



Samuel Barber

The Complete Songs

Fleur Barron • Mary Bevan • Samantha Clarke • Jess Dandy
Louise Kemény • Soraya Mafi • Julien Van Mellaerts
Dominic Sedgwick • Nicky Spence • William Thomas
Navarra String Quartet

Dylan Perez piano

Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

The Complete Songs

Dylan Perez *piano*

Fleur Barron *mezzo soprano*

Mary Bevan *soprano*

Samantha Clarke *soprano*

Jess Dandy *contralto*

Louise Kemény *soprano*

Soraya Mafi *soprano*

Julien Van Mellaerts *baritone*

Dominic Sedgwick *baritone*

Nicky Spence *tenor*

William Thomas *bass*

Navarra String Quartet

DISC ONE

Three Songs, Op. 2 (WT)

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------|
| 1. The Daisies | [1:05] |
| 2. With rue my heart is laden | [1:20] |
| 3. Bessie Bobtail | [2:53] |

Three Songs, Op. 10 (NS)

- | | |
|--------------------|--------|
| 4. Rain has fallen | [2:29] |
| 5. Sleep now | [2:48] |
| 6. I hear an army | [2:37] |

Four songs, Op. 13 (SC)

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------|
| 7. A Nun Takes the Veil | [1:32] |
| 8. The Secrets of the old | [1:13] |
| 9. Sure on this shining night | [2:23] |
| 10. Nocturne | [3:55] |

Two Songs, Op. 18 (FB)

- | | |
|---|--------|
| 11. The queen's face on the summery
coin | [2:29] |
| 12. Monks and Raisins | [1:19] |

13. Nuvoletta, Op. 25 (SM)

[5:18]

Mélodies passagères, Op. 27 (LK)

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------|
| 14. Puisque tout passe | [1:24] |
| 15. Un cygne | [2:23] |
| 16. Tombeau dans un parc | [1:55] |
| 17. Le clocher chante | [1:30] |
| 18. Départ | [1:52] |

Hermit Songs, Op. 29 (MB)

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------|
| 19. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory | [1:33] |
| 20. Church Bell at Night | [0:55] |
| 21. St. Ita's Vision | [3:22] |
| 22. The Heavenly Banquet | [1:16] |
| 23. The Crucifixion | [2:11] |
| 24. Sea-Snatch | [0:41] |
| 25. Promiscuity | [1:00] |
| 26. The Monk and his Cat | [3:01] |
| 27. The Praises of God | [1:04] |
| 28. The Desire for Hermitage | [3:42] |

Despite and Still, Op. 41 (DS)

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------|
| 29. A Last Song | [2:17] |
| 30. My Lizard | [1:05] |
| 31. In the Wilderness | [3:06] |
| 32. Solitary Hotel | [2:44] |
| 33. Despite and Still | [1:34] |

Three Songs, Op. 45 (JD)

- | | |
|--|--------|
| 34. Now have I fed and eaten up the rose | [2:04] |
| 35. A Green Lowland of Pianos | [2:14] |
| 36. O boundless, boundless evening | [3:38] |

Total playing time [78:14]

DISC TWO

Three Songs: The Words from Old England * (WT)

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|--|--------|
| 1. Lady, when I behold the roses | [1:21] |
| 2. An Earnest Suit to His Unkind Mistress Not to Forsake Him | [2:21] |
| 3. Hey Nonny No! | [0:49] |

Two Poems of the Wind * (FB)

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------|
| 4. Little children of the Wind | [1:20] |
| 5. Longing | [2:00] |

Two Songs of Youth * (JVM)

- | | |
|--|--------|
| 6. Invocation to Youth | [1:21] |
| 7. I never thought that youth would go | [1:19] |

- | | |
|--|--------|
| 8. Love's Caution (SC) | [3:17] |
| 9. Night Wanderers (DS) | [3:10] |
| 10. Beggar's Song (JVM) | [1:57] |
| 11. Music, when soft voices die * (JD) | [1:27] |
| 12. A Slumber Song of the Madonna (SM) | [1:55] |
| 13. Fantasy in Purple * (WT) | [1:56] |
| 14. La nuit * (SM) | [2:39] |
| 15. Of that so sweet imprisonment (LK) | [2:05] |
| 16. In the dark pinewood (FB) | [1:44] |
| 17. Strings in the earth and air (LK) | [1:23] |
| 18. Ask me to rest * (DS) | [1:54] |
| 19. Au clair de la lune * (SM) | [2:16] |

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|---|---------|
| 20. Mother I cannot mind my wheel * (SM) | [1:11] |
| 21. Love at the Door (FB) | [1:34] |
| 22. Man * (LK) | [2:49] |
| 23. Serenader (JVM) | [1:51] |
| 24. Peace * (JD) | [1:55] |
| 25. Who carries corn and crown * (WT) | [1:16] |
| 26. Watchers * (JD) | [3:27] |
| 27. Thy Love * (WT) | [1:33] |
| 28. Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening * (JD) | [2:10] |
| 29. There's nae lark (NS) | [1:34] |
| 30. Dover Beach, Op. 3 (JVM/NSQ) | [7:43] |
| 31. Knoxville: Summer of 1915, Op. 24 (NS) | [16:53] |
| Total playing time | [80:26] |

*World premiere recording

The Complete Songs of Samuel Barber

'I myself wrote as I wished, without a tremendous desire to find the latest thing possible... I wrote as I wanted to for myself.'
Samuel Barber

Born in 1910, Samuel Barber knew what he wanted from very early in his life. Such strength of character and courage to follow his path is heard in his music; at a time when American classical music was heavily influenced by experimentalism, Barber's inclination for 'traditional' harmony and melody helped set him apart. What I have always loved about Barber's vocal music is the ease he finds in the marriage of text and music. Even in the posthumous songs, some recorded here for the first time, he always puts the text first, inspired by both contemporary and ancient texts.

