berkeley Ensemble, Odaline de la Martinez *conductor*^a

Four Songs

for voice and chamber orchestra^a

- | | | |
|---|-----------------|------|
| 1 | Odelette | 5:51 |
| 2 | The Dance | 6:05 |
| 3 | Chryssilla | 4:21 |
| 4 | Anacreontic Ode | 5:25 |

Songs and Ballads*

(Lieder und Balladen), Op.3

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|------|
| 5 | On the Hill | 2:07 |
| 6 | The Lost Hunter | 4:23 |
| 7 | Near the Linden Tree | 2:41 |
| 8 | It changes what we're seeing | 2:00 |
| 9 | Fair Rohtraut | 3:01 |

Lieder, Op.4

- | | | |
|----|---------------|------|
| 10 | Tanzlied | 2:47 |
| 11 | Schlummerlied | 3:57 |
| 12 | Mittagsruh | 2:13 |
| 13 | Nachtreiter | 2:12 |
| 14 | Nachtgedanken | 4:14 |

Three Songs

- | | | |
|----|---|------|
| 15 | The Clown | 3:28 |
| 16 | Possession
(Dedicated to Emmeline Pankhurst) | 4:39 |
| 17 | On the Road: a marching tune
(Dedicated to Christabel Pankhurst) | 5:28 |

Total duration 65:00

*First recordings in English

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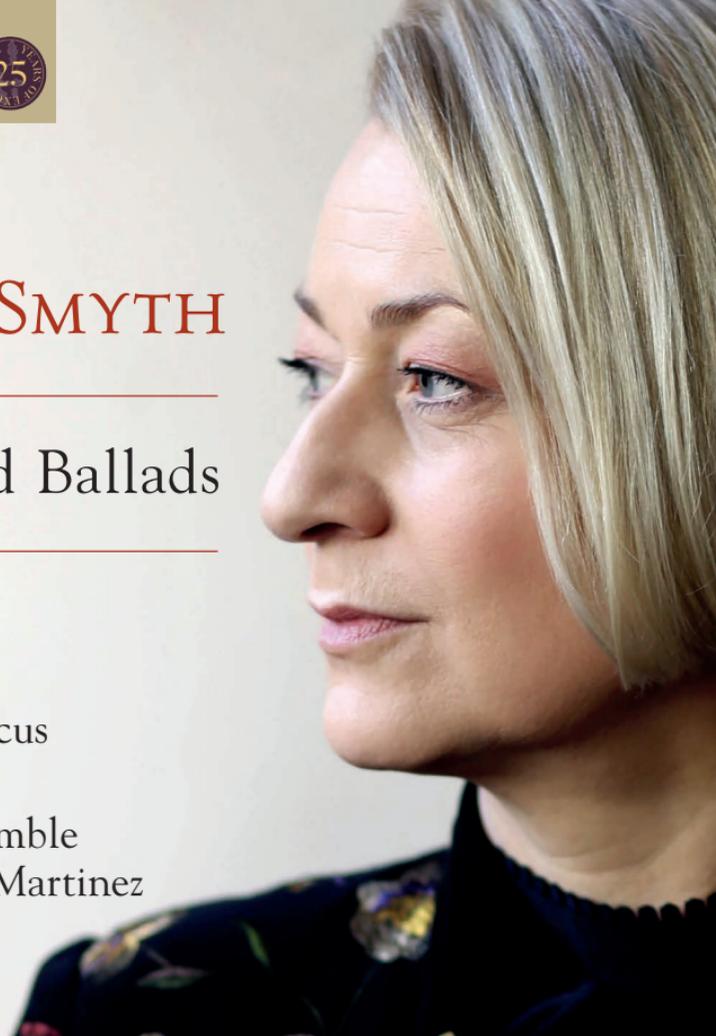
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DAME ETHEL SMYTH

Songs and Ballads

The career highlights of Dame Ethel Smyth (1858-1944) are numerous. They include six operas, a Mass, a double concerto for violin and horn, and the oratorio *The Prison* – to say nothing of the 11 volumes of prose which she published in later life, or her brief period as a leading suffragette. When faced with such an impressive output, it is easy to lose sight of the fact that she was also an accomplished composer of smaller-scale repertoire, such as her songs.

This disc, which comprises her early Opp. 3 and 4 song collections (many written well before their publication in 1886) as well as her later *Three Songs* (1913) and the *Four Songs* for voice and chamber orchestra (1908), is a celebration of Smyth's life through her choice of poems and settings. These songs illuminate her appetite for life, for love and for her undaunted fight for women's freedom. They demonstrate the artistry in vocal writing that was characteristic of her operas and large-scale choral works.

