



CHAMPS HILL
RECORDS

2CD

PURCELL SONGS
REALISED BY BRITTEN

ROBIN BLAZE | ALLAN CLAYTON
ANNA GREVELIUS | RUBY HUGHES
BENEDICT NELSON | MATTHEW ROSE
JOSEPH MIDDLETON piano

TRACK LISTING

CD 1

FROM HARMONIA SACRA

- | | | | |
|---|---|-------------|-------|
| 1 | Job's curse (1950) | MR | 5'03 |
| 2 | The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation (1947) | RH | 7'16 |
| 3 | Saul and the witch at Endor (1947) | RH, AC & BN | 11'01 |

TWO DIVINE HYMNS AND ALLELUIA (1960)

- | | | | |
|---|--|----|------|
| | | AC | |
| 4 | A morning hymn | | 3'09 |
| 5 | Alleluia | | 2'19 |
| 6 | In the black dismal dungeon of despair | | 4'41 |

THREE DIVINE HYMNS (1947)

- | | | | |
|---|--------------------|----|------|
| 7 | Lord, what is man? | RH | 6'16 |
| 8 | We sing to him | RB | 1'47 |
| 9 | Evening hymn | RH | 4'22 |

FROM ODES AND ELEGIES

- | | | | |
|----|------------------------------|----|------|
| 10 | The Queen's Epicedium (1946) | AC | 7'23 |
|----|------------------------------|----|------|

PURCELL AND BRITTEN: MEN OF THE THEATRE

- | | | | |
|----|---|----|------|
| 11 | Turn then thine eyes (1947) | AC | 1'37 |
| 12 | Mad Bess (1948) | AG | 5'46 |
| 13 | Hark the ech'ing air! (1960) | RH | 2'20 |
| 14 | I attempt from love's sickness to fly | RH | 2'10 |
| 15 | How blest are shepherds (1960) | AC | 2'54 |
| 16 | Let the dreadful engines of eternal will (1971) | MR | 8'03 |

76'08

CD 2

**FROM ORPHEUS BRITANNICUS
THOUGH YET THE FEAST IS ONLY SOUND**

1	If music be the food of love (1947)	AC	3'44
2	Sound the trumpet (1961)	RH & RB	2'34
3	If music be the food of love (1948)	AG	2'15
4	O solitude (1955, publ. 1994)	RH	6'09
5	Music for a while (1947)	AC	3'40

FAIREST ISLE

6	Fairest isle (1947)	RH	2'21
7	I'll sail upon the dog-star (1947)	BN	1'25
8	On the brow of Richmond Hill (1947)	BN	1'46
9	Shepherd, leave decoying (1961)	RH & AG	1'12

THE FAIRER SEX

10	The knotting song (1939)	RB	2'59
11	Not all my torments (1948)	RB	3'13
12	Pious Celinda (1947)	MR	1'27
13	There's not a swain of the plain (1948)	AC	0'52
14	Man is for the woman made (1948)	BN	1'12
15	I take no pleasure (1960)	MR	1'58
16	Take not a woman's anger ill (1960)	AC	1'29
17	Celemene (1946, publ. 1994)	RH & AC	3'52
18	I spy Celia (1961)	AC & BN	4'16
19	What can we poor females do? (1961)	RH & AG	1'11
20	Dulcibella (1971, publ. 1994)	AC & BN	2'17
21	When Myra sings (1971, publ. 1994)	AC & BN	2'52
22	Sweeter than roses (1948)	RB	3'52
23	No, resistance is but vain (1961)	RH & MR	5'32
24	Lost is my quiet (1961)	RH & AG	3'19

65'31

Total playing time: 141'39

RH ~ **Ruby Hughes** *soprano*
 AG ~ **Anna Grevelius** *mezzo-soprano*
 RB ~ **Robin Blaze** *counter-tenor*
Joseph Middleton *piano*

AC ~ **Allan Clayton** *tenor*
 BN ~ **Benedict Nelson** *baritone*
 MR ~ **Matthew Rose** *bass*

FOREWORD

The music of Purcell and Britten has always fascinated me and their 'collaboration' across a several hundred years is particularly masterly. Remarkably inventive as songsmiths, they both understood vocal writing, revelled in working with the English language and proved time and time again that they have few equals as masters of the theatre.

For the many years before Britten revived them, Purcell's songs were simply not performed. Locked up as museum pieces, the glorious melodies as left by Purcell are accompanied only by bass lines and, in some places, figures to help with the harmonizing. To the modern musician, the art of reading from a figured bass is increasingly consigned to the keyboardist specializing in early music. Britten understood the need for a new performing edition and, from the start, his intention was to realise most of Purcell's *Orpheus Britannicus* and *Harmonia Sacra*. Useful for his tours with Pears, and priceless to subsequent generations of performers, the result of the Purcell/Britten marriage wedded the greatest British Baroque composer with the 20th century's finest British song composer in a totally idiosyncratic, vivid and bold way. As Britten wrote, his intention was to 'apply to these realizations something of that mixture of clarity, brilliance, tenderness and strangeness which shines out in all Purcell's music'. Of course the same adjectives can just as well be applied to Britten's writing.

To the six singers who took part in this recording I offer my sincere thanks. Some come at these songs from a historical perspective, coached as they are in the performance traditions of the Baroque; others are well known as operatic animals, increasingly lauded as outstanding Britten interpreters. I learnt a great deal from all of them and remember fondly the music making we enjoyed buried away in the heart of Sussex with David and Mary Bowerman, those wonderfully generous custodians of youthful recording projects at Champs Hill. I hope you will enjoy and marvel at the Purcell/Britten duo as we did.

Joseph Middleton

It was almost Buxtehude, not Purcell, who at the end of the 1930s cast a lifelong spell on Britten. In September 1939 the young Englishman was holed up in a friend's house on Long Island, having left his homeland in spring of that year, wary of Europe's decay, certain of its fate, and having no stomach for the fight. The setting is important: the bleak, appealing isolation of Amityville; the lovely, cultured family of Hitler émigrés with whom Britten was living; even the friend listening to him sight-read his way through the pile of scores, Buxtehude among it, owned by these same lovely, cultured émigrés: poet W.H. Auden. The timing is important, too: it was in the weeks around the German invasion of Poland, Auden capturing the start of hostilities in his most famous poem, which he wrote in a dive on Fifty-second Street, Britten's premonitions of Europe's fate sadly borne out, at least for the moment.

So it is Buxtehude, not Purcell, who, in an Auden poem almost as famous as 'September 1, 1939', makes a sudden, unexpected appearance. In this Auden snapshot, sunlight floods through the windows of the Amityville house, illuminating the score of a Buxtehude *passacaglia* on the music stand. Auden included it as a sullen rebuke, from the cradle of the Enlightenment to the heart of contemporary Germany, with its barbarous politics and ghastly warmongering: here's order, here's skill, Buxtehude seems to say. (A few years later, in *Peter Grimes*, the Rector will use these same words to describe Peter's empty hut, the indignant townsfolk having marched up there looking for answers, they tell themselves, though really they were only ever baying for blood.) It is a beautiful poem, a poignant poem. Yet even this late in their friendship Britten remained shy in Auden's company, so 'New Year Letter (January 1, 1940)' does not capture what Britten so admired in Buxtehude's music – the wildness, the sense of formal danger, the inability at any single moment to predict what comes next. This music thrilled Britten – for its un-Bachness, its refusal to cleave to the rules that Bach's genius and the period's conventions demanded, or at least to break with these conventions as often as he honoured them.

