



CHANNEL CLASSICS

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SIR EDWARD ELGAR

(1857-1934)

AMANDA ROOCROFT  KONRAD JARNOT  REINILD MEES

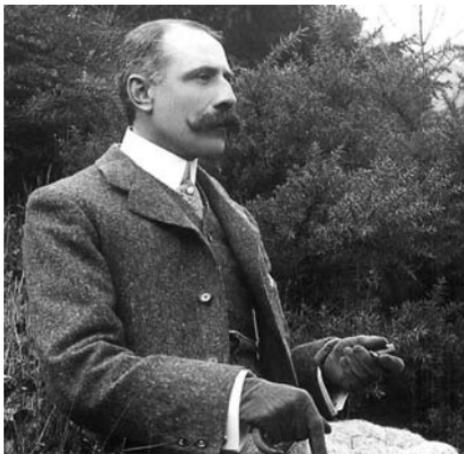
*Complete Songs
for voice and piano
vol. 2*

As we noted in the first volume of this survey of Elgar's songs, like most composers his first attempts at composition were with anthems and small chamber and piano pieces, though unlike many young composers of his day, strangely Elgar wrote few songs until his various love affairs from his mid-twenties onwards. Elgar's early life as a composer was one of constantly hawking salon music and popular short pieces round publishers – a situation that gradually changed in the 1890s as his early works for chorus and orchestra were heard. But it took Elgar a long time to become established, the *Enigma Variations* only appearing when he was 41.

The earliest song presented here, indeed Elgar's earliest surviving completed work, a setting of the American James Gates Percival's *The Language of Flowers* dates from May 1872 when he was not quite 15. He dedicated it to his sister Lucy on her twentieth birthday. It remained unpublished and unknown until recently when it was printed in the Elgar Collected Edition.

In the 1880s, in his late-twenties, Elgar tried to establish himself as a composer with various short pieces, salon music and songs which as we have seen he took round the many London

publishers of the day. A *Soldier's Song*, styled as 'Op 5' dates from 1884 and although it was sung at the Worcester Glee Club in March that year it had to wait for publication until 1890 when it appeared in *The Magazine of Music* – and 1903, when renamed *A War Song*, Boosey took it on, doubtless with the public's preoccupation with the Boer War in mind. Another American, Colonel John Hay provided the words for *Through the Long Days*, which dated 'Giggleywycke (his friend Charles William Buck's Yorkshire home) on 10 Aug 1885 was sung in London at a St James's Hall ballad concert in February 1887 and, being short and tuneful was published almost immediately by Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co. Elgar generally set lesser-known or minor verse doubtless feeling that great poetry should stand on its own and not constrain him in his response. In this case the words were of immediate emotional resonance for Elgar, since, written in August 1885, they herald his lost fiancé Helen Weaver's planned departure for New Zealand two months later. *Is She Not Passing Fair?* to words by Charles, Duc d'Orléans translated by Louisa Stuart Costello is dated 28 Oct 1886 and although not published until 1908 is perhaps the best-



known of our group thus far. Elgar had just met his future wife Alice Roberts and we must wonder if he was celebrating it in music. The ballad *As I Laye a-thynkyng* is another early publishing success, dated 12 June 1887 and issued by John Beare & Son the following year. As a Victorian, Elgar shared the period's love of the pseudo medieval which saw so much of academe and religion decked out in the trappings of a reinvented past. Here he sets 'Thomas Ingoldsby' (real name R.H.Barham) complete with olde-worlde spellings.

In the 1890s Elgar began to be known and gradually established himself with a succession of substantial choral works as well as part-songs and occasional music, all crowned by the *Enigma Variations* in 1899. His songs from this period were still largely written with an eye on possible short-term commercial success, and *The Poet's Life* (words by Ellen Burroughs the pseudonym of Sophie Jewett) was written in 1892 and issued by an obscure publisher, C. Tuckerwood, almost immediately. Soon after came *The Shepherd's Song* dated 22 August 1892 and also published by Tuckerwood three years later. In this evocative setting of Barry Pain (the poem originally called 'In a Canadian Canoe') Elgar sings of the joys of summer with considerable success. Elgar gave the opus number 31 to the two songs *After* and *A Song of Flight*, the former dated 21 June 1895. They were first performed at London's St James's Hall on 2 March 1900 by Harry Plunket Greene – the composer Parry's son-in-law – who six months later sang the priest and angel of the agony in the premiere of Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius*. They were published by Boosey around the time of the first performance. Here Elgar writes with a personal emotion, his setting

