

DELPHIAN

SCHUBERT LIEDER  
NACHT UND TRÄUME

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AILISH TYNAN IAIN BURNSIDE

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*In memory of Mary*

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in St Mary's Parish Church,  
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# NACHT UND TRÄUME

## FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

### LIEDER

AILISH TYNAN SOPRANO

IAIN BURNSIDE PIANO

1	Dass sie hier gewesen	D775	[2:57]
2	Gretchen am Spinnrade	D118	[3:58]
3	Amalia	D195	[3:12]
4	Die junge Nonne	D828	[4:48]
5	Todesmusik	D758	[5:24]
6	Schwanengesang	D744	[2:30]
7	Raste, Krieger, Krieg ist aus (Ellens Gesang I)	D837	[7:53]
8	Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd (Ellens Gesang II)	D838	[3:16]
9	Ave Maria (Ellens Gesang III)	D839	[5:43]
10	Die Forelle	D550	[2:11]
11	Wandrer's Nachtlid	D768	[2:02]
12	Lachen und Weinen	D777	[1:47]
13	Sei mir gegrüßt	D741	[3:26]
14	Du bist die Ruh	D776	[4:36]
15	Ständchen	D889	[1:37]
16	An mein Klavier	D342	[3:17]
17	Nacht und Träume	D827	[4:05]
	Total playing time		[62:49]

## Notes on the music

This selection of songs could carry the subtitle 'Women in Love'. 'L'Education sentimentale', perhaps. 'The Interpretation of Dreams', even. Without specifically intending to, Ailish and I have assembled a portrait gallery: a whole bevy of Schubert's women pursuing love of different sorts, nurturing different Biedermeier dreams. Goethe's Gretchen finds an intriguing counterpart in Schiller's Amalia. Ellen gazes out over Loch Katrine, while Serafina looks down affectionately at her fortepiano. A young nun welcomes her destiny as the bride of Christ.

By the ripe old age of seventeen Schubert had already portrayed a rich variety of women in song. His first completed essay in the form was a huge scena for the Old Testament heroine Hagar, an extraordinarily ambitious venture for a fourteen-year-old. What makes **Gretchen am Spinnrade** a work of genius, rather than precocious talent, is its fusion of different elements. The teenage composer somehow knew how to draw together a variety of disparate threads: a unifying visual metaphor at the keyboard, a sense of the voice's capacity to carry emotion, an inspired approach to word setting and a structure so strong, so clear, that it pins you to your seat every time. The visual effect of piano figuration suggesting a spinning wheel is so simple, in retrospect so obvious, that it is a challenge to think back to the early nineteenth century, to recognise how radical it once was.

Besides, there is more than one cinematic effect at play: underneath the right hand's circular spinning motion the left thumb adds its own Morse code. The pedal of the spinning wheel? Gretchen's heartbeat, speeding up as she remembers the kiss of the faithless Faust? As with the companion Goethe setting 'Erkönig', Schubert had the wit to know where to look, poetically. Great poems often make undistinguished songs – and vice versa. Here great poetry inspires art of equal stature in a different genre.

While the music Schubert puts to Schiller's **Amalia** is entirely different, there are notable parallels between our two heroines. In Schiller's play *Die Räuber* Amalia von Edereich sings of a lover she believes lost, dwelling, as Gretchen does, on the intensity of his gaze, the passion of his kisses. Instead of Gretchen's relentless forward momentum, Amalia is given a noble scena, recitative and aria, condensed into a short song of deceptive power.

There is no mistaking the power of **Die junge Nonne**, a song of blazing intensity, the struggle of a young nun to accept what lies ahead. A storm rages inside and out. In the first stanza Schubert gives the nun pause for thought, each vocal phrase answered by the piano's left hand. In the second stanza the pause goes, and she sings continuously: an instant ratcheting up of dramatic tension. It is the simplest of

devices, yet compellingly original. The left-hand piano figure conveys both howling wind and distant church bell; the song is tonally radical yet structurally transparent. Is there anything more touching in the world of lieder than her repeated final Alleluia? The storm has died down; struggle has moved into acceptance, the piano's soft suspensions emphasising the nun's transition from corporeal to spiritual.

The music Schubert gives Sir Walter Scott's Ellen is more spacious, conceived for a bigger, international public. Ellen's three songs were written in 1825, part of a larger project in response to the huge success in Vienna of Scott's 1810 narrative poem *The Lady of the Lake*. Adam Storck's German translation was published in 1819, and Rossini's operatic version, *La Donna del Lago*, took Vienna by storm in 1823. Schubert was already a committed Scott enthusiast, hoping to cash in on this Caledonian flavour of the month. By contrast to Rossini he would transform the novel's songs not into florid Italian arias, but heartfelt German lieder. Solo songs from different characters were combined with part-songs, and Schubert's intention was to publish bilingual versions to be sung in either German or English. He would be neither the first nor last composer to discover that this was easier said than done: some Scott settings fare markedly better in translation than others.

Without realising it, Ellen Douglas sings her first two songs, **Raste, Krieger, Krieg ist aus** and **Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd** to the King of Scotland. Cunningly disguised as the Knight of Snowdown and implausibly renamed James Fitz-James, the King sits in a rustic bower on an island in Loch Katrine, in thrall to the beautiful, tartan-clad, dark-haired heroine. We are now so used to her third song, **Ave Maria**, in its bowdlerised, catholicised version that its context is usually neglected. Ellen prays to the Virgin accompanied by her harpist father, while the clan chief Roderick Dhu listens in hiding. Whether in reaction or in homage, there is surely a nod in Rossini's direction as vocal duplets sail out over accompanying triplets. This bel canto trademark adds Italian seasoning to the immortal mélange of the Austrian and the Scottish.