It is something more than this, though. Britten was conservative in manner, dress, taste, and even in his approach to the relationship he had begun with Peter Pears early that same year, a *quasi* marriage that would wear well, despite the different prism through which Pears came to view it. For these reasons Buxtehude was the perfect mentor, the sort of composer to whom a rule-abider could look as he worked out how to become a rule-breaker.

But war engendered homesickness, and distance evoked in Britten something close to Baudelaire's great line about how people can be nostalgic for a land they've never actually known. Purcell, whose music was familiar to scholars and antiquarians, but hardly to English musicians only a few years out of college, fulfilled both roles: he was a rule-breaker himself, but in 1939 had the singular advantage of being someone who broke rules in Britten's mother tongue. So as Britten's Old World certainties were replaced by New World frustrations, Purcell ended up the neater fit for him than Buxtehude. It is not clear how he knew his music: his friendship with the remarkable Imogen Holst, a Purcell scholar and enthusiast, was still a few years away. And it doesn't seem that his great teacher Frank Bridge revelled in Purcell's music as he did that of so many others. But here Purcell now was: not in Auden's poetry, alas, but in Amityville, in Britten's life, in Pears's repertory.

In a nice piece for the Sadler's Wells guide to his first grand opera, Britten – whose written prose could be as tortuous as his spoken words, though with the wind behind him on this occasion – explained precisely why Purcell seemed so important just then. At the time of writing he was unaware of the historical impact *Grimes* was to have, how it would effect his transformation from bright youth to grand master, but as he set about explaining what he had wanted to achieve in the opera he was happy enough to take a shot at all those English composers who had followed Purcell, with so little to show for themselves. 'One of my chief aims,' he writes, 'is to try and restore to the musical setting of the English language a brilliance, freedom, and vitality that have been curiously rare since the death of Purcell ...' Then the list of

the crimes of these successive English composers: subservience to speech rhythms at the expense of wild, rhetorical declamations; a lack of poetry in the music; a lack of emotion in the words, which they left to die slowly on the page. It is great and right, every sentence, but it reads a little strange from a composer who had spent much of the previous decade hostage to established forms, no matter how exhilaratingly he kicked at the chains, often at Auden's insistence. Nonetheless, the impact of Purcell's music on Britten's compositions was immense: his *Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo* (1940) and *Holy Sonnets of John Donne* (1945) would have been difficult to write without it, his series of five Canticles inconceivable. Similarly, Britten's role in the revival of Purcell's music was no less significant.

Eventually, it was a natural fit, but was Britten Purcell's best advocate, Pears his best contemporary interpreter? Prickly, defensive, righteous, gay, pacifist, conchie, insider-outsider and left-leaning to boot (but a rule-abider!), Britten was not actually terribly well placed to take on a campaign to resurrect a largely forgotten composer. But he enjoyed the ride, not least as he rubbished those who followed Purcell, men (to a man) who gave English music the little self-respect it could muster in the fallow centuries. There was something completely enthralling in both the way he went in to battle, Pears at his side, and the works that resulted, all those realisations Britten scribbled with such haste and brilliance between 1939 and 1971. He undertook them as quick-work therapy – a welcome breather between big gigs or while large-scale works gnawed away at his conscience or demanded more immediate attention – but so too did they act as a compositional primer, a way of Britten staying true to the sentiments he outlined in 1945 in his words about *Grimes*.

This combination of therapy and tuition helps explain the two key periods of Britten's Purcell activity – not simply as represented on these discs, but in life as well: the 1940s and 1960s. The first decade belonged to the evangelist, the second to the obsessive, the composer who feared he had lost his way and sought the answer in the early teachings of Bridge and the eternal example of Purcell: a paring

down of each score to its essentials, which Purcell did so well, he thought. Or perhaps this undersells what Purcell actually pulled off in his songs, for he also coated them in a brilliant sheen, one that brought out the opulence and structure of the language amid free-fall melodic writing. For settings stuffed with so many notes, the songs are remarkably lean.

Yet Purcell's lesson was either hard learned or somehow ignored as the 1960s progressed, at least in Britten's own original scores. He pared these down so much that neither skeleton nor skin was always so easy to distinguish; a gloop of fine varnish would at times have been most welcome. So there is something wholly explicable about him working away at Purcell realisations throughout the 1960s, paying tribute, of course, but also refining his technical language, reminding himself of a time when it all came so easily, anticipating the breathtakingly good music he would write, once more, in the 1970s, with neither time nor health on his side.

Even though there were two centuries separating the two English composers, theatre gave them a strong bond. Purcell scrapped away at incidental music for plays in the 1690s as assiduously as Britten did in the late 1930s – for leftist theatre groups (Auden as ringmaster), cinema, the BBC (some pretty dreary religious cantatas among his commissions). These were hardly wasted apprenticeships, for each man would write his masterpiece for the opera stage, Purcell *Dido and Aeneas* (Britten and Holst making a fine realisation of it in 1950–1 for the English Opera Group), Britten *Billy Budd*. The reason these operas work so well is their sheer theatricality – not simply in their beautifully calibrated narrative arcs, but in the dramatic rhetoric of individual scenes and arias. This is the source of the energy thrumming through these songs and realisations.

Call a piece 'Mad Bess' and you'll end up with a scena not a song. And so it is with Bess of Bedlam who in Purcell's and Britten's hands unloosens herself of her wild dreams and fears and visions, as delirious as poor Grimes at the end of his opera, or Christopher Smart, the holy fool whose words gave Britten in this decade another of

his great mad scenes, *Rejoice in the Lamb* of 1943. (Smart's confinement in the mid-eighteenth century was not in Bedlam but in the splendidly named St Luke's Hospital for Lunatics, Bethnal Green; the differences between institutions were probably few.) It is a little difficult to tell whether it is Bess's head or her heart that is broken, though the distinction is tragically moot. Regardless of Bess's malady, Britten enjoys both the courtly moments of delusion (Bess will be mourned by raven and cat, owl and bat, she tells us earnestly) and the frantic presentiments of death – much as he would almost thirty years later in one of his greatest works, *Phaedra*, composed a year before his death, Purcell very much in the frame.

In a similar vein, and given its ubiquity today, it is easy to forget just how sad and bold is a song like 'I attempt from love's sickness to fly'. Victim of Britten's popularising arrangement and music syllabi the world over, the song is nonetheless a cry of feverish pain, a desperate evocation of the destructive pangs of love, regardless of the neatly drawn rhythmic lines within which it plays out. This is perhaps why songs like 'In the black dismal dungeon of despair' (which does pretty much what is written on the tin) work so well: they defy simple, cute appropriation. All of these such songs – 'Job's curse', a terrific bit of biblical tub-thumpery, which checklists unborn babes, the highly monarch and the lowly snail, and the thick veil of gloomy darkness surrounding the protagonist – have their counterpoint in the tributes to straightforward, reciprocated love between man and woman: 'Man is for the woman made', say, or 'Sweeter than roses'. The fecund family man Purcell found these sentiments and liaisons easier to capture in his music than did Britten, his own works enjoying instead the dangerous, complicated, ecstatic love between men, rarely giving flight to his women – as opera characters, certainly, but also as thinking, feeling individuals in his concert works and songs. (*Phaedra* is a stunning exception.)