showing passion, even agony. The titles of *Rondel* and *Roundel* are confusing. In the first, dating from January 1894 – possibly sketched over the Christmas holiday – he sets words from Froissart translated by Longfellow. The Chronicles of Froissart had already inspired Elgar to his first really substantial orchestral work and so this found a happy response from him. Tuckerwood were quickly obliging in accepting it for publication. However, a couple of years later, in *Roundel* Elgar sets mawkish words by Swinburne, the poet's evocation of the heavenly life of the dead child maybe more in tune with his times than ours. It was not heard in public for ten years until sung at Worcester in 1897 by a local soprano, Gertrude Walker accompanied by the composer. In the 1880s Gertrude's name had been linked with Elgar's and she may well have rejected a marriage proposal from him.

The Pipes of Pan, setting words by Adrian Ross (the pseudonym of a popular writer of the day, Arthur Ropes), was completed on 5 June 1899, a fortnight before the first performance of the *Enigma Variations*. It was first heard at Crystal Palace sung by the soprano Lilian Blouvelt on 30 April 1900 but

in 1902 after it had been orchestrated the bass-baritone Andrew Black was the soloist. In its day a popular success it was one of the first Elgar songs to be recorded.

Elgar was now established not only as a composer but as a song composer, and so it is natural he was asked for songs and was able to respond with memorable settings.

The early years of the twentieth century were a fruitful time for Elgar's song output and as a symphonic composer he was seen as a writer of classy popular songs, one guesses his publishers thought he was writing for the audiences of the Boosey Ballad Concerts. Everyone would want to try them after hearing the leading soloists sing them there.

The year of the Coronation of King Edward VII, to which Elgar contributed various works, 1902, was indeed the first high profile *de facto* festival of Elgar's music, not least the *Coronation Ode*. Elgar's music introduced the words of A. C. Benson, the author of the text of 'Land of Hope and Glory', the *Coronation Ode* and two songs to which Elgar gave the opus number 41 – *In the Dawn* and *Speak, Music!* completed in August and included in our Volume 1. Benson, was a master at Eton, later Master of Magdalene College, Cam-

bridge. He wrote the poem ‘Speak, my Heart!’ to help Elgar out of a jam. Elgar had set some more verses by Adrian Ross, the author of his earlier song *The Pipes of Pan* and was taken aback to discover the copyright was not available after it was completed. Benson’s job was to invent some verses to fit the pre-existent music and he obliged with this song.

In 1905 King Edward VII had opened Kingsway, a wide new London street – boulevard would be a better word – with the trams running in a tunnel beneath it. Running north out of the Aldwych it had replaced a slum district and in the song *The King’s Way* Lady Elgar invented words to set to the trio tune of the Fourth *Pomp and Circumstance* March, in which she alluded to the old streets it replaced. It was accepted for publication by Boosey, and was first performed by the celebrated contralto Clara Butt on 15 January 1910. In the Autumn of 1909 Elgar attempted to produce a song cycle on words by Sir Gilbert Parker, who had been introduced to the composer by his friend Alice Stuart-Wortley. Six songs were planned and given the opus number 59 but only three were completed, of which two were in our first volume, and the

third *Was it some golden star?* is sung here. Having launched on a cycle of reflective love poems Elgar presumably must have decided that they did not allow him to say what he had to say because he abandoned the rest and instead went on to write *The Torch* and *The River*, the first a tumultuous love song to his own words.

The Parker songs were first performed by Muriel Foster at the memorial concert on 24 January 1910 for Elgar’s friend and editor Augustus Jaeger. It was Muriel Foster, too,



who inspired Elgar's setting of words by Elizabeth Barrett Browning completed on 21 December 1909. A *Child Asleep* sets just four verses from a twelve verse poem and Elgar inscribed it to Foster's baby son, Anthony Goetz.