Ethel Smyth was the fourth of eight siblings born into a middle-class military family living in Sidcup, Kent and later moving to Frimley in Surrey. Smyth wrote of her childhood in her memoir *Impressions That Remained* that: "It will surprise no one to learn that I didn't care much for dolls... Of course we had dolls, but... [t]he fact that they bored us was too revolutionary to be faced, so we had to find some

plausible reason for ridding ourselves of their hated company... I hated outdoor parties, because one was dressed up... and had to behave like a little lady; also, as happened later in the long struggle for the vote, the males, who were unable to do without us in private life, cold-shouldered us in public, and it may be imagined how a tomboy would resent this".¹

In 1876, aged 18, Smyth, according to social convention, was eligible to marry and to be 'presented' to society. But she had other ideas: "the whole course of my life was determined... by one of our governesses... who had studied music at the Leipzig Conservatorium, then in the hey-day of its reputation in England; for the first time I heard classical music and a new world opened up before me. Shortly after, a friend having given me Beethoven's Sonatas, I began studying the easier of these and walked into the new world on my own feet. Thus was my true bent suddenly revealed to me, and I then and there conceived the plan, carried out seven years later, of studying at Leipzig and giving up my life to music." She firmly announced "it was useless to present me at all, since I intended to go to Leipzig, even if I had to run away from home, and starve when I got there". Her outraged father, a Major-General in the Royal Artillery, replied with fury that "I would sooner see you under the sod". Ethel, in turn, "unfurled the red flag": refusing to attend church, perform at dinner parties, or speak to anybody, until one day, as she put it, "my father's boot all but penetrated a panel of my locked bedroom door!"

¹ Ethel Smyth, *Impressions That Remained*, 2 Vols. (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1919), Vol.1, pp.20-1. The quotations that follow are also from *Impressions That Remained*.

A year later, Major-General Smyth had relented and with her mother's blessing, Smyth left for Leipzig with a modest allowance to study music at the Conservatoire. She took with her a handful of her earliest songs, including the ballad *Schön Rohtraut*, written around 1877 while staying with her sister Alice Davidson in Edinburgh, with which she was "to sing myself into musical circles at Leipzig". Performed with her "strong English accent", it was to bring her "great success everywhere". Smyth made an attempt in 1878 to publish a collection of her first songs, but only succeeded in 1886 when CF Peters of Leipzig published them. Cornelia Bartsch has observed that "When publishing her songs, Smyth seemed to acknowledge the notion of unification. In terms of poetic imagery as well as musically her songs form a unit: they may even be understood as a cycle, reflecting a self-narrative similar to that conveyed in her memoirs more than 20 years later".²

Smyth dedicated this, her first song cycle, **Songs and Ballads, Op.3**, to Livia Frege, the gifted singer to whom Mendelssohn and Schumann had dedicated some of their finest songs. Frege hosted frequent house concerts and, after an event celebrating the 50th anniversary of Clara Schumann's debut as a pianist, Smyth wrote to her mother: "Frau S. was so dear... and I kissed her hand, feeling rather like the page-boy in *Ro[ht]raut*... 'The thousand leaves in the forest know

2 Cornelia Bartsch, 'Cyclic Organization, Narrative and Self-Construction in Ethel Smyth's *Lieder und Balladen, Op.3* and *Lieder, Op.4*', Chapter 10 of *Women and the Nineteenth-Century Lied* edited by Aisling Kenny and Susan Wollenberg (Farnham: Ashgate, 2015), pp.177-216.

I have kissed beautiful Ro[ht]raut's mouth!" referring to the protagonist of the song, a page boy who falls in love with a princess.

These early songs explore the theme of lost love with images of the natural world – forests and trees especially – a telling motif for the emotions on display and under discussion wherein two hunters appear, the first lost in love, the second triumphant. They begin with a simple folk melody, observing 'On the Hill' the lover's tomb, followed by the haunting song of 'The Lost Hunter', vainly searching the wood. 'Near the Linden Tree' finds the widely mythologised tree carved with utterances of a love now lost, the wound never to heal. 'It changes what we're seeing' resolves in death, the ultimate loss but is immediately contrasted with the canter of the ballad 'Fair Rohtraut', rejoicing in the playful love-lit ardour of the young huntsman.

The British Library in London holds Smyth's hand-written manuscripts of these songs. In pencil and in Smyth's hand are her English settings written over 140 years ago, recorded on disc here for the first time.

Once settled in Leipzig, Smyth left the Conservatoire and began to study privately with the composer Heinrich von Herzogenberg, lodging with him and his wife Elisabeth, known as Lisl. They were two of Leipzig's most prominent musical figures and were friends with Clara Schumann, Dvořák, Grieg and Brahms, all of whom visited regularly. Smyth's immersion in this musical circle strongly influenced her composing, and this collection of songs is closely aligned with the 19th-century German Lied tradition. The frequency with

which Eichendorff appears, as the poet of half of the songs in the Opp.3 and 4 collections, is notable.