Purcell had quite the ragbag of interests, then: religion ('Saul and the witch at Endor'), sorcery (ditto), monarchy and politics ('The Queen's Epicedium'), England

(‘Fairest isle’, Dryden’s words for Purcell’s semi-opera *King Arthur*), music or the muses (‘Music for a while’). Perhaps these are the eternal themes of poets and composers, but it is striking that they were still resonating so strongly when Britten made his first Purcell realisations. (Britten’s *Hymn to St Cecilia* of 1942 is an obvious tribute to Purcell’s work of similar name, though its handiest debt really is to the vocal impersonation of instruments Purcell conjures in his duet ‘Sound the trumpet’, a thrilling bit of musical morphism.) Yet these are some of the ideas beaded through Auden’s poetry, after all, to the extent that it really is surprising that, for once, the overbearing poet was not responsible for bringing Purcell to Britten’s attention, as he did Donne, Smart, Melville and more besides. And these same ideas crop up in different guises in Britten’s works for opera house and concert hall (sorcery aside: Britten disliked supernatural explanations for craven human behaviour, though his affection for the church of his boyhood often overruled such scepticism, letting through some rather wonderful texts and topics). So perhaps Britten’s appropriation of Purcell’s world is not so surprising.

Throughout his realisations, Britten plays the courteous guest to Purcell’s generous host. Sometimes too much so: the wonderful-weird accompaniment to ‘Music for a while’ is notable for its singularity, Britten using the ground bass as an anchor while he flies and dances above in lovely rhetorical flourishes, never more so than when the snakes drop, drop, drop from Alecto’s head. This accompaniment aside, there is little of the gleeful abandon with which Britten realized John Gay’s *Beggar’s Opera* (1949) – arias cut, transposed and juxtaposed, the accompaniment a wild bramble patch of harmonies. But he was clear on why this was so, why he was less interventionist in Purcell than in Gay. Ten years after completing *The Beggar’s Opera*, twenty years after making his first Purcell setting, Britten articulated his thoughts on the matter of Purcell’s songs: ‘Since the accompaniments were originally intended to be improvised, they must be personal and immediate – and we know only too well

how ephemeral fashions are, how quickly tastes change, so each generation must want its own realisations.' Britten then explains his own rules and thinking: stick to the bass and harmonies prescribed by the figured bass; fill gaps, but only with material that has a decent chance of fitting happily on Purcell's palette; keep in mind the texture of a harpsichord, the difference between plucked and hammered strings, and how best the one can replicate the other; honour the form of the song, the mood of the words. Above all, Britten concludes, avoid creative dullness, the reverence that had strangled Purcell's music for centuries, he implies rather strongly. 'Purcell would have hated these two qualities above all,' he writes, before adding a typically modest disclaimer, 'at least, that is the feeling one has after getting to know him through even these few works.'

Paul Kildea

*Author of Benjamin Britten: A Life in the Twentieth Century,
published by Penguin*

Ruby Hughes *soprano*

Holder of a 2014 Borletti-Buitoni Trust Award, Winner of both First Prize and the Audience Prize at the 2009 London Handel Singing Competition and a BBC New Generation Artist for 2011/2013, Ruby Hughes is the daughter of the celebrated Welsh ceramicist Elizabeth Fritsch. Shortlisted for a 2014 Royal Philharmonic Society Music Award, she studied at the Hochschule für Musik und Theater, Munich, and London's Royal College of Music.



photograph: Ganetty Clarke

On stage, she has appeared with Buxton Festival Opera, Classical Opera, the Early Opera Company, English National Opera, Garsington Opera at Wormsley, Der Lautten Compagny, Musikfestspiele Potsdam Sanssouci, Musikwerkstatt Wien, The Opera Group, Scottish Opera and at the Theater an der Wien.

She made her BBC Proms debut in 2013, and appears in concert with major orchestras and conductors throughout the UK and Europe. Newly released recordings include *Wie freudig ist mein Herz* (Bach Cantatas) on Fra Bernardo, *Lachrimae* (Songs by Dowland) on Alpha and *Montsalvatge Sinfonia da Requiem* on Chandos.

Engagements have included her US recital debut with Julius Drake at The Frick, and projects with Academia Montis Regalis, Arte dei Suonatori, the Britten Sinfonia, Le Concert Lorrain, Concerto Köln, the English Concert, Ensemble Cordia, St James's Baroque, the Manchester Camerata, the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment and Symphony Orchestra Augusta, as well as *Heroines* at the City Theatre, Stockholm.

Anna Grevelius *mezzo-soprano*

Swedish mezzo-soprano Anna Grevelius studied at the GSMD in London, the Royal College of Music and the National Opera Studio. Awards include the 2004 Gerald Moore Award's Singer's Prize, 1st prize in the 2006 RCM Lies Askonas Competition and the 'Prix Gabriel Dusserget' presented at the Festival d'Aix-en-Provence 2010.



photograph: Sussie Ahlborg

For ENO, she has performed Nerone *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*, Fyodor *Boris Godunov*, Rosina *The Barber of Seville*, and Siebel *Faust*. Other roles include Dorabella *Così fan tutte* (Classical Opera Company), Onoria *Ezio* (London Handel Festival), Proserpina *Orfeo* (Drottningholm), Annio *La Clemenza di Tito* (La Monnaie), 2nd Lady *Magic Flute* (Festival d'Aix-en-Provence), Varvara *Katya Kabanova* (ENO, Teatro Nacional Lisbon), Kitty Oppenheimer *Dr. Atomic* (Opera National du Rhin), Cherubino *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Gothenburg Opera), and

Juno *Platee* (De Nederlandse Opera). She made her Paris debut at the Opéra de la Bastille as Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

In concert and recital, she has worked with Roger Vignoles, Julius Drake, Joseph Middleton, the English Chamber Orchestra, the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, the BR Symphony Orchestra Munich, the Hallé Orchestra, the Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra, and appeared at the Oxford Lieder Festival, Kings Place and in Cambridge. Recordings include Mendelssohn (Hyperion), Wolf songs (Stone Records) and *The Magic Flute* (Harmonia Mundi).

Benedict Nelson *baritone*

British baritone Benedict Nelson is one of the most exciting singers of his generation. As an English National Opera Harewood Artist, Nelson's roles included title role *Billy Budd*, Belcore *L'elisir d'amore*, Figaro *Barber of Seville*, Valentin *Faust*, Demetrius *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Evangelist *Watchful* and First Shepherd *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

Other operatic highlights include Ned Keene *Peter Grimes* for Opéra de Lyon and Opera North, Algernon Moncrieff in the UK premiere of Barry's *The Importance of Being Earnest* at the Royal Opera House, Aeneas *Dido and Aeneas* for the Verbier Festival, Silvano *Un ballo in Maschera* for Opera Holland Park, Tarquinius *Rape of Lucretia* for Opéra Angers-Nantes, and *The Tender Land* for Opéra de Lyon.

On the concert platform highlights include appearances with the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Hallé, BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, L'Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra, Utah Symphony Orchestra, Basel Chamber Orchestra, RTÉ Orchestra and the Orchestre de l'Opéra de Rouen, under conductors including Sir Neville Marriner, Sir Roger Norrington, Donald Runnicles, David Parry, Thomas Zehetmair, Andris Nelsons and Paul McCreesh.

Nelson's recital highlights include Britten's *Songs and Proverbs of William Blake* at Snape Maltings with Malcolm Martineau, and his debut recital at the Wigmore Hall in 2013, also with Martineau.



photograph: Chris Gloag

Allan Clayton *tenor*

Allan Clayton is established as one of the most exciting and sought after singers of his generation. A consummate actor and deeply sensitive musician, he has already made a huge impact on the international operatic and concert scene.