His **Three Songs, Op. 2** show a broad range of musical ideas even from young Sam. 'The Daisies' rolls on gently, as if captured on a summer afternoon, while 'With rue my heart is laden' troves the depths of quiet despair found in wartime. 'Bessie Bobtail' is a strange song, the stunted vocal line lending itself to the narrative quality of the text.

Dover Beach, Op. 3 was written for the composer to sing at Curtis Institute, where he was studying at the time. It is a miracle of a song to text by Matthew Arnold, the music perfectly reflecting the poetry. The bare, softly undulating and searching opening bars allow the vocal line to hover giving way to a wave of flowing strings. When the voice finally pours from heights of emotional intensity, we are quickly thrown back into the beginning ripples of sound, dying away just as the tide retreats.

Barber had a long fascination with the words of James Joyce. As a truly intelligent and well-read composer, we can hear his understanding of even the thickest of Joyce's texts in his **Three Songs, Op. 10**. The gentle droplets heard at the beginning of 'Rain has fallen' lead us into a charged emotional landscape of two lovers. Barber explores his truly dramatic side in the piano writing, with wide, orchestral sweeps and intimate chromaticism. 'Sleep now' is a tender but urgent plea for emotional rest. There are sighs in the piano, as if breathing along with the vocal line, that are gentle at the start but grow to cries as the text becomes more intense. 'I hear an army' is a song of mammoth proportions. From the whiplash of the first bars to the stomping final chords, there is little reprieve from the onslaught of this fantastical army.



Photography: Victoria Cudisch

Mary Bevan



Fleur Barron



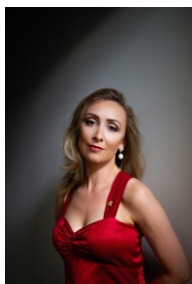
Photography: Benjamin Ebwega

Samantha Clarke



Photography: Clare Park

Jess Dandy



Photography: Gerard Collett

Louise Kemény

Some of Barber's most popular songs come from his next set, **Four Songs, Op. 13**. Perhaps as a foil to his opus 10 songs, these are more emotionally direct; the music is less chromatic and dramatic, focused on delivering the texts in a more straightforward way. 'A Nun Takes the Veil', subtitled 'Heaven – Haven', is declamatory but still maintains the integrity of the voice, allowing the singer to bloom and sway with the text. 'The Secrets of the Old' is a song full of wit and wisdom as a group of old women discuss the gossip from years passed. 'Sure on this shining night', perhaps Barber's most beloved and well known song, has a continuous heartbeat through it, as if reassuring the listener that all will be well, all will be healed because of this magical night. 'Nocturne' is a mystical song that encourages a lover to relinquish themselves to the healing embrace of the night.

The songs found in **Two Songs, Op. 18** have curious texts; 'The queen's face on a summery coin' with its weaving and oscillating piano quavers leaves the listener questioning, its overly metaphorical words left still wet like paint on a wall. 'Monks and Raisins' is written in a jazzy 7/8, the meter of the music reflecting perfectly the off kilter rhythm of the poem.

Knoxville: Summer of 1915, Op. 24 is one

of Barber's most cherished compositions. Taken from *A Death in the Family* by James Agee, the poignant narration is from the view of a child who seemingly grows up as the song develops. Heard here as a premiere recording of the composer's piano setting, we feel just as vividly the heat that is evoked in the larger symphonic work, which is more well known. The listener is invited into memories of a summer evening from the sparse introduction into a lilting, cradling rhythmic figure. The bustle of a city is heard with car horns before turning mystical into the night's 'blue dew'. Particularly expressive, full of both naiveté and wisdom, is the section about the narrators family lying out on the grass, enjoying each other's company. This 'lyric rhapsody', as Barber called it, ends with a cry out to God to protect those family members and to guide the narrator through the rest of his life, before the lilting figure finally comes to a close.

In **Nuvoletta, Op. 25**, Barber returns to James Joyce, this time excerpting from *Finnegans Wake*. While the text is extremely dense, the excerpt that Barber chooses is a short scena that can be more easily understood, even if it is out of context. A little girl, Nuvoletta, is trying to catch the attention of others, only to fail and, in dramatic fashion, feigns suicide by jumping from a bannister. Barber's

ingenious setting marries Nuvoletta's innocence with a lilting 3/8, the piano lightly commenting on the Joycean invented words that populate the text: sixteen shimmers, bannistar, sfumastelliacinous. Charming compositional techniques are found throughout, but hidden from the immediate ear of the listener; at mention of 'Tristic Tristor Tristissimus', a hint of Wagner's *Tristan* shines through, while later when Nuvoletta's tears fall in numbers, Barber mirrors them with intervallic leaps in the voice and rhythmic gestures in the piano. A melismatic weep brings the voice to the stratosphere before returning to the lilt found at the beginning, before Nuvoletta jumps and the song ends in a haze.

A natural linguist, Barber's next set of songs, **Mémoires passagères, Op. 27**, are set to French texts by Rainer Maria Rilke. Dedicated to Francis Poulenc and Pierre Bernac, who, so enthusiastic about the songs after Barber introduced them, immediately included them in their concert tour and even recorded them for the Columbia label. 'Puisque tout passe', with its improvisatory semi-quavers ever flowing, gives a sense of impermanence but stability. In 'Un cygne', the roaming swan glides over a landscape reflected both outwardly and into our soul. 'Tombeau dans un parc' is

sparse and enigmatic, a visit to a tomb of a child. 'Le clocher chante' recreates the playing of a carillon in the sparkling piano part. 'Départ' is the thorniest harmonically of the set, spotlighting the pain you feel when leaving someone you care about.