According to Smyth's feminist polemic *Female Pipings in Eden*, on one occasion the composer George Henschel showed Brahms two of her songs and, after examining them, Brahms was said to have remarked "these so-called Smyth manuscripts were obviously the work of Henschel himself". He apparently believed they could not have been written by a "young lady who composes songs and sonatas without having studied counterpoint"! ³ This anecdote provides early evidence of the enormous obstacles that lay before this young female composer at the mercy of the power-wielding musical patriarchs whom she collectively termed the "Machine". "I like best to think of Brahms at the piano", Smyth wrote in *Impressions That Remained*, adding that she "saw integrity, sincerity... and a certain nobility of soul that stamps all his music". But Brahms had a low opinion of women, according to Smyth: "If they did not appeal to him he was incredibly awkward and ungracious; if they were pretty he had an unpleasant way of leaning back in his chair... stroking his moustache, and staring at them as a greedy boy stares at jam tartlets".

Many of Smyth's earliest compositions were songs. In the **Op.4 Lieder** we hear the themes of her own life – her drive, her uncompromising public and private life and her passionate desires, both realised and lost. Unconscious dark dreams or nightmares are also motifs. The Op.4 songs are dedicated to Smyth's mother, and motherhood is a recurring theme. In her memoirs, she alludes to a mother-

3 Ethel Smyth, *Female Pipings in Eden* (London: Davies, 1933), p.60.

daughter relationship with Lisl von Herzogenberg, which permeates the lullaby-like love song 'Schlummerlied'. In 'Tanzlied' the singer seems unwilling to join the driving accompaniment and, desiring to escape the conventions of being 'presented' to society, would rather lie dead under the ground.

After meeting the political activist Emmeline Pankhurst and hearing her address a gathering in September 1910, Smyth became actively involved in the Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU), the militant suffragettes who campaigned for women to receive the parliamentary vote in the UK. This commitment led to her most influential and best-known work, the song *The March of the Women*, which soon became adopted as the WSPU's official anthem.

Written for mezzo-soprano or baritone, the Three Songs from 1913 recorded here were composed around the period of Smyth's suffragette activity, which saw her serving a two-month gaol sentence for throwing a stone through a cabinet minister's window. **Possession** is dedicated to Emmeline Pankhurst and **On the Road: a marching tune** to Pankhurst's daughter, Christabel. Both set words by the suffragette writer, Ethel Carnie Holdsworth. The words to the other, **The Clown**, are by Smyth's friend Maurice Baring, about whom she was later to publish a book-length biography in 1938. *On the Road* was first performed in Queen's Hall in 1913 by Herbert Heyner; *Possession* as late as 1928 by Doris Vane at a recital of Smyth's works in Wigmore Hall.

All three songs have the theme of freedom, both personal and political. In acknowledgement of this, *On the Road* – with its steady uncompromising beat

leading to the final climax at “for the races ahead, that shall spring up like flowers from our blood” – ends boldly with a quotation of *The March of the Women*.

Lucy Stevens and Christopher Wiley © 2020

Smyth’s **Four Songs** for voice, flute, violin, viola, cello, harp and percussion from 1908 are exquisitely orchestrated, in that each song is treated texturally differently even though the musical forces remain the same. The harp and flute often lead, the strings accompany with great sympathy and the percussion is treated with the greatest delicacy to the most energetic sounds. The voice is part of the ensemble rather than standing out as a soloist. As with the Three Songs, mezzo-soprano or baritone is specified.

Originally set to French texts, these songs reflect musical influences assimilated through Smyth’s contact with French artistic circles and are presented here in English translation. All four bear dedications: to Madame Bulbeau (a friend and author using the *nom de plume* Jacques Vontade); to one of Smyth’s sisters, Mary Hunter; to her ‘soulmate’, friend and collaborator, Henry B. Brewster, the librettist for her first three operas, who died in 1908; and to the Belgian aristocrat and patron of the arts, Madame la Princesse Alexandre de Caraman Chimay. They were first performed, incompletely, by Elsie Swinton in Queen’s Hall in 1907 and subsequently in Bechstein Hall (now Wigmore Hall) the following year.

Odelette opens with a harp and flute solo. The harp plays arpeggios while the flute sings a haunting melody setting the mood for the rest of the song. As the voice and other instruments enter, the balance between them is perfect, creating a colourful yet transparent palette. Percussion is kept to a minimum, using only the triangle until the cymbal and side drum are brought in at the end.

In **The Dance**, the harp is responsible for a waltz-like dance rhythm, while the flute flutters about, giving the song a lightness and lilting feeling throughout. The strings often accompany the voice in harmony, while the percussion is used sparingly. **Chryzilla** is tranquil and resigned. The depth and sadness of the song is marked by the words “When the cup is filled full and my strength shall be failing”. The music moves in extremes, from very soft to moderately loud.

