

ARIADNE 5001

Carole Farley soprano · José Serebrier conductor
London Philharmonic Orchestra · Philharmonia Orchestra*

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Orchestrations: [2], [4]-[8], [15]-[22]: Serebrier · [11]-[14]: Söderlind · [9]: Byl · [23]: Reger

Sung in Norwegian – booklet contains English translations

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Carole Farley
sings
GRIEG SONGS

London Philharmonic
Orchestra
Philharmonia Orchestra

José Serebrier



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The songs of Grieg

Although Grieg's popularity today rests mainly upon several of his orchestral works (together with many of his shorter solo piano pieces and one or two of his chamber works) we should note that he composed 180 songs and almost 60 choral works, excluding his various folk-song arrangements. These works appeared throughout his life, from Op. 2 to Op. 70, and, in all, Grieg's songs form in many ways the most significant part of his musical output.

As Beryl Foster, one of the world's leading authorities on Grieg's songs, has commented [in *The Songs of Edvard Grieg* (Second, revised edition, Boydell & Brewer 2007)]: "Grieg wrote songs in the distinctive Scandinavian style, the romanse, a particular type of lyric song characterized by its mainly strophic form, a straightforward melodic line, a rather formulated emotional content and the largely supportive role of the piano accompaniment". Foster has also pointed out that "it is no small miracle that Grieg's life should have coincided with the lives of [Henrik] Ibsen and [Bjørnstjerne] Bjørnson, and of [Aasmund Olavsson] Vinje and [Arne] Garborg, who wrote in *landsmål*, the literary language based on Norwegian dialects".

It was through his settings of Vinje and Garborg especially that Grieg can be said to have achieved some of his greatest song-settings. It would appear that he resorted to the language, as Foster further observes, "at times of stress in his life and empathized with those writers who were struggling to create a national language, as he was trying to create a basis for a national music. In several of the

Twelve Songs, Op. 33, he matches Vinje's long lines with soaring and flowing melodies, but nowhere better than in the second of them, 'Våren' (The Spring)".

With regard to Grieg's word-setting, it is clear both that he had a natural ability for and took great pains over it. He summed up his approach to song-writing in a letter to his early biographer, the American writer Henry Finck, in 1903: "For me, it is important when I compose songs, not first and foremost to make music, but above all to give expression to the poet's innermost intentions. To let the poem reveal itself and to intensify it, that was my task".

Grieg's selection of poetry almost always reflected his current mood or situation. Beryl Foster has pointed out that "in his early composing days in Copenhagen, where he met many like-minded young people and his future wife, it was H.C. Andersen's light-hearted and lyrical poetry that attracted him, one result of which was the now world-famous *Jeg elsker Dig!* (I Love You)".

Grieg was also a great master in the use of preludes and postludes, as was his idol, Robert Schumann. Nonetheless, as Beryl Foster has well said, "it is the words which are of supreme importance and the vocal line remains paramount. The accompaniments are never truly independent and the melodic line is almost always diatonic, while any chromatic movement and dissonance used to underline the text are kept largely to the accompaniment and, in particular, to the inner parts".

From 1870 to 1874, Grieg worked closely with Bjørnson, producing the incidental music to *Sigurd Jorsalfar*, and *Landkjenning* (Sighting of Land), Op. 31 for baritone

solo, two male-voice choirs and orchestra. Another work, written with the baritone voice in mind, which comes from slightly later than this period, is *The Mountain Thrall* – a short cantata, Op. 32, originally for baritone solo and small orchestra of two horns and strings. In this recording, however, we hear the first-ever version of this work for female voice and a much larger orchestra. It makes a very dramatic and eminently convincing addition to the soprano repertoire.

Between 1870-72, Grieg had also set some of Bjørnson's lyrical poetry, most notably the Four Songs, Op. 21, after the novel *Fiskerjenten* (The Fisher Girl). One of this group, 'Det første møde' (The First Meeting), has claim to be considered Grieg's "first truly great song", as Beryl Foster has justly observed.

As Foster has written in *Grieg the Song Composer – An Introduction* [published by the Grieg Society of Great Britain in *The Grieg Companion* Volume I (1996)]: "Later in the 1870s, when he had lost both his parents within a short time and when his marriage was going through a very unsettled period, it was Ibsen's short, darker verse that appealed. Undoubtedly, he saw echoes of his own life in *Spillemænd* (Minstrels), based on a familiar Norwegian legend of a musician who is taught great powers of expression by a water sprite, only to find himself having to repay the debt with his own happiness. To some extent, the legend of the swan singing only when dying is a similar idea, and in 'En svane' (A Swan; Op. 25 No. 2) Grieg matches Ibsen's masterly aphoristic lines with a striking and mature musical restraint".

The songs of Grieg are almost invariably highly personal, thereby reflecting many of his deepest feelings; he himself claimed, on more than one occasion,

though without using precisely the same phrase, that some were "written with my heart's blood". It is a pity that many of these magnificent songs have fallen into a most unjust neglect in recent years. The best of them are by no means inferior to the greatest songs by any composer of the 19th century.

Nicholas York



A Note on the Orchestrations

It is surprising that, given Grieg's propensity for orchestrating his piano works, and of making solo piano pieces out of several of his songs, he only orchestrated a handful of his more than 180 songs. The plan to orchestrate a collection of his other songs came about owing to the scarcity of other orchestrations of them, and a worldwide search for suitable orchestrations yielded only very few. However, these included, from the Norwegian Music Information Centre in Oslo, the set of Op. 48 songs and the magnificent orchestration by Max Reger of 'Eros', Op. 70 No. 1, together with (in the BBC Library) the splendid and very rare orchestration of 'Eit Syn', Op. 33 No. 6, by Frederick Byl.