We know little about what the poet Christian Schubart had in mind for his *Serafina*, other than considerable affection for her keyboard. 'Serafina an ihr Klavier' was the title of the poem that became, after a couple of verses had been pruned, Schubert's **An mein Klavier**. Hindsight brings the huge temptation to make Schubart's piano Schubert's, and change this gentle miniature into a personal confession. There is no need: it is already a jewel. Nor does it matter greatly whether this 'sanftes Klavier' represents fortepiano, harpsichord or clavichord. The combination

## Notes on the music

of Schubert's favourite dactylic rhythm with soft, conversational imitation weaves its own strophic spell.

That same dactylic rhythm underpins two further songs, seemingly written within months of one another in 1822: the much-loved, iconic **Wandrer's Nachtlied** and the less familiar but scarcely less remarkable **Schwanengesang**. Not to be confused with the publisher's collection of late Schubert songs that bears the same name, 'Schwanengesang' is an epigrammatic masterpiece. This reflection on mortality features not only Schubert's most personal rhythmic pattern but also his signature major-minor trope, starting in the terra incognita of A flat minor. **Lachen und Weinen** explores strikingly similar musical terrain, but to very different effect. Here too A flat major oscillates with its sister A flat minor as the poet Friedrich Rückert asserts that in love, laughter and tears depend on different causes, at different times. Schubert, in the year he most likely contracted syphilis, had many reasons to explore the overlap of major and minor.

Two more Rückert settings are more ambitious. **Sei mir begrüßt** is one of Schubert's most expansive love songs. Its accompanimental texture has an amplitude that encourages high-octave singing, and Schubert thought enough of the song to come back to it five years later,

making it the basis of variations in his C major Fantasy for piano and violin. There is amplitude too at the climax of **Du bist die Ruh**, though here sensuality has given way to impassioned spiritual devotion. All seems simple, yet is filled with sophistication. The opening piano bars are Bach-like in their unfolding: rising semiquavers change pattern as suspension is piled upon suspension.

**Todesmusik** is another work that moves in sections. Like 'Schwanengesang' it meditates on the nature of death, through a poem by Schubert's great friend Franz von Schober. Schober was no Rückert, though, nor a Goethe: but while his three verses fall back on stock nineteenth-century imagery, the energy with which his composer friend takes up Schober's starry skies and joyous waves is unmistakable. The song gleams with Schubert's enthusiasm.

Two favourite lieder provide light relief. **Die Forelle** – another embryonic theme waiting for later instrumental variations – is so familiar, its music so smiling, that the twist to its tale is easily overlooked. Hoping to reel in a sexual conquest only to be usurped by another fisherman (and his rod) standing upstream: was this scenario familiar to Schubert? No such shadows fall on **Ständchen**, a translation of Shakespeare's 'Hark, hark! the lark' from *Cymbeline*, proof positive that when

Schubert wanted to write a simple tune and accompaniment seasoned with delicious harmonic diversions and oozing with charm, there was no-one to touch him.

Two very different masterpieces bookend our recital. **Nacht und Träume** is the ultimate melodic miracle, a line of the greatest purity suspended over a barely rocking keyboard figure. Its sentiments prefigure Vienna a century later, and would not have been out of place in Freud's consulting rooms. By contrast, in **Dass sie hier gewesen** it is the music that looks forward. The tonal limbo of its hushed opening is breathtaking. We could be listening to Mahler, or Berg. In choosing this poem, by conjuring up an absence, rather than a presence, Schubert is being outrageously forward thinking. Two centuries on, this diminutive, short-sighted, corpulent Viennese genius retains the capacity to surprise.

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1 **Dass sie hier gewesen**

Dass der Ostwind Düfte  
Hauchet in die Lüfte,  
Dadurch tut er kund,  
Dass du hier gewesen.

Dass hier Tränen rinnen,  
Dadurch wirst du innen,  
Wär's dir sonst nicht kund,  
Dass ich hier gewesen.

Schönheit oder Liebe,  
Ob versteckt sie bliebe?  
Düfte tun es und Tränen kund,  
Dass sie hier gewesen.

Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)

*That she was here*

---

*The east wind wafting scent  
Into the air  
Makes me aware  
That you were here.*

*These flowing tears  
Make you aware,  
Who so deeply care,  
That I was here.*

*Beauty or Love  
May lie hidden elsewhere,  
But scent and tears make me aware  
That she was here.*

2 **Gretchen am Spinnrade**

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

*Gretchen at her Spinning-Wheel*

---

*All peace has gone,  
My heart is sore;  
Gone for ever,  
For evermore.*

*When he's not there  
I'm in despair,  
My world is all  
As bitter gall.*

*Ah, my poor head –  
All reason's fled.  
Ah, my poor brain –  
I am insane.*



Nach ihm nur schau' ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh' ich  
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt.

Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluss.  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuss!

Mein Busen drängt sich  
Nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft' ich fassen  
Und halten ihn.