Barber's **Hermit Songs, Op. 29** are the most significant of his song output. The texts are all from monks in the eighth to thirteenth centuries who wrote little anecdotes on the side of the pages of sacred texts they were translating. These words range from sacred to profane and Barber set them without a time signature, lending to the prose like quality of the poetry. The rocky territory of pilgrimage is shown in the stumbling piano and prayerful vocal line of 'At Saint Patrick's Purgatory'. A chiming bell keeping time and company in 'Church Bell at Night' gives way to the recitative and aria of 'St. Ita's Vision'; St. Ita gives herself fully over to God, imagining she is cradling Jesus. 'The Heavenly Banquet' is a true drinking song imagining what it would be like to have a party with everyone in heaven, including Jesus and Mary. 'The Crucifixion' is a painful realisation of what Mary experienced when her son was crucified. The rolling waves in a storm are written into the vocal and piano lines in 'Sea-Snatch' while 'Promiscuity' is a cheeky rumour.

'The Monk and his Cat' has an ease of simple feline living infused into its flowing accompaniment. The rollicking leaps of 'The Praises of God' send joy to God from humans and animals alike. The stunning final song 'The Desire for Hermitage' is both serene and overflowing with emotion, a yearning to be away from all earthly toils.

Perhaps the most harmonically adventurous set of songs, **Despite and Still, Op. 41**, was written after a prolonged period of compositional and emotional depression which stemmed from his personal life and the perceived failing of his opera *Antony and Cleopatra*. You can hear Barber's tortured soul in these songs and they were perhaps written to help him get through his darker moments. The poetry deals with couples: 'A Last Song' is an argument and 'My Lizard' is a wish for young love never to grow old. 'In the Wilderness' is about Christ and a follower cast out of society wandering and conversing with the lesser of society. 'Solitary Hotel' is enigmatic; we are dropped into hotel witnessing an exchange we don't understand. The anger in 'Despite and Still' is palpable in the hammered piano part, this couple is staying together regardless of their differences.

Barber's final published songs **Three songs,**

Op. 45, were written for Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, although illness and travel meant he did not perform the premiere, even though he adored them. The morbid text of the first song 'Now have I fed and eaten up the rose' is illuminated by a hymn-like piano accompaniment, marrying heaven and earth. The second song 'A Green Lowland of Pianos', which Barber found 'funny', fuses pianos and cows together with flourishes in the keyboard writing. 'O boundless, boundless evening' is expansive like the night unfurling before our eyes, comforting us into the darkness.

Included on these discs are the posthumous songs published by G. Schirmer in *65 Songs by Samuel Barber*, including nineteen world premiere recordings. Many of these songs were written before his first published opus; of these, a selection were performed to great acclaim by prominent contralto Louise Homer, the composer's aunt. These include **Watchers, A Slumber Song of the Madonna, and Two Poems of the Wind**. Some of them, like **Who Carries Corn and Crown**, were written as late as 1942. There are certainly songs of merit here; Joyce settings **In the dark pinewood, Strings in the earth and air, and Of that so sweet imprisonment** were taken from 'Chamber Music', the same source as Barber's Op. 10. Barber was already a keen linguist at a

young age, setting two songs in French: **La nuit** and **Au clair de la lune**. The **Three Songs of Old England** are charming in their simplicity while songs such as **Ask me to rest** and **Fantasy in Purple** are almost orchestral in scope. **Love's Caution** and **Night Wanderers** are expertly set tone poems and **Stopping by Woods on a Snow Evening** is simple and effective. A truly unique voice in the American musical landscape, we can already hear that young Samuel was carving his own compositional tone world – one that was intrinsically his and let him become his fully realised artistic self.

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Acknowledgement

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Texts & Translations

DISC ONE

Three Songs, Op. 2

1. The Daisies
In the scented bud of the morning O,
When the windy grass went rippling far!
I saw my dear one walking slow
In the field where the daisies are.
We did not laugh, and we did not speak,
As we wandered happ'ly, to and fro,
I kissed my dear on either cheek,
In the bud of the morning O!
A lark sang up, from the breezy land;
A lark sang down, from a cloud afar;
As she and I went, hand in hand,
In the field where the daisies are.

James Stephens (1880–1950)

2. With rue my heart is laden
With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.
By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

A. E. Housman (1859–1936)

3. Bessie Bobtail
As down the street she wambled slow,
She had not got a place to go:
She had not got a place to fall
And rest herself—no place at all.
She stumped along and wagged her pate
And said a thing was desperate.
Her face was screwed and wrinkled tight
Just like a nut—and, left and right,

On either side she wagged her head
And said a thing; and what she said
Was desperate as any word
That ever yet a person heard.
I walked behind her for a while
And watched the people nudge and smile.
But ever as she went she said,
As left and right she swung her head,
—‘Oh, God He knows,’ and ‘God He knows:’
And surely God Almighty knows.

James Stephens

Three Songs, Op. 10

By James Joyce (1882–1941)

4. Rain has fallen
Rain has fallen all the day.
O come among the laden trees:
The leaves lie thick upon the way
Of memories.
Staying a little by the way
Of memories shall we depart.
Come, my beloved, where I may
Speak to your heart.

5. Sleep now
Sleep now, O sleep now,
O you unquiet heart!
A voice crying “Sleep now”
Is heard in my heart.
The voice of the winter
Is heard at the door.
O sleep, for the winter
Is crying “Sleep no more.”
My kiss will give peace now
And quiet to your heart –
Sleep on in peace now,
O you unquiet heart!

