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CLASSICS

S C H U B E R T



W I N T E R J O U R N E Y

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WINTER JOURNEY

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S WINTERREISE D.911
IN AN ENGLISH VERSION BY JEREMY SAMS

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RODERICK WILLIAMS BARITONE
CHRISTOPHER GLYNN PIANO

WINTER JOURNEY

Of all the colourful cast of characters in his immediate circle, perhaps no one emerges as a more generous or reliable friend to Schubert than Josef von Spaun. Nor is there anyone who provides a better account of the gathering in 1827 when the twenty-four songs of *Winterreise* were heard for the first time. Schubertiades were usually lively and convivial evenings, the essential ingredients being a group of like-minded friends (anything from handful to a hundred) and some music by Schubert, often with the ink barely dry on the page and usually led by the composer himself at the piano, to which were added occasional literary elements, plenty of alcohol and, more often than not, high-spirits and horseplay around the fringes. But Spaun remembers the *Winterreise-Schubertiad* as a much more solemn occasion than usual:

For some time, Schubert appeared very upset and melancholy. When I asked him what was troubling him, he would say only, "Soon you will hear and understand". One day he said to me, "Come over to Schober's today and I will sing you a cycle of spine-chilling songs. I am anxious to know what you will say about them. They have cost me more effort than any of my other songs." So he sang

the entire Winterreise through to us in a voice full of emotion. We were utterly dumbfounded by the mournful, gloomy tone of these songs, and Schober said that only one of them, Der Lindenbaum, had appealed to him. To this Schubert replied, "I like these songs more than all the rest, and you will come to like them as well."

The gloomy atmosphere may well have been influenced by Schubert's failing health. Although at the height of his powers, he was slowly dying of the syphilis he had contracted around five years earlier. 'My usual headaches are assailing me again' he wrote in a letter, while his friend Mayrhofer remembered that 'life had shed its rosy colour' and 'winter had come for him' – a choice of words that suggests he, like Spaun and almost every writer since, found it hard to separate the events of Schubert's life from the 'spine-chilling' songs of 1827.

The *Winter Journey* that Schubert played and sang that night is a portrait of brokenness. It tells the story of a wanderer who has been unlucky in love as he sets out on a long and lonely journey through a bleak wintry landscape that mirrors the state of his own inner world. The major events of the story are all over before the cycle begins. It is about a failed love affair,

yet contains no love songs. It describes a journey but arrives nowhere in particular. Nothing much happens. The traveller swings between sadness and defiance, paranoia and mockery, self-delusion and a fearless contemplation of the bleakest realities of life. It begins with an ending and ends (perhaps) with a beginning. No wonder his friends were 'dumbfounded'.

The poems are by Wilhelm Müller, the same writer, translator, soldier, traveller, librarian and misfit who had provided the poems for *The Fair Maid of the Mill* (*Die schöne Müllerin*) some years earlier. Nicknamed 'the Greek' for his love of that country and its literature, Müller was also deeply committed to the ideal of simple, honest German poetry and valued 'naturalness, truth and simplicity' above all. His verse was of a type that aspired to be set to music and he once wrote of his hope that a *gleichgestimmte Seele* ('like-minded soul') would one day 'hear the tunes behind the words and give them back to me.' But as he lay dying in Dessau in 1827, Müller almost certainly had no idea that Schubert, whom he probably never met, had discovered his *Winterreise* poems and was busy in Vienna setting them to music.

Schubert would still be correcting the publisher's proofs on his own deathbed a year later. In an obituary, Spaun describes how the true greatness of Schubert's achievement began to be recognised once the shock of the new had subsided. The 'tunes' that Schubert had heard behind Müller's words were, he now thought, 'more moving than anything else' he had ever composed. 'No one, surely, could sing, hear or play them without being shaken to the depths.'

Schubert ends his *Winter Journey* with the most mysterious soliloquy in all music. The traveller happens upon a beggar sitting on the street playing a hurdy-gurdy. Seemingly oblivious, he neither speaks nor listens but just picks out a mournful, banal tune with frozen fingers. 'Will you play your broken music to my broken song?' the traveller asks as, with one last turn of the hurdy-gurdy's handle, the cycle ends, but also seems to stretch out into the distance. Who is the hurdy-gurdy man? Another shadowy, refracted image in the wanderer's troubled mind? Or even his *Doppelgänger*, the traditional harbinger of death in German folklore? Or is it possible that the wanderer has met another archetypal stranger – a *gleichgestimmte Seele* – with whom he might share his story? Perhaps there is even a sense in which the

hurdy-gurdy man is anyone and everyone who hears this sad and fathomless tale.