On stage, Allan's roles have included Castor *Castor et Pollux*, Cassio *Otello*, Lysander *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for English National Opera; Male Chorus *The Rape of Lucretia* for Glyndebourne Festival Opera and Glyndebourne on Tour, Ferrando *Così fan tutte* for Glyndebourne Festival Opera and the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and Castor *Castor et Pollux* and Tamino *Die Zauberflöte* for Komische Oper, Berlin. Allan was an integral part of George Benjamin's award-winning opera *Written on Skin* at the Netherlands Opera, the Théâtre du Capitole, Toulouse, the Royal Opera House, Wiener Festwochen, and the Bayerische Staatsoper, following on from the world premiere of the work at the Festival d'Aix-en-Provence.

Concert appearances include Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* with the Hallé and Sir Mark Elder; Handel's *Messiah* for the Handel & Haydn Society in Boston; Britten's *War Requiem* at the Royal Albert Hall with the BBC Symphony Orchestra and Semyon Bychkov; and the title role in *Oedipus Rex* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sakari Oramo at the BBC Proms.

He has given lieder recitals at the Cheltenham Festival, the Perth International Arts Festival in Australia, the Aldeburgh Festival, and London's Wigmore Hall. He has been fortunate to work with many outstanding pianists including Paul Lewis, Graham Johnson, Malcolm Martineau, Roger Vignoles, Julius Drake, James Baillieu, Simon Lepper and Joseph Middleton.

Allan Clayton studied at St John's College, Cambridge, and at the Royal Academy of Music in London. He is an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music, a former BBC New Generation Artist from 2007-2009 and received a Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship.



photograph: Pietro Spagnoli

Robin Blaze *counter-tenor*

Robin Blaze is firmly established in the front rank of interpreters of Purcell, Bach and Handel, and works regularly with conductors including Christophers, Gardiner, Herreweghe, Hogwood, Jacobs, King, Koopman, Goodwin, Kraemer, McCreesh, Mc Megan, Pinnock and Suzuki. He studied music at Magdalen College, Oxford and at the Royal College of Music.

He regularly appears with The Academy of Ancient Music, Bach Collegium Japan, Collegium Vocale, The English Concert, The Gabrieli Consort, The King's Consort, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, RIAS Kammerchor, The Sixteen, Concordia, Fretwork, Florilegium and The Palladian Ensemble. Other engagements have included the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, the National Symphony Orchestra, Washington, the St Paul Chamber Orchestra, La Chapelle Royale, City of London Sinfonia, Netherlands Radio Philharmonic, Royal Flanders Philharmonic, BBC Philharmonic, The Hallé, Münchener Kammerorchester, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Northern Sinfonia, Scottish Chamber Orchestra, Tafelmusik, Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra and the Philharmonia.

Robin's many recordings include the Cantata Cycle with Bach Collegium Japan, Handel Oratorio Duets (OAE/Kraemer), several recital discs of lute songs with Elizabeth Kenny, Didymus *Theodora* (Gabrieli Consort/McCreesh), Vivaldi, Kuhnau and Knüpfer (The King's Consort/King), Purcell *Odes* (Collegium Vocale Gent/Herreweghe), Hamor *Jephtha* (The Sixteen/Christophers), Priest of the Israelites *Esther* (Dunedin Consort/Butt), and Thomas Adès' song cycle *The Lover in Winter*.



photograph: Will Umwin

Matthew Rose *bass*

British bass Matthew Rose studied at the Curtis Institute of Music before becoming a member of the Young Artist Programme at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

In 2006 he made an acclaimed debut at the Glyndebourne Festival as Bottom A *Midsummer Night's Dream* – for which he received the John Christie Award – and has since sung the role at La Scala, Covent Garden, Opéra National de Lyon, Houston Grand Opera and at the Metropolitan Opera, New York. He has sung Talbot Maria Stuarda and Colline *La Bohème* for the Metropolitan Opera; Sparafucile *Rigoletto*, Sarastro *Die Zauberflöte* and Talbot at Covent Garden; Leporello *Don Giovanni*, Nick Shadow *The Rake's Progress*, Callistene Donizetti's *Poliuto* and Collatinus *Rape of Lucretia* at Glyndebourne Festival; Claggart *Billy Budd* at English National Opera; Mozart's *Figaro* for Welsh National Opera, Opéra de Lille, and the Bayerische Staatsoper, Munich; Leporello at the Deutsche Oper, Berlin; and Henry VIII *Anna Bolena* at Opéra National de Bordeaux.



photograph: Lena Kern

In concert he has appeared at the Edinburgh Festival, BBC Proms and the Mostly Mozart Festival in New York. His engagements include the LSO with Sir Colin Davis, Harding and Tilson Thomas; the Los Angeles Philharmonic with Dudamel; the Dresden Staatskapelle with Mackerras; the BBC Symphony Orchestra with Sir Andrew Davis, Belohlávek and Minkowski; the LPO with Nézet-Séguin; L'Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique with Gardiner; the Boston Symphony Orchestra with Dutoit; and the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia with Pappano.

His recital appearances include the Brighton, Chester and Cheltenham International Festivals, and at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, London's Wigmore Hall, and the Kennedy Center, Washington.

A prolific recording artist, his recordings include a critically acclaimed *Winterreise* with pianist Gary Matthewman and *Schwanengesang* with Malcolm Martineau (Stone Records); *Arias for Benucci* with Arcangelo & Jonathan Cohen (Hyperion); Walter *Guillaume Tell* and Der Steuermann *Tristan und Isolde* with Pappano; Ratcliffe *Billy Budd* with Harding – winner of a Grammy Award for Best Opera Recording; Bel Canto arias with Natalie Dessay and Evelino Pido and Handel's *Messiah* with Stephen Cleobury and the Choir of King's College, Cambridge (EMI); Tippett's *A Child of our Time* and Berlioz's *L'enfance du Christ* with Sir Colin Davis (LSO Live); and Liszt Lieder with Iain Burnside (Signum). His roles on DVD include Nick Shadow *The Rake's Progress* and Mr Flint *Billy Budd* from Glyndebourne, and Polyphemus *Acis and Galatea* from Covent Garden (Opus Arte).

photograph: Benjamin Harte



Joseph Middleton *piano*

Pianist Joseph Middleton specialises in the art of song accompaniment and chamber music and has been highly acclaimed within this field. Described in the *BBC Music Magazine* as 'one of the brightest stars in the world of song and Lieder', he performs and records with many of the world's finest singers in major music centres across Europe and North America.

Joseph has partnered internationally established singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Ian Bostridge, Sarah Connolly, Lucy Crowe, Iestyn Davies, Wolfgang Holzmair, Christiane Karg, Katarina Karnéus, Jonathan Lemalu, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, John Mark Ainsley, Ann Murray, Mark Padmore, Joan Rodgers, Amanda Roccroft, Kate Royal, Matthew Rose, Carolyn Sampson and Roderick Williams. He appears at

major music centres including, in Europe: London's Wigmore Hall, Royal Opera House and Royal Festival Hall, the Vienna Konzerthaus, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Cologne Philharmonie, Zürich Tonhalle and Luxembourg Philharmonie. He made his New York debut at the Alice Tully Hall accompanying Sarah Connolly in a recital described in the *New York Times* as 'superlative... everything a song recital should be'. Elsewhere in the Americas he has appeared at Toronto's Koerner Hall, Vancouver's Chan Centre, San Francisco's Nourse Theatre and Chicago's Ravinia Festival. He is a regular guest at festivals in Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, BBC Proms, Cheltenham, City of London, Edinburgh, Munich, Stuttgart and West Cork. His critically acclaimed discography includes 'Fleurs' with Carolyn Sampson (BIS Records, nominated for a Gramophone Award), and numerous recordings for Champs Hill Records, including recital discs with Dame Felicity Lott, Amanda Roccroft and Ruby Hughes and the lieder of Ludwig Thuille with Sophie Bevan and Jennifer Johnston.