6. I hear an army
I hear an army charging upon the land,
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees:
Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,
Disdaining the reins, with fluttering whips, the charioteers.

They cry unto the night their battle-name:
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair:
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?

Four songs, Op. 13

7. A Nun Takes the Veil
I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844–89)

8. The Secrets of the old
I have old women's secrets now
That had those of the young;
Madge tells me what I dared not think
When my blood was strong,
And what had drowned a lover once
Sounds like an old song.

Though Marg'ry is stricken dumb
If thrown in Madge's way,
We three make up a solitude;
For none alive today

Can know the stories that we know
Or say the things we say:

How such a man pleased women most
Of all that are gone,
How such a pair loved many years
And such a pair but one,
Stories of the bed of straw
Or the bed of down.

W. B. Yeats (1865–1939)

9. Sure on this shining night
By James Agee (1909–55)

10. Nocturne
By Frederic Prokosch (1906 – 89)

Two Songs, Op. 18

11. The queen's face on a summery coin
By Robert Horan (1922–81)

12. Monks and Raisins
By José García Villa (1908–97)

13. **Nuvoletta, Op. 25**
Nuvoletta in her lightdress,
spunn of sixteen shimmers,
was looking down on them,
leaning over the bannisters
and listening all she childishly could. . . .
She was alone.
All her nubied companions
were asleeping with the squirrels. . . .
She tried all the winsome wonsome ways
he four winds had taught her.
She tossed her sfumastelliacinous hair
like la princesse de la Petite Bretagne
and she rounded her mignons arms
like Mrs. Cornwallis-West
and she smiled over herself
like the image of a pose of a daughter

of the Emerour of Irelande
and she sighed after herself
as were she born to bride with Tristus
Tristor Tristissimus.
But, sweet madonine, she might fair as well
have carried her daisy's worth to Florida. . . .
Oh, how it was duusk!
From Vallee Maraia to Grasyplainia,
dormimust echo!
A dew! Ah dew! It was so duusk
that the tears of night beagn to fall,
first by ones and twos,
then by threes and fours,
at last by fives and sixes of sevens,
for the tired ones were wecking,
as we weep now with them.
O! O! O! Par la pluie! . . .
Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time
in her little long life
And she made up all her myriads
of drifting minds in one.
She cancelled all her engagements.
She climbed over the bannisters;
she gave a chilydly cloudy cry:
Nuée! Nuée!
A lightdress fluttered
She was gone.

Excerpted from Finnegan's Wake by James Joyce

Méloides passagères, Op. 27
By Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926)

14. Puisque tout passe
Puisque tout passe, faisons
la mélodie passagère;
celle qui nous désaltère
aura de nous raison.

Chantons ce qui nous quitte
avec amour et art;
soyons plus vite
que le rapide départ.

*Since everything passes,
let's create a fleeting melody;
the one that quenches our thirst
shall be the one to win us.*

*Let's sing what leaves us
with love and art;
let's be faster
than a rapid departure.*

15. Un cygne
Un cygne avance sur l'eau
tout entouré de lui-même,
comme un glissant tableau;
ainsi à certains instants
un être que l'on aime
est tout un espace mouvant.

Il se rapproche, doublé,
comme ce cygne qui nage,
sur notre âme troublé...
qui à cet être ajoute
la tremblante image
de bonheur et de doute.

*A swan moves on the water
all surrounded by itself,
like a gliding painting;
so, at certain moments,
a loved one
is a whole moving space.*

*It approaches, bent double,
like the gliding swan,
on our troubled soul...
adding to this being
the trembling image
of happiness and doubt.*

16. Tombeau dans un parc
Dors au fond de l'allée,
tendre enfant, sous la dalle,
on fera le chant de l'été
autour de ton intervalle.

Si une blanche colombe
passait au vol là-haut,
je n'offrirais à ton tombeau
que son ombre qui tombe.

*Sleep at the end of the aisle,
tender child, under the stone;
around your space we shall
sing the song of summer.*

*If a white dove should
pass overhead,
as an offering for your tomb,
I would present its falling shadow.*

17. Le clocher chante
Mieux qu'une tour profane,
je me chauffe pour mûrir mon carillon.
Qu'il soit doux, qu'il soit bon
aux Valaisannes.

Chaque dimanche, ton par ton,
je leur jette ma manne;
qu'il soit bon, mon carillon,
aux Valaisannes.

Qu'il soit doux, qu'il soit bon;
samedi soir dans les channes
tombe en gouttes mon carillon
aux Valaisans des Valaisannes.

*Better than a profane tower
I warm myself to ripen my carillon.
May it be sweet, may it be good
for the girls of the Valais.*

*Every Sunday, tone by tone,
I throw my manna to them;
may it be good, my carillon,
for the girls of the Valais.*

*Let it be sweet, let it be good;
into their beers on Saturday evenings
my carillon is dripping, drop by drop,
for the boys of the girls of the Valais.*

18. Départ
Mon amie, il faut que je parte.
Voulez-vous voir
l'endroit sur la carte?
C'est un point noir.

En moi, si la chose
bien me réussit,
ce sera un point rose
dans un vert pays.

*My friend, I must leave.
Would you like to see
the place on the map?
It's marked in black.*

*In me, if things
work out, it will be
a pink mark
in a green land.*

Hermit Songs, Op. 29
By Anonymous

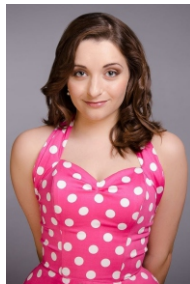
19. At St Patrick's Purgatory
Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!
O King of the churches and the bells —
bewailing your sores and your wounds,
but not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
Not moisten an eye
after so much sin!
Pity me, O King! What shall I do

with a heart that seeks only its own ease?
O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,
who shunned not the death by three wounds,
pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg
and I with a heart not softer than a stone!