Realising that Grieg's songs constitute some of his most exquisite works, I took great care to orchestrate them idiomatically. Some of the orchestrations we found in libraries varied from stock versions for radio orchestras to overblown and bombastic scores of almost Wagnerian proportions. Mindful of Grieg's comment that Anton Seidl's orchestrations of four of the Op. 54 Lyric Pieces in 1895 as a wholly unauthorised *Norwegian Suite* (which was premiered under Seidl by the

New York Philharmonic) were not at all to Grieg's liking – too “Wagnerian” in fact – I felt it essential to stay with the spirit as well as the letter of the music, and to use only the instruments dictated by the character of each song.

Although Grieg often said that all of his songs were inspired by his wife Nina's singing, his collection of Six Songs, Op. 48, was dedicated to the singer Ellen Gulbranson, then becoming known for her Wagnerian roles. This might give an indication of the type of voice Grieg was looking for – not the orchestral sound. Towards the end of his life, although Grieg had accompanied Ellen in several recitals of his songs, it seems that he admired very few singers, and said, in a letter to Max Abraham in 1895, “her voice is almost too big for piano accompaniment”.

There has been a tendency of late to perform Grieg songs with a white, sometimes vibrato-less tone, which was not at all the case when [Kirsten] Flagstad used to sing them. They were a speciality of this great singer, and she rendered them as warm, full-blooded songs. Nevertheless, these are universal songs that can withstand many individual interpretative approaches.

My choice of songs for orchestration was dictated primarily by the character of the writing. In most cases, the orchestration seemed so obvious, it almost literally jumped out of the page. The first two I attempted were the everlasting ‘Zur Rosenzeit’, Op. 48 No. 5, and ‘Moderen synger’, Op. 60 No. 2, where the simple accompaniments seemed to require only strings. I continued with the remaining three songs of Op. 60 and a representative wide-ranging group taken from various periods of his composing life, in which small but subtle differences

in orchestration give each of the songs their own special colour and character. I also orchestrated the five remaining songs from the Ibsen group, Op. 25 – of which Grieg had orchestrated only one, No. 2, ‘En svane’ – and although I varied the orchestrations of this group, Grieg's own orchestral demands in ‘En svane’: one oboe, two bassoons, two horns, harp and strings, formed the basis for my instrumentation.

The first four of Ragnar Söderlind's recent orchestrations of the Six German Songs, Op. 48, proved eminently suitable for our purposes, except that the last two, calling for a fuller orchestra, I considered to be larger than the more intimate palette required. For ‘Zur Rosenzeit’ I used only strings, and for ‘Ein Traum’ I called for the maximum ‘basic’ orchestration of two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, harp and strings.

José Serebrier

Production Manager: H  l  ne Aim   · Norwegian language coach: Sonya Nerdrum
Musical Assistants: Dan Wanner and Mary Nash

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DINEMEC CLASSICS was produced by Paul Sutin and the internationally recognised sound engineers Anthony Howell and Richard Millard. Based in Switzerland and founded by the composer, musician and producer Paul Sutin, the Legend Classics recording method used in this recording is the result of extensive research and development in advanced High-Resolution recording technology designed for pure and accurate sound reproduction.

1 Solveigs Vuggevisen (Peer Gynt)

(Henrik Ibsen)

*Sov du, dyreste Gutten min!
Jeg skal vugge dig, jeg skal våge.*

*Gutten har siddet på sin Moders Fang,
De to har leget hele Livsdagen lang.*

*Gutten har hvilet ved sin Moders Bryst
hele Livsdagen lang. Gud signe dig, min Lyst!*

*Gutten har ligget til mit Hjerte tæt
hele Livsdagen lang. Nu er han så træt.*

*Sov du, dyreste Gutten min! Sov! Sov!
Jeg skal vugge dig, jeg skal våge. Sov! Sov!*

Sex Digte af Henrik Ibsen, Op. 25

2 1. Spillemand

*Til hende stod mine tanker
hver en sommerlys nat
Men vejen den bar til elven
i det duggede orekrat.*

Solveig's Cradle Song (Peer Gynt)

(Henrik Ibsen)

Rest in slumber, my dearest lad!
I will rock you and I will guard you.

Sitting on mother's lap, content to play,
my boy has been with me the whole live-long day.

Calmly he lay upon his mother's breast
all the whole live-long day. God grant you blessed rest!

Close to my heart my boy has safely lain
all the whole live-long day. Now he is so weary.

Rest in slumber, my darling boy! Rest! Rest!
I will rock you and I will guard you. Rest! Rest!

Six Songs by Henrik Ibsen, Op. 25

1. Fiddlers

My dreams were of my beloved
through the warm summer night,
but by the river I wander'd
in an eerie and pale moonlight.

*Hej, kjender du gru og sange,
kan du kogle den deiligens sind,
Så i store kirker og sale
hun mener at følge dig ind!*

*Jeg maned den våde af dybet;
han spilled mig bent fra Gud,
Men da jeg var bleven hans mester,
var hun min broders brud.*

*I store kirker og sale
mig selv jeg spilled ind,
Og fossens gru og sange
veg aldrig fra mit sind,
veg aldrig fra mit sind.*

3 2. En svane

*Min hvide svane
du stumme, du stille,
hverken slag eller trille
lod sangrøst ane.*

*Angst beskyttende
alfen, som sover,
altid lyttende
gled du henover.*

Heigh, do you know song and terror?
Can you dazzle the heart of the fair,
that in mighty halls and cathedrals
she'll covet and follow you there?