Born in Gloucestershire, Joseph graduated with an MPhil from the University of Birmingham before studying piano on an EMI Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music and winning all the major accompaniment prizes in the UK. In 2014, Joseph was appointed Director of Leeds Lieder, 'one of the most exuberant and far-reaching festivals of art-song in the UK' (*The Times*).

CD 1

from **Harmonia Sacra**

1 **Job's curse**

*Let the night perish (Job's curse),
Z191 (1688)*

Let the night perish; cursed be the morn
Wherein 'twas said: there is a manchild born!
Let not the Lord regard that day, but shroud
Its fatal glory in some sullen cloud.
May the dark shades of an eternal night
Exclude the least kind of beam of
dawning light;

Let unborn babes, as in the womb they lie,
If it be mentioned, give a groan, and die;
No sounds of joy therein shall charm the ear,
No sun, no moon, no twilight stars appear,
But a thick veil of gloomy darkness wear.
Why did I not, when first my mother's womb
Discarded me, thence drop down into
my tomb?

Then had I been at quiet, and mine eyes
Had slept and seen no sorrow; there
the wise

And subtle counsellor, the potentate,
Who for themselves built palaces of state,
Lie hush'd in silence; there's no midnight cry
Caus'd by oppression and the tyranny
Of wicked rulers; here the weary cease
From labour, here the pris'ner sleeps in peace;
The rich, the poor, the monarch and the slave
Rest undisturb'd and no distinction have
Within the silent chambers of the grave.

Jeremy Taylor (1613–1667)

2 **The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation** when our
Saviour (at twelve years of age) had
withdrawn himself

*Tell me, some pitying angel (The Blessed Virgin's
Expostulation), Z196 (1693)*

Tell me, some pitying angel, quickly say,
Where does my soul's sweet darling stay,
In tiger's, or more cruel Herod's way?
Oh! rather let his little footsteps press
Unregarded through the wilderness,
Where milder savages resort;
The desert's safer than a tyrant's court.
Why, fairest object of my love,
Why dost thou from my longing eyes remove?
Was it a waking dream that did foretell
Thy wond'rous birth? No vision from above?
Where's Gabriel now that visited my cell?
I call; he comes not; flatt'ring hopes, farewell.
Me Judah's daughters once caress'd,
Call'd me of mothers the most bless'd;
Now (fatal change!) of mother's most distress'd.
How shall my soul its motions guide,
How shall I stem the various tide,
Whilst faith and doubt my lab'ring soul divide?
For whilst of thy dear sight beguil'd,
I trust the God, but oh! I fear the child.

Nahum (Nathaniel) Tate (1652–1715)

3 **Saul and the witch at Endor**

In guilty night, Z134 (1693)

CHORUS In guilty night, and hid in
false disguise,

Forsaken Saul to Endor comes and cries:

SAUL Woman, arise, call pow'ful
arts together,

And raise the ghost, whom I shall name,
up hither.

WITCH Why should'st thou will me die?
Forbear, my son,

Dost thou not know what cruel Saul
hath done?

How he has kill'd and murder'd all
That were wise and could on spirits call?

SAUL Woman, be bold, do but the thing
I wish,

No harm from Saul shall come to thee for this.

WITCH Whom shall I raise or call? I'll
make him hear.

SAUL Old Samuel, let only him appear!

WITCH Alas!

SAUL What dost thou fear?

WITCH Nought else but thee,

For thou art Saul, alas! and hast beguiled me.

SAUL Peace, and go on, what seest thou?
let me know.

WITCH I see the gods ascending from below.

SAUL Who's he that comes?

WITCH An old man mantled o'er.

SAUL Oh! that is he, let me that ghost adore.

SAMUEL Why hast thou robb'd me of my
rest to see

That which I hate, this wicked world and thee?

SAUL Oh! I am sore distress'd, vexed sore;

God has left me and answers me no more;
Distress'd with war, with inward terrors too,

For pity's sake tell me what shall I do?

SAMUEL Art thou forlorn of God and com'st to me?

What can I tell you then but misery?

Thy kingdom's gone into thy neighbour's race,

Thine host shall fall by sword before thy face.

Tomorrow, then, till then farewell, and breathe:

Thou and thy son tomorrow shall be with
me beneath.

CHORUS Oh! Farewell.

Anonymous

Two divine hymns and Alleluia (1960)

A morning hymn

*Thou wakeful shepherd (A morning hymn),
Z198 (1688)*

Thou wakeful shepherd, that does Israel keep,

Rais'd by thy goodness from the bed of sleep,

To thee I offer up this hymn

As my best morning sacrifice;

May it be gracious in thine eyes

To raise me from the bed of sin.

And do I live to see another day?

I vow, my God, henceforth to walk thy ways,

And sing thy praise

All those few days

Thou shalt allow.

Could I redeem the time I have mis-spent

In sinful merriment,

Could I untread

Those paths I led I would so expiate each

past offence,

That ev'n from thence

The innocent should wish themselves like me
When with such crimes they such
repentance see.

With joy I'd sing away my breath,
Yet who can die so to receive his death.

Bishop William Fuller (1608–1675)

5 **Alleluia**

*from the anthem 'O Lord, rebuke me not' by
JOHN WELDON (1676–1736), mis-attributed as
ZS14 in a nineteenth-century Purcell
anthology (Novello)*

Alleluia.

6 **In the black dismal dungeon of despair**

*In the black dismal dungeon of despair,
Z190 (1688)*

In the black dismal dungeon of despair,
Pin'd with tormenting care,
Wrack'd with my fears,
Drown'd in my tears,
With dreadful expectation of my doom
And certain horrid judgement soon to come
Lord, here I lie,
Lost to all hope of liberty,
Hence never to remove
But by a miracle of Love,
Which I scarce dare hope for, or expect,
Being guilty of so long, so great neglect.
Fool that I was, worthy a sharper rod,
To slight thy courting, O my God!
For thou did'st woo, intreat, and grieve,
Did'st beg me to be happy and to live;
But I would not; I chose to dwell

With Death, far from thee,
Too near to Hell.

But is there no redemption, no relief?
Jesu! Thou sav'd'st a Magdalen, a thief;
O Jesu! Thy mercy, Lord, once more advance.
O give me such a glance
As Peter had; thy sweet, kind, chiding look
Will change my heart, as it did melt that rock;
Look on me, sweet Jesu, as thou did'st on him;
'Tis more than to create, thus, to redeem.

Bishop William Fuller (1608–1675)

Three divine hymns (1947)

Lord, what is man?

Lord, what is man? Z192 (1693)

Lord, what is man, lost man, that thou should'st be
So mindful of him, that the Son of God
Forsook his glory, his abode,
To become a poor tormented man?
The deity was shrunk into a span,
And that for me, O wondrous love, for me.
Reveal, ye glorious spirits, when ye knew
The way the Son of God took to renew
Lost man, your vacant places to supply,
Blest spirits, tell,
Which did excel,
Which was more prevalent,
Your joy or your astonishment,
That man should be assum'd into the deity,
That for a worm a God should die?
O for a quill drawn from your wing
To write the praises of eternal love;
O for a voice like yours to sing

That anthem here which once you sang above.
Hallelujah.

Bishop William Fuller (1608–1675)

8 **We sing to him**

*We sing to him whose wisdom form'd the ear,
Z199 (1688)*

We sing to him, whose wisdom form'd
the ear,

Our songs, let him who gave us voices hear!
We joy in God, who is the spring of mirth,
Who loves the harmony of heav'n and earth;
Our humble sonnets shall that praise
rehearse,

Who is the music of the universe.
And whilst we sing we consecrate our art,
And offer up with ev'ry tongue a heart.