Und küssen ihn  
So wie ich wollt'  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt'!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

*At my window,  
In the street,  
It's only him  
I'd see or meet.*

*The way he walks,  
His noble air,  
His smiling mouth,  
His eye so fair,*

*His way with words;  
Constant delight!  
His hand, his kiss,  
Ah, feel so right.*

*I yearn so much  
To be with him.  
If I could touch,  
Hold on to him,*

*If I could kiss  
Him as I like,  
And kissed by him –  
Then, let death strike.*

### 3 Amalia

Schön wie Engel voll Walhallas Wonne,  
Schön vor allen Jünglingen war er,  
Himmlich mild sein Blick, wie Maiensonne,  
Rückgestrahlt vom blauen Spiegelmeer.

### *Amalia*

*As angels filled with Valhalla's ecstasy,  
Beautiful above all other youths was he.  
Wonderfully gentle his eye, like the sun in May  
Reflected in the mirror of the azure sea.*

## Texts and translations

Seine Küsse – Paradiesisch Fühlen!  
Wie zwei Flammen sich ergreifen, wie  
Harfentöne in einander spielen  
Zu der himmelvollen Harmonie –

Stürzten, flogen, schmolzen Geist in  
Geist zusammen,  
Lippen, Wangen brannten, zitterten  
Seele rann in Seele – Erd' und  
Himmel schwammen  
Wie zerronnen um die Liebenden!

Er ist hin – vergebens, ach vergebens  
Stöhnet ihm der bange Seufzer nach!  
Er ist hin, und alle Lust des Lebens  
Rinnet hin in ein verlor'nes Ach!

Friedrich von Schiller (1759–1805)

*His kisses – a taste of paradise,  
As when two flames unite in company,  
As when the sound of harp strings mingle  
To bring about celestial harmony.*

*Rushing, flying, soul melded to soul,  
Lips, cheeks burning, trembling there;  
Spirits merged, heaven and earth swimming  
As one about the loving pair.*

*He is gone. In vain my fearful sighs,  
My moaning for him, all in vain.  
He is gone and all life's pleasure  
Ebbs in a forlorn cry of pain.*

## 4 Die junge Nonne

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

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

## *The Young Nun*

*How the howling storm boils in the trees,  
Rattling the roof beams, rocking the eaves!  
Crashes of thunder, lightning flares,  
And darkness, night black as the grave.*

*And yet, and yet not long ago just such a storm  
raged in me;  
My life was in turmoil just like this gale,  
My limbs trembled like the house,  
Love seared through me like lightning,  
And darkness, darkness lay in my breast as in  
the grave.*

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

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit sehndem Blick!  
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole die Braut,  
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.  
Horch, friedlich ertönt das Glöcklein  
vom Turm!

Es lockt mich das süße Getön  
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höh'n. Alleluia!

Jakob Nicolaus von Craigher de Jachelutta (1797–1855)

*Rage on, now, wild and mighty storm,  
In this heart lies peace and quiet repose.  
Calmly, cleansed by searching fire,  
The bride awaits her groom,  
Betrothed to eternal love.*

*I am waiting, my Saviour, with longing eyes,  
Come heavenly Bridegroom, claim your bride,  
Deliver her soul from the bonds of earth.  
Hear, the peaceable bell sounds from  
the tower,  
Sweet sounds drawing me  
Almightily up to heights everlasting. Alleluia!*

## 5 Todesmusik

In des Todes Feierstunde,  
Wenn ich einst von hinnen scheide,  
Und den Kampf, den letzten leide,  
Senke, heilige Kamöne,  
Noch einmal die stillen Lieder,  
Noch einmal die reinen Töne  
Auf die tiefe Abschiedswunde  
Meines Busens heilend nieder.

Hebe aus dem ird'schen Ringen  
Die bedrängte reine Seele,  
Trage sie auf deinen Schwingen:  
Dass sie sich dem Licht vermähle.  
O da werden mich die Klänge  
Süss und wonnevoll umwehen,  
Und die Ketten, die ich sprengte,  
Werden still und leicht vergehen.

## *Music at the Deathbed*

*Come the day, my hour of death  
When I depart from here  
And fight the last fight,  
Then, my sacred muse, deliver  
Once more the tranquil songs,  
Once more those unalloyed tones  
To save the deep wound  
Of parting in my breast.*

*Raise from its earthly struggle  
This pure afflicted soul,  
Bear it on your wings  
So it may marry with the light.  
Ah, there the music  
Will sweetly, delightfully surround me,  
And the chains, which I shall sunder,  
Will quietly, simply fall away.*

## Texts and translations

Alles Große werd' ich sehen,  
Das im Leben mich beglückte,  
Alles Schöne, das mir blühte,  
Wird verherrlicht vor mir stehen.  
Jeden Stern, der mir erglühete,  
Der mit freundlichem Gefunkel  
Durch das grauenvolle Dunkel  
Meines kurzen Weges blickte,  
Jede Blume, die ihn schmückte,  
Werden mir die Töne bringen.

Und die schrecklichen Minuten,  
Wo ich schmerzlich könnte bluten,  
Werden mich mit Lust umklingen,  
Und Verklärung werd' ich sehen,  
Ausgegossen über allen Dingen.  
So in Wonne werd' ich untergehen,  
Süß verschlungen von der Freude Fluten.