Having failed to complete all the songs for the Parker song cycle, Elgar toyed with another cycle and in *The Torch* and *The River*, Op 60 nos 1 & 2 he set his own words, though he ascribed them to 'Pietro d'Alba', Elgar's humorous pseudonym which referred to his daughter's pet rabbit. Elgar write they are 'from an Eastern European folksong' alluding to the then enthusiasm for the supposed folk poetry of Queen Elisabeth of Roumania writing as Carmen Sylva in *The Bard of the Dimbovitza*.

The Chariots of the Lord, setting a text from John Brownlie's recently published *Hymns of the Early Church* was written in February 1914 and soon published by Boosey who paid a substantial fee for it. This was another vehicle for Clara Butt in her most tub-thumping mood. It was followed almost immediately by the much gentler *Arabian Serenade* setting words by Margery Lawrence,

Elgar again setting a verse from a newly published book, in this case *Songs of Childhood and Other Songs*.

In 1924 the Empire Exhibition was presented at the newly opened Wembley Stadium during which an elaborate historical 'Pageant of Empire' in three parts was staged with a variety of music. It ran for a couple of weeks. For it Elgar wrote a march and eight vocal numbers, six of them solo songs with piano accompaniment. There were also some alternative words for some of them. The songs, with words specially written by Alfred Noyes (1880-1958), celebrate various countries in the Empire. The list is headed by 'Shakespeare's Kingdom' celebrating England's past as Shakespeare arrives in London in springtime.

In his last years Elgar wrote only one song – *It isnae me* – a Scottish song setting words he had seen in the magazine *Country Life* by Sally Holmes. He wrote the song in the early autumn of 1930 for the soprano Joan Elwes who gave its first performance at Dumfries in October. It was published by Keith Prowse the following year.

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AMANDA ROOCRAFT – soprano

Amanda Roocraft has secured an international reputation as one of Britain's most exciting singers, in opera, concert, and in recital. She graduated from the Royal Northern College of Music. A celebrated opera singer, she enjoys a close relationship with the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, the English National Opera, the Glyndebourne Festival, and the Bavarian

State Opera in Munich where her roles have included Fiordiligi in *Così fan Tutte*, Countess in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni*, Desdemona in *Otello*, Amelia in *Simon Boccanegra*, Mimi in *La Bohème*, Eva in *Die Meistersinger*; the title roles in *Madama Butterfly*, *Katya Kabanova* and *Jenufa*, *Ginevra* in *Ariodante* and *Cleopatra* in *Giulio Cesare*. In concert Amanda Roocraft has appeared with leading orchestras throughout Europe and North America with conductors including Sir Simon Rattle, Zubin Mehta, Mariss Jansons, Ivor Bolton, Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Daniele Gatti, Sir Neville Marriner, Sir Andrew Davis, Sir Charles Mackerras and Sir Bernard Haitink. A noted recitalist, she has performed at London's Wigmore Hall, Queen Elizabeth Hall, the Concertgebouw Amsterdam, the Musikverein in Vienna, New York's Lincoln Center, La Monnaie in Brussels and in Munich, Frankfurt, Paris, Valencia and Lisbon. In 2007 Amanda Roocraft received the Laurence Olivier Award for her 'Outstanding Achievement in Opera' as Janáček's *Jenufa* with English National Opera. Called 'perhaps the best performance of her

career', 'world class' and a 'performance memorable even by her own high standards', her involving portrayal was heart-wrenching and devastatingly moving.

KONRAD JARNOT – baritone

Konrad Jarnot is one of the most sought-after singers of his generation.

