

Kathleen Ferrier remembered

Broadcasts of British songs and German Lieder 1947-1952
including 19 previously unpublished tracks

1	SCHUBERT	*Der Musensohn, D764, Op 92 no 1	2.00	15	BRAHMS	Ruhe, Süßliebchen, im Schatten, Op 33 no 9	5.22
2	SCHUBERT	*Wandrer's Nachtlied II, D768, Op 96 no 3	2.08	16	SCHUBERT	*Suleika I, D720, Op 14 no 1	5.11
3	BRAHMS	*Sonntag, Op 47 no 3	1.48	17	SCHUBERT	*Der Vollmond strahlt, (Rosamunde) D797, Op 26 no 3b	3.27
4	BRAHMS	*Botschaft, Op 47 no 1	2.09	18	SCHUBERT	Rastlose Liebe, D138, Op 5 no 1	1.18
5	BRAHMS	*Nachtigall, Op 97 no 1	2.22	19	SCHUBERT	Wasserflut, (Winterreise) D911, Op 89 no 6	4.26
6	WOLF	*Auf einer Wanderung, Mörike-Lieder no 15	3.25	20	SCHUBERT	*Die junge Nonne, D828, Op 43 no 1	4.42
7	MAHLER	*Urlicht, (Des Knaben Wunderhorn)	1.55	21	STANFORD	*La Belle Dame sans Merci	5.34
8	SCHUBERT	*Lachen und Weinen, D777, Op 59 no 4	1.39	RUBBRA	*Three Psalms, Op 61		
9	SCHUBERT	*Suleika II, D717, Op 31	3.59	22		Psalm 6	5.39
10	BRAHMS	*Wir wandelten, Op 96 no 2	2.41	23		Psalm 23	4.08
11	BRAHMS	*Botschaft, Op 47 no 1	2.03	24		Psalm 150	1.31
12	BRAHMS	Auf dem See, Op 59 no 2	2.49	25	JACOBSON	*Song of Songs	5.20
13	BRAHMS	Es schauen die Blumen, Op 96 no 3	1.05	26	PARRY	Love is a bable, Op 152, no 3	1.43
14	BRAHMS	Der Jäger, Op 95 no 4	1.05			Total playing time	79.30

———— *Previously unpublished recordings ————

Restoration and digital re-mastering: Ted Kendall

Executive Producer: Paul Campion

Front cover photograph: Kathleen Ferrier at the BBC © BBC Photo Library

Design: Andrew Giles

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Kathleen Ferrier remembered

A recital of Lieder
and British song,
including previously
unpublished BBC
broadcasts of
works by Schubert,
Brahms, Wolf,
Mahler, Stanford,
Jacobson and
Rubbra
1947-1952

with
Bruno Walter
Gerald Moore
Frederick Stone



[1]	SCHUBERT	*Der Musensohn, D764, Op 92 no 1 (26.4.1948)	2.00
[2]	SCHUBERT	*Wandrer's Nachtlid II, D768, Op 96 no 3 (26.4.1948)	2.08
[3]	BRAHMS	*Sonntag, Op 47 no 3 (8.12.1949)	1.48
[4]	BRAHMS	*Botschaft, Op 47 no 1 (8.12.1949)	2.09
[5]	BRAHMS	*Nachtigall, Op 97 no 1 (8.12.1949)	2.22
[6]	WOLF	*Auf einer Wanderung, Mörrike-Lieder no 15 (8.12.1949)	3.25
[7]	MAHLER	*Urlicht, (Des Knaben Wunderhorn) (? 28.9.1950)	1.55
[8]	SCHUBERT	*Lachen und Weinen, D777, Op 59 no 4 (3.9.1951)	1.39
[9]	SCHUBERT	*Suleika II, D717, Op 31 (3.9.1951)	3.59
[10]	BRAHMS	*Wir wandelten, Op 96 no 2 (3.9.1951)	2.41
[11]	BRAHMS	*Botschaft, Op 47 no 1 (3.9.1951)	2.03
[12]	BRAHMS	Auf dem See, Op 59 no 2 (2.4.1952)	2.49
[13]	BRAHMS	Es schauen die Blumen, Op 96 no 3 (2.4.1952)	1.05
[14]	BRAHMS	Der Jäger, Op 95 no 4 (2.4.1952)	1.05
[15]	BRAHMS	Ruhe, Süßliebchen, im Schatten, (Die schöne Magelone) Op 33 no 9 (2.4.1952)	5.22
[16]	SCHUBERT	*Suleika I, D720, Op 14 no 1 (29.9.1952)	5.11
[17]	SCHUBERT	*Der Vollmond strahlt, (Rosamunde) D797, Op 26 no 3b (29.9.1952)	3.27
[18]	SCHUBERT	Rastlose Liebe, D138, Op 5 no 1 (29.9.1952)	1.18
[19]	SCHUBERT	Wasserflut, (Winterreise) D911, Op 89 no 6 (29.9.1952)	4.26