Franz von Schober (1796–1882)

*Everything important  
That made me happy in my life,  
Everything beautiful that I was blessed with  
Will appear before me glorified.  
Every star that glowed for me  
Which, with its friendly glimmer,  
Looked down through the gruesome darkness  
Of my short path,  
Every flower that adorned it,  
All shall bring the music to me.*

*And the minutes full of dread  
When I might have bled in pain,  
These will envelop me in joyful sound,  
And I shall see its exalted outpouring  
Transfigure all things.  
So, blissfully I shall meet my end,  
Sweetly engulfed in floods of joy.*

## 6 Schwanengesang

„Wie klag' ich's aus,  
das Sterbegefühl,  
Das auflösend  
durch die Glieder rinnt?

„Wie sing' ich's aus,  
das Werdegefühl,  
Das erlösend dich,  
o Geist, anweht?“

## Swansong

*'How can I express the lamentable  
Sensation of dying  
That runs, corrupting,  
Through my limbs?*

*'How can I broadcast in song  
The feeling of becoming  
That delivers you,  
My spirit, with redemption?'*

Er klagt', er sang,  
Vernichtungsbang,  
Verklärungsfroh,  
Bis das Leben floh.

Das bedeutet des Schwanes Gesang!

Johann Chrysostomos Senn (1795–1857)

*He lamented, he sang,  
With the fear of perishing,  
With the joy of transfiguration  
Until all life had fled.*

*That is what the swan's song does.*

## 7 Raste, Krieger, Krieg ist aus

Raste Krieger! Krieg ist aus,  
Schlaf den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken,  
Träume nicht von wildem Strauß,  
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken.

In der Insel Zauberhallen  
Wird ein weicher Schlafgesang  
Um das müde Haupt dir wallen  
Zu der Zauberharfe Klang.

Feen mit unsichtbaren Händen  
Werden auf dein Lager hin  
Holde Schlummerblumen senden,  
Die im Zauberlande blühen.

Raste Krieger, Krieg ist aus ...

Nicht der Trommel wildes Rasen,  
Nicht des Kriegs gebietend Wort,  
Nicht der Todeshörner Blasen  
Scheuchen deinen Schlummer fort.

## *Soldier rest! thy warfare o'er*

*Soldier rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;  
Dream of battled fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking.  
In our isle's enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber dewing.  
Soldier rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Dream of fighting fields no more:  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.*

*No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,  
Trump nor pibroch summon here  
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.  
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come  
At the day-break from the fallow,*

## Texts and translations

Nicht das Stampfen wilder Pferde,  
Nicht der Schreckensruf der Wacht,  
Nicht das Bild von Tagsbeschwerde  
Stören deine stille Nacht.

Doch der Lerche Morgensänge  
Wecken sanft dein schlummernd Ohr,  
Und des Sumpfpfeieders Klänge  
Steigend aus Geschilf und Rohr.

Raste Krieger! Krieg ist aus ...

German translation by Adam Storck (1780–1822)

*And the bittern sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
Guards nor warders challenge here,  
Here's no war-steeds neigh and champing  
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.*

Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832)

### 8 Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd

Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd!  
Weicher Schlummer soll dich decken,  
Träume nicht, wenn Sonn' erwacht,  
Dass Jagdhörner dich erwecken.

Schlaf! der Hirsch ruht in der Höhle,  
Bei dir sind die Hunde wach,  
Schlaf, nicht quäl' es deine Seele,  
Dass dein edles Ross erlag.

Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd!  
Weicher Schlummer soll dich decken;  
Wenn der junge Tag erwacht,  
Wird kein Jägerhorn dich wecken.

Adam Storck

### *Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done*

*Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,  
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,  
Dream not, with the rising sun,  
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.*

*Sleep! The deer is in his den;  
Sleep! Thy hounds are by thee lying;  
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,  
How thy gallant steed lay dying.*

*Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done  
Think not of the rising sun,  
For at dawning to assail ye  
Here no bugles sound reveillé.*

Sir Walter Scott

## 9 Ave Maria

---

*Ave Maria!* Jungfrau mild,  
Erhöre einer Jungfrau Flehen,  
Aus diesem Felsen starr und wild  
Soll mein Gebet zu dir hinwehen.  
Wir schlafen sicher bis zum Morgen,  
Ob Menschen noch so grausam sind.  
O Jungfrau, sieh der Jungfrau Sorgen,  
O Mutter, hör ein bittend Kind!  
*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* Unbefleckt!  
Wenn wir auf diesen Fels hinsinken  
Zum Schlaf, und uns dein Schutz bedeckt  
Wird weich der harte Fels uns dünken.  
Du lächelst, Rosendüfte wehen  
In dieser dumpfen Felsenkluft,  
O Mutter, höre Kindes Flehen,  
O Jungfrau, eine Jungfrau ruft!  
*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* Reine Magd!  
Der Erde und der Luft Dämonen,  
Von deines Auges Huld verjagt,  
Sie können hier nicht bei uns wohnen.  
Wir woll'n uns still dem Schicksal beugen,  
Da uns dein heil'ger Trost anweht;  
Der Jungfrau wolle hold dich neigen,  
Dem Kind, das für den Vater fleht.  
*Ave Maria!*