A haunting recording of this final song, sung in English in 1934 by the baritone Harry Plunket Green, was partly what inspired me to invite Jeremy Sams to create a modern English version of *Winterreise*. Singers of the pre-war generation often sang Lieder in translation, perhaps because communicating directly with the audience was thought to be as important as fidelity (or another kind of fidelity) to the composer's original intentions. Something is always lost in translation, of course; but discoveries can be made too. Wilhelm Müller knew that – it was only through his translation of Marlowe's play that Goethe came to know the story of Faust which inspired his own masterpiece. Haydn knew it too, when he composed *The Creation* so it could be sung in two languages. We hope this *Winter Journey* can offer English-speaking listeners a way to experience the story's sense alongside the music's sound with something of the same directness and immediacy that Schubert surely intended when he sat down at the piano in 1827 and sang these songs for the first time to his friends.

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A TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

One of the joys of translation, and certainly its greatest privilege, is to find oneself more like an author than a reader. You're inside the room looking out, as it were. Which gives one, if not ownership, then a degree of empathetic insight into the creative process. Schubert's two song cycles are a case in point. Plainly quite different works – and this difference begins (as all songs do) with the poetry. In 1823 (*Die Schöne Müllerin*) Schubert was coming to terms with being ill – in 1827 (*Winterreise*) he knows the illness will kill him. In *Die Schöne Müllerin* the poetry (and therefore the music) is contemplative, sometimes directionless and often obsessively repetitive. *Winterreise* is the opposite. There is no aimless wandering. The hero doesn't follow a brook, he follows his own footsteps. It begins with a disaster, a farewell from a lover gazumped by a richer suitor. Whereafter our hero doesn't muse, like the Miller, he's driven to a journey whose destination, like Schubert's, is most likely death. *Winterreise* is catastrophic, where *Die Schöne Müllerin* is often merely strophic. Müller's verse is jagged, terse and timeless. And its hero is modern, political, urban. He curses the money-grubbing middle-classes snoring in their feather beds. He is a free spirit, a visionary, who turns

landscape into mindscape and pain into poetry. And most vitally, he squeezed music out of Schubert's broken heart.

So our hero, even in 1827, is modern. An angry young man, an outsider. Nothing romantic here – the babbling brooks are frozen solid, the fields of flowers are snowed under. There is an idealised linden tree (the stuff of Romantic landscape) but he pointedly walks past it. That's why, for me, his language has to be modern, detached, straightforward – self-mocking, even. I've tried to avoid the inversions present in all kinds of verse, but particularly in song translations. Our hero doesn't meander or reflect backwards, he presses on to the end of the line. Paramount for me is how the text sits on the music. If occasionally I've re-invented or re-rendered the original it is in search of the answer to what should be the translator's only question – what English text would have led to that music? Achieving that, while respecting rhyme, stress, and above all trying to find poetic meaning in melodic and harmonic moments, is like a devilish game of four-dimensional chess. Ultimately, maybe, impossible – but, I think, a worthy pursuit.

© Jeremy Sams

WINTER JOURNEY

1 Good Night

I came here as a stranger
A stranger I depart
A summer full of flowers
And hope within my heart
The maiden claimed she cared for me
I dared believed it so
Her family approved of me
My hope began to grow
Now everything is darkness
A wilderness of snow
Now everything is darkness
A wilderness of snow

The road was warm and welcoming
When I arrived in May
Now deep in darkest winter
It's hard to find my way
The moon has sent a friend to me
A flickering beam of light
I'm grateful for your company
It's lonely here, at night
But all you show is endless snow
Just white on white on white
But all you show is endless snow
Just white on white on white

What point is there in staying?
This world was never mine
The rabid stray who's kicked away
Will howl and scratch and whine
But lovers never linger
It's better not to dwell
We've other worlds to conquer
And other tales to tell
Yes love is like a journey
And so my love, farewell
Yes love is like a journey
And so my love, farewell

I'll tiptoe past your window
So you can slumber on
I'll close the gate so quietly
You'll hardly know I've gone
I'll leave a farewell message
I'll nail it to the tree
So when you draw your curtains
I'll know what you will see
Yes when you wake you'll read it
It says 'remember me'
Yes when you wake you'll read it
It says 'remember me'
My love, remember me

2 The Weather Vane

The weather vane on my darling's house
Is spinning, spinning wild and free
For just a moment, in my madness
I swear that it was mocking me

I should have heeded what it was saying
A warning sign for passers-by
That in this house hearts are constantly changing
That hope is a dream, that love is a lie

I see that winds of change are blowing
Not just on the roof, but deep inside
Why give a damn what I am feeling?
Your child is now a wealthy bride

Oh yes, the winds of change are blowing
Not just on the roof, but deep inside
Why give a damn what I am feeling?
Why give a damn what I am feeling?
Your child is now a wealthy bride
Your child is now a wealthy bride

3 Frozen Tears

My frozen tears are falling
Are falling in the snow
How is it I've been weeping
And didn't even know?
And didn't even know.