Since winning the first prize in 2000 at the ARD competition in Munich he has sung in many of the most important concert halls of the world, as the Lincoln Center New York, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Konzerthaus Wien, Wigmore Hall London, Alte Oper Frankfurt, Philharmonie Berlin, Gewandhaus Leipzig, Festspielhaus Baden Baden and Salzburg, Tonhalle Zürich, Auditorio Milano, Megaron Athen, Kioi Hall Tokyo, Kennedy Center Washington and operahouses as the Royal Opera House Covent Garden London, Teatro Real Madrid, Théâtre des Champs-Élysées Paris and Théâtre de la Monnaie Bruxelles. He has worked with important conductors, among them Riccardo Chailly, Antonio Pappano, Marek Janowski, Jesus Lopez-Cobos, Philippe Herreweghe, Lothar Zagrosek, Pinchas Steinberg, Ulf Schirmer, Gustav Kuhn, Friedrich Haider, Ralf Weikert,



Jonathan Darlington, Thomas Hengelbrock, Bruno Weil, Helmut Rilling, Peter Schreier and Enoch zu Guttenberg with orchestras as the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, Gewandhausorchester, Israel Philharmonic, Orchestre National de France, Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks, Beethovenorchester Bonn, Mozarteum Orchester Salzburg, Orchestra Sinfonica di Milano, Orchestre Symphonique de Monte-Carlo, Deutsche

Kammerphilharmonie Bremen and Akademie für alte Musik Berlin.

His festival appearances have included the Schleswig Holstein Musikfestival, Rheingau Musikfestival, Schwetzingen Festspiele, Ludwigsburger Schlossfestspiele, Beethovenfest Bonn, Bachfest Leipzig, Richard Strauss Festival Garmisch, Menuhin Festival Gstaad, Mahler Festival Toblach, Festwochen der Alten Musik Innsbruck and Schubertiade Barcelona.

In the past few years, Konrad Jarnot has become one of the leading international Lied-interpreters. With great accompanists as Helmut Deutsch, Wolfram Rieger, Hartmut Höll, Irwin Gage, Reinild Mees and Alexander Schmalcz he has sung recitals in London, Berlin, München, Dresden, Stuttgart, Bonn, Bayreuth, Zürich, Luzern, Montreux, Prag, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Madrid, Valencia, Milano, Palermo, Merano, Lissabon, Paris, Lille, Bruxelles, Antwerpen, Athens, Luxor, Capetown, Helsinki, Savonlinna, Kopenhagen, Washington, Seattle, Boston, Tokyo and other cities. Many of his live performances have been broadcast in Radio. He has appeared on television and has recorded numerous CDs, some of which have won prizes, for example

the Deutschen Schallplattenkritik and Diapason d'Or.

Recently, Konrad Jarnot has become a Professor at the Robert-Schumann-Hochschule in Düsseldorf and has taught masterclasses in Europe and Japan. He has also been a judge at international singing competitions, among others the ARD Competition in Munich.

REINILD MEES – piano

After extensive piano studies with Gérard van Blek (Amsterdam), Malcolm Frager (USA) and Noël Lee (Paris) the Dutch pianist Reinild Mees concentrated her activities on accompanying singers and instrumentalists in recital. High-ranking artists such as Elly Ameling, Gérard Souzay and Sandor Végh helped her refine and perfect her talents in this demanding métier. Today Reinild Mees is a much sought-after accompanist for song recitals and duo concerts. She concertizes regularly with soloists such as Claudia Barainsky, Camilla Nylund, Marlis Petersen, Amanda Roocroft, Olaf Bär, Piotr Beczala, Konrad Jarnot or Sergei Leiferkus appearing in most of Europe's leading musical centers. Many of her concerts are being recorded on television and radio.

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



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

1 **Speak, my Heart!** (1902)
Arthur C. Benson (1862-1925)

Sweet Maiden, bright Maiden,
Passing on your way,
May I linger with you?
Maiden, say!
“I have much to see,
And far, far to go.
Let it be another day,
Now it is No!”
One word of welcome
Ere you depart!
I will be patient still;
Silence, my heart!

Sweet Maiden, shy Maiden,
Passing far away,
May I wander with you?
Maiden, say!
“You are nought to me,
And I nought to you!
What am I to answer now?
What can I do?”
Wander alone then,
I will depart; -
Yet she smiles upon me,
Courage, my heart!

True Maiden, dear Maiden,
Passing my door,
I will say a new word,
Whispered before.
“You may whisper softly,
Soft and still,
Yes, I will hear you out,
Say whate'er you will!”
Hear me and heed me,
Ere you depart;
Yes, her lips are smiling; -
Speak, my heart!