Adam Storck

## *Ave Maria*

*Ave Maria!* maiden mild!  
*Listen to a maiden's prayer!*  
*Thou canst hear though from the wild,*  
*Thou canst save amid despair.*  
*Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,*  
*Though banish'd, outcast and reviled –*  
*Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;*  
*Mother, hear a suppliant child!*  
*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* undefiled!  
*The flinty couch we now must share*  
*Shall seem with down of eider piled,*  
*If thy protection hover there.*  
*The murky cavern's heavy air*  
*Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;*  
*Then, maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;*  
*Mother, list a suppliant child!*  
*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* stainless styled!  
*Foul demons of the earth and air,*  
*From this their wonted haunt exiled,*  
*Shall flee before thy presence fair.*  
*We bow us to our lot of care,*  
*Beneath thy guidance reconciled;*  
*Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,*  
*And for a father hear a child!*  
*Ave Maria!*

Sir Walter Scott

10 Die Forelle

In einem Bächlein helle  
Da schoss in froher Eil'  
Die launische Forelle  
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.  
Ich stand an dem Gestade  
Und sah in süßer Ruh'  
Des muntern Fischleins Bade  
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute  
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,  
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,  
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.  
So lang dem Wasser Helle,  
So dacht' ich, nicht gebricht,  
So fängt er die Forelle  
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe  
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht  
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,  
Und eh ich es gedacht,  
So zuckte seine Rute,  
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,  
Und ich mit regem Blute  
Sah die Betrogne an.

Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart (1739–1791)

*The Trout*

*In a crystal stream  
The excitable trout  
Swift as an arrow  
Was darting about.  
I stood at the water's edge,  
Watched in good cheer  
The lively fish bathing  
In the stream pure and clear.*

*A fisherman complete with rod  
Was standing on the shore,  
And in cold blood was taking stock  
Of the fish's will to explore.  
As long as the water's clarity  
Remains unsullied, I thought,  
His attempt to hook the little trout  
Will surely come to nought.*

*But finally, for the crook,  
This was taking far too long;  
Maliciously he muddied the water,  
And before I could tell what was wrong,  
His rod was twitching,  
The fish, floundering, was scooped  
Up, and I, my blood boiling,  
Looked at her who'd been duped.*



11 Wandrers Nachtlied

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

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

*Wanderer's Night-Song*

---

*In the hills  
All's still.  
In the trees  
Barely a breeze  
And no bird song.  
Wait awhile, before long  
You too'll be at ease.*

12 Lachen und Weinen

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

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

Friedrich Rückert

*Laughing and Weeping*

---

*Laughing and weeping at times unexpected,  
When in love, may be caused by the quite  
unsuspected.  
With joy I laughed in the morning then,  
So why my tears should be flowing  
Now when the sunset is glowing,  
Is something beyond my ken.  
Weeping and laughing at times unexpected,  
When in love, may be caused by the quite  
unsuspected.  
In the evening I was crying in pain,  
So how can you possibly, after  
A night's sleep, wake up to laughter.  
I ask you, my heart, again and again.*

13 Sei mir begrüßt

O du Entriss'ne mir und meinem Kusse!  
Sei mir begrüßt! Sei mir geküßt!  
Erreichbar nur meinem Sehnsuchtsgruße!  
Sei mir begrüßt! Sei mir geküßt!

Du von der Hand der Liebe diesem Herzen  
Gegeb'ne! Du von dieser Brust  
Genomm'ne mir! mit diesem Tränengusse  
Sei mir begrüßt! Sei mir geküßt!

Zum Trotz der Ferne, die sich,  
feindlich trennend,  
Hat zwischen mich und dich gestellt;  
Dem Neid der Schicksalsmächte  
zum Verdrusse  
Sei mir begrüßt! Sei mir geküßt!

Wie du mir je im schönsten Lenz der Liebe  
Mit Gruß und Kuss entgegen kamst,  
Mit meiner Seele glühendstem Ergusse,  
Sei mir begrüßt! Sei mir geküßt!

Ein Hauch der Liebe tilget Räum' und Zeiten,  
Ich bin bei dir, du bist bei mir,  
Ich halte dich in dieses Arms Umschlusse,  
Sei mir begrüßt! Sei mir geküßt!

Friedrich Rückert

*May my love be with you*

*Oh! You, torn from me and my kisses,  
May my love be with you, and my kiss,  
Only my message of longing can reach you,  
May my love be with you, and my kiss.*

*You, given to this heart by the hand of love,  
You, taken from me, from out of this breast,  
With this flood of tears  
May my love be with you, and my kiss.*

*I defy the hostile, separating distance  
Which has arisen between you and me,  
And spite the jealous powers of fate,  
May my love be with you, and my kiss.*

*Just as you, in that most perfect spring-time  
of our love,  
Would always come to me with love and kisses,  
So I, with the warmest outpourings of my soul;  
May my love be with you, and my kiss.*

*The mere breath of love does away with space  
and time.  
I am with you, you are with me,  
I am holding you embraced in these arms,  
May my love be with you, and my kiss.*

Du bist die Ruh,  
Der Friede mild,  
Die Sehnsucht du,  
Und was sie stillt.

*You are stillness,  
You are peace,  
You are desire,  
You're its release.*

Ich weihe dir  
Voll Lust und Schmerz  
Zur Wohnung hier  
Mein Aug' und Herz.

*I consecrate  
As your domain  
This eye, this heart  
In joy, in pain.*

Kehr' ein bei mir,  
Und schließe du  
Still hinter dir  
Die Pforten zu.