[20]	SCHUBERT	*Die junge Nonne, D828, Op 43 no 1 (29.9.1952)	4.42
[21]	STANFORD	*La Belle Dame sans Merci (16.2.1948)	5.34
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[22]		Psalm 6	5.39
[23]		Psalm 23	4.08
[24]		Psalm 150	1.31
[25]	JACOBSON	*Song of Songs (3.11.1947)	5.20
[26]	PARRY	Love is a bable, Op 152, no 3 (26.8.1948)	1.43
		Total playing time	79.30

*Previously unpublished recordings

Recording venues and accompanists

- Tracks [1] - [2] and [21] - [25] recorded at BBC Maida Vale Studio V, London, with Frederick Stone
 - Tracks [3] - [6] and [12] - [15] recorded at the Concert Hall, Broadcasting House, London, with Frederick Stone
 - Track [7] venue unknown. ?with Frederick Stone
 - Tracks [8] - [11] recorded at BBC Studio 1, 5 Queen Street, Edinburgh with Bruno Walter
 - Tracks [16] - [20] recorded at BBC Maida Vale Studio 2, London with Frederick Stone
 - Track [26] recorded at The Freemasons' Hall, Edinburgh with Gerald Moore
-
- Tracks [1] - [11] and [21] from the KH Leech Collection at the National Sound Archive, British Library
 - Tracks [12] - [20] and [22] - [26] courtesy of the BBC

Kathleen Ferrier remembered

When Kathleen Ferrier moved to London in December 1942, in order to pursue a full-time career as a singer, she had few forward bookings in her diary and just a handful of useful contacts in the war-torn capital, including the agency Ibbs and Tillett; but, thanks to her determination, engaging personality and glorious voice she soon made her mark and embarked upon a brilliant ten-year national and international career.

But now, over 60 years since Ferrier's death, comes a collection of unpublished recordings, taken from BBC broadcasts between 1947 and 1952. Not only are some of these 'new' performances of familiar Ferrier repertoire but, in several cases, they are of songs that she never set down for her principal recording

company, Decca, and of which no other radio broadcast survives. These are riches indeed.

In November 1947 – the month of the earliest performances included on this CD – Kathleen Ferrier gave five radio broadcasts on the BBC. These comprised Mahler's Third Symphony and *Kindertotenlieder*, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony from the Royal Albert Hall, a recital of Schubert and Brahms Lieder and, most importantly for us, a 25-minute programme of songs by British composers, which was broadcast live on the Third Programme.

The following list of engagements gives an idea of the amount of work that Ferrier was undertaking by this time; her bookings that same month took her

to Darlington, Huddersfield, the Royal Albert Hall on three further occasions, Essex, Liverpool, Hanley, Swansea, Bournemouth and another visit to Yorkshire. She was certainly in great demand throughout the country as a recitalist and oratorio soloist. Her rich contralto broadcast well, as has been heard for many years on a number of her fine radio recordings.

Together with the 19 unpublished tracks, issued here for the first time, come seven which have previously been released by the BBC, but are now re-mastered by sound restoration engineer Ted Kendall, using the best modern technology, to remove extraneous noise and bring them more vividly to life.

The tracks on this CD come from two sources. Fourteen are from the BBC's own archives and comprise an early broadcast performance of Rubbra's *Three Psalms Op. 61*, of which Ferrier

was the dedicatee, Maurice Jacobson's *Song of Songs*, four Brahms Lieder, five by Schubert and Parry's *Love is a bable*, recorded at the 1948 Edinburgh Festival, which makes a delightful conclusion to the recital.

Always an enthusiast for new music, Ferrier enjoyed, and rose to, its challenges. Edmund Rubbra composed his *Three Psalms* in 1946 and was himself the accompanist at their first performance on 21 January 1947 at the Church of St Bartholomew the Great in Smithfield, London. For this November broadcast, Frederick Stone was engaged. He was a well-known and highly-respected pianist who worked extensively with Ferrier at the BBC; indeed, he features on most of the tracks included on the disc.

Ferrier and Maurice Jacobson had been friends since 1937, when he was an adjudicator at the Carlisle Festival

at which the singer had (rather to her own amazement) won both the solo contralto and piano classes. He also accompanied her at many recitals during the war when they were touring for The Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts; and, memorably, for her first London performance, at the National Gallery, less than a week after her move south in 1942. Like Rubbra's *Psalms*, Jacobson's *Song of Songs* was composed in 1946, but it was included in the broadcast recital at short notice, replacing *The Flower Song* from Britten's 'Rape of Lucretia' which had originally been scheduled. The other items (by Holst and Moeran) from this November 1947 programme have regrettably not survived.

The recordings of four Brahms Lieder from 2 April 1952 were made from the Third Programme broadcast by an amateur enthusiast and were later given to the BBC Archives; they were first

issued on a BBC LP in 1979. No other complete Ferrier recording of any of these four has been traced.

Five Schubert Lieder, accompanied by Stone, were transmitted live from the BBC's Maida Vale Studios on 29 September 1952. Two have previously been issued by the BBC but from this broadcast *Suleika I*, *Der Vollmond strahlt* and *Die junge Nonne* have remained unpublished until now. It is interesting to note that *Wasserflut* from 'Winterreise' was included. Was Ferrier perhaps considering singing Schubert's cycle complete, as a number of sopranos, mezzos and contraltos have done, particularly in more recent years? There is no clear evidence of that but it makes for a fascinating conjecture.