Nathaniel Ingelo (c1621–1683)

9 **Evening hymn**

*Now that the sun hath veiled his light
(An evening hymn on a ground), Z193 (1688)*

Now that the sun hath veiled his light,
And bid the world goodnight,
To the soft bed my body I dispose,
But where shall my soul repose?
Dear God, even in thy arms.
And can there be any so sweet security?
Then to thy rest, O my soul, and singing,
Praise the mercy that prolongs thy days.
Hallelujah.

Bishop William Fuller (1608–1675)

from **Odes and Elegies**

10 **The Queen's Epicedium**

*Incassum Lesbia, rogas also known as
The Queen's Epicedium, Z383 (1695)*

*Incassum Lesbia, incassum rogas,
Lyra mea, mens est immodulata;
Terrarum orbe lachrymarum pleno,
Dolorum rogitas tu cantilenam?
In vain, Lesbia, do you beseech me;
The mood of my lyre is discordant;
When the world is filled with tears,
Filled with grief, do you entreat me to sing?
En nymphas! En pastores!*

Caput omne reclinat

Iuncorum instar!

Admodum fletur;

Nec Galatea canit,

Nec ludit Tityrus agris;

Non curant oves,

Moerore perdit.

Lo, the nymphs, lo the shepherds,

All heads are bent low

As if gathered in a herd!

There is much shedding of tears;

Galatea sings no more,

Nor does Tityrus play in the fields;

They are not caring for the flock,

But are lost in mourning.

Regina, heu! Arcadiae Regina perit!

O! damnum non exprimendum!

Non suspiriis, non gemitibus imis,

Pectoris aut queruli singultri turbido.

Miseros Arcades!

O quam lugentes!

*Suorum gaudium oculorum, mirum abiit,
Nunquam, O nunquam reversurum!
Stella sua fixa
Caelum ultra lucet.*

The Queen, alas, the Queen of Arcadia is gone
for ever!

O loss that cannot be expressed,
Neither by sighs, nor by deepest groans,
Nor by lamenting breast's unrelenting sobbing.
Deeply afflicted Arcadians!

O how they are grieving!
The happy look of their eyes
Is gone, never, never to return!
Her star, immovable,
Shines on in the heavens.

R Herbert

Purcell and Britten: Men of the theatre

11 **Turn then thine eyes (1947)**

*Turn then thine eyes, Z425, solo version of duet
in The Fairy Queen, Z629*

Turn then thine eyes upon those glories there,
And catching flames will on thy cheek appear.

*Elkanah Settle (1648–1724) after
William Shakespeare (1564–1616)
A Midsummer Night's Dream*

12 **Mad Bess (1948)**

*From silent shades
also known as Bess of Bedlam, Z370 (1683)*

From silent shades and the Elysian groves
Where sad departed spirits mourn their loves,
From crystal streams and from that
country where

Jove crowns the fields with flowers all the year,
Poor senseless Bess, clothed in her rags and folly,
Is come to cure her lovesick melancholy.

'Bright Cynthia kept her revels late
While Mab, the Fairy Queen did dance,
And Oberon did sit in state
When Mars at Venus ran his lance.

'In yonder cowslip lies my dear,
Entomb'd in liquid gems of dew;
Each day I'll water it with a tear,
Its fading blossom to renew.

'For since my love is dead and all my joys are gone,
Poor Bess for his sake
A garland will make,
My music shall be a groan.

'I'll lay me down and die within some hollow tree,
The rav'n and cat,
The owl and bat
Shall warble forth my elegy.

'Did you not see my love as he past by you?
His two flaming eyes, if he comes nigh you,
They will scorch up your hearts:

'Ladies, beware ye,
Lest he should dart a glance that may ensnare ye!

'Hark! Hark!
I hear old Charon bawl,
His boat he will not longer stay,
And furies lash their whips and call:
Come, come away.

'Poor Bess will return to the place whence she came,
Since the world is so mad she can hope for no cure.

For love's grown a bubble, a shadow, a name, 14
Which fools do admire and wise men endure.

'Cold and hungry am I grown.
Ambrosia will I feed upon,
Drink Nectar still and sing.'

Who is content,
Does all sorrow prevent?
And Bess in her straw,
Whilst free from the law,
In her thoughts is as great as a king.
Anonymous

- 13 **Hark the ech'ing air!** (1960)
Hark, the ech'ing air (from 'The Fairy Queen')
Z629 (1692)

Hark! hark, the ech'ing air a triumph sings,
And all around, pleased Cupids clap
their wings.

*Elkanah Settle (1648–1724) after
William Shakespeare (1564–1616)
A Midsummer Night's Dream*

I attempt from love's sickness to fly

*I attempt from love's sickness to fly
(from 'The Indian Queen')* Z630 (1695)

I attempt from love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.
No more now, fond heart, with pride no
more swell,
Thou can'st not raise forces enough to rebel.
For love has more pow'r, and less mercy
than fate,
To make us seek ruin, and love those
that hate.

*John Dryden (1631–1700) and Sir Robert Howard
(1626–1698)*

- 15 **How blest are shepherds** (1960)

*How blest are shepherds (from 'King Arthur',
or 'The British Worthy')* Z628 (1691)

How blest are shepherds, how happy their lasses,
While drums and trumpets are sounding alarms.
Over our lowly sheds all the storm passes,
And when we die 'tis in each others' arms,
All the day on our herds and flocks employing,
All the night on our flutes and in enjoying.
Bright nymphs of Britain with graces attended,
Let not your days without pleasure expire.
Honour's but empty, and when youth is ended,
All men will praise you but none will desire.
Let not youth fly away without contenting,
Age will come time enough for your repenting.

John Dryden (1631–1700)

16 **Let the dreadful engines of eternal will** (1971)

Let the dreadful engines (from 'The Comical History of Don Quixote' I, Z578 (1694/5))

Let the dreadful engines of eternal will,
The thunder roar and crooked lightning kill,
My rage is hot as theirs, as fatal too,
And dares as horrid execution do.
Or let the frozen North its rancour show,
Within my breast far greater tempests grow;
Despair's more cold than all the winds
can blow.

Can nothing warm me?

Yes, yes, Lucinda's eyes.

There Etna, there,

There, there Vesuvio lies,

To furnish Hell with flames

That mounting reach the skies.

Ye powers, I did but use her name,

And see how all the meteors flame;

Blue lightning flashes round the court of Sol,

And now the globe more fiercely burns

Than once at Phaeton's fall.

Ah, where are now those flow'ry groves

Where Zephyr's fragrant winds did play?

Where guarded by a troop of Loves,

The fair Lucinda sleeping lay:

There sung the nightingale and lark,

Around us all was sweet and gay;

We ne'er grew sad till it grew dark,

Nor nothing feared but short'ning day.

I glow, I glow but 'tis with hate:

Why must I burn for this ingrate?

Cool, cool it then and rail,

Since nothing, nothing will prevail.

When a woman love pretends,
'Tis but till she gains her ends,
And for better and for worse
Is for marrow of the purse.
Where she jilts you o'er and o'er,
Proves a slattern or a whore,
This hour will tease and vex,
And will cuckold ye the next.
They were all contrived in spite,
To torment us, not delight;
But to scold and scratch and bite,
And not one of them proves right,
But all, all are witches by this light.
And so I fairly bid 'em, and the world,
Good Night.