*Move in with me  
And after you  
Quietly close  
The gate hereto.*

Treib andern Schmerz  
Aus dieser Brust.  
Voll sei dies Herz  
Von deiner Lust.

*All other pain drive  
From this breast.  
May your joy fill  
The heart within this chest.*

Dies Augenzelt  
Von deinem Glanz  
Allein erhellt,  
O füll' es ganz.

*This field of vision  
By your radiant sight  
Alone is lit.  
Oh, fill it quite.*

15 **Ständchen**

Horch, horch! die Lerch' im Ätherblau;  
Und Phoëbus, neu erweckt,  
Tränkt seine Rosse mit dem Tau,  
Der Blumenkelche deckt;  
Der Ringelblume Knospe schleußt  
Die goldnen Äuglein auf;  
Mit allem, was da reizend ist,  
Du süße Maid, steh auf!  
Steh auf; steh auf!

German translation by August Wilhelm von Schlegel (1767–1845)

*Serenade*

*Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chalic' d flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;  
With everything that pretty bin [is],  
My lady sweet, arise;  
Arise, arise!*

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

16 **An mein Klavier**

Sanftes Klavier,  
Welche Entzückungen schaffest du mir,  
Sanftes Klavier!  
Wenn sich die Schönen  
Tändelnd verwöhnen,  
Weih' ich mich dir,  
Liebes Klavier!

Bin ich allein,  
Hauch' ich dir meine Empfindungen ein,  
Himmlich und rein.  
Unschuld im Spiele,  
Tugendgefühle,  
Sprechen aus dir,  
Trautes Klavier!

*To my Piano*

*Gentle piano,  
What delights you create for me,  
Gentle piano!  
When the ladies  
Prattle and flirt,  
I turn to you  
My dear piano.  
  
When I'm alone  
I breathe life into you with my feelings,  
Heavenly and pure.  
When you play, innocence,  
Feelings of virtue  
Speak from within you,  
My beloved piano.*

Sing' ich dazu,  
Goldener Flügel, welch' himmlische Ruh'  
Lispelst mir du!  
Tränen der Freude  
Netzen die Saite!  
Silberner Klang  
Trägt den Gesang.

Sanftes Klavier!  
Welche Entzückungen schaffest du mir,  
Goldnes Klavier!  
Wenn mich im Leben  
Sorgen umschweben,  
Töne du mir,  
Trautes Klavier!

Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart

*And if I sing with you,  
My wingèd, golden piano, what heavenly peace  
You whisper to me!  
Tears of joy  
Fall on the strings!  
Silver tones  
Carry my voice.*

*Gentle piano,  
What delights you create for me,  
Golden piano!  
When in life  
I am surrounded by care,  
Play for me,  
Beloved piano!*

## 17 Nacht und Träume

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;  
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,  
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,  
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.  
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;  
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:  
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!  
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Matthäus von Collin (1779–1824)

## Night and Dreams

---

*You, holy night falling  
As does your moonlight through space,  
So, in waves, do dreams  
Enter the hearts of men at peace.  
And these they joyfully attend,  
Calling come break of day:  
O holy night, would you could stay!  
O sweetest dreams, don't go away!*

## Biographies



© B. Ealovega

Irish soprano **Ailish Tynan** studied at Trinity College Dublin, the Royal Irish Academy of Music and the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, London. She won the BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Rosenblatt Recital Prize in 2003, was a Young Artist for the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden from 2002 to 2004 and a BBC New Generation Artist.

She has performed in many of the world's leading opera houses including the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, Royal Swedish Opera, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Houston Grand Opera, Seattle Opera, Teatro alla Scala and Théâtre du Capitole de Toulouse. Her roles include Sophie (*Der Rosenkavalier*), title roles in *The Cunning Little Vixen* and *Hänsel und Gretel*, Héro (*Béatrice et Bénédicte*), Pamina (*Die Zauberflöte*), Atalanta (*Xerxes*) and Susanna (*Le nozze di Figaro*).

Ailish is a prolific concert and recording artist and works frequently with British and international orchestras. Career highlights to date include performances of Mahler's Eighth Symphony with the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia under Sir Antonio Pappano, Frankfurt Radio Symphony Orchestra under Paavo Järvi, London Symphony Orchestra under Valery Gergiev and Philharmonia Orchestra under Lorin Maazel, and Mahler's Fourth Symphony with the Hallé under Sir Mark Elder. A regular at the BBC Proms, her performances have included Bella in Tippett's *The Midsummer Marriage*, Glière's Concerto for coloratura soprano and Chabrier's *Ode à la musique* in a First Night appearance.

On the recital platform Ailish is noted for the breadth of her repertory, and is an acclaimed exponent of French song. She collaborates with pianists including Iain Burnside, Graham Johnson, Andrés Schiff and James Baillieu. With Iain Burnside she has recorded *From a City Window*, a disc of songs by Hubert Parry (with Susan Bickley and William Dazeley, Delphian DCD34117) as well as the solo recital *An Irish Songbook* and discs of songs by Fauré and Herbert Hughes.