Parry's sparkling *Love is a bable*, with Gerald Moore at the piano, has now been transferred at correct speed; in its original issue, on a BBC LP in 1979, it

played at too high a pitch, but can now be heard as Ferrier sang it at the second Edinburgh Festival!

The other source of the recordings presented here is the remarkable collection of Kenneth Leech, a composer and engineer who, from the 1930s to the 1950s, recorded numerous broadcasts, mainly using metal discs – the customary way for an enthusiast to preserve radio programmes at that time – before the widespread introduction of domestic tape recorders. The Leech collection is now stored in the National Sound Archive in the British Library.

Of particular interest are the four Lieder accompanied by Ferrier's great mentor, the veteran conductor Bruno Walter, with whom she established such a warm musical collaboration, following their appearances together at the first Edinburgh Festival. Their joint recitals in Britain and the United

States have become legendary and it is specially valuable to have *Suleika II*, of which no other Ferrier version exists. These Lieder were part of a programme pre-recorded at the BBC's Edinburgh studios on 3 September 1951 and first broadcast on 16 September.

Schubert's *Wandrer's Nachtlid II* and Brahms' *Nachtigall*, both accompanied by Stone, are also unique performances in the Ferrier discography.

Ferrier sang few Lieder by Hugo Wolf (only six are mentioned in her published diaries); the lone example here is *Auf einer Wanderung*, from a BBC Home Service recital on 8 December 1949, which also included works by Brahms, who was clearly a favourite composer of both Kenneth Leech and Ferrier herself.

A curiosity is *Urlicht*, one of Mahler's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* songs,

composed around 1892. Leech's disc betrays signs of damage but it is not clear why he wanted to record only the opening 36 bars – which are what we have here – with a very abrupt ending. Perhaps he was simply using up free space on a disc that had already been part-recorded; we shall never be certain. The song is also incorporated into Mahler's Second Symphony and Ferrier can be heard singing it in this form, with Otto Klemperer conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra, in 1951, on records which Decca first released in 1982. The date of Leech's recording is a puzzle; 24 February 1950 is given in the documentation that accompanies the disc but at that time Ferrier was in the USA and no performance of the song is traced as being broadcast that day. However, she did include *Urlicht* in a BBC recital on 28 September 1950, so perhaps that is the correct date. If so, Frederick Stone was again the accompanist.

Special mention must be made here of a further unique recording; Stanford's *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, a setting of Keats' poem, featured occasionally in Ferrier's recitals. Kenneth Leech, it seems, was keen to record the song from the broadcast of 16 February 1948 but was unable to fit it all on to one side of his disc, which ran out of space during the last verse. Fortunately for him, the recital was recorded by the BBC and repeated two days later, which apparently enabled him to record the latter part of the song on a fresh disc, including all of the final verse. At the time this cannot have been an ideal way for Leech to listen to the song, but Ted Kendall has sewn the two parts together, so that *La Belle Dame* is once again complete and may be heard as she was originally performed on that winter evening almost 70 years ago!

Kenneth Leech performed a great service by making recordings of so many

celebrated musicians. Sonically these discs do not approach the standards of Ferrier's commercial recordings but, thanks to advances in sound technology and the skills of the engineer, they have been given new life and now offer a broader view of Ferrier, the song- and Lieder- singer.

It has been a labour of love to restore Kathleen Ferrier's voice in this wonderful music and to make available performances from the very heart of her repertoire, which for years were thought to have been forever lost.

Paul Champion

Author of *Ferrier – A Career Recorded*
published by Thames/Elkin in 2005

SCHUBERT

1 *Der Musensohn* D764, Op 92 No 1

*Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
Mein Liedchen wegzupfeifen,
So geht's von Ort zu Ort!
Und nach dem Takte reget
Und nach dem Maß bewegt
Sich alles an mir fort.*

*Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,
Die erste Blum' im Garten,
Die erste Blüt' am Baum.
Sie grüßen meine Lieder,
Und kommt der Winter wieder,
Sing ich noch jenen Traum.*

The son of the muses

Roaming through field and wood,
Piping along my little song,
So I go from place to place!
And to my beat
And to my measure
Everything moves with me.

I can hardly wait for them,
The first bloom in the garden,
The first blossom on the tree.
My songs greet them,
And when winter returns
I still sing of that dream.

*Ich sing ihn in der Weite,
Auf Eises Läng' und Breite,
Da blüht der Winter schön!
Auch diese Blüte schwindet,
Und neue Freude findet
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.*

*Denn wie ich bei der Linde
Das junge Völkchen finde,
Sogleich erreg ich sie.
Der stumpfe Bursche bläht sich,
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich
Nach meiner Melodie.*

*Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel
Und treibt durch Tal und Hügel
Den Liebbling weit von Haus.
Ihr lieben, holden Musen,
Wann ruh ich ihr am Busen
Auch endlich wieder aus?*

Goethe

I sing them far and wide,
Through the ice's realm,
Then winter blossoms beautifully!
That bloom disappears too,
And new joy is found
In the hill towns.