The **Ancreontic Ode** which follows is vigorous and energetic. It describes the frenzy and madness of two legendary ancient figures drunk with wine. It shows powerful string writing and Smyth’s great ability in “word painting”. When Hercules makes people quake, you hear the strings quake with fear. As mad Hector swings his sword, the music swings with the sword. The song finishes in a frenzied rage as the music gets louder and faster to the end.

No wonder Debussy described these songs as “tout à fait remarquables”.

Odaline de la Martinez © 2020

Four Songs for voice and chamber orchestra

1 Odelette

(Henri de Régnier, 1864-1936) trans. Alma Strettell

Had I but known the way of my love,
Seen in what paths my life must move,
Gussed what my thought held unrevealed,
My life had ne'er been linked to thine,
To these thy thoughts, to these thy ways,
I ne'er had will'd with thine to blend
Such love as mine.

Shall we, then, give our beloved
Flowers set with thorns sharpened to tear?
Wantonly show streams that are bitter,
To them that thirst?

Shall we for spinning give to gentle hands
Fashioned for the weaving of joy,
The rugged hemp,
The wool unclesed,
Fitter for toilers?

Yet behold, on the path thou standest before me,
Where in my life the crossways meet.
The brook is at thy feet;
Here droops a rose, her stem is danger-laden!
Yet hast thou culled it!

Doth then the distaff borne by Fate
Be heavy with the burden of life's uncertain thread,
Yet canst thou smile thus enthroned.
Thus alone enthroned in my heart,
Thy hand clasping fearlessly mine.
Yet canst thou smile,
Thus alone enthroned within my heart!

Had I but known the way of my love,
I ne'er had linked my love to thine,
Nor, too, my days to my thoughts.
Had I but seen, seen my path,
Had I known, known my love.

2 The Dance

(Henri de Régnier, 1864-1936) trans. Alma Strettell

Thou dancest, gentle evening spreads sadly it's shade,
The Cypress and Pine alone are green in the glade,
Where Birch weds with Elm and the Ash with the Beeches,
Crimsoned bravely by Autumn as far as eye reaches,
And flecked with purple and gold from her store.

Thou dancest, and me thinks 'tis the summer once more,
Voluptuous a-glow in her indolent wantonness playing!
Eyes half closed on tip-toe a-swaying
Thou upliftest both arms to catch as would seem,
And embrace e'er it fade some half finish'd dream,
Some fading half-finish'd dream.
T'ward those lips, step by step, thou dost turn thee,
Seeking the kiss that bitter or sweet,
Flies past thee on the wind.
Thou dancest, gliding silently and swiftly by,
Still pursuing a dream, that ever more doth fly.

Green is the Cypress yet not suffers Autumn change,
As 'neath this pine I sit and thy rhythms so strange
My flute, so long obedient and faithful, pauses and falters.
Thou art weary, thy dance on my song waits doubting,

Thy dance waits doubting,
While yet around my feet on the mound,
The leaves circle and dance,
Soft leaves of flutt'ring gold.
While yet on my feet on the mound,
Soft leaves flutter and dance,
Soft leaves of circling gold.

3 Chrysis

(Henri de Régnier, 1864-1936) trans. Alma Strettell

When the cup is filled full and my strength shall be failing,
O Goddess, spare me the sight about my bed,
Of regretting time that cuts too late the thread,
Tearless ending, a life undesir'd, unavailing.

Arm thou but Love instead!
Of old upon my heart he wars;
Full well I know that he were fain
To dye the earth with cruel red,
And see my life's blood rain
Burst streaming from the wound
Of his last, fiercest dart.

Ah no! Let my lost youth with a smile,
Then draw nigh me, in naked beauty
Standing silently by me,
Letting fall one by one the soft petals of a rose.

"Farewell" the fountain sobs, and calmly mine ear hearkens.
What need of scythe or dart?
Mine eyelids then will close,
Sealed with a last long kiss
As the shadow darkens.

4 Anacreontic Ode

(Leconte de Lisle, 1818-94) trans. Ethel Smyth

Ho! Bring me wine, and to the gods be drain'd the bowl!
I would fain be filled with the frenzy of wine,
Yea, be mad, mad with wine!

Madness fell on Orestes, youth white of foot,
Whose hand, like unto Alcmaeons,
With a mother's blood was stained,
With blood was stained.

But I whose hand shed the blood of no man. Of no man.
I will drink 'till madness shall seize me,
Madness begot of good wine, Ho! Wine!
For I will drink unto the gods,
Drink unto the gods till I be mad,
Yea! mad with wine!

Once in the days of yore, Hercules possessed
Made all hearts to quake, quake for fear,
With the bow and the quiver of war-like young Iphitus,
With the quiver of Iphitus, of young Iphitus the war-like!
Thus too did Ajax, Ajax infuriate, madly storm and rage,
Storm and rage, with shield held aloft,
His mighty shield of seven hides.
While the sword of great Hector he swung, madly raging.