I conjur'd the sprite of the waters;
he lur'd me to regions wide,
but when that dread sprite I had master'd,
she was my brother's bride!

In mighty halls and cathedrals
I fiddled tunes refin'd,
but evil songs and horror
were ever in my mind,
were ever in my mind.

2. A Swan

How still, my white swan,
your silence unbroken;
never a sound to foretoken
your bright voice, my mute one.

Anxious guardian
over elves, which lie sleeping,
always listening,
over deep waters sweeping.

*Men sidste mødet,
da eder og øjne
var lønlige løgne,
ja da, da lød det!*

*I toners føden
du sluttet din bane.
Du sang i døden;
du var dog en svane!*

4 3. Stambogsgrim

*Jeg kaldte dig mit lykkebud;
Jeg kaldte dig min stjerne.
Du blev da også, sandt for Gud,
Et lykkebud, der gik gik ud;
En stjerne, ja, et stjernesked,
Der slukned i det fjerne.*

5 4. Med en vandlije

*Se, Marie, hvad jeg bringer;
blomsten med de hvide vinger.
På de stille strømme båren
svam den drømmetung i våren.*

At our last meeting,
your guise of white beauty
belied this last duty:
to trumpet your song, then!

In birth, your singing
marked life's journey ended.
True swan, in death winging
your song came, so splendid!

3. Album Lines

I christen'd you joy's harbinger,
my shining star forever,
but sadly you became for me
a happiness that could not be,
a pale star flick'ring helplessly
while fading in the nether.

4. With a Water-lily

See, Maria, what I'm bringing,
flow'r with snow-white petals clinging,
on the water gently streaming
it contentedly lay dreaming.

*Vil du den til hjemmet vie
fæst den på dit bryst, Marie;
bag dens blade da sig dølge
vil en dyp og stille bølge.*

*Vogt dig, barn, for tjernets strømme.
Farligt, farligt der at drømme!
Nøkken lader som han sover;
liljer leger ovenover.*

*Barn, din barm er tjernets strømme.
Farligt, farligt der at drømme;
liljer leger ovenover;
nøkken lader som han sover.*

*Se, Marie, hvad jeg bringer;
blomsten med de hvide vinger.
På de stille strømme båren
svam den drømmetung i våren.*

6 5. Borte

*De sidste gæster
vi fulgte til grinden;
farvellets rester
tog nattevinden*

Sweet Maria, if you want it
on your bosom you shall flaunt it.
'Neath its petals will be hiding
waves that on the stream were gliding.

Child, beware that current streaming;
perils threaten one who's dreaming!
Watersprites pretend to slumber,
the lilies lie on the surface.

In thy heart stirs flowing water,
danger lurks, my trusting daughter!
Lilies frolic without number,
watersprites pretend to slumber.

See, Maria, what I'm bringing,
flow'r with snow-white petals clinging.
On the water gently streaming
it contentedly lay dreaming.

5. Departed

The party ended,
the last farewells spoken,
the mirth suspended,
the silence unbroken.

*I tifold øde
lå haven og huset,
hvor toner søde
mig nys berused.*

*Det var en fest kun
før natten den sorte;
hun var en gæst kun,
og nu er hun borte.*

7 6. En fuglewise

*Vi gik en dejlig vårdag
alleen op og ned;
lokkende som en gåde
var det forbudne sted.*

*Og vestenvinden vifted;
og himlen var så blå;
i linden sad en fuglemor
og sang for sine små.*

*Jeg malte digterbilleder
med legende farve spil;
to brune øjne lyste
og lo og lytted til.*

An empty sadness
upon me descending,
no sound of gladness
the night air rending

'Twas but an evening
with friends all light-hearted;
she set me dreaming,
now she has departed.

6. A Bird-Song

One lovely day in springtime
we strolled the avenue,
thinking again to savour
our secret rendezvous.

The west wind blew so gently,
the sky was ocean blue,
above us flew a mockingbird
and sang its "loo-la-loo".

We fashioned plans as lovers do,
we vowed we would never depart.
I told you that I loved you,
you promised me your heart.

*Over os kan vi høre
hvor det tisker og ler;
men vi, vi tog et smukt farvel,
of mødtes aldrig mer.*

*Og nar jeg ensom driver
alleen op og ned,
så har for de fjærede småfolk
jeg aldrig ro og fred.*

*Fru spurv har siddet og lyttet,
mens vi troskyldigt gik,
og gjort om os en vise
og sat den i musik.*

*Den er i fuglemunde;
thi under løvets tag
hver næbbet sanger nynner om
hin lyse forårsdag.*

High in the tree above us,
hark! a chirping refrain;
we kissed but once and said farewell,
and never met again.

Now as alone I wander
along the avenue,
those twittering, feathery creatures
my every step pursue.

It seems a gossipy sparrow
was listening as we spoke;
she made a song about us
just for the feathered folk.

Now all the birds have learned it,
it's one they love to sing;
and every tree top tells the tale
of that sweet day in spring.