20. Church Bell at Night
Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
than be with a light and foolish woman.

21. St. Ita's Vision
'I will take nothing from my Lord,' said she,
'unless He gives me His Son from Heaven
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him'.
So that Christ came down to her
in the form of a Baby and then she said:
'Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not a churl
But were begot on Mary the Jewess
By Heaven's light.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
What King is there but You who could
Give everlasting good?
Wherefore I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast.'

22. The Heavenly Banquet
I would like to have the men of Heaven in my own house;
with vats of good cheer laid out for them.
I would like to have the three Mary's,
their fame is so great.
I would like people from every corner of Heaven.
I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking.



Photography: Cristina Hildane

Soraya Mafi



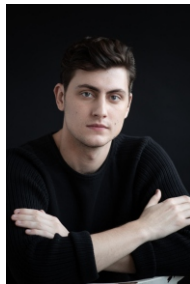
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Dominic Sedgwick



William Thomas



Photography: Bertie Watson

Nicky Spence



Photography: Matthew Johnson

Navara String Quartet

I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.
I would like a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.
I would like to be watching Heaven's family
Drinking it through all eternity.

23. The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

24. Sea-Snatch

It has broken us, it has crushed us,
it has drowned us, O King of the starbright
Kingdom of Heaven!
The wind has consumed us, swallowed us,
as timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.
It has broken us, it has crushed us,
it has drowned us, O King of the starbright
Kingdom of Heaven!

25. Promiscuity

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

26. The Monk and his Cat

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together, Scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me, study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art
Neither hinders the other;

Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are,
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

*Adapted by W. H. Auden from an eighth or ninth
century anonymous Irish text*

27. The Praises of God

How foolish the man who does not raise
His voice and praise with joyful words,
As he alone can, Heaven's High King.
To whom the light birds with no soul but air,
All day, everywhere laudations sing.

28. The Desire for Hermitage

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell
with nobody near me;
beloved that pilgrimage before
the last pilgrimage to death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
Feeding upon dry bread and water
from the cold spring.
That will be an end to evil when I am alone
in a lovely little corner among tombs
far from the houses of the great.
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell,
to be alone, all alone:
Alone I came into the world
alone I shall go from it.

Despite and Still, Op. 41

29. A Last Song
By Robert Graves (1895–1985)

30. My Lizard

By Theodore Roethke (1908–63)

31. In the Wilderness

By Robert Graves

32. Solitary Hotel

Solitary hotel in a mountain pass.
Autumn. Twilight. Fire lit.
In dark corner young man seated.
Young woman enters.
Restless. Solitary. She sits.
She goes to window. She stands.
She sits. Twilight. She thinks.
On solitary hotel paper she writes.
She thinks. She writes. She sighs.
Wheels and hoofs. She hurries out.
He comes from his dark corner.
He seizes solitary paper.
He holds it towards fire. Twilight.
He reads. Solitary. What?
In sloping, upright and backhands:
Queen's hotel, Queen's hotel, Queen's ho. . .
From Ulysses by James Joyce

33. Despite and Still

By Robert Graves

Three Songs, Op. 45

34. Now have I fed and eaten up the rose
Now have I fed and eaten up the rose
Which then she laid within my stiffcold hand.
That I should ever feed upon a rose
I never had believed in liveman's land.

Only I wonder was it white or red
The flower that in the darkness my food has been.
Give us, and if Thou give, thy daily bread,
Deliver us from evil, Lord, Amen.

From German of Gottfried Keller by James Joyce

35. A Green Lowland of Pianos

By Jerzy Harsymowicz (1933–1999)

36. O boundless, boundless evening

*By Georg Heym (1887–1912)
Translation by Christopher Middleton (1926–2015)*

DISC TWO

Three Songs: The Words from Old England

1. Lady, when I behold the roses
Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which, clad in damask mantles, deck the arbours,
And then behold your lips, where sweet love harbours,
My eyes present me with a double doubting:
For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.

Anonymous

2. An Earnest Suit to His Unkind Mistress Not to Forsake Him
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay, for shame,
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grace.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay.
And wilt thou leave me thus
That hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and woe among
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay!
And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart?
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay.
And wilt thou leave me thus
And have no more pity
of him that loveth thee?
Alas, thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay, say nay!

Thomas Wyatt (1503–42)

3. Hey Nonny No!

Hey nonny no!
Men are fools that wish to die!
Is't not fine to dance and sing
When the bells of death do ring?
Is't not fine to swim in wine,
And turn upon the toe,
And sing hey nonny no!
When the winds blow and the seas flow?
Hey nonny no!
Men are fools that wish to die!

Anonymous

Two Poems of the Wind

Fiona Macleod (William Sharp) (1885–1905)

4. Little children of the Wind

I hear the little children of the wind
Crying solitary in lonely places:
I have not seen their faces
But I have seen the leaves eddying behind,
The little tremulous leaves of the wind.

5. Longing

O would I were the cool wind that's
blowing from the sea,
Each loneliest valley I would search
till I should come to thee.
In the dew on the grass is your name, dear,
i' the leaf on the tree—
O would I were the cool wind
that's blowing from the sea.
O would I were the cool wind t
hat's blowing far from me —
The grey silence, the grey waves,
the grey waste of the sea.
O would I were the cool wind
that's blowing from the sea.
Each loneliest valley I would search
till I should come to thee.