2 **Is she not passing fair?** (1886)
Louisa Stuart Costello (1799-1870)
after Charles, Duc d'Orléans
(1394-1465)

Is she not passing fair,
She whom I love so well?
On earth, in sea, or air,
Where may her equal dwell?
Oh! tell me, ye who dare
To brave her beauty's spell,
Is she not passing fair,
She whom I love so well?

Whether she speak or sing,

Be jocund or serene,
Alike in ev'rything,
Is she not beauty's queen?
Then let the world declare,
Let all who see her tell,
That she is passing fair,
She whom I love so well!

3 **A Song of Flight Op. 31 No. 2 (1900)**
Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

While we slumber and sleep
The sun leaps up from the deep.
Daylight born at the leap!
Rapid, dominant, free,
Athirst to bathe in the uttermost sea.

While we linger at play,
If the year would stand at May!
Winds are up and away
Over land, over sea,
To their goal, wherever their goal may be.

It is time to arise,
To race for the promised prize,
The sun flies, the wind flies.
We are strong, we are free,
And home lies beyond the stars and the sea.

4 **The Shepherd's Song (1892)**
Barry Pain (1864-1928)

Down the dusty road together
Homeward pass the hurrying sheep,
Stupid with the summer weather
Too much grass and too much sleep,
I, their shepherd, sing to thee
That summer is a joy to me.

Down the shore rolled waves all creamy
With the flecked surf yesternight;
I swam far out in starlight dreamy,
In moving waters cool and bright,
I, the shepherd, sing to thee:
I love the strong life of the sea.

And upon the hillside growing
Where the fat sheep dozed in shade,
Bright red poppies I found blowing,
Drowsy, tall and loosely made,
I, the shepherd, sing to thee
How fair the bright red poppies be.

To the red-tiled homestead bending
Winds the road, so white and long
Day and work are near their ending
Sleep and dreams will end my song,

I, the shepherd, sing to thee;
In the dreamtime answer me.

5 **The Language of Flowers** (1872)

James Gates Percival (1795-1856)

In Eastern lands they talk in flow'rs
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden
bow'rs,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The rose is a sign of joy and love,
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn,
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
From the myrtle's snowy flow'r is drawn.

Innocence gleams in the lily's bell,
Pure as the heart in its native heaven,
Fame's bright star and glory's swell
By the glossy leaf of the bay are given.

The silent, soft and humble heart,
In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes,
And the tender soul that cannot part,
In a twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.

The cypress that daily shades the grave,

Is sorrow that moans her bitter lot,
And faith that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves "forget-me-not".

Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

6 **After Op. 31 No. 1** (1900)

Philip Bourke Marston (1850-1887)

A little time for laughter,
A little time to sing,
A little time to kiss and cling,
And no more kissing after.

A little while for scheming
Love's unperfected schemes;
A little time for golden dreams,
Then no more any dreaming.

A little while 'twas given
To me to have thy love;
Now, like a ghost, alone I move
About a ruined heaven.

A little time for speaking
Things sweet to say and hear;
A time to seek, and find thee near,

Then no more any seeking.

A little time for saying
Words the heart breaks to say;
A short, sharp time wherein to pray,
Then no more need for praying;

But long, long years to weep in,
And comprehend the whole
Great grief that desolates the soul,
And eternity to sleep in.

7 **It isnae me** (1931)
Sally Holmes

It isnae me that's keerin' – or no' an awfu' lot,
But – it's sair, whiles, mindin' things ye thocht
ye had forgot.
An' when wee Tam the Fiddler played 'The
Lea Rig' doon the street,
I gie'd masel' a shock tae find that I wis near
tae greet.

It isnae me that's keerin' – or no' for vera lang,
But – there's mony happy times awa' since last
I heard yon sang.
An' someway – Och, I dinnae ken! I cannae
say things richt –

I wish young Tam the Fiddler hadnae played
yon sang last nicht.

8 **The Pipes of Pan** (1900)
Adrian Ross (1859-1933)

When the woods are gay in the time of June
With the chestnut flow'r and fan,
And the birds are still in the hush of noon,
Hark to the pipes of Pan!