For when I, beside the linden,
Encounter young folks,
I rouse them at once.
The swaggering youth puffs up,
The naive maiden twirls
To my melody.

You give my feet wings
And drive through vale and hill
Your favourite, far from home.
You dear, kind muses,
When on her bosom
Will I finally again find rest?

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The LiederNet Archive has kindly made available the English translations
of the German texts.

SCHUBERT

[2] *Wandrer's Nachtlied II* D768, Op 96 No 3

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

Goethe

BRAHMS

[3] *Sonntag* Op 47, No 3

*So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche
Mein feines Liebchen nicht geseh'n,
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl vor der Türe steh'n:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei ihr!*

Wanderer's night song II

Over all the peaks
It is peaceful,
In all the treetops
you feel
Hardly a breath of wind;
The little birds are silent in the forest...
Only wait –
soon you will rest as well.

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Sunday

This whole week, I have not
Seen my delicate sweetheart.
I saw her on Sunday,
Standing in front of the door:
That thousand-times beautiful girl,
That thousand-times beautiful heart,
Would, God, I were with her today!

So will mir doch die ganze Woche
Das Lachen nicht vergeh'n,
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl in die Kirche geh'n:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei ihr!

Folksong from Umland's collection

This whole week, my laughing
Has not ceased;
I saw her on Sunday,
Going to church:
That thousand-times beautiful girl,
That thousand-times beautiful heart,
Would, God, I were with her today!

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BRAHMS

4 Botschaft Op 47, No 1

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht hinwegzufliehn!

Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe;
Sprich: "Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;

Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde,
Denkst an ihn".

Daumer, from the Persian

A message

Blow, breeze, gently and lovingly
About the cheeks of my beloved;
Play tenderly in her locks,
Do not hasten to flee far away!

If perhaps she is then to ask,
How it stands with poor wretched me,
Tell her: "Unending was his woe,
Highly dubious was his condition;

However, now he can hope
Magnificently to come to life again.
For you, lovely one,
Are thinking of him"

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BRAHMS

5 Nachtigall Op 97, No 1

O Nachtigall, dein süßer Schall,
Er dringet mir durch Mark und Bein.
Nein, trauter Vogel, nein!
Was in mir schafft so süße Pein,
Das ist nicht dein,
Das ist von andern, himmelschönen,
Nun längst für mich verklungenen Tönen
In deinem Lied ein leiser Widerhall!

Reinold

Nightingale

O nightingale, your sweet sound
Penetrates my marrow and my bones.
No, dear bird, no! what creates in me
Such sweet pain,
is not you,
But something else: heavenly,
Lovely tones that have long since faded away;
In your song there is merely a soft echo.

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Kathleen Ferrier
accompanied by
Bruno Walter at
the Edinburgh
Festival.



Photograph:
Norward Inglis

WOLF

6 Auf einer Wanderung

In ein freundliches Staedtchen tret ich ein,
In den Strassen liegt roter Abendschein.
Aus einem offenen Fenster eben,
Ueber den reichsten Blumenflor
Hinweg, hoert man Goldglockentoene schweben,
Und eine Stimme scheint ein Nachtigallenchor,
Dass die Blueten beben,
Dass die Luefte leben,
Dass in hoehere Rot die Rosen leuchten vor.

Lang hielt ich
 staunend, lustbeklommen.
Wie ich hinaus vors Tor gekommen,
Ich weiss es wahrlich selber nicht.
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so licht!
Der Himmel wogt in purpurnem Gewuehle,
Rueckwaerts die Stadt in goldnem Rauch;
Wie rauscht der Erlenbach,
 wie rauscht im Grund die Muehle!
Ich bin wie trunken, irrefuehrt–
O Muse, du hast mein Herz beruehrt
Mit einem Liebeshauch!

Mörrike-Lieder no 15

On a walk

Into a friendly little town I stroll -
In its streets lies the red evening glow.
From an open window,
Across the most splendid riot of flowers,
One can hear gold chimes floating past,
And its one voice sounds like a chorus of
Nightingales, so that the blossoms tremble,
So that the breezes come to life,
And so that the roses glow even redder.

Long I pause,
 astounded and oppressed by joy.
How I finally found myself past the gate
I truly do not myself know.
Ah, here, how lightly does the world lie!
The heavens sway in a purple crowd,
Back there, the town is a golden haze:
How the alder brook rushes,
 how the mill roars on the ground;
I am as if drunk and disoriented;
O Muse, you have stirred my heart
With a breath of love!

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MAHLER

7 Urlicht (Des Knaben Wunderhorn) (The first 36 bars)

O Roeschen rot!
Der Mensch liegt in groesster Not!
Der Mensch liegt in groesster Pein!
Je lieber moecht' ich im Himmel sein.

Folksong collected by Brentano and Arnim

©Ahmed E. Ismail

Primal light

O little red rose,
Man lies in greatest need,
Man lies in greatest pain.
Ever would I prefer to be in heaven.