Thomas D'Urfey (1653–1723)

CD 2

for **Orpheus Britannicus**

If music be the food of love (1947)

*If music be the food of love (3rd version),
Z379c (1695)*

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.
Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the feast is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.

Henry Heveningham (fl 1692)

2 **Sound the trumpet** (1961)

Sound the trumpet (from 'Come, ye sons of art, away, Birthday Ode for Queen Mary') Z323 (1694)

Sound the trumpet, till around
You make the list'ning shores rebound.
On the sprightly hautboy play
All the instruments of joy
That skilful numbers can employ,
To celebrate the glories of this day.
Nahum (Nathaniel) Tate (1652–1715)

3 **If music be the food of love** (1948)

If music be the food of love (1st version), Z379a (1692)

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, you mien, your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.
Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.
Henry Heveningham (fl 1692)

4 **O solitude** (1955, publ. 1994)

O solitude, my sweetest choice, Z406 (1687)

O solitude, my sweetest choice,
Places devoted to the night,
Remote from tumult and from noise,
How ye my restless thoughts delight!
O heav'ns! what content is mine
To see those trees, which have appear'd
From the nativity of time,
And which all ages have rever'd,
To look today as fresh and green
As when their beauties first were seen.
Oh, how agreeable a sight
These hanging mountains do appear,
Which th' unhappy would invite
To finish all their sorrows here,
When their hard fate makes them endure
Such woes as only death can cure.
Oh, how I solitude adore!
That element of noblest wit,
Where I have learned Apollo's lore,
Without the pains to study it.
For thy sake I in love am grown
With what thy fancy does pursue;
But when I think upon my own,
I hate it for that reason too,
Because it needs must hinder me
From seeing and from serving thee.
O solitude, oh, how I solitude adore!

*Antoine Girard de Saint-Amant (1594–1661)
translated by Katherine Philips (1631–1664)*

- 5 **Music for a while** (1947)
Music for a while (from 'Oedipus') Z583 (?1692)
Music for a while shall all your cares beguile:
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd,
And disdain'd to be pleas'd.
Till Allecto free the dead from their eternal
band,
Till the snakes drop from her head,
And the whip from out her hand.
*John Dryden (1631–1700) and Nathaniel Lee
(c1653–1692)*

Fairest isle

- 6 **Fairest isle** (1947)
Fairest isle (from 'King Arthur', or 'The British
Worthy') Z628 (1691)
Fairest isle of isles excelling, seat of
pleasures and of loves,
Venus here will choose her dwelling,
and forsake her Cyprian groves.
Cupid, from his fav'rite nation, care and
envy will remove;
Jealousy, that poisons passion and despair
that dies for love.
Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining, sighs
that blow the fire of love,
Soft repulses, kind disdain'd, shall be all
the pains you prove.
Every swain shall pay his duty, grateful
every nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in beauty, those shall
be renown'd for love.
John Dryden (1631–1700)

- 7 **I'll sail upon the dog-star** (1947)
I'll sail upon the dog-star (from 'A Fool's
Preferment', or 'The Three Dukes of Dunstable')
Z571 (1688)
I'll sail upon the dog-star and then pursue
the morning;
I'll chase the moon till it be noon but I'll
make her leave her horn'g.
I'll climb the frosty mountain, and there
I'll coin the weather;
I'll tear the rainbow from the sky and tie
both ends together.
The stars pluck from their orbs too, and crowd
them in my budget;
And whether I'm a roaming boy, let all the
nation judge it.
*Thomas D'Urfey (1653–1723) after John Fletcher
(1579–1625)*

8 **On the brow of Richmond Hill** (1947)

On the brow of Richmond Hill, Z405 (1692)

On the brow of Richmond Hill,
Which Europe scarce can parallel,
Ev'ry eye such wonders fill
To view the prospect round;
Where the silver Thames doth glide,
And stately courts are edified,
Meadows deck'd in summer's pride,
With verdant beauties crown'd;
Lovely Cynthia passing by,
With brighter glories blest my eye,
Ah, then in vain, in vain said I,
The fields and flow'rs do shine;
Nature in this charming place
Created pleasure in excess,
But all are poor to Cynthia's face,
Whose features are divine.

Thomas D'Urfey (1653–1723)

9 **Shepherd, leave decoying** (1961)

*Shepherd, leave decoying (from 'King Arthur',
or 'The British Worthy') Z628 (1691)*

Shepherd, leave decoying,
Pipes are sweet as summer's day;
But a little after toying
Women have the shot to pay.
Here are marriage vows for signing,
Set their mark that cannot write;
After that without repining,
Play and welcome day and night.

John Dryden (1631–1700)

The fairer sex

10 **The knotting song** (1939)

*Hears not my Phillis, also known as
'The knotting song', Z371 (1695)*

Hears not my Phillis how the birds
Their feather'd mates salute?
They tell their passions in their words,
Must I alone be mute?
Phillis, without a frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.
So many months in silence past,
And yet in raging love,
Might well deserve one word at last
My passion to approve.
Phillis, without a frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.
Must then thy faithful swain expire,
And not one look obtain,
Which he to soothe his fond desires
Might pleasingly explain?
Phillis, without a frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

Sir Charles Sedley (c1639–1701)

- 11 **Not all my torments** (1948)
Not all my torments can your pity move, Z400
Not all my torments can your pity move,
Your scorn increases with my love.
Yet to the grave I will my sorrows bear;
I love, tho' I despair.
Anonymous

- 12 **Pious Celinda** (1947)
Pious Celinda goes to prayers, Z410 (1695)
Pious Celinda goes to prayers
If I but ask the favour,
And yet the tender fool's in tears
When she believes I'll leave her.
Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her;
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner!
William Congreve (1670-1729)

- 13 **There's not a swain of the plain** (1948)
There's not a swain (from 'Rule a Wife and Have a Wife') Z587 (1693)
There's not a swain of the plain
Would be bless'd as me,
O could you but on me smile.
But you appear so severe,
That trembling with fear
My heart goes pit-a-pat all the while.

When I cry, must I die?
You make no reply,
But look shy
And with a scornful eye
Kill me by your cruelty.
How can you be so hard to me?
John Fletcher (1579-1625)

- 14 **Man is for the woman made** (1948)
Man is for the woman made (from 'The Mock Marriage') Z605 (1695)
Man is for the woman made and the woman
for the man.
As the spur is for the jade,
As the scabbard for the blade,
As for digging is the spade,
As for liquor is the can,
So man is for the woman made and the
woman for the man.
As the sceptre to be sway'd,
As for nights the serenade,
As for pudding is the pan,
And to cool us is the fan,
So man is for the woman made and the
woman for the man.
Be she widow be she maid,
Be she wanton be she staid,
Be she well or ill array'd,
Princess or haridan,
So man is for the woman made and the
woman for the man.
Thomas Scott (fl 1695)

15 **I take no pleasure** (1960)

*I take no pleasure in the sun's bright beams,
Z388 (1681)*

I take no pleasure in the sun's bright beams,
Nor in the crystal river's purling streams,
But in a dark and silent shady grove,
I sigh out woes of my neglected love.
Come, cruel fair, and charm me, ere I go
To Death's embraces in the shades below.
For though condemn'd and fetter'd here I lie,
Till I your sentence have, I cannot die.
One look from those dear eyes, and
then adieu,
To all your cruelties and beauties too.