My teardrops,
Is that really
The best that you can do?
Simply to freeze,
Like raindrops,
Or feeble morning dew?

The tears my heart is weeping
Should boil and burn and glow
One teardrop should be melting
A winter's worth of snow
One teardrop should be melting
A winter's worth of snow

4 Frozen Solid

It has to be here somewhere
There has to be a trace
Of where we walked together
That pure and perfect place
It has to be here somewhere
There has to be a trace
Of where we walked together
That pure and perfect place

If only burning kisses
Could penetrate the snow
I'd melt it with my tears
Till I saw the meadow
That lies below

If only burning kisses
Could penetrate the snow
I'd melt it with my tears
Till I saw the meadow
That lies below

Have all the flowers withered?
Are all the roses dead?
Where golden meadows flourished
There's ice and snow instead...
Where golden meadows flourished
There's ice and snow instead...
Have all the flowers withered?
Are all the roses dead ?

I long to wipe my memory
Of where and what we were.
But if that ache were silenced
Then who would sing of her?
I long to wipe my memory
Of where and what we were.
But if that ache were silenced
Then who would sing of her?

Because my heart is frozen
The pain is frozen there
But God, should it start melting
T'would be too much, too much to bear
Because my heart is frozen

The pain is frozen there
But God, should it start melting
T'would be too much, too much to bear
Too much to bear

5 The Linden Tree

I knew where I would find you
The tree I loved so well
My guardian, my companion
In heaven and in hell
It's far too dark to read them
The names I carved so deep
But when those names betrayed me
It's here I came to weep

Tonight, though, I ignored you
I stumbled blindly by
And even in the darkness
I closed a tearful eye

But still your leaves were whispering
They sang their siren song
'Come back to me and rest here
For here's where you belong'

A bitter wind attacked me
My hat flew to the ground
I knew that you were calling
I didn't turn around

And now you're miles behind me
Beloved linden tree
Yet still I hear you calling
'You'll find your peace in me'

Yes now you're miles behind me
Beloved linden tree
Yet still I hear you calling
'You'll find your peace in me'

'You'll find your peace in me'

6 Life Cycle

Drop by drop my tears have fallen
Guzzled by the thirsty snow
Here's the heat the cold has longed for
All the weight of all my woe
All the weight of all my woe

Then when spring replaces winter
Balmy breezes start to blow
Then the ice begins to splinter
Then the streams begin to flow
Then the streams begin to flow

Thus a tear becomes a river
Let's pursue it if we can
Through the fields and past the houses

To the place it all began
To the place it all began

River flowing, twisting, turning
Blithe and cheerful, free of care
When you feel my teardrops burning
Then you'll know my love is there
Then you'll know that she is there

7 On the River

All of your watery music
Your rush and gush and boom
Have shuddered into silence
As silent as the tomb

Now ice as thick as granite
Has muted ev'ry sound
You're lying cold and lifeless
A corpse upon the ground

The perfect icy surface
To scratch her faithless name
The date when first I met her
The day, the hour I came
And then the day of parting
The final date of all
With other dates on top of these
A wild and whirling scrawl

My god
This frozen river
Is everything I know.
A cold unfeeling surface
With liquid fire below

My god
This frozen river
Is everything I know.
A cold unfeeling surface
With liquid fire below
With liquid fire below

8 Turning Back

I swear that I'll not turn around
Not until the town's a distant blur
I swear that I'll not turn my face
Till there's not a single trace of her
But still the jagged rocks attack me
They hack at me with angry teeth
Sarcastic crows are
Throwing snowballs and mocking as I pass beneath
Sarcastic crows are
Throwing snowballs and mocking as I pass beneath

My heart had quite a different feeling
When first I saw this faithless town
Then everything was bliss and birdsong
A summer sun was burning down

The linden trees were so beguiling
With swallows whirling in the blue
But then two lovely eyes were smiling
My friend that was the end of you
Yes then two lovely eyes were smiling
My friend that was the end of you

I think of everything that happened
And then of how it was before
If only I could turn the clock back
And stand before her house once more

I think of everything that happened
And then of how it was before
If only I could turn the clock back
And stand before her house once more
If only I could turn the clock back
And stand before her house once more