8 Den Bertekne, Op. 32

(Norsk folkevise)

*Eg for vilt i veduskogin
kringum ein elvesteine,
jutuldottri narrad meg,
eg fann inkji vegin heim.*

*Eg for vilt i veduskogin
kringum ein elverunne,
jutuldottri narrad meg,
eg hev inkji vegin funnid.*

*Eg hev vorrid med jutulen
og jutulen etter meg rann,
gjentunn sa' eg lokkad dei,
um eg dei aldri fann.*

*Eg hev vorrid med jutulen
og jutulen etter meg låg,
gjentunn sa' eg lokkad dei,
um eg dei aldri såg.*

*Fiskin uti fagran vatni
og sildi søkir hav,
mangein helsar mågin sin
og veit så litid af.*

The Mountain Thrall, Op. 32

(From Old Norse)

I got lost in the dark forest
near an elven-stone;
the *Jutul's daughters tricked me;
I cannot find the way home.

I got lost in the dark forest
by a rune-stone;
the Jutul's daughters tricked me;
I have not found the path.

I have been with the Jutul
and the Jutul chased me;
the girls said I enticed them,
although I could never find them.

I have been with the Jutul,
and the Jutul pursued me;
the girls said I enticed them,
although I never saw them.

The fish out in the beautiful water
and the herring seeking the sea,
many of them may greet their fellows
and not realise it.

*Fiskin uti fagran vatni
og ikonn up i tre,
alle så heve dei makamann,
men ingin så heve eg!*

*Eg for vilt i veduskogin
kringum ein elvesteine,
jutuldottri narrad meg,
eg fann inkji vegin heim.*

[* The Jutul is a very aggressive giant, believed to live inside a mountain.]

9 Eit Syn, Op. 33 No. 6

(Aasmund Olavsson Vinje)

*Ei Gjente eg såg som gjorde meg fjåg,
det var, som eg det skulde drøyma.
Eg såg meg så sæl, eg minnest det vel:
eg aldri det kjem til å gløyma.*

*Som nagla eg stod og raudna som Blod,
det gjekk for Øyra mit som Lundar;
eg såg henne der, eg såg henne der,
eg såg henne best når eg blundar.*

Fish out in the beautiful water
and the squirrel up in the tree,
all have their kin,
but I have no-one!

I got lost in the dark forest
near an elven-stone;
the Jutul's daughters tricked me.
I cannot find the way home.

A Vision, Op. 33 No. 6

(Aasmund Olavsson Vinje)

A maid pass'd me by, who captur'd my eye,
it was as if I had been dreaming.
With heart unafraid I fancied that maid;
I'll never forget her smile beaming.

Immobile I stood, as if carv'd from wood,
I blush'd, my ears then started ringing;
I saw her so near, I held her so dear,
in dreams her bright image comes winging.

*Om Let og om Lag og Andletets Drag,
og all henar Venleik og Sæla,
og Augo, som brann, eg seia ei kann:
eg ser det, men kan ikkje mæla.*

*Eg fær det vel sjå, men aldri kan få!
Kvi syna seg for meg ho turvte?
So ljøs og so rein som Soli ho skein,
men burte og burte og burte!*

10 *Fra Monte Pincio, Op. 39 No. 1*
(Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson)

*Aftenen kommer, Solen står Fra Monterød,
farvende Stråler i Rummet henskyllte
Lyslængselns Glans i uendelig Fylde,
Fjeldet forklares som Åsyn i Død.*

*Kuplerne gløder, men længere borte
Tågen langs Markernes blålige Sorte
vugger opover som Glæmselen før,
over hin Dal dækker tusind Års Slør.*

*Aftnen, hvor rød og varm,
blusser af Folkelarm,
glødende Hornmusik,
Blomster og brune Blik.*

Her features, her ways, and glance, how it plays,
all charm and light grace I'll ascribe her,
her eyes how they burn, I only can yearn;
words fail my desire to describe her.

All hope I resign, she'll never be mine!
How could she now from me be banished?
So clearly she shone, my sun, she alone,
but vanish'd, but vanish'd, but vanish'd!

From Monte Pincio, Op. 39 No. 1
(Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson)

Setting sun glowing, evening is nigh;
warm, gentle rays from the heavens descending
shower the earth with a radiance unending,
soft gleams the mountain 'gainst blue evening sky.

Roof-tops illumined, but off in the valley
dark churning fogbanks beginning to rally
cover a land whose great caesars and seers
governed the world for a thousand long years.

Eventide, filled with life!
Hear the drum! Hear the fife!
Laughing and loving sighs,
flowers and teasing eyes.

*Tankerne stræber i Farver og Toner
trofast mod det, som forsoner.*

*Aftnen, hvor rød og varm,
blusser af Folkelarm,
glødende Hornmusik,
Blomster og brune Blik.*

*Stille det bliver, en dunklere blå,
Himmelen våger
og venter op un der
Fortid, som blunder
og Fremtid som stunder,
usikre Blus i det rugende Grå.*

*Men det vil samle sig; Roma fremstige
lystændt en Nat for Italiens Rige,
Klokkerne kime, Kanonerne slå,
Minderne flamme på Fremtidens Blå.*

*Yndigt om Håb og Tro,
Op mod Nygifte To
jubler en Sanger til
Cither og Fløjtespil.*

*Stærkere Længsler får
barnesød Hvile,
mindre tør vågne
og smile.*

Thoughts intermingling as memory invites them,
faithful to that which unites them.

Eventide, filled with life!
Hear the drum! Hear the fife!
Laughing and loving sighs,
flowers and teasing eyes.

Hush to the stillness as darkness descends;
heaven o'er-arching
is watching and waiting,
biding the future
that time is creating,
stirrings of hope a new vision portend.

Surely the day will dawn; Rome will awaken,
city eternal, too long left forsaken;
bells will be tolling, and cannon will roar!
Rome will be greater than Rome was before!

Hark to the minstrel's call:
Courage, young lovers all!
Hear the band, hear the lute,
zither and piping flute.