He plays on the reed that once was a maid
Who broke from his arms and ran,
And her soul goes out to the list'ning glade
Hark to the pipes of Pan!

Though you hear, come not near,
Fearing the woodgod's ban;
Soft and sweet, in the dim retreat,
Hark to the pipes of Pan!

When the sun goes down and the stars are out,
He gathers his goatfoot clan,
And the Dryads dance with the Satyr rout;
Hark to the pipes of Pan!

For the pipes the dance of the happy Earth
Ere ever the gods began,

When the woods were merry and mad with
mirth

Hark to the pipes of Pan!

Come not nigh, pass them by,

Woe to the eyes that scan!

Wild and loud to the leaping crowd,

Hark to the pipes of Pan!

When the armies meet on the battle field,

And the fight is man to man,

With the gride of sword and the clash of shield

Hark to the pipes of Pan!

Thro' the madden'd shriek of the flying rear,

Thro' the roar of the charging van,

There skirls the tune of the God of Fear

Hark to the pipes of Pan!

Ours the fray on and slay,

Let him escape that can!

Ringing out in the battle shout,

Hark to the pipes of Pan!

9 Shakespeare's Kingdom (1924)

Alfred Noyes (1880-1958)

When Shakespeare came to London

He met no shouting throngs;

He carried in his knapsack

A scroll of quiet songs.

No proud heraldic trumpet

Acclaimed him on his way.

Their court and camp have perished

The songs live on for aye.

Nobody saw or heard them;

But all around him there

Spirits of light and music

Went treading the April air.

He passed like any pedlar;

Yet he had wealth untold.

The galleons of th'Armada

Could not contain his gold.

The Kings rode on to darkness

In England's conqu'ring hour,

Unseen arrived her splendour;

Unknown her conqu'ring power.

10 **Rondel Op. 16 No. 3 (1894)**
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
(1807-1882) *from a Rondel by*
Jean Froissart (c.1337- c.1405)

Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?
Nought see I sure or fixed in thee!
I do not know thee, not what deeds are thine:
Love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?
Nought see I fixed or sure in thee!

Shall I be mute, or vows with prayers
combine?
Ye who are blessed in loving, tell it me:
Love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?
Nought see I permanent or sure in thee:
Love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?

11 **The Poet's Life (1892)**
Ellen Burroughs [aka Sophie Jewett]
(1861- 1909)

A poet sang, so light of heart was he,
A song that thrilled with joy in ev'ry word:
It quiver'd with ecstatic melody;
It laughed as sunshine laughs upon the sea;
It caught a measure from each lilting bird;

But, though the song rang out exultantly,
The world pass'd by, with heavy step and loud,
None heeding, save that, parted from the crowd,
Two lovers heard.

There fell a day when sudden sorrow smote
The poet's life. Unheralded it came,
Blotting the sun-touch'd page whereon he wrote
His golden song. Ah! then, from all remote,
He sang the grief that had nor hope nor name
In God's ear only; But one sobbing note
Reached the world's heart, and swiftly, in the
wake
Of bitterness and passion and heartbreak,
There follow'd fame.

12 **A War Song Op. 5 (1884/1903)**
Charles Flavell Hayward (1863-1906)

Hear the whiz of the shot as it flies,
Hear the rush of the shell in the skies,
Hear the bayonet's clash, ringing bright,
See the flash of the steel as they fight,
Hear the conqueror's shout!
As the foe's put to rout!

Hear the cry of despair that is rending the air
Now the neigh of a horse, now the bugle's

loud blast.

See! anger and pain, passion and shame,
A struggle for life, a thirst for fame
Ah! Glory or death, for true hearts and brave,
Honour in life, or rest in a grave!

Now the warfare is o'er, life is past,
Now in peace lie the dead, still at last;
Bronz'd and brown, wan and pale, side by side,
Side by side, as they fought, fell and died;
There they lie, rank and pride,
Rags and wealth, prov'd and tried.

Youth and age, fear and trust,
Scarr'd and scorch'd in the dust;
Gone for ever their pain, angel passion, and
shame,
Gone! tumult and smoke, conflict and din,
Gone anguish and trouble, sorrow and sin, Ah!