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Interweaving roles as pianist and Sony Award-winning radio presenter with equal aplomb, **Iain Burnside** is also a master programmer with an instinct for the telling juxtaposition. His recordings straddle an exuberantly eclectic repertoire ranging from Schoenberg and Copland to Debussy and Judith Weir, with a special place reserved for the highways and byways of English song. For Delphian he has curated programmes of Parry, Martin Shaw and others with singers including Ailish Tynan, Sophie Bevan, Irene Drummond, Susan Bickley, Andrew Kennedy, Roderick Williams and William Berger. The three-disc *Rachmaninov: Songs* (DCD34127), with seven outstanding Russian singers, won widespread acclaim and was shortlisted for the Vocal award at the 2014 Gramophone Awards. 2015 sees the first of two Schubert discs, featuring Ailish Tynan and Roderick Williams respectively, while a Medtner project with Delphian is also forthcoming.

Iain has devised and written a number of highly individual theatre pieces. *Lads in their Hundreds*, an exploration of war songs, played in London and at the Ludlow Weekend of English Song. *A Soldier and a Maker*, based on the life of Ivor Gurney, was premiered at the Barbican Centre and transferred to the Cheltenham Festival; a version for radio has been commissioned for the BBC's World War One season. *Journeying Boys* was performed in November 2013 in Milton Court Theatre.

In demand as teacher and animateur, Iain also works at the Royal Opera House and the National Opera Studio, and enjoys a close association with Rosenblatt Recitals. He is International Visiting Artist at the Royal Irish Academy of Music, Dublin.

Also available on Delphian



## Rachmaninov: Songs

Elivina Dobraceva *soprano*, Ekaterina Siurina *soprano*,  
Justina Gringyte *mezzo-soprano*, Daniil Shtoda *tenor*,  
Andrei Bondarenko *baritone*, Rodion Pogossoy *baritone*,  
Alexander Vinogradov *bass*, Iain Burnside  
DCD34127 (3 discs)

This first complete recording for twenty years of Rachmaninov's published song output (with the addition of two delightfully comic occasional pieces) lays two further claims to importance: our seven singers – hand-picked by renowned pianist Iain Burnside – are all native Russian speakers, and every song is performed in the key in which Rachmaninov wrote it, respecting both the specificity of vocal colour and the carefully designed tonal and expressive trajectory within each opus. For the first twenty-five years of his career Rachmaninov regularly expressed himself in song, from Tchaikovskian beginnings to the extraordinarily personal range of vocal and pianistic utterance in his final two collections. Almost a century after exile brought down the curtain on this period of his creative output, Burnside and his singers bring these works to shimmering, gushing, crackling, magnificent life.

'seven phenomenal young singers ... Burnside remains a firm, clear companion throughout'

— BBC Music Magazine, May 2014, CHORAL & SONG CHOICE

'a richly rewarding and fascinating set ... The star of the show is undoubtedly Burnside, playing throughout with unflinching intensity and sensitivity: voice and piano are truly equal partners here, and the results are electrifying' — Daily Telegraph, February 2014

'[Burnside] recognises the integral expressive role of the piano in these songs ... Sung gloriously with palpable heart and soul'

— Gramophone, May 2014, EDITOR'S CHOICE

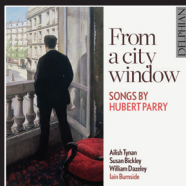
*Also shortlisted in the Vocal category at the 2014 Gramophone Awards*



EDITOR'S  
CHOICE







### From a city window: songs by Hubert Parry (1848–1918)

Ailish Tynan *soprano*, Susan Bickley *mezzo-soprano*,  
William Dazeley *baritone*, Iain Burnside *piano*  
DCD34117

Recorded in the music room of Hubert Parry's boyhood home, Highnam Court in Gloucestershire, this disc sees three of our finest singers shed illuminating light on an area of the repertoire that has rarely graced the concert hall in recent times. As English song came into full flower at the turn of the twentieth century, Parry's substantial contribution to the genre became buried. Iain Burnside and his singers rediscover what has been forgotten by historical accident – and what a treasure chest of song they have found!



'The emotional range of these songs, almost faultlessly conceived in terms of textual rhythm, reminds us of just how expert a songwriter and pioneer of the English art Parry was' — Gramophone, April 2013



### The Airmen: songs by Martin Shaw (1875–1958)

Sophie Bevan *soprano*, Andrew Kennedy *tenor*,  
Roderick Williams *baritone*, Iain Burnside *piano*  
DCD34105

Despite a compositional career spanning both World Wars, remarkably little is known about Martin Shaw's music. It has yet to enjoy the revival of interest that has benefited the legacies of close friends such as Ralph Vaughan Williams and John Ireland. Shaw's songs range from the whimsical and effervescent to the deeply melancholic, and will be a revelation to many. In rescuing these gems from obscurity, Iain Burnside and his first-class singers have given new life to an unjustly neglected figure.

'Their style is bold, diatonic and memorably melodic ...

These performances, with Burnside the immaculate accompanist, are exemplary' — The Guardian, March 2012

Also available on Delphian



### **Insomnia: a nocturnal voyage in song**

William Berger *baritone*, Iain Burnside *piano*  
DCD34116

For his solo debut on disc, William Berger has devised an ingenious sequence of seventeen songs describing a sleepless night experienced by a man who reflects on his love for an unnamed woman. From Viennese classicism to fin-de-siècle Romanticism, shadowy English pastoral to the contemporary worlds of Richard Rodney Bennett and Raymond Yiu, this wide-ranging programme is brought to nuanced life by an outstanding young baritone, while the indefatigable Iain Burnside provides lucid and imaginative accompaniment. Together, their performances capture the full gamut of nocturnal emotions.