And I, my brow crown'd with flow'rs,
Girt not with buckler and sword, but cup in hand,
My brow crown'd with flow'rs, girt not with buckler and sword.
I fain would be mad with the frenzy of wine, yea,
Drink till mad with wine –
Then fill the bowl, for drain it I will!

Drink till I be mad with wine!
Ho there! Wine bring me wine,
And to the gods this cup I drain!

Songs and Ballads (Lieder und Balladen) Op.3

5 On the Hill

(Folksong) / Vom Berge (Volkslied)

There dwelt my love but now no more, Within the tomb she's lying; The tree still stands before the door Where once we sat enjoying.	I fain must look towards the spot. The tears my eyes are blending, The bitter tears, should I go down where she is not? T'would be a lonesome ending.
--	--

6 The Lost Hunter

Der verirrte Jäger (Joseph von Eichendorff, 1788-1857)

I have espied a slender roe, In midst the green it stood, Hence all my heart is full of woe, Must ever search the wood.	Halloo ye huntsman mine, Clear sounds the bugle horn! It draws you on with notes so fine, It greets the morning dawn.
--	--

The roe it leads the huntsman still
Deep in the woody night
Through vale to trembling heights and hill
To scenes so dazzling bright.

How sad the rustle in the trees,
What awe does swell my breast!
The friends afar, so cold the breeze,
Far off the world at rest.

It draws him on far, far away
Throughout the mossy green,
Alas, the huntsman went astray
And never more was seen.

7 Near the Linden Tree

Bei Einer Linde (Joseph von Eichendorff, 1788-1857)

I see again thee, oh beloved tree,
Into whose branch I strove,
Once in my springtides dream like happy glee,
To carve the name of her my own first love.

What change now in thy branches wide and fair,
All overgrown and vanished, the name, the fondly loved one is not there
With love forever, happiness is banished.

I too have grown like thee in silent haste,
A restless longing feeling, my wound grew too, it's pain will ever last,
And never more on earth it will be healing, never healing.

8 It changes what we're seeing

Es wandelt was wir schauen (Joseph von Eichendorff, 1788-1857)

It changes what we're seeing:
Day sinks in evening rest;
In air, on earth and being
Lurks death an awful guest.

All like a thief, grim sorrow
Steals in the human heart.
We all of us one tomorrow,
From all we love must part.

9 Fair Rohtraut

Schön Rohtraut (Eduard Mörike, 1804-75)

What name has King Ringang's daughter sweet?
Rohtraut, fair Rohtraut.
To work at home she never will stay,
Since spinning and sewing is not her way
She goes fishing and hunting.
Oh that I were her hunting boy!
Fishing and hunting would be my joy!
Keep still my heart, oh still my heart.

As time went on he got his will,
Rohtraut, fair Rohtraut,
The boy on gallant horse did ride;
In scarlet coat at Rohtraut's side, he goes out a hunting.
Oh that I were a King's son, Oh Rohtraut, fair Rohtraut I love you so!
Keep still my heart, oh still my heart.

One morn they rested beneath an oak,
Loud laughed fair Rohtraut,
A huntsman brave and bold art thou,
But would'st thou dare to kiss me now!
Ah! The brave boy trembles!
But in the wood they are alone
He presses her sweet lips to his own!
Oh still my heart, keep still my heart.

That eve they rode in silence home,
Rohtraut, fair Rohtraut.
And joy has chased his fears away,
"And should they crown thee Queen today
That would not grieve me";
The thousand leaves in that morning mist,
Will know that fair Rohtraut's lips I've kissed.
Oh still my heart, keep still my heart!

Lieder, Op.4 trans. Katherine Marriott

10 Tanzlied

(Georg Büchner, 1813-37)

*O meine müden Füße, ihr müsst tanzen
In bunten Schuhen,
Und möchtet lieber tief
Im Boden ruhen.*

*O meine heißen Wangen, ihr müsst glühen
Im wilden Kosen,
Und möchtet lieber blühen
Zwei weiße Rosen.*

Dance Song

(Georg Büchner, 1813-37)

O my poor tired feet, you have to dance
In multicoloured shoes,
But would rather rest deep
In the ground.

O my hot cheeks, you have to glow
From wild caresses,
But would rather bloom as
Two white roses.

*O meine armen Augen, ihr müsst blitzen
Im Strahl der Kerzen,
Und schließt im Dunkeln lieber aus,
Von euren Schmerzen.*

11 Schlummerlied

(Ernst von Wildenbruch, 1845-1909)

*O schlummre süß, o schlummre lind,
Wie in der Wiege ohne Harm.
Im Traume lächelnd schläft das Kind
In seiner Mutter treuem Arm.*

*O schlummre süß, o schlummre mild,
Ist deine Seele doch so rein,
Der holde Traum, der sie erfüllt,
Wird lieblich wie ein Engel sein.*

*O schlummre süß, die Bäume auch
Neigt ja ihr Haupt in sanfter Ruh,
Die Rose schläft an ihrem Strauch,
O schlafe, schlafe drum auch du.*

*So wie die Mutter lauschend wacht
Auf ihres Lieblings Schlummerhauch,
So denk' ich Dein in jeder Nacht
Und wenn auch fern, schütz ich dich auch.*

O my poor eyes, you have to twinkle
In the candlelight,
But you'd rather sleep in the dark
Because of your pain.