Two Songs of Youth

6. Invocation to Youth

Come, then, as ever, like the Wind at morning!
Joyous, O youth, in the aged world renew
Freshness to feel the eternities around it,
Rain, stars, and clouds, light, and the sacred dew.
The strong sun shines above thee:
That strength, that radiance bring!
If Winter come to Winter,
When shall men hope for Spring?

Laurence Binyon (1869–1943)

7. I never thought that youth would go

I never thought that youth would go,
Who was so blithe and fain,
or if he strayed I thought a song
Would call him back again.
But knowledge came one April day
And woke me with a start—
When I walked along in a wooded lane
With perfect peace of heart.

Jessie B. Rittenhouse (1869–1948)

8. Love's Caution

Tell them, when you are home again,
How warm the air was now;
How silent were the birds and leaves,
And of the moon's full glow;
And how we saw afar a falling star.
It was a tear of pure delight
Ran down the face of Heaven this happy night.
Her kisses are but love in flower,
Until that greater time
When gath'ring strength, those flowers take wing,
And Love can reach his prime.
And now, and my heart's delight,
Goodnight, goodnight;
Give me, give me the last sweet kiss,
But do not breathe at home one word of this!

William Henry Davies (1871–1940)

9. Night Wanderers

They hear the bells of midnight toll,
And shiver in their flesh and soul,
They lie on heard, cold wood or stone,
Iron, and ache in every bone;
They hate the night, they see no eyes
Of loved ones in the starlit skies.
They see the cold, dark water near;
They dare not take long looks
For fear they'll fall like those poor birds
That see a snake's eye staring at their tree.
Some of them laugh, half mad; and some
All through the chilly night are dumb;
Like poor, weak infants some converse,
And cough like giants, deep and hoarse.

William Henry Davies

10. Beggar's Song

Good people keep their holy day.
They rest from labour on a Sunday;
But we keep holy every day,
And rest from Monday until Monday.
And yet the noblest work on earth
Is done when beggars do their part:
They work, dear ladies,
On the soft and tender feelings,
In your heart.

William Henry Davies

11. Music, when soft voices die

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)

12. A Slumber Song of the Madonna

By Alfred Noyes (1880–1958)

13. Fantasy in Purple

By Langston Hughes (1901–67)

14. La nuit

La nuit c'est l'heure du songe
Des rêves, et de l'amour,
De la douleur qui nous ronge,
Et la fin des maux de ce jour.
La nuit c'est le noir et l'ombre,
C'est l'heure du doux repos,
Pour l'homme qui dort dans l'ombre,
Les paupières et le coeur clos.
La nuit c'est le grand silence,
La solitude et l'ennui;
Troubles en notre conscience,
Car elle songe la nuit.
Et songe à de tristes choses,
Car là dans l'ombre est l'abîme!
Heureux l'homme qui repose,
Et dort dans la nuit sublime!

*The night is the hour of contemplation,
Of dreams, and of love,
From the pain the gnaws at us,
And the end of the evils of the day.
The night is black and shadowy,
It is the hour of sweet repose,
For the man who sleeps in the shade,
The eyelids and the heart closed.
The night is the great silence,
The loneliness and the boredom;
Troubles in our conscience,
Because she thinks in the night.
And thinks of sad things,
For there in the dark is an abyss!
Blessed is the man who rests
And sleeps in the sublime night.*

Alfred Meurath (trans. Dylan Perez)

15. **Of that so sweet imprisonment**

Of that so sweet imprisonment
My soul, dearest, is fain –
Soft arms that woo me to relent
And woo me to detain.
Ah, could they ever hold me there
Gladly were I a prisoner!

Dearest, through interwoven arms
By love made tremulous,
That night allures me where alarms
Nowise may trouble us;
But sleep to dreamier sleep be wed
Where soul with soul lies prisoned.

James Joyce

16. **In the dark pinewood**

In the dark pine-wood
I would we lay,
In deep cool shadow
At noon of day.
How sweet to lie there,
Sweet to kiss,
Where the great pine-forest
Enaisled is!
Thy kiss descending
Sweeter were
With a soft tumult
Of thy hair.
O unto the pine-wood
At noon of day
Come with me now,
Sweet love, away.

James Joyce

17. **Strings in the earth and air**

Strings in the earth and air
Make music sweet;
Strings by the river where
The willows meet.

There's music along the river,
For Love wanders there,
Pale flower on his mantle,
Dark leaves on his hair.
All softly playing,
With head to the music bent,
And fingers straying
Upon an instrument.

James Joyce

18. **Ask me to rest**

By Edward Hicks Streeter Terry

19. **Au clair de la lune**

Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami Pierrot,
Prête-moi ta plume
Pour écrire un mot.
Ma Chantelle est morte.
Je n'ai plus de feu.
Ouvre-moi ta porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu
Au clair de la lune
Pierrot répondit:
Je n'ai pas de plume.
Je suis dans mon lit.
Va chez la voisine.
Je crois qu'elle y est
Car dans la cuisine
On bat le briquet.

*By moonlight,
My friend Pierrot,
Give me your pen
To write a word.
My candle is dead.
I have no more fire.
Open your door for me
For the love of God.
By moonlight
Pierrot replied:*

*I do not have a pen.
I am in my bed.
Go to the neighbour.
I think it is there
For in her kitchen
It strikes the lighter.*

Anonymous (trans. Dylan Perez)

20. **Mother I cannot mind my wheel**

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry:
O, if you felt the pain I feel!
But O, who ever felt as I?
No longer could I doubt him true -
All other men may use deceit;
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet.