SCHUBERT

8 Lachen und Weinen D777, Op 59 No 4

Lachen und Weinen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb auf so mancherlei Grunde.
Morgens lacht' ich vor Lust;
Und warum ich nun weine
Bei des Abendes Scheine,
Ist mir selb' nicht bewusst.

Weinen und Lachen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb auf so mancherlei Grunde.
Abends weint' ich vor Schmerz;
Und warum du erwachen
Kannst am Morgen mit Lachen,
Muss ich dich fragen, o Herz.

Laughter and tears

Laughter and tears at any hour
Rest on love in so many ways.
In the morning I laugh for joy,
And why I now weep
In the evening glow,
Is something unknown to me.

Tears and laughter at any hour
Rest on love in so many ways.
In the evening I weep for sorrow;
And why you can awake
In the morning with laughter,
I must ask you, O my heart!

Rückert

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SCHUBERT

9 *Suleika II* D717, Op 31

*Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen
Was ich in der Trennung leide!*

*Die Bewegung deiner Flügel
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;
Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.*

*Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;
Ach, für Leid müßt' ich vergehen,
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.*

*Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.*

*Sag' ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.*

Willemer, adapted by Goethe

Suleika II

Ah, your damp wings,
West Wind, how much I envy you them;
For you can bring him tidings
Of what I suffer in our separation!

The movement of your wings
Awakens in my breast a silent longing;
Flowers, meadows, forests and hills
Stand in tears from your breath.

Yet your mild, gentle blowing
Cools my aching eyelids;
Ah, for sorrow I would die
If I could not hope to see him again.

Hurry then to my beloved -
Speak softly to his heart;
But don't distress him,
And conceal my pain.

Tell him, but tell him modestly,
That his love is my life,
And that a joyous sense of both
Will his presence give me.

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BRAHMS

10 *Wir wandelten* Op 96, No 2

*Wir wandelten, wir zwei zusammen,
Ich war so still und du so stille,
Ich gäbe viel, um zu erfahren,
Was du gedacht in jenem Fall.*

*Was ich gedacht, unausgesprochen verbleibe das!
Nur Eines sag' ich:
So schön war alles, was ich dachte,
So himmlisch heiter war es all'.*

*In meinem Haupte die Gedanken,
Die läuteten wie gold'ne Glöckchen:
So wundersüß, so wunderlieblich
Ist in der Welt kein and'rer Hall.*

Daumer, from the Hungarian

BRAHMS

11 *Botschaft* Op 47, No 1

(see track 4)

We wandered

We wandered together, the two of us,
I was so quiet and you so still,
I would give much to know
What you were thinking at that moment.

What I was thinking, let it remain unuttered!
Only one thing will I say:
So lovely was all that I thought -
So heavenly and fine was it all.

The thoughts in my head
Rang like little golden bells:
So marvellously sweet and lovely
That in the world there is no other echo.

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A message

(see track 4)

BRAHMS

12 *Auf dem See* Op 59, No 2

*Blauer Himmel, blaue Wogen,
Rebenhügel um den See,
Drüber blauer Berge Bogen
Schimmernd weiß im reinen Schnee.*

*Wie der Kahn uns hebt und wieget,
Leichter Nebel steigt und fällt,
Süßer Himmelsfriede lieget
Über der beglänzten Welt.*

*Stürmend Herz, tu auf die Augen,
Sieh umher und werde mild:
Glück und Friede magst du saugen
Aus des Doppelhimmels Bild.*

*Spiegelnd sieh die Flut erwidern
Turm und Hügel, Busch und Stadt,
Also spiegle du in Liedern,
Was die Erde Schönstes hat.*

Simrock

At the lake

Blue sky, blue waves;
Hills of vines around the lake;
Over there, the blue mountain's arches
Shimmer white in the pure snow.

As the boat lifts and rocks us,
A light mist rises and falls;
The sweet peace of Heaven lies
Over the radiant world.

Stormy heart, open your eyes,
Look around and become mild:
Draw happiness and peace
From the doubled image of Heaven.

Look how the reflecting water answers
Every tower and hill, bush and town;
Thus you reflect in song,
That which the earth holds most beautiful.

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BRAHMS

13 *Es schauen die Blumen* Op 96, No 3

*Es schauen die Blumen alle
Zur leuchtenden Sonne hinauf;
Es nehmen die Ströme alle
Zum leuchtenden Meere den Lauf.*

*Es flattern die Lieder alle
Zu meinem leuchtenden Lieb;
Nehmt mit meine Tränen und Seufzer,
Ihr Lieder, wehmütig und trüb!*

Heine

All the flowers gaze

All the flowers gaze
Up to the brilliant sun;
All the streams run
To the gleaming sea.

All songs flutter
To my bright love -
Take along with you my tears and sighs,
You songs so mournful and dreary!