Longings profound now
recede from my fancy
lighter thoughts waken
to dancing.

Seks Sange, Op. 48

11 1. Hilsen

(Heinrich Heine)

*Lifligt rører du, min Sang.
Hjertets sagte Streng,
Drag kun du din Forårsgang
over Vang og Vænge.*

*Lad Violenes fine Skær
Vej til Huset vise,
finder du en Rose der,
hende skal du prise,
finder du en Rose der,
hende skal du prise.*

12 2. Jeg ved, min Tanke, ved

(Emanuel Geibel)

*Jeg ved, min Tanke, ved:
du skal få Fred!
Vil Elskovsglød dig Ro ej unde,
du svalt skal blunde i Jordens Skjød,
hvor udens Håb og uden Frygt
du sover trygt.*

Six Songs, Op. 48

1. Greeting

(Heinrich Heine)

Lovely sounds gently pass
through my mind,
ring, little spring song,
ring out into the distance.

Go as far as the house
where the violets are blooming;
if you see a rose,
say I send her greetings,
if you see a rose,
say I send her greetings.

2. One Day, O Heart of Mine

(Emanuel Geibel)

One day, O heart of mine,
rest thou shalt find.
In life unblest, by passion driven,
from life once riven thou shalt find rest.
Nor love nor pain are longer thine,
rest thou shalt find.

*Hvad du i Livet aldrig har fundet,
når det ersvundet, blir det dig givet,
og Såret lukkes og uden Frygt
du sover trygt.*

13 3. Verdens Gang

(Ludwig Uhland)

*Når Kvelden kommer,
vanker jeg udover Mark og Sti;
hun står i Haven hvor min
Vej just falder tæt forbi.
Vi skikked aldrig Berv og Bud,
men Verdens Gang ser sådan ud,
men Verdens Gang ser sådan ud.*

*Jeg ved vist ej, hvordan det var,
jeg kyssed hende, jeg.
Jeg spurgte ej, der kom ej Svar,
ej ja og aldrig nej.
Vi syntes blot,
at Mund ved Mund
vi havde ret en dejlig Stund.*

Thy fruitless yearning, thy hopes untended,
when life is ended will cease their burning.
No more shall sorrow or pain be thine:
rest thou shalt find.

3. The Way of the World

(Ludwig Uhland)

Each evening as the shadows fall,
and night is drawing nigh,
I saunter past the garden wall,
and lo! a maid I spy.
It's quite by chance, no plans we've laid,
It's just the way the world is made.
(It's just the way the world is made.)

I know not when it first occurred:
I pressed her lips to mine;
I cannot say that she concurred,
but nor did she decline.
When eager lips met ardently
we thought it best to let them be.
(We thought it best to let them be.)

*I Luftens Leg med Rosen ej der spørges:
"er du min?"*

*Ej Rosen, når den svaler sig
i Duggen, sukker: "din!"*

*Jeg elsker og hun elsker mig,
men Ingen sa': "Jeg elsker dig!"
men Ingen sa': "Jeg elsker dig!"*

The wind cavorts with roses fair
and asks not for their vow;
the rose delights in dawn's bright air and
says not, and "please allow".
Our love is true, no need to fear,
no need to say, "I love you, dear".
(No need to say, "I love you, dear".)

*Ingen skal vide, Ingen vide!
Forbyde Gyd, jeg skammed mig!
Timerne glide, Timer glide,
men Ingen ved, kun han og jeg:
thi den Små som sang ved Kveld,
Tandaradei! Tandaradei!
Nattergalen tier vel.*

All that transpired I'm not revealing,
you may suppose I lost my head;
my love and I our lips are sealing,
we know how quickly rumours spread!
And that little bird that cries:
Tandaradei! Tandaradei!
Surely he has closed his eyes!

14 4. Nattergalen

(Walter von der Vogelweide)

*Langt under Linde sad vi begge,
der sad vi lung bag Løv og Lund;
hvilte bag hvide, friske Hæge på
Vårens unge Blomsterbund.
Sagte, sødt i Skog og Dal.
Tandaradei! Tandaradei!
sang en liden Nattergal.*

*Over det bløde Grønsvær gik jeg,
min Hjertesven på Engen stod;
det var et Møde! Velkomst fik jeg
som varder Adel i mit Blod.
Om sin Mund til Kys han bød?
Tandaradei! Tandaradei!
Se, hvor er min Læbe rød!*

4. The Nightingale's Secret

(Walter von der Vogelweide)

Off in the meadow, close by the river,
I and my love did pass the hours;
there in the shade where willows quiver
we sat entwined 'midst summer's flowers.
Clouds through azure skies did sail.
Tandaradei! Tandaradei!
sang a little nightingale.

Walking alone, I met my lover,
gladly he came to meet me there;
beaming, my face with kisses he'd cover,
boldly his love he would declare.
Did he hold me close as well?
Tandaradei! Tandaradei!
That I know but cannot tell.

15 5. I Rosentiden

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

*Mine Roser mer ej gløder,
thi min Elskte bar dem ej;
visner, ak! hos mig som bløder
på en ensom, nøgen Vej.*

*Grant jeg ser i Slør af Sorgen
Dagens Glans, da du blev min,
ser den første Vårens Morgen,
da den første Knop blev din.*

*Tunge Kranse, rige Ranker,
Elkste, for din Fod jeg bar,
for dit Åsyn Håbet banker,
Hjertet læste der sit Svar.*

5. The Time of Roses

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

How you faded, lovely roses,
when my darling went away;
every bud in sorrow closes,
petals wither and decay.