'plays out its chronological narrative ... with logical and psychological inevitability. Berger sustains a magnetic affection throughout the varied sequence, aided by Burnside's deft pianism' — The Scotsman, July 2012



### **Ronald Stevenson: A'e Gowden Lyric**

Susan Hamilton *soprano*, John Cameron *piano*  
DCD34006

Since first performing Ronald Stevenson's music as a treble in 1985, when she gave the broadcast premiere of *A Child's Garden of Verses*, Susan Hamilton has brought Stevenson's songs to audiences throughout Britain and abroad. The present recording features her unique, clarion voice in the soprano version of that work, alongside settings of Scots poems by Hugh MacDiarmid and William Soutar and a short translated verse by the Gaelic poet Sorley MacLean.

'an astonishingly pure voice ... the ringing accuracy of Hamilton's intonation is a continual marvel. The recording is beautifully balanced and clear as a bell' — International Record Review, June 2003



### The Shadow Side: contemporary song from Scotland

Irene Drummond *soprano*, Iain Burnside *piano*

DCD34099

For many years Irene Drummond has been the leading exponent of contemporary song in Scotland. With her partner Iain Burnside – peerless in this music – she offers here a fascinating snapshot of her repertoire. From the rarefied sparseness of James MacMillan to the sustained luminosity of Paul Mealer and the emotionally charged dramatic outbursts of John McLeod, *The Shadow Side* explores a world of half-lights and brittle intensity.

‘... soprano Irene Drummond at her most breathtakingly stellar and seductive’ — The Herald, June 2011

‘Iain Burnside shares the credit for performances of total focus’  
— BBC Music Magazine, October 2011



### Handel: The Triumph of Time and Truth

Sophie & Mary Bevan *sopranos*, Tim Mead *countertenor*, Ed Lyon *tenor*,

William Berger *bass*, Ludus Baroque / Richard Neville-Towle

DCD34135 (2 discs)

Ludus Baroque and five stellar soloists bring to life Handel’s rarely heard final oratorio, a remarkable Protestant recasting of a work written fifty years earlier to a text by the young composer’s Roman patron Cardinal Pamphilj. The result, neglected by centuries of scholarship on account of its hybrid origins, here proves an extraordinary feast of riches, and the ideal vehicle for Richard Neville-Towle’s carefully assembled cast of exceptional soloists, vigorous, intelligent chorus and an orchestra made up from some of the UK’s leading period instrumentalists.

‘Ludus Baroque’s most valuable Handel recording so far confirms that this unclassifiable, peculiar work is well worth revisiting’  
— Gramophone, August 2014, EDITOR’S CHOICE





# NACHT UND TRÄUME

## FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797–1828)

### LIEDER

AILISH TYNAN SOPRANO  
IAIN BURNSIDE PIANO

DELPHIAN

- |                    |   |      |         |
|--------------------|---|------|---------|
| 1                  | Dass sie hier gewesen                           | D775 | [2:57]  |
| 2                  | Gretchen am Spinnrade                           | D118 | [3:58]  |
| 3                  | Amalia  | D195 | [3:12]  |
| 4                  | Die junge Nonne                                 | D828 | [4:48]  |
| 5                  | Todesmusik                                      | D758 | [5:24]  |
| 6                  | Schwanengesang                                  | D744 | [2:30]  |
| 7                  | Raste, Krieger, Krieg ist aus (Ellens Gesang I) | D837 | [7:53]  |
| 8                  | Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd (Ellens Gesang II)     | D838 | [3:16]  |
| 9                  | Ave Maria (Ellens Gesang III)                   | D839 | [5:43]  |
| 10                 | Die Forelle                                     | D550 | [2:11]  |
| 11                 | Wandlers Nachtlied                              | D768 | [2:02]  |
| 12                 | Lachen und Weinen                               | D777 | [1:47]  |
| 13                 | Sei mir begrüßt                                 | D741 | [3:26]  |
| 14                 | Du bist die Ruh                                 | D776 | [4:36]  |
| 15                 | Ständchen                                       | D889 | [1:37]  |
| 16                 | An mein Klavier                                 | D342 | [3:17]  |
| 17                 | Nacht und Träume                                | D827 | [4:05]  |
| Total playing time |   |      | [62:49] |

This selection of songs could carry the subtitle 'Women in Love'. 'L' Education sentimentale', perhaps. Ailish Tynan and Iain Burnside have assembled a portrait gallery: a whole bevy of Schubert's women pursuing different sorts of love, nurturing different Biedermeier dreams. Goethe's Gretchen finds an intriguing counterpart in Schiller's Amalia. Ellen gazes out over Loch Katrine, while Serafina looks down affectionately at her fortepiano. A young nun welcomes her destiny as the bride of Christ. This, the first volume in Burnside's carefully crafted voyage of Schubert song, sees Ailish Tynan at the height of her career in music that has been her 'life's dream' to record.

*Praise for Ailish Tynan and Iain Burnside on Delphian:*

**'sung with ardour and sensibility ... Burnside's piano accompaniments are full of insight'**

— The Times, January 2013

**'subtle vocal nuance, excellent diction and discerning accompaniment'**

— Gramophone, April 2013



Producer/Engineer: Paul Baxter  
24-bit digital editing: Adam Blinks  
24-bit digital mastering: Paul Baxter  
Design: John Christ

DCD34165

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