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BRAHMS

14 *Der Jäger* Op 95, No 4

*Mein Lieb ist ein Jäger,
Und grün ist sein Kleid,
Und blau ist sein Auge,
Nur sein Herz ist zu weit*

*Mein Lieb ist ein Jäger,
Trifft immer ins Ziel,
Und Mädchen berückt er,
So viel er nur will.*

*Mein Lieb ist ein Jäger,
Kennt Wege und Spur,
Zu mir aber kommt er
Durch die Kirchtüre nur!*

Halm

The hunter

My love is a hunter,
And green is his clothing,
And blue are his eyes,
Only his heart is too open.

My love is a hunter:
He always hits his mark,
And he captivates the maidens,
As many as he wants.

My love is a hunter –
He knows all the paths and trails,
But to me he will come only
Through the door of the church!

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BRAHMS

15 *Ruhe, Süßliebchen, im Schatten* Op 33, No 9 (*Die schöne Magelone*)

*Ruhe, Süßliebchen, im Schatten
Der grünen, dämmernden Nacht:
Es säuselt das Gras auf den Matten,
Es fächelt und kühlt dich der Schatten
Und treue Liebe wacht.
Schlafe, schlaf ein,
Leiser rauscht der Hain,
Ewig bin ich dein.*

*Schweigt, ihr versteckten Gesänge,
Und stört nicht die süßeste Ruh!
Es lauschet der Vögel Gedränge,
Es ruhen die lauten Gesänge,
Schließ, Liebchen, dein Auge zu.
Schlafe, schlaf ein,
Im dämmernden Schein,
Ich will dein Wächter sein.*

*Murmelt fort, ihr Melodien,
Rausche nur, du stiller Bach.
Schöne Liebesphantasien
Sprechen in den Melodien,
Zarte Träume schwimmen nach.
Durch den flüsternden Hain
Schwärmen goldne Bienelein
Und summen zum Schlummer dich ein.*

Tieck

Rest, my love, in the shade

Rest, my love, in the shade
Of green, darkening night;
The grass rustles on the meadow,
The shadows fan and cool thee
And true love is awake.
Sleep, go to sleep!
Gently rustles the grove,
Eternally am I thine.

Hush, you hidden songs,
And disturb not her sweetest repose!
The flock of birds listens,
Stilled are their noisy songs.
Close thine eyes, my darling,
Sleep, go to sleep;
In the twilight
I will watch over thee.

Murmur on, you melodies,
Rush on, you quiet stream.
Lovely fantasies of love
Do these melodies evoke:
Tender dreams swim after them.
Through the whispering grove
Swarm tiny golden bees
Which hum thee to sleep.

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SCHUBERT

16 *Suleika I* D720, Op 14 No 1

*Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.*

*Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.*

*Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen
Kühlt such mir die heißen Wangen,
Küsst die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.*

*Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüße;
Eh noch diese Hügel düstern,
Grüssen mich wohl tausend Küsse.*

*Und so kannst du weiterziehen,
Diene Freunden und Betrübten.
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,
Find ich bald den Vielgeliebten.*

*Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebshauch, erfrischtes Leben
Wird mir nun an seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.*

Willemer, adapted by Goethe

Suleika I

What does the motion mean?
Does the East Wind bring glad tidings?
The refreshing movement of its wings
Chills the heart's deep wound.

It plays gently with the dust,
Chasing it into light clouds.
And drives the happy insect people
To the security of the vine-leaves.

It softly tempers the sun's incandescence,
And chills my hot cheeks,
As it flees it kisses the vines
Which are prominent on the fields and hills

And its soft whispering brings me
A thousand greetings from my friend;
Before these hills dim,
I will be greeted by a thousand kisses.

So as you go on your way
And serve friends and the saddened,
There where high walls glow,
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Oh, the true message of his heart,
Loves-breath, refreshing life
Comes only from his mouth,
Can be given to me only by his breath.

©Richard Morris

SCHUBERT

17 *Der Vollmond strahlt* D797, Op 26 No 3b
(Rosamunde)

*Der Vollmond strahlt auf Bergeshöhn –
Wie hab ich dich vermisst!
Du süßes Herz! es ist so schön,
Wenn treu die Treue küsst.*

*Was frommt des Maien holde Zier?
Du warst mein Frühlingsstrahl!
Licht meiner Nacht, o lächle mir
Im Tode noch einmal!*

*Sie trat hinein beim Vollmondschein,
Sie blickte himmelwärts:
"Im Leben fern, im Tode dein!"
Und sanft brach Herz an Herz.*

Von Chézy

The full moon shines on mountaintops

The full moon shines on mountaintops -
How badly I missed you!
Oh, heart, so sweet! How lovely it is
When faithfulness kisses truly.

What good is May's sweet loveliness?
You were my beam of vernal sun!
Light of my night, come, smile at me
In death just one more time.

She entered in the full moon's light,
She then looked heavenwards;
"Whilst living, far – in death I'm yours!"
And peacefully two hearts broke.