Anonymous

16 **Take not a woman's anger ill** (1960)

*Take not a woman's anger ill (from 'The Rival
Sisters', or 'The Violence of Love') Z609 (1695)*

Take not a woman's anger ill,
But let this be your comfort still,
That if one won't another will.
Though she that's foolish does deny,
She that is wiser will comply,
And if 'tis but a woman, what care I?
Them who'd be damned to swear untrue,
And sigh and weep, and weep and whine
and woo
As all simple coxcombs do?
All women love it, and though this,
Sullenly forbids the bliss,
Try but the next, you cannot miss.

Robert Gould (c1660-1709)

17 **Celemene** (1946, pub. 1994)

*Celemene, pray tell me (from 'Oroonoko') Z584
(1695)*

Celemene, pray tell me Celemene,
When those pretty eyes I see;
When my heart beats in my breast,
Why it will not let me rest?
Why this trembling too all o'er,
Pains I never felt before.
And when thus I touch your hand,
Why I wish I was a man?
How should I know more than you?
Yet would be a woman too,
When you wash yourself and play,
I methinks could look all day.
Nay just now I'm pleas'd so well,
Should you kiss me I won't tell.
Tho' I could do that all day,
And desire no better play;
Sure in Love's there's something more,
Which makes Mamma so big before.
Once by chance I heard it named;
Don't ask what, for I'm ashamed.
Stay but till you're past fifteen,
Then you'll know what 'tis I mean.
However lose not present bliss;
But now we're alone let's kiss.
My breasts do so heave.
My heart does so pant.
There's something more we want.

*Thomas Southerne (1660-1746) after the novel
by Aphra Behn (c.1640-1689)*

18 **I spy Celia** (1961)

I spy Celia, Celia eyes me, Z499

I spy Celia, Celia eyes me,
I approach her, but she flies me;
I pursue; more coy I find her,
I seem colder, then she's kinder:
Her eyes charm me, my words move her,
She esteems me, and I love her.
In not blessing, most she blesses,
And not possessing, each possesses.
Now she blushes. I grow bolder,
She would leave me but I hold her;
She grows angry; I appease her.
I am redder, then I please her.

Anonymous

19 **What can we poor females do?** (1961)

What can we poor females do?, Z518

What can we poor females do
When pressing, teasing lovers sue?
What can we poor females do?
Fate affords no other way,
Than denying or complying.
And resenting, or consenting,
Does alike our hopes betray.

Anonymous

20 **Dulcibella** (1971, publ. 1994)

Dulcibella, when e'er I sue for a kiss, Z485 (1694)

Dulcibella, whene'er I sue for a kiss,
Refusing the bliss,
Cries no, no, no,
Leave me, Alexis, ah! what would you do?
When I tell her I'll go,
Still she cries no, no, no,
My Alexis, no, ah! tell me not so.
Tell me, fair one, tell me why,
Why so coming, why so shy?
Why so kind, and why so coy?
Tell me, fair one, tell me why
You'll neither let me fight nor fly;
Tell me, fair one, tell me why,
You'll neither let me live nor die.

A Henley

21 **When Myra sings** (1971, publ. 1994)

When Myra sings, Z521 (1695)

When Myra sings, we seek th'
 enchanting sound,
And bless the notes which do so
 sweetly wound;
What music needs must dwell upon
 that tongue
Whose speech is tuneful as another's song?
Such harmony, such wit, a face so fair,
So many pointed arrows who can bear?
The slave that from her wit or beauty flies,
If she but reach him with her voice, he dies.

George Granville

22 **Sweeter than roses** (1948)

*Sweeter than roses (from 'Pausanias, the
Betrayed of his Country')* Z585 (1695)

Sweeter than roses,
Or cool evening breeze on a warm
 flowery shore,
Was the dear kiss first trembling made
 me freeze,
Then shot like fire all o'er.
What magic has victorious love!
For all I touch or see since that dear kiss,
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

Richard Norton (1666–1732)

23 **No, resistance is but vain** (1961)

*No, no, resistance is but vain (from 'The Maid's
Last Prayer', or 'Any rather than Fail')* Z601
(1693)

No, resistance is but vain,
And only adds new weight to Cupid's chain.
A thousand ways, a thousand arts,
The tyrant knows to captivate our hearts.
Sometimes he sighs employs, and
 sometimes tries
The universal language of the eyes;
The fierce with fierceness he destroys,
The soft with tenderness decoys.
He kills the strong with joy, the weak
 with pain.
No, resistance is but vain,
And only adds new weight to Cupid's chain.

Thomas Southerne (1660–1746)

24 **Lost is my quiet** (1961)

Lost is my quiet for ever, Z502 (1691)

Lost is my quiet for ever,
Lost is life's happiest part;
Lost all my tender endeavours
To touch an insensible heart.
But tho' my despair is past curing,
And much undeserv'd is my fate;
I'll show by a patient enduring,
My love is unmov'd as her hate.

Anonymous

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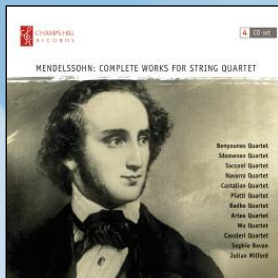


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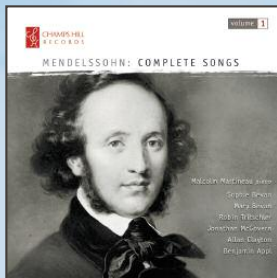
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BBC Music Magazine



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American Record Guide

Recorded in the Music Room, Champs Hill, West Sussex, UK

27th and 28th February 2013

CD1 Tracks 1-2, 4-6, 8-9, 11-12, 14, 16 and CD2 Tracks 1-3, 6, 9-16, 19, 22-24

Produced and engineered by Andrew Mellor

17th and 18th June 2014

CD1 Tracks 3, 10, 15 and CD2 Tracks 5, 7-8, 17-18, 20-21

Produced by Nigel Short, engineered by Dave Rowell

22nd May 2013

CD1 Tracks 7, 13 and CD2 Track 4

Produced by Matthew Bennett, engineered by Will Brown

Edited by Claire Hay

Mastered by Andrew Mellor

Cover photograph of Benjamin Britten's hands, taken by Enid Slater. Used by kind permission of her daughter Mrs Bridget Kitley. Image provided by the Britten-Pears Foundation (www.brittenpears.org)

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Rear Image of Henry Purcell by George Zobel, after John Closterman. Mezzotint, circa 1850s-1870s.

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DISC 1

- 1 Job's curse
- 2 The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation
- 3 Saul and the witch at Endor
- 4 A morning hymn
- 5 Alleluia
- 6 In the black dismal dungeon of despair
- 7 Lord, what is man?
- 8 We sing to him
- 9 Evening hymn
- 10 The Queen's Epicedium
- 11 Turn then thine eyes
- 12 Mad Bess
- 13 Hark the ech'ing air!
- 14 I attempt from love's sickness to fly
- 15 How blest are shepherds
- 16 Let the dreadful engines of eternal will

CD1: 76'08

CD2: 65'31

Total: 141'39

DISC 2

- 1 If music be the food of love
- 2 Sound the trumpet
- 3 If music be the food of love
- 4 O solitude
- 5 Music for a while
- 6 Fairest isle
- 7 I'll sail upon the dog-star
- 8 On the brow of Richmond Hill
- 9 Shepherd, leave decoying
- 10 The knotting song
- 11 Not all my torments
- 12 Pious Celinda
- 13 There's not a swain of the plain
- 14 Man is for the woman made
- 15 I take no pleasure
- 16 Take not a woman's anger ill
- 17 Celemene
- 18 I spy Celia
- 19 What can we poor females do?
- 20 Dulcibella
- 21 When Myra sings
- 22 Sweeter than roses
- 23 No, resistance is but vain
- 24 Lost is my quiet



CHRC106

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