Lullaby

(Ernst von Wildenbruch, 1845-1909)

O sleep sweetly, o sleep gently,
Like a child in a cradle, safe from harm.
The child smiles, sleeping
In its mother's devoted arms.

O sleep sweetly, o sleep softly,
Your soul is so pure that
The lovely dream that suffuses it
Will be as sweet as an angel.

O sleep sweetly; may the trees too
Bow their heads to you in gentle peace,
The rose is sleeping in her bush,
O sleep then; you sleep too.

Just as the mother is awake listening
To her darling's sleeping breath,
So I think of yours every night
And even if I'm far away, I'll still protect you.

12 Mittagsruh

(Joseph von Eichendorff, 1788-1857)

*Über Bergen, Fluss und Thalen,
Stiller Lust und tiefen Qualen
Webet heimlich, schillert, Strahlen!
Sinnend ruht des Tags Gewühle
In der dunkelblauen Schwüle,
Und die ewigen Gefühle,
Was dir selber nicht bewusst,
Treten heimlich, gross und leise
Aus der Wirrung fester Gleise,
Aus der unbewachten Brust,
In die stillen, weiten Kreise.*

Midday Rest

(Joseph von Eichendorff, 1788-1857)

Over mountains, rivers and valleys,
Silent passion and deep torments
Weave secretly, shimmering, shining!
The day's hustle and bustle rests, pondering,
In the dark blue sultriness,
And those eternal feelings,
Which you yourself aren't even aware of,
Step secretly, greatly and quietly
From the tangle of beaten paths,
From the unguarded breast,
Into the still, boundless world.

13 Nachtreiter

(Klaus Groth, 1819-99)

*Reit ich kein Sattelpferd, brauch ich keinen Zaum,
und die Peitsche pflück ich mir aus dem Weidenbaum!*

*Nachts wenn es dunkel, stürmt es und rast,
Mein ist das beste Pferd, das die Wiesen grasst.*

*Rapp, reck die Hufen aus! flieg wie der Wind!
Trag mich durch Sturm und Nacht bis zum liebsten Kind!*

*Weisst du wie's Fenster klirrt? weisst du wie's thut?
Spring ich beim Liebchen ein, springe du auf die Weid! –*

*Lustig ist s Leben ohn Zügel und Zaum!
Vögel pflücken Kirschen: wem gehört der Baum?*

The Night Rider

(Klaus Groth, 1819-99)

I'm not riding a saddle horse, so I don't need a bridle,
and I'll pick a whip from the willow tree!

At night when it is dark, stormy and blowing,
Mine is the best horse grazing the meadows.

My blue roan*, stretch out your hooves! Fly like the wind!
Carry me through storm and night to my darling!

Do you know how the window rattles? Do you know how that happens?
When I leap into my love's room, you leap into the pasture!

Life is so merry without reins and bridle!
Birds pluck cherries: but who does the tree belong to?

* A horse with a coat of black mixed with white, thus appearing blue-grey

14 Nachtgedanken

(Paul Heyse, 1830-1914, from the Spanish)

*Es rauben Gedanken
Den Schlaf mir, o Mutter,
Kommen und wecken mich.
Kommen und gehen!*

*Trauergedanken
Von Freudentagen;
Aufdämmern die Plagen,
Die Freuden versanken.*

*Die Träume jagen
Vorüber, o Mutter,
Kommen und wecken mich,
Kommen und wecken.*

*Es wird mein Bette
Dem Kampf zur Wiege,
Dem Kriege,
Dem bösen Kriege
Zur friedlosen Stätte.
Von Schatten ich liege
Beängstigt, o Mutter,
Kommen und wecken mich,
Kommen und gehen!*

Night Thoughts

(Paul Heyse, 1830-1914, from the Spanish)

Night Thoughts
Thoughts are stealing
My sleep from me, o mother;
They come and wake me.
Coming and going!

Thoughts grieving
Once joyful days;
Troubles dawn,
While pleasures disappear.

The dreams speed past
O mother,
They come and wake me,
Come and wake.

My bed is becoming
The cradle of struggle,
The peaceless site of war,
Of evil war.
I am lying terrified
Of the shadows, o mother,
They come and wake me,
Coming and going!