9 Will-o'-the-wisp

Deep within some dark ravine
A ghostly flickering led me here
Where I am, or how I'll leave here
That is very far from clear

Life is made of flickering moments
Ghostly fancies lead us on
There is joy, then there is sorrow

We endure them, then they're gone
We endure them, then they're gone

I will take the dried-up riverbed
It will lead me where it may
Ev'ry stream leads to the ocean
Ev'ry sorrow fades away
Ev'ry stream leads to the ocean
Ev'ry sorrow fades away

10 Rest

At last I feel how tired I've been,
In every bone and sinew
Despair and joy and stubbornness
Had willed me to continue
I stumbled blithely through the snow
No sense of why or whither
The winter showed me where to go
The blizzard blew me hither.
The winter showed me where to go
The blizzard blew me hither

This ruined hut will grant me rest
And shelter from the weather
My heart and I can count the cost
Of what we've suffered together
But now my heart, you feel the ache
Of every broken sinew
Yes now at last you see the snake

That writhes and burns within you
Yes now at last you see the snake
That writhes and burns within you

11 Dreaming of Spring

I dreamed of flowers in springtime
I dreamed of birds on the wing
I dreamed of beautiful meadows
Of hearing the cuckoo in spring
Of hearing the cuckoo in spring

But then the cock was crowing
And I was jolted awake
And cold and dark and lonely
The morning began to break
And cold and dark and lonely
The morning began to break

But I can still see flowers
Engraved on the window pane
Yes I see leaves and flowers
Engraved on the window pane
You'd laugh at me if I told you
You'd say I had gone insane
You'd say I had gone insane

I dreamed of a lovely maiden
I dreamed of perfect love
Of holding and of kissing

A vision of heaven above
A vision of heaven above

But then the cock was crowing
My heart was shaken awake
And now I sit in silence
And wait for my heart to break
And now I sit in silence
And wait for my heart to break

I close my eyes so tightly
And try to dream again
I try to hold and kiss you
I try, but try in vain
My dream is already fading
Like flowers on the window pane
Like flowers on the window pane

12 Loneliness

A calm and perfect morning
A clear unruffled sky
Then suddenly, from nowhere
A cloud comes drifting by
That's how I make my journey
Alone and free and proud
The sky is blue and spotless
And I'm the passing cloud

How dare the sun be shining ?
How dare the sky be clear?
When all the storms were raging
I felt less torment, less pain in here

How dare the sun be shining ?
How dare the sky be clear?
When all the storms were raging
I felt less torment, less pain in here

13 The Post

There's a post horn sounding down the street
So why on earth did you miss a beat,
My heart, my heart?
So why on earth did you miss a beat,
My heart, my heart?

You know, there'll be no post for you
Stop pounding, like you always do
My heart, my heart

There won't be any post for you
My heart, my heart
Stop pounding, like you always do
My heart, my heart

You're right it comes from 'you-know-where'
And yes I have a sweetheart there
My heart
I used to have a sweetheart there

My heart
My heart

Perhaps

You'd like to hitch a ride
To go and see the blushing bride
My heart, my heart?
I know you'd like to hitch a ride
My heart, my heart
And go and see the blushing bride
My heart, my heart?

14 The Grey Head

When I awoke at break of day
The morning dew was freezing
My hair was flecked with white and grey
I found it somehow pleasing

But then the frost began to thaw
And what I saw appalled me
Not old and grizzled any more
And years and years before me
And years and years before me

Such changes happen overnight
Without the slightest warning
How strange that I'm not deathly-white
This godforsaken morning
This godforsaken morning

15 The Crow

One lone crow has followed me
Since my journey started
Circling round me, patiently
Almost tender-hearted

Thank you
Good to know you're here.
Here to reassure me.
Promise, when the end is near
You'll be waiting for me...

Who knows when this road will end
Yet it will, for certain.
And you'll stay my faithful friend
Till the final curtain
You will stay my faithful friend
Till the final curtain

16 Last Hope

Here and there, some autumn leaves
A flash of colour here and there
When I see these autumn leaves
In wonderment I stop and stare

Then I try to pick a favourite
One to pin my hopes upon
Then the wind begins to shake it
And I whisper 'Please hold on!'

When I see my leaf is falling
Why on earth should I be sad?
Look at me, I'm also falling
Crying crying
For every hope I had
Crying crying
For every hope I had

17 In the Village

The guard-dogs are growling
The night wind is howling
But safe on their pillows
The town is snoring

Tossing and turning
Secretly yearning
Longing for something
Less empty, less boring
But all their dreams will vanish come morning

Sleep on
Sleep on
There's really no harm in dreaming
In planning
In scheming
In hopeless, in vainly hoping
You have to forgive them
You have to forgive them
It's their way of coping

Dogs, do your work
And chase me from here
Growl as I pass
I do not belong here

Among the slumberers you'll never find me
My dreaming days they are far behind me
Among the slumberers you'll never find me
My dreaming days they are far behind me

18 Stormy Morning

The jagged forks of lightning
Have ripped the sky in two
The thunderclouds are boiling
A proper witches brew
A proper witches brew!