13 The Torch Op. 60 No. 1 (1910)

*Pietro d'Alba [pen name for
Elgar himself]
from an Eastern European folksong*

Come, o my love!
Come, fly to me;
All my soul

Cries out for thee:
Haste to thy home,
I long for thee,
Faint for thee,
Worship thee only, but come!

Dark is the wood,
The track's ever lonely and gray:
But joyous the blaze
That welcomes and shows thee the way.
Come, o my love!
Come, fly to me;
All my soul
Cries out for thee:
Haste to thy rest,
I long for thee,
Sigh for thee,
Faint for thee;
Come to my breast.

Cold is the stream,
The ford is a danger to thee:
My heart is a flame,
As the beacon that lights thee to me.
Come, o my love!
Come, fly to me;
All my soul
Cries out for thee:

Haste to thy home,
I long for thee,
Faint for thee,
Worship thee only, but come!

14 **The River Op.60 No. 2 (1910)**

Pietro d'Alba

[pen name for Elgar himself]

from an Eastern European folksong

River, mother of fighting men,
(Rustula!)
Sternest barrier of our land,
(Rustula!)
From thy bosom we drew life:
Ancient, honoured, mighty, grand!
Rustula!

Oh! what worship had been thine,
(Rustula!)
Hadst thou held the foe-men, drowned;
(Rustula!)
Flood, more precious far than wine,
Victress, saviour, world-renowned!
Rustula!

Like a girl before her lover,
(Rustula!)

How thou falterdst, – like a slave;
(Rustula!)
Sank and fainted, low and lower,
When thy mission was to save.
Coward, traitress, shameless!
Rustula!

On thy narrowed, niggard strand,
(Rustula!)
Despairing, now the tyrant's hand
(Rustula!)
Grips the last remnant of our land,
Wounded and alone I stand,
Tricked, derided, impotent!
Rustula!

15 **Was it some golden star?**

Op. 59 No. 5 (1910)

Sir Gilbert Parker (1862-1932)

Once in another land,
Ages ago,
You were a queen, and
I loved you so:
Where was it that we loved –
Ah, do you know?

Was it some golden star

Hot with romance?
Was it in Malabar,
Italy, France?
Did we know Charlemagne,
Dido, perchance?

But you were a queen, and I
Fought for you then:
How did you honour me
More than all men!
Kissed me upon the lips;
Kiss me again.

Have you forgotten it,
All that we said?
I still remember though
Ages have fled.
Whisper the word of life,
“Love is not dead.”

16 Through the long Days
Op. 16 No. 2 (1885)
Colonel John Hay (1838-1905)

Through the long days and years
What will my lov'd one be,
Parted from me?
Through the long days and years.

Always as then she was
Loveliest, brightest, best,
Blessing and blest,
Always as then she was.

Never on earth again
Shall I before her stand,
Touch lip or hand.
Never on earth again.

But, while my darling lives,
Peaceful I journey on,
Not quite alone,
Not while my darling lives.

17 Arabian Serenade (1914)
Margery Lawrence (1889-1969)

The silver silence of the night has spun
A web of glamour o'er the purple sea.
The Watcher of the Sky has lit his lamp, -
Waken, my white one; come thou forth with me.

We will go softly through the shining meadows,
Setting our faces to the distant moon;
Drenching our feet in the pureness, and our souls
Drenched in the sweetness of the bulbul's tune.

Come forth, O maid, the Feast is well prepared.
Between the dim wood and the purple sea
The world hangs breathless and the stars look
down.
Waken, Zareiba; come thou forth with me.

18 *As I laye a-thynkyng* (1887)
*Thomas Ingoldsby [aka Richard
Harris Barham] (1788-1845)*

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye!
There came a noble Knyghte,
With his hauberke shynyng brighte,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye;
As I laye a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sange the Birde as she sat upon the tree!
There seem'd a crimson plain,
Where a gallant Knyghte lay slayne,
And a steed with broken rein
Ran free,
As I laye a-thynkyng, most pitiful to see!