Ah, now I recall with yearning
our first tender, warm embrace;
now each sign of spring's returning
calls to mind your precious face.

Every petal, every flower
humbly at your feet I laid;
in that fragrant garden bower
homage to my queen I paid.

*Mine Roser mer ej gløder,
thi min Elskte bar dem ej;
visner, ak! hos mig som bløder
på en ensom, nøgen Vej.*

How you faded, lovely roses,
when my darling went away;
every bud in sorrow closes,
petals wither and decay.

*O Mødestund i Skogens Bryn,
med Vårens lyse, lette Tag!
Der blev min Dag et Drømmesyn.
der blev min Drøm en dejlig Dag!*

Ah, woodland with your flowing stream,
forever will I cherish you;
once you were but a lovely dream,
but life has made my dream come true!

16 6. Ein Traum

(Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt)

*Jag så engang i Drømmesyn
en dejlig Mø så fin og skær;
vi sad i Skogens lyse Bryn
imellem Vårens unge Trær.*

6. A Dream

(Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt)

One night I had a lovely dream:
my arms embraced a maiden fair;
we walked beside a woodland stream,
the scent of spring was in the air.

17 Til Norge, Op. 58 No. 2

*Du er min mor, jeg elsker dig,
dermed er alting sagt!
Du fødte mig, du plejede mig,
holdt om min barndom vagt.
Du er min mor, jeg elsker dig,
dermed er alting sagt!*

To the Motherland, Op. 58 No. 2

Dear motherland, I cherish you,
I'll love you till life's ending.
You nurtur'd me, you shelter'd me,
my ev'ry need attending.
Dear motherland, I cherish you,
I'll love you till life's ending.

*Og Knoppen brast og Elven sprang,
den fjerne Landsbys Larm og Lyd
ind til os i vor Løvsal klang,
hvor vi sad gjemt i salig Fryd.*

Beside the brook fair flowers grew,
afar we heard the church bells chime;
our hearts over-flowed with rapture true,
'twas like an endless summertime.

18 Prinsessen, EG 133

(Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson)

*Prinsessen sad højt i sit Jomfrubur.
Smaagutten gik nede og blæste paa Lur.
"Hvi blæser du altid, ti stille, du Smaa,
det hæfter min Tanke, som vide vil gaa
nu, når Sol går ned."*

The Princess, EG 133

(Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson)

The princess looked down from her lofty height,
a lad stood there playing in evening's soft light.
"O why must you blow on your horn, silly boy,
I want just to dream, and my thoughts you annoy,
as the sun goes down".

*Men meget mer end Drømmesyn
blev Livet selv en dejlig Dag.
Det var i Skovens lyse Bryn
og under Vårens lette Tag.*

But fairer still than any dream,
a waking joy beyond compare:
we truly walked beside a stream
when scent of spring was in the air.

*Prinsessen sad højt i sit Jomfrubur,
Smaagutten lod vaere at blæse paa Lur.
"Hvi tier du stille, blæs mere, du Smaa,
det løfter min Tanke som vide vil gaa,
nu, når Sol går ned."*

The princess looked down from her lofty height,
the lad had ceased playing in evening's soft light.
"Why stand you in silence, play on, silly boy,
the sound suits my dreaming, your tunes I enjoy,
as the sun goes down".

*Og Elven sprang, og Knoppen brast,
og alt var fjernt, kun du var nær;
Og veg min Barm jeg holdt dig fast
Nu slipper jeg dig aldrig mer!*

Beside the brook fair flowers grew,
while overhead the birds did soar;
my loving arms enfolded you,
we pledged our love for evermore!

*Prinsessen sad højt i sit Jomfrubur,
Smaagutten tog atter og blæste paa Lur.
Da græd hun i Aften og sukkede ud:
"O sig mig, hvad er det mig fejler, min Gud!"
Nu gik Solen ned.*

The princess looked down from her lofty height,
The horn again sounded in evening's soft light.
Then weeping and trembling she uttered a cry:
"O why am I filled with such sadness, God, why?"
And the sun went down.

*Liden Kirsten løste sit gule Hår
og gik tilro i sin Kove.
Liden Kirsten folded de Hænder små,
mens Gjøgen gol udi Skove,
mens Gjøgen gol udi Skove.*

Little Kirsten loosen'd her golden braids
and went to bed close on midnight.
Little Kirsten folded her slender hands
while cuckoos moan'd in the moonlight,
while cuckoos moan'd in the moonlight.

Fem Digte af Vilhelm Krag, Op. 60 Five songs by Vilhelm Krag, Op. 60

19 1. Liden Kirsten

*Liden Kirsten hun sad så silde,
mens Gjøgen gol udi grønne Skov.
Liden Kirsten nynnede en vise,
imens hun sit Brudelin vov,
imens hun sit Brudelin vov.*

*Liden Kirsten hun sad ved sit Vindve
og så på sin Ring af Guld,
skotted nedad sit sorte Skjørt
og smilte så tankefuld.*

*Liden Kirsten lagde sit Hoved tilro
på armens snehvide Lin.
Og Hæggen dufted, mens Kirsten
drømte om Kjæresten sin.*

1. Little Kirsten

Little Kirsten sat late one evening,
while cuckoos moan'd in the forest green.
And she humm'd while sitting there
weaving a veil of the loveliest sheen,
a veil of the loveliest sheen.

Little Kirsten, she sat by the window
and gaz'd at her ring of gold,
smil'd face glowing with wonderment,
imagining joys untold.