*Stets mir im Blicke
Die Thränen beben.
Beweinen mein Streben
Nach falschem Glücke.
Bald sterben, bald leben
Meine Qualen, o Mutter,
Kommen und wecken mich.
Kommen und gehen!*

*O Traum der Lust,
Nach dessen Scheiden
Erwacht das Leiden
Der wunden Brust!
Ins Leben schneiden
Die Qualen, o Mutter,
Kommen und wecken mich.
Kommen und gehen!*

Tears constantly tremble
In my eyes.
Mourning my striving
After false happiness.
Now my torments die,
Now they live, o mother,
They come and wake me.
Coming and going!

O passionate dream,
After whose departure
Suffering awakens
In my wounded breast!
My torments are
Slicing into my life, mother,
They come and wake me.
Coming and going!

15 The Clown

(Maurice Baring, 1874-1945)

There was once a poor clown all dressed in white
And chained to the dungeon bars,
And he danced all day and he danced all night
To the sound of the dancing stars.
O clown, silly clown, o why do you dance?
You know you can never be free,
You are tied by the leg to the strings of chance
Yet you dance like a captive flea.

My chain is heavy, my cell is dark,
I know I can never be free.
In my heart, in my heart, there's a dancing spark
And the stars make music for me.
O muffle my cell and rivet my chains
And fetter my feet and my hands.

My soul is a horse of foam without reins
That dances on deathless sands.
O muffle my cell and rivet my chains
And fetter my feet and my hands.

16 Possession

(Ethel Carnie Holdsworth, 1886-1962)

There bloomed at my cottage door
A rose with a heart scented sweet
Oh so lovely and fair that I plucked it one day
Laid it over my own heart's swift beat
In a moment its petals were shed
Just a tiny white mound at my feet.

There flew through my casement low
A linnet that richly could sing
Sang so thrillingly sweet
I could not let it go
But must cage it, the wild happy thing
But it pined in the cage I had made
Not a note to my chamber would bring.

By the holding I lose...
By the giving I gain.

There came to my lonely soul
The friend I had waited for long
And the deep chilly silence lay stricken and dead
Pierced to death by our love and our song.
And I thought of the bird and the flow'r
And my soul in its knowledge grew strong.

Go out when thou wilt, O friend
Sing thy song, roam the world glad and free.
By the holding I lose,
By the giving I gain,
And the gods cannot take thee from me
For a song and a scent on the wind
Shall drift in thro' the doorway from thee.

17 On the Road: a marching tune

(Ethel Carnie Holdsworth, 1886-1962)

O the beat of the drums and the sheen of the spears
And the banners that toss like the sea,
Better far than the peace that is dungeon and death
To the wild rebel soul set in me.
Better pour out the blood in a swift crimson flood
As to music we march to the grave
Than to feel day by day the slow drops ebb away
From the chain-bitten heart of a slave!

O to fight to the death with a hope through the strife
That the freedom we seek shall be ours,
Better far than despair, that with cowardly word
Trembles back from the front of the pow'rs.
Better do dare and fail than shrink like a leaf pale
In the breath of the wild Autumn wind.
Better death on the field with an honour-bright shield
Than the soft bed that the coward hearts find.

O we leave hearth-stone warm for the rain-beaten road
And our arrows are hung at our side.
Freedom dearer to us than the home that we leave
Or the soft clinging arms of the bride.
For our children's fair eyes
Like the blue of the skies'
Foe-men's gleaming with hate, chill as steel;
For the soft mother touch
That which strikes over much
'Till the life stricken deep earthward reels.

We have waited so long we will wait now no more
But are marching our freedom to meet.
Keeping time to a tune that is brave as our hearts
While the stones clatter loud to our feet.
Can we fail when we fight for the sake of the light
From the hearths where our cradles have stood?
For the fathers long dead, for the races ahead
That shall spring up like flowers,
Like flowers from our blood.

Lucy Stevens

Lucy Stevens studied voice with Gerald Wragg at the Royal Welsh College of Music & Drama after completing an acting degree at the Rose Bruford College of Speech & Drama.

Her career has incorporated:

Theatre: including the West Yorkshire Playhouse (*The House of the Spirits*), the Arts Theatre, West End (*The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe, Now and Then* and *Beauty and the Beast*), Liverpool Playhouse (*The Wizard of Oz*) and the Old Vic (*Shakespeare Reimagined*);

Opera: including *Götterdämmerung* (Flosshilde), Longborough Festival Opera; *Die Fledermaus* (Orlofsky), Opera Holland Park; *La traviata* (Flora), *Suor Angelica* (La Zelatrice), St John's Smith Square, and *Oedipus Rex* (Jocasta) at the ICA;

New opera: including *The Landau Papers* by Sam Paechter, *Wellspring Songs* written for Lucy by Sam Paechter for the Opera North New Composers' Forum, *Silver Swan* by Paul Clark for Clod Ensemble at Tate Modern Turbine Hall and the Royal Opera House Linbury Studio, *Arcane* by Paul Clark for Opera Circus at Sadler's Wells Lilian Baylis Studio, *Unborn in America* by Luke Styles at the Vaults Festival, *Amelia and the Mapmaker* (Amelia Earhart) by Dorothy Ker for 19th Step,



Photograph: Laura Doddington

Tourette's Diva (Daughter Diva) by Richard Thomas at BAC, *Jerry Springer the Opera* (Andrea) by Richard Thomas at BAC and *Newsnight – The Opera* (Kate Adie) by Tansy Davies directed by Tom Morris.