©Martin Stock

SCHUBERT

18 *Rastlose Liebe* D138, Op 5 No 1

*Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der Klüfte,
Durch Nebeldüfte,
Immer zu! Immer zu!
Ohne Rast und Ruh!*

*Lieber durch Leiden
Wollt ich mich schlagen,
Als so viel Freuden
Des Lebens ertragen.*

*Alle das Neigen
Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach, wie so eigen
Schaffet es Schmerzen!*

*Wie – soll ich fliehen?
Wälderwärts ziehen?
Alles, alles vergebens!
Krone des Lebens,
Glück ohne Ruh,
Liebe, bist du!*

Goethe

Restless love

To the snow, to the rain
To the wind opposed,
In the mist of the ravines
Through the scent of fog,
Always on! Always on!
Without rest and peace!

I would rather through suffering
Fight myself,
Than so many joys
Of life endure.

All the inclining
Of heart to heart,
Ah, how curiously
That creates pain!

Where shall I flee?
To the forest move?
All in vain!
Crown of life,
Happiness without peace,
Love, are you!

©Lynn Thompson

SCHUBERT

19 *Wasserflut* D911, Op 89 No 6 (Winterreise)

*Manche Trän' aus meinen Augen
Ist gefallen in den Schnee;
Seine kalten Flocken saugen
Durstig ein das heiße Weh.*

*Wenn die Gräser sprossen wollen
Weht daher ein lauer Wind,
Und das Eis zerspringt in Schollen
Und der weiche Schnee zerrinnt.*

*Schnee, du weißt von meinem Sehnen,
Sag', wohin doch geht dein Lauf?
Folge nach nur meinen Tränen,
Nimmst dich bald das Bächlein auf.*

*Wirst mit ihm die Stadt durchziehen,
Muntre Straßen ein und aus;
Fühlst du meine Tränen glühen,
Da ist meiner Liebsten Haus.*

Müller

Torrent

Many tears from my eyes
Have fallen into the snow;
Whose icy flakes thirstily drink
My burning grief.

When the grass begins to sprout,
A mild wind will blow there,
And the ice will break up
And the snow will melt.

Snow, you know my longing,
Tell me, to where will you run?
Just follow my tears
And then soon the brook will take you in.

It will take you through the town,
In and out of the lively streets.
When you feel my tears glow,
That will be my beloved's house.

©Arthur Rishi

SCHUBERT

20 *Die junge Nonne* D828, Op 43 No 1

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

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

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

*Ich harre, mein Heiland! Mit sehndem Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole die Braut,
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.
Horch,
friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein vom Turm!
Es lockt mich das süße Getöse
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höhn.*

Alleluja!

Craigher

The young nun

How loudly the howling wind roars
through the tree-tops!
The rafters rattle, the house shudders!
Thunder rolls, lightning flashes,
And the night is as dark as the grave!

All the same, ever all the same,
So it raged in me not long ago as well:
My life roared like the storm now,
My limbs trembled like the house now,
Love burst into flame, like the lightning now,
And my heart was as dark as the grave.

Now rage, you wild, powerful storm,
In my heart is peace; in my heart is calm.
The groom is awaited by the loving bride,
Cleansed by the purifying flames,
To eternal love betrothed.

I await you, my Saviour, with a yearning gaze!
Come, heavenly bridegroom, take your bride,
Rescue her soul from earthly imprisonment.
Listen:
the bell rings peacefully from the tower!
That sweet tone invites me overpoweringly
To eternal heights.

Halleluja!

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STANFORD

21 *La Belle Dame sans Merci*

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful, a fairy's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said –
'I love thee true.'

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dreamed – Ah! woe betide! –
The latest dream I ever dreamt
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried – 'La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Keats

RUBBRA

Three Psalms Op 61

22 Psalm 6

O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger,
Neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.
Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am weak:
O Lord, heal me; for my bones are vexed.
My soul is also sore vexed:
but thou, O Lord, how long?
Return, O Lord, deliver my soul:
Oh save me for thy mercies' sake.

For in death there is no remembrance of thee:
In the grave who shall give thee thanks?
I am weary with my groaning;
All the night make I my bed to swim;
I water my couch with [my] tears.

Mine eye is consumed with [because of] grief;
It waxeth old because of all mine enemies.
Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity;
For the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.
The Lord hath heard my supplication;
The Lord will receive my prayer.
Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed:
Let them return and be ashamed suddenly.

23 Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
For thou art with me; thy rod and [thy] staff
they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of my enemies: thou anointest my
head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life: and I will dwell in
the House of the Lord for ever.

24 Psalm 150

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise God in his sanctuary:
Praise Him in the firmament of his power.
Praise Him for his mighty acts:
Praise Him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet:
Praise Him with the psaltery and harp.
Praise Him with the timbrel and dance:
Praise Him with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise Him upon the loud cymbals:
Praise Him upon the high sounding cymbals.
Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord!

JACOBSON

25 Song of Songs

As the apple tree among the trees of the wood,
So is my beloved among the sons.
I sat down under his shadow with great delight
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.

He brought me to the banqueting house
And his banner over me was love.
Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples;
For I am sick from love.

The voice of my beloved!
Behold, he cometh leaping upon
The mountains, skipping upon the hills.
Rise up, my love, my fair one and come away,
For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
Arise [Rise up], my love, my fair one and come away.

My beloved is white and ruddy,
The chiefest among ten thousand.
His head is as the most fine gold,
His locks are bushy and black as a raven.
His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers
Of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set.