Little Kirsten, clad in her handwoven garb,
reclin'd her head in her arms.
The air grew fragrant as Kirsten dream'd
of her lover's sweet charms.

20 2. Moderen synger

*Gretchen ligger i Kiste
dybt i den sorte Muld.
Gav jeg hende en Kyse,
foret med røden Guld.*

*Sænked i sorten Kiste
Gretchen så skjær og fin.
Lade kolde små Hænder
over det hvide Lin.*

*Ene i Natten jeg sidder,
Stormene går over Hav,
river alle de Blomster
fra lille Gretchen's Grav.*

2. The Mother's Lament

Gretchen lies in her coffin
deep in the frozen earth;
on her head is a bonnet
once worn in days of mirth.

Laid in a coal-black coffin,
Gretchen so pure, so proud;
tiny hands now gently folded
over the linen shroud.

Lonely I sit in the darkness,
hearing the tempests that rave,
crushing all the fair flowers
on little Gretchen's grave.

21 3. Mens jeg venter

*Vildgjæs, Vildgjæs i hvide Flokker,
Solskinsvej,
Ællingen spanker i gule Sokker,
fine Klær.
Ro, ro til Fiskeskjær,
lunt det er omkring Holmen her,
Sjøen ligger så stille,
Bro, bro brille.*

*Løs dit Guldhår og snør din Kyse,
du min Skat,
Så skal vi danse den lune,
lyse Juninat.
Vent, vent, til Sanktehans
står vort Bryllup med lystig Dans.
Alle Giger skal spille.
Bro, bro brille.*

*Vug mig, vug mig du blanke Vove
langt og let,
Snart går min Terne til Dans i Skove
søndagsklædt.
Vug, vug i Drøm mig ind,
hver tar sin, så tar jeg min,
hør, hvor Gigerne spille!
Bro, bro brille.*

3. On the Water

Seagulls soaring, earth's fetters mocking,
sun like fire!
Wild ducks displaying their golden stockings,
fine attire!
Row, row across the bay,
every care let us cast away,
see the trees gently swaying,
hey, ho heying.

Loose your braids and remove your bonnet,
darling mine.
Then we will dance and I'll sing a sonnet,
stars will shine.
Wait, wait midsummer day
at the church we our vows will say,
fiddles soon will be playing,
Hey, ho heying.

Rock me, rock me, O waters rolling,
rock awhile.
Soon my beloved with me will be strolling
down the aisle.
Rock, rock, to dream, to sleep,
my true love is mine to keep,
hear the fiddle's sweet playing!
Hey, ho heying.

22 4. Der skreg en Fugl

*Der skreg en Fugl over øde Hav,
langt fra Lande.
Den skreg så sart i den høstgrå Dag,
flaksed i brudte, afmægtige Slag,
seiled på sorte Vingerbort over Hav.*

Fem Digte af Otto Benzon, Op. 70

19 1. Eros

*Hør mig, I kølige Hjærter i Nord,
I, som vil Fryd i Forsagelsen finde,
I går iblinde, I går iblinde,
vil plukke Roser, hvor Roser ej gror.
Årene rinde, Kræfterne svinde,
hvor er vel Sneen, som faldt ifjor?
Ej I det Tabte tilbage vinde,
Læg Jer paa Sinde da mine Ord:
Favne hende, som helt gav sig hen,
hende, hvem helt du dig gav igen,
favne hende med al den Ild,
al den Livets luende Længsel,
som i dit bakende Hjærte bor,
det er den største, nej mere end det!
det er den eneste virkelig store
Lykke på Jord.*

4. A Bird Cried Out

A bird cried out on the endless sea,
wild and lonely;
forlornly sounding its mournful cry,
wearily flapping, on, on it did fly,
winging t'wards dim horizons, over the sea.

Five Songs by Otto Benzon, Op. 70

1. Eros

Hear me, ye fools in whom passion is bound,
ye who in saintlyness seek earthly gladness:
It is but madness, it is but madness,
ye would pick roses where none shall be found.
Ah, time is flying, ardour is dying,
where is the wonder of yesterday's snow?
Seek not in fables an end to your sighing,
cherish the miracle we may know:
Clasp the maiden who loves you entire,
fondly embrace with joy and desire,
love that maiden with all your might,
all the burning passion and longing
that in your heart and your soul abound;
that is the greatest, nay, greater than great,
'midst life's adversity,
love is the only joy to be found!

Grammy Award-nominated **CAROLE FARLEY** made her Metropolitan Opera debut aged 19 in the title role of Alban Berg's *Lulu* (the Met's first production), a role she has repeated over 100 times in four languages. She returned to the Met for the title role in Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* as the only non-Russian in the cast. Her more than 100 performances of *Salome* around the world have been highly acclaimed. She has been a regular guest with the Lyric Opera of Chicago, Canadian Opera, Oper Köln, New York City Opera, Welsh National Opera, Teatro Colón, Buenos Aires and in Zurich, Dusseldorf, Paris, Torino, Lyon, Brussels, Nice, Florence and many other cities.



Photographs of Carole Farley: Christian Steiner

Career highlights include *The Merry Widow* in Paris and the Yuri Lyubimov-staged *Lulu* for Torino, which received Italy's Abbiati Prize. She has claimed the role of Jenny in Kurt Weill's *Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* as her own following huge success in Buenos Aires. Her performances of Poulenc's *La Voix Humaine* and Menotti's *The Telephone* were filmed by Decca and the BBC and now re-issued on a *New York Times*' best-selling DVD. First shown on the BBC, it was her third recording of the opera following two (in French and English) for the Australian Broadcasting Corporation.