Walter Savage Landor (1775–1864)

21. **Love at the Door**

Cold blows the winter wind:
'Tis Love, whose sweet eyes swim with honeyed tears
That bears me to thy doors, my love,
Tossed by the storm of hopes and fears.
Cold blows the blast of aching love,
But be thou for my wandering sail
Adrift upon these waves of love
Safe harbour from the whistling gale.

*From the Greek Meleager
Translated by John Addington Symonds (1840–93)*

22. **Man**

The feathers in a fan are not so frail as man;
The green embossed leaf than man is no more brief.
His life is not so loud as the passing of a cloud;
his death is quieter than harebells when they stir.
The years that have no form and substance are as warm,
And space has hardly less supreme an emptiness.
And yet man being frail does on himself prevail,

And with a single thought can bring the world to naught,
As being brief he still bends to his fleeting will all time,
And makes of it the shadow of his wit.
Soundless in life and death although he vanisheth,
The echo of a song makes all the stars a gong.
Cold, void, and yet the grim Darkness is hot with him,
And space is but the span of the long love of man.

Humbert Wolfe (1885–1940)

23. **Serenader**

By George H. Dillon (1906–68)

24. **Peace**

Courage my Soul: now to the silent wood
Alone we wander there to see our food in the wild fruits
And woo our dreamless sleep on soft boughs gathered deep.
Thus loud authority in folly bold
And tongues that stammer with desire for gold
And murmur of the windy world shall cease
Nor echo through our peace.

*From the Sanskrit of Bhartrihari
by Paul Elmer More (1864–1937)*

25. **Who carries corn and crown**

By Robert Horan

26. **Watchers**

Attributed to Dean Cornwell (1892–1960)

27. **Thy Love**

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say,
'I love her for her smile – her way
Of speaking gently'
For these things in themselves, Belov'd, may
Be changed, or changed for thee;
But love me for love's sake
That evermore, Thou mayst love on
Through loves eternity.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806–61)

28. **Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening**

By Robert Frost (1874–1963)

29. **There's nae lark**

There's nae lark loves the light, my dear,
There's nae ship loves the sea,
There's nae bee loves the heather hills,
That loves as I love thee, my love,
That loves as I love thee.

The whin shines fair upon the fell,
The blithe broom on the lea:
The muirside wind is merry at heart:
It's for love ' thee, my love,
It's a 'for love o' thee.

Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837–1909)

30. **Dover Beach, Op. 3**

The sea is calm tonight.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true

To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Matthew Arnold (1822–1888)

31. **Knoxville: Summer of 1915, Op. 24**

From A Death in the Family by James Agee



Fleur Barron (mezzo soprano)

Singaporean-British mezzo Fleur Barron is a 2018 HSBC Laureate of the Aix-en-Provence Festival, a recipient of the 2021 Royal Philharmonic Society Enterprise Award, and is mentored by Barbara Hannigan. Current engagements include major roles with the Aix-en-Provence Festival, Garsington Opera, Monte-Carlo Opera, Opera Philadelphia and Arizona Opera; a U.S. recital tour with Julius Drake, a tour of Schubert's *Winterreise* with Drake in Spain, further recitals for Het Concertgebouw, Oxford Lieder, Leeds Lieder, Philadelphia Chamber Music Society, and others. Current and recent engagements on the orchestral platform include debuts with the Berlin Philharmonic, Munich Philharmonic, NDR Radiophilharmonie and Orquesta Filarmonica Oviedo.

Mary Bevan (soprano) appears regularly with leading orchestras and ensembles and was awarded an MBE in the Queen's birthday honours list 2019. She is a winner of the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist award and UK Critics' Circle Award for Exceptional Young Talent in music. Bevan's recordings include art song albums *The Divine Muse* and *Voyages* with pianist Joseph Middleton and Handel's Queens and Handel in Italy with Signum Classics, Mendelssohn in Birmingham with the CBSO for Chandos, James Macmillan's *The Sun Danced* with Britten Sinfonia, Vaughan Williams Symphony No.3 and Schubert *Rosamunde* with the BBC Philharmonic.

Samantha Clarke (soprano)

Australian/British soprano Samantha Clarke is the winner of the 2019 Guildhall Gold Medal and prize winner in the 2019 Grange International Festival Singing Competition. Recent engagements include the title role in Barrie Kosky's production of the *Golden Cockerel* with the Adelaide Festival, *Fidelio* (Sydney Symphony Orchestra/ Simone Young), Mozart's *Requiem* (RPO). Upcoming seasons include her debut with the Royal Opera House. Her operatic roles include Helena and Tytania A *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Fiordiligi Così fan tutte*, Anne Trulove *The Rake's Progress*, The Governess *The Turn of the Screw*, Donna Elvira *Don Giovanni*, Pamina *Die Zauberflöte* and Countess *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Samantha made her Proms debut in Mozart *Requiem* in 2021.

Jess Dandy (contralto)

'A name to watch' (*The Times*), Jess Dandy was nominated for a 2021 Royal Philharmonic Society Award in the category of Young Artist. She opened the First Night of the BBC Proms under Dalia Stasevska and the BBC Symphony Orchestra to critical acclaim. Career highlights include performing with Sir John Eliot Gardiner and the Orchestra Révolutionnaire et Romantique at Carnegie Hall, New York and Palau de la Música, Barcelona, as well as numerous appearances in recital at Wigmore Hall and on BBC Radio 3. Jess is a long-time duo partner of Dylan Perez, with whom she won the Oxford Lieder Young Artist Platform in 2018. She is also the co-founder of SongPath, a mental health initiative which helps participants creatively connect to nature on musical walking trails in her native Cumbria and beyond.