PARRY

26 Love is a bable, Op 152, No 3

Love is a bable,
No man is able
To say 'tis this or 'tis that;
So full of passion
Of sundry fashion,
'Tis like - I cannot tell what.

Love's fair in cradle,
Foul in fable,
'Tis either too cold or too hot;
An arrant liar,
Fed by desire,
It is and yet it is not.

Love is a fellow
Clad oft in yellow,
The canker-worm of the mind,
A privy mischief,
And such a sly thief
No man knows which way to find.

Love is a wonder
That's here and yonder,
As common to one as to moe;
A monstrous cheater,
Ev'ry man's debtor;
Hang him and so let him go.

His mouth is most sweet:
Yea, he is altogether lovely.
This is my beloved, and this is my friend,
O daughters of Jerusalem.

Set me as a seal upon thine heart,
As a seal upon thine arm:
For love is strong as death;
Jealousy is cruel as the grave:
The coals thereof are coals of fire,
Which hath a most vehement flame.

Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it.

From The Song of Solomon

Technical Note

The brevity and timing of Kathleen Ferrier's remarkable career were such that she left all too few recordings on her untimely death. It follows that anything which does exist is precious to us. All her commercial recordings have long since been issued, but there remain many broadcast recordings which have not seen the light of day until now. The reasons for this are largely technical. All save six of the items on this issue were recorded off the air from BBC transmissions on the Third Programme. Some were recorded by independent studios, others by amateur enthusiasts. The Third Programme had to make do with whichever frequencies were available after the requirements of the more popular Home Service and Light Programme had been met. In the anarchic state of European broadcasting which prevailed in the

years after the Second World War, interference from foreign stations was a perennial problem, especially after dark. This interference took the form of heterodyne whistles, which would wander up and down the frequency spectrum as transmitters drifted, and sometimes actual cross-modulation, where programme content from the interfering station was superimposed on the wanted signal. These problems were not finally solved until the introduction of VHF/FM broadcasting in 1954 – too late for Kathleen, alas.

The problems do not end there. The items issued here were all originally recorded on direct-cut lacquer discs, known as “acetates”. Although this system, carefully handled, could produce results superior to the very few contemporary tape recorders, the process was not foolproof – recording

time was restricted to four minutes a side at most; the absence of heated cutters meant that a groove could easily become noisy; and the heavy pickups of the time ensured that an acetate suffered wear every time it was played. In addition, Kenneth Leech's equipment, which recorded nearly half of the items presented here, had poor speed stability, which could cause disturbing variations of pitch in the reproduction. And this before age caused the lacquer to harden and become noisy, and perhaps develop deposits of “white stuff” (actually palmitic acid residue), which give a cyclic swish like sandpaper, quite apart from any scratches, scuffs or gouges the discs had managed to acquire in the course of seven decades.

Given access to an acetate disc, it is possible to ameliorate these problems by various treatments and techniques, but this was not available for any of the items in this issue, although I

took care to seek out the best transfers available from the BBC and the British Library. In the case of the BBC, the originals no longer exist, whilst the discs held in the British Library are regarded, rightly, as historically significant artefacts in themselves, only to be handled in exceptional circumstances. Thus, I had to deal with the various problems at one remove, as it were.

Fortunately, the toolbox now available to the advanced sound restoration engineer is pretty comprehensive. Software can deal pretty well with impulsive and continuous noise (clicks, crackle and hiss), and manual retouching is possible of those disturbances not removed by the real-time processes. A recent introduction is practical and robust software to deal with speed, and hence pitch, variations, and it is this one development which arguably has made this issue possible.

Once the real-time CEDAR noise-reduction software had done its work, the major task of this project began – the removal of large clicks, thumps, swishes, heterodynes and interference, which had to be tackled individually, by hand – about ten thousand disturbances, all told. A dance band had to be evicted from one track, what sounded like the ghost of Fats Waller’s piano from another, and Morse transmissions from several more. Each excision had to be made with the greatest care to avoid damage to the wanted signal as far as possible. Careless use of such powerful tools can quickly wreak havoc – delicacy of touch had to be the watchword. The careful application of CEDAR Respeed stabilised the pitch and timing errors. Setting the correct pitch for some tracks involved patient investigation and experiment. Butt changeovers between sides, some in the middle of notes, never mind bars, were a source of great amusement. And

so on...the toll in coffee and blasphemy can be imagined – one particularly awkward ten-second section took about three hours to clear up – but, like the excavation of buried treasure with the successive use of digger, trowel and paintbrush, it was thrilling to see hours of exacting toil gradually return some magical performances to human ken.

I grew up with Kathleen’s voice in my ears, and to retrieve this material for a new audience has been at once a privilege and one of the biggest challenges of my career. If I have proven equal to it, you will quickly forget my labours and become enthralled by the performances. One thing I do know, though – as Our Kath might have said, “I’ve had a bludy good try!”

Ted Kendall



Kathleen Ferrier accompanied by Bruno Walter at the Edinburgh Festival.

Photograph: Norward Inglis