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe;

A lovely Mayde came bye,
And a gentil youth was nyghe,
And he breathed many a syghe
And a vowe;
As I laye a-thynkyng, her heart was gladsome now.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sange the Birde as she sat upon the thorne;
No more a youth was there,
But a Maiden rent her haire,
And cried in sad despaire,
‘That I was borne!’
As I laye a-thynkyng, she perished forlorne.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar;
There came a lovely Childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled
On his sire;
As I laye a-thynkyng, a Cherub mote admire.

But I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-
thynkyng,
And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a bier;
That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the downe upon the Swan

Doth appear
As I laye a-thynkyng – oh! bitter flow'd the tear!

As I laye a-thynkyng the golden sun was sinking,
O merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd on her
breast

With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
While a soaring to the skies,
'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,
As to her nest;

As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest: -
'Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay,' –
'Twas so she seem'd to saye,
'HERE IS REST!'

19 Roundel (1897)

Algernon Charles Swinburne (1873-1909)

The little eyes that never knew
Light other than of dawning skies,
What new life now lights up anew
The little eyes?

Who knows but on their sleep may rise
Such light as never heav'n let thro'
To lighten earth from Paradise?

No storm, we know, may change the blue
Soft heav'n that haply death descries
No tears, like those in ours, bedew
The little eyes.

20 A Child Asleep (1910)

Elizabeth Barret Browning (1806-1861)

How he sleepeth!
Vision unto vision calleth,
While the young child dreameth on.
Fair, O dreamer, thee befalleth
With the glory thou hast won!
Darker wert thou in the garden, yestermorn,
by summer sun.

We should see the spirits ringing
Round thee, were the clouds away.
'Tis the child-heart draws them, singing
In the silent-seeming clay
Singing! Stars that seem the mutest, go in
music all the day.

Softly! softly! make no noises!
Now he lieth still and dumb
Now he hears the angels' voices
Folding silence in the room
Now he muses deep the meaning of the

Heav'n-words as they come.

He is harmless – we are sinful,
We are troubled – he, at ease:
From his slumber, virtue winful
Floweth outward with increase
Dare not bless him! but be blessed by his peace
and go in peace.

21 The Chariots of the Lord (1910)

Rev. John Brownlie, D.D.

The chariots of the Lord are strong,
Their number passeth ken;
Mount them and fight against the wrong,
Ye who are valiant men.

Where, unabashed, the power of sin
Vaunts an unhindered sway,
Ride, in the strength of God, and win
Fresh laurels in the fray.

Where hands are weak, and hearts are faint,
Through conflict sharp and sore;
Where hearts that murmur no complaint,
Shrink at the thought of more:

There let the power of God be shown,

To quell satanic might;
To rescue those who strive alone,
Despondent in the fight.

For freedom wield the sword of might,
And cut the bands that bind;
Strike boldly in the cause of right,
And still fresh laurels find.

Where, unabashed, the power of sin
Vaunts an unhindered sway,
Ride, in the strength of God, and win
Fresh laurels in the fray.

22 The King's Way (1914)

*Caroline Alice Elgar, née Roberts
(1848-1920)*

The newest street in London town, -
The Kingsway!
Who'll pace it up and pace it down?
The brave, the strong, who strive and try,
And think and work, who fight and die
To make their England's royal way
The King's Way!

The noblest street in London town, -
The Kingsway!

The stir of life beats up and down;
In serried ranks the sabres shine,
And Art and Craft and Thought divine,
All crowd and fill the great highway,
 The Kingsway!

On dreary roads in London town
The sick and poor sink sadly down
In gloom: but grace and pity meet
When King and Queen stretch hands and greet
The weary ones; ... This is, they say,
 Our King's way, –
 Our Queen's way.

There is a path across the deep, –
 The King's Way!
A path the Island ships shall keep;
A way by which to those we win,
Whose hands we clasp, whose hearts are kin,
England's sons across the sea;
They too will fight to keep it free:
Let every voice in England say, –
“God keep the way by night and day,
The King of England's Way,”
 The King's Way!

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

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

www.songfoundation.com

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CCS 14998	Respighi: Complete Songs, vol.3
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| 19 | Roundel (1897) | 2.30 |
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| 21 | The Chariots of the Lord (1910) | 3.23 |
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Total time

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