Louise Kemény (soprano)

An RCS graduate, Louise Kemény's roles as ensemble member included Pamina, Gretel, Sophie/Der Rosenkavalier, Susanna/Figaro and Romilda/Xerxes for Theater Bonn, 2018–2020; she returned in 2021 for the title role of Händel *Agrippina*. She has performed extensively throughout Europe and the UK as a concert and recital artist, in repertoire ranging from Bach, Brahms and Beethoven to Stravinsky and Schoenberg. In the 2021/22 season reprises the role of Seles/Tolomeo for the Internationale-Händelfestspiele Karlsruhe, and makes house debuts at Opernhaus Zürich (with Riccardo Minasi) and Opéra de Lille (as Helena in Laurent Pelly's new production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*).

Soraya Mafi (soprano)

Winner of the Susan Chilcott Award (2016), an Honorary Associate Artist of the RNCM and an ENO Harewood artist, British born Iranian-Irish soprano Soraya Mafi has performed major roles for The Seattle Opera, English National Opera, Opera National du Rhin, Welsh National Opera, Garsington Opera, Théâtre du Châtelet and Glyndebourne Touring Opera. She has performed in concert with the BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBCNOW, Seattle Symphony and The Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra. She has recorded with the BBC Concert Orchestra, Classical Opera, Malcolm Martineau and Graham Johnson. In 2020, Soraya appeared in the film of Menotti's 'The Telephone', produced by the Edinburgh International Festival and Scottish Opera.

Julien Van Mellaerts (baritone)

New Zealand baritone Julien Van Mellaerts

graduated with the Tagore Gold Medal from the Royal College of Music. He has won first prize at the Kathleen Ferrier Awards and Wigmore Hall/Kohn Foundation International Song Competition, the Maureen Forrester and Lieder prize from Concours Musical International de Montreal, and he represented New Zealand in BBC Cardiff Singer of the World 2019. His debut album 'Songs of Travel and Home' was recently released on Champs Hill to critical acclaim. Recent operatic roles include Figaro in *Le nozze di Figaro* in Salzburg Mozartwoche, Count Almaviva *Le nozze di Figaro* Opera Holland Park, Silvio I *Pagliacci* Israeli Opera, Masetto *Don Giovanni* Verbier Festival.

Dylan Perez (piano)

American pianist Dylan Perez is a respected recitalist, chamber musician, and vocal repertoire coach. Based in London, he is on staff at Trinity Laban Conservatoire and has been a Collaborative Piano Fellow at the Royal College of Music. He graduated from the Guildhall School and the University of Michigan where he studied with Martin Katz. Dylan has received the Gerald Moore Prize, the Paul Hamburger Prize for Accompaniment and has participated in several international song competitions. He is the founder of re-sung, an innovative recital series and the organiser of the UK inaugural songSLAM competition

Dominic Sedgwick (baritone)

British baritone Dominic Sedgwick is an alumnus of the Royal Opera's Jette Parker Young Artist Programme and trained at GSMD with Robert Dean. His recent company debuts include Melot *Tristan und Isolde* for the Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, Mark-Anthony in Giorgio Battistelli's world premiere of *Julius Caesar* at Teatro dell'Opera di Roma and Belcore *L'elisir d'amore* for Opéra National de Bordeaux. Recent engagements for ROH include English Clerk *Death in Venice* and Marullo *Rigoletto*. In concert and recital he has appeared at the Wigmore Hall, Leeds Lieder, the Oxford Lieder Festival, BBC Proms, Canada's NAC, and enjoys performing regularly as a Rising Star of the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment.

Nicky Spence (tenor)

One of opera's most exciting young Heldentenors, Scotsman Nicky Spence, appears regularly at the ROH, the Met, Opéra de Paris and in major opera houses in the UK and Europe. Specialising in roles by Strauss, Janáček and Wagner, his roles include Laca *Jenufa*, Siegmund *Walküre*, Erik *Die Fliegende Holländer*, Samson *Samson et Delilah*. He is a prolific recording artist and regular recitalist at the Wigmore Hall having won vocal disc of the year for both *Gramophone* and *BBC Music Magazine* in 2020. Among his many charitable activities Nicky is a patron of Blackheath Halls, London and Scottish Opera's Young Company, and an ambassador for Help Musicians UK.

William Thomas (bass)

A BBC New Generation Artist, British bass William Thomas is fast establishing himself as one of today's most promising young singers. As a Jerwood Young Artist, he sang the role of Nicholas in Barber's *Vanessa* at the Glyndebourne Festival. In 2019, he debuted at the Vienna State Opera as Snug in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Upcoming engagements include *The Cunning Little Vixen* (CBSO/Gražinytė-Tyla); roles for the English National Opera and Glyndebourne and debuts with the Opéra de Rouen Normandie and the Opéra national de Paris. Concert and recital engagements have included Bach's Johannes-Passion with the Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique/Gardiner, Bartók's *Cantata Profana* with the London Symphony Orchestra/Roth and regular appearances at The Wigmore Hall.

Navarra String Quartet

Since its formation in 2002, the Navarra String Quartet has built an international reputation as one of the most dynamic and poetic string quartets of today. The Navarra Quartet has appeared at major venues throughout the world including the Wigmore Hall, Manchester's Bridgewater Hall, the Sage Gateshead, Kings Place, Amsterdam Concertgebouw and Berlin Konzerthaus, and international festivals such as Bath, Aldeburgh, Lammermuir, Bergen, Bellerive and the BBC Proms. Since 2014, Navarra Quartet has been in charge of the artistic vision of the Weesp Chamber Music Festival, located near Amsterdam. The Quartet plays on a variety of fine instruments which include an unknown, old English viola and a Grancino cello made in Milan in 1698, generously on loan from the Cruft – Grancino Trust which is administered by the Royal Society of Musicians.

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