Orchestral appearances have included most of the leading orchestras in the US, including the New York Philharmonic, Boston, Pittsburgh and Baltimore Symphony Orchestras, Philadelphia, Cleveland and Minnesota Orchestras, with conductors James Levine, Zubin Mehta, Antal Dorati, David Zinman, Sir Andrew Davis and others. European orchestra concerts include the BBC Symphony, BBC Philharmonic, Hallé Orchestra, Royal Philharmonic, Concertgebouw, Orchestre

National de France and Radio Orchestras of Brussels, Paris, Torino, Cologne, Rome, The Hague, Helsinki and Barcelona with Levine, Pierre Boulez, Lorin Maazel, Edward Downes, Esa-Pekka Salonen and others. She has toured Latin America with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra and internationally with the National Chamber Orchestra of Toulouse.

Significant opera productions in many European houses include *Wozzeck*, *The Merry Widow*, *Parsifal*, *Die Walküre*, *Salome*, *The Makropoulos Case* and Leonard Bernstein's *Candide*. Other triumphs include *Tosca*, Marcel Landowski's *Montségur* and the American premiere of Marc Neikrug's *Los Alamos*.

Her extensive discography of over 50 titles have won multiple awards, including the Grand Prix du Disque, Deutsche Schallplatten Award, *Gramophone* Editor's Choice and CD of the Month, Grammy Award nominations and many others. Notable releases have been three Kurt Weill CDs, including the world-premiere recording of *Der Neue Orpheus*, Ned Rorem songs with the composer at the piano, songs by Ernesto Lecuona, orchestral songs by Richard Strauss, Grieg, Delius and arias by Tchaikovsky, as well as William Bolcom's songs, accompanied at the piano by the composer, recipient of two Grammy nominations in 2006.

In addition to performing, Carole Farley teaches privately and has established her own company, Carole Farley International Vocal Coaching, to coach and mentor young singers. She is in demand for masterclasses around the world, including at the New York Chamber Music Festival, Yale University, Royal Academy of Music (London), Hong Kong Joy of Music Festival and many others.

She continues to perform in concert and recently toured Poulenc's *La Voix Humaine* in the United States and Europe.

Grammy Award-winning conductor and composer **JOSÉ SEREBRIER** is one of history's most recorded classical artists. He has received 46 Grammy nominations and won the 2004 Latin Grammy Award for Best Classical Recording for his *Carmen Symphony* with the Barcelona Symphony Orchestra. His widely acclaimed box-set of Glazunov's complete symphonies and concertos will be re-issued in August 2018 by Warner Classics, who released his complete Dvořák symphonies in 2017.



Photograph: Clive Barda

José Serebrier was 21 when Leopold Stokowski hailed him as “the greatest master of orchestral balance”. After five years as Stokowski's Associate Conductor at New York's Carnegie Hall and First Prize-winning success in the Ford Foundation American Conductors Competition, he was the Cleveland Orchestra's Composer-in-Residence for George Szell's last two seasons. Serebrier was music director of America's oldest music festival, in Worcester, Massachusetts, until he organized Festival Miami, serving as its Artistic Director for many years. There, he conducted many American and world premieres and his commissions included Elliott Carter's String Quartet No. 4.

Serebrier's debut recording, Charles Ives' Fourth Symphony with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, received a Grammy nomination. His recordings of Mendelssohn's symphonies and Shostakovich's Film Music respectively won the UK Music Retailers Association Award and Deutsche Schallplatten Award for Best Orchestral Recording. *Soundstage* magazine selected his LPO recording of *Scheherazade* as Best Audiophile Recording.

He has toured and recorded with leading American and international orchestras, including the New York Philharmonic, Pittsburgh Symphony, London Symphony

Orchestra, London Philharmonic, Royal Philharmonic, Russian National Orchestra, Oslo Philharmonic, Bamberg Symphony, Royal Scottish National Orchestra, Scottish and English Chamber Orchestras, Czech State Philharmonic, Weimar Staatskapelle, Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide Symphony Orchestras, Orchestra of the Americas, National Symphony of Costa Rica, the Spanish National Youth Orchestra and many others.

Filmed at the Sydney Opera House, *Serebrier Conducts Prokofiev, Beethoven and Tchaikovsky* has been shown over 50 times on US television. His conducting appearance at the 2004 Grammy Awards ceremony was telecast live to 175 countries.

As a composer, Serebrier has won most of the important American awards, including two Guggenheims (aged 19, the youngest recipient in that foundation's history), Rockefeller Foundation grants, commissions from the National Endowment for the Arts, Harvard Musical Association and Koussevitzky Foundation Award.

Born in Uruguay of Russian and Polish parents, Serebrier has composed more than 100 works, published by Peer Music, Universal Edition Vienna, Kalmus, Warner Music, Boosey & Hawkes, Hal Leonard, and CF Peters Corp. His First Symphony was premiered by Leopold Stokowski (who premiered several of his works) when Serebrier was 17. He made his US conducting debut at 19 with the National Symphony Orchestra, Washington. Premiered at Carnegie Hall, his Third Symphony, *Symphonie Mystique*, received a 2003 Grammy nomination for Best Orchestral Performance.

Michel Faure's book about José Serebrier was published in France by L'Harmattan. BIS Records recently commissioned Serebrier to write a flute concerto for Sharon Bezaly (recorded with the Australian Chamber Orchestra). BIS and the American Composers Orchestra have commissioned a piano concerto to be recorded in September 2018 with the RTÉ National Symphony Orchestra, Ireland.