Lucy has also featured on BBC Radios 3 & 4 and created and performed, throughout the UK and internationally, her acclaimed portrayals of Kathleen Ferrier, Virginia Woolf and Ethel Smyth.

www.lucystevens.com

[@ontourwithlucy](https://twitter.com/ontourwithlucy)

Elizabeth Marcus

Pianist Elizabeth Marcus studied at the Guildhall School of Music where she won the Raymond Russell Competition for harpsichord and the Carl Meyer and Dove Memorial Prizes as top graduate. She is now a professor at Guildhall School of Music and was recently made a Fellow.

Elizabeth has performed at Wigmore Hall, Purcell Room, Queen Elizabeth Hall, St John's Smith Square and the Royal Opera House Floral Hall. She has appeared in concert with Alastair



Photograph: Caroline Hughes

Miles, Janice Watson, Sally Matthews, Robert Hayward and Claire Rutter and has broadcast on BBC Radios 3 and 4, Classic FM, BBC TV and Channel 4.

On disc, with the Tzigane Piano Trio, she recorded the complete music for piano trio by Cécile Chaminade and a disc of South American songs with the tenor Luciano Botelho. In her role as music director, Elizabeth has toured throughout the UK and internationally with Lucy Stevens in *Kathleen Ferrier Whattalife!*, *Virginia Woolf: Killing the Angel* and *Ethel Smyth: Grasp the Nettle*.

Berkeley Ensemble

Sophie Mather *violin*
Dan Shilladay *viola*
Gemma Wareham *cello*
Renate Sokolovska *flute*
Valeria Kurbatova *harp*
Joley Cragg *percussion*

Hailed as “an instinctive collective” (*The Strad*) the Berkeley Ensemble was formed with the aim of exploring little-known 20th- and 21st-century British chamber music alongside more established repertoire. It now enjoys a busy



Photograph: Nigel Luckhurst

concert schedule performing throughout the UK and abroad, and is also much in demand for its inspiring work in education.

The ensemble's flexible configuration and collaborative spirit have led to performances with leading musicians including Sir Thomas Allen, Gabriel Prokofiev and Nicholas Daniel. Its numerous recordings have attracted critical acclaim, with *Lennox Berkeley: Chamber Works* selected by *BBC Music Magazine* as Chamber Choice (September 2015) and *Lennox Berkeley: Stabat Mater* nominated for a *Gramophone Award* (2017) and praised in the magazine's initial review for "a performance of shimmering intensity".

The group's innovative and thought-provoking programming has received official recognition with a Help Musicians UK Emerging Excellence award and support from the PRS for Music Foundation. It enthusiastically champions new music and has commissioned composers including Michael Berkeley, John Woolrich and Misha Mullov-Abbado. A frequent fixture of the festival circuit, the ensemble has performed at the Spitalfields, Cheltenham, Lake District Summer Music and Presteigne festivals, and curates the Little Venice Music Festival in London.

Engaging new audiences, most importantly through education, is central to the ensemble's activities. Recent collaborations have included schemes with PRS for Music and Tŷ Cerdd, supporting emerging composers and generating new works. The group is also ensemble-in-residence at the University of Hull and Ibstock Place School, and runs an annual chamber music course in Somerset.

www.berkeleyensemble.co.uk

 @BerkeleyEnsembl

Odaline de la Martinez

The award-winning Cuban-American composer and conductor Odaline de la Martinez pursues a demanding and successful career composing – particularly opera – and conducting repertoire from Mozart symphonies to the latest contemporary music. Martinez has recorded over 40 CDs with Lorelt (Lontano Records) which she founded in 1992, Chandos, Summit, Albany, Metier, Conifer Classics, DaCapo and BMI.



Photograph: Malcolm Crowthers

Martinez was the first woman to conduct a BBC Prom at the Royal Albert Hall in 1984 and has made several return visits since. In 1994 she gave a historic performance at the Proms of Ethel Smyth's opera *The Wreckers*.

Martinez studied at Tulane University, the Royal Academy of Music and the University of Surrey. She has travelled the world as a conductor and composer, from Europe and East Europe to the United States, Australia, New Zealand, Africa and South America.

She has received numerous international awards, including a Marshall Scholarship from the British Government, the Villa Lobos Medal from the Brazilian Government and a Guggenheim Fellowship. In 2019, Martinez received an Ivors Gold Badge and an Honorary Doctorate from the University of Surrey.