The clouds collide together
A crash of black and red
It's just the kind of weather
That's raging in my head

I love the mad confusion
In everything I see
It's winter pure and simple
It's winter pure and simple
Untameable and free!

19 A Mirage

A light is winking in the sky
And I'm prepared to believe the lie
I know he's leading me astray
But make-believe he'll show the way

God, this despair will never end
If I am happy to pretend
That in this hell of snow and ice
I've seen a glimpse of paradise
A loving home that waits for me
A home, a wife, a fantasy....

20 The Fingerpost

Why do I avoid the highways
That the other travellers tread?
I prefer the mountain pathways
Taking secret roads instead
I prefer the mountain pathways
Taking secret roads
Yes secret roads instead

What offence have I committed ?
Or what murder have I done?
What insanity compels me
To hide from everyone?

Every highway has a signpost
Showing travellers where to go
But I don't where I'm bound for
And I'll never ever know
But I don't where I'm bound for
And I'll never ever
Never ever know

Nonetheless I have a signpost
It is fixed inside my mind
And it shows the road to travel
And road I left behind
And the road I left behind

Nonetheless I have a signpost
It is fixed inside my mind
And it shows the road to travel
And road I left behind
And the road I left behind

21 No Room at the Inn

I came across a graveyard
As I went on my way
And suddenly it struck me
'The perfect place to stay'

Those wreaths, they could be inn-signs
Adorning every tomb

'Come in you weary travellers
Come in, there's lots of room '

'What, all the rooms are taken?
No place to lay my head?
I'm broken, I'm exhausted
Half living, and half dead'

You cruel-hearted landlord
You're showing me the door?
Then onwards ever onwards
Let's take the road once more
Then onwards ever onwards
I'll take the road once more

22 Courage

Let the blizzard do its worst
I will stride before it
Let my heart with sorrow burst
I will just ignore it
I will sing and stop my ears
Should my heart start pining
Drowning all my useless tears
What's the point in whining ?

Keep on singing – come what may
Triumph or disaster
There's no God on earth today
Man alone is master

Keep on singing come what may
Triumph or disaster
There's no God on earth today
Man alone is master

23 Three Suns

Three suns were shining in the skies
I stopped and stared and rubbed my eyes
Yet still they shone, unflinchingly
As if to say they belonged to me

Oh please find somewhere else to shine
You're someone else's suns, not mine
Not long ago I too had three
But two no longer shine on me
I wish the third no longer shone
Now all my light and hope is gone

24 The Hurdy-gurdy Man

By the open road a hurdy-gurdy man
With his frozen fingers plays as best he can
Dogs are barking round him
People come and go
Still he plays his music
Shivering in the snow
Still he plays his music
Shivering in the snow

Though he's old and broken
Though his feet are bare
No one seems to notice
No one seems to care
Everyone ignores
The saucer at his feet
Just another madman
Standing in the street
Just another madman
Standing in the street

I must journey onwards
Will you come along?
Play your broken music
To my broken song.

*Poems by Wilhelm Müller,
translated by Jeremy Sams*

RODERICK WILLIAMS

Roderick Williams encompasses a wide repertoire, from baroque to contemporary music, in the opera house, on the concert platform and in recital.

He enjoys relationships with all the major UK opera houses. He has also sung world premieres of operas by, among others, David Sawer, Sally Beamish, Michael van der Aa, Robert Saxton and Alexander Knaifel.



Roderick Williams has sung concert repertoire with all the BBC orchestras, and many other ensembles including the Royal Scottish National Orchestra, the Philharmonia, London Sinfonietta, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, the Hallé, Britten Sinfonia, Bournemouth Symphony and Scottish Chamber Orchestra. Abroad he has worked with the Berlin Philharmonic, Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin, Russian National Orchestra, Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France, Ensemble Orchestral de Paris, Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia in Rome and Bach Collegium Japan amongst others. His many festival appearances include the BBC Proms (including the Last Night in 2014), Edinburgh, Cheltenham, Aldeburgh and Melbourne.

Recent opera engagements include Oronte in Charpentier's *Medée*, Don Alfonso / *Così fan Tutte* and Pollux / *Castor and Pollux* for English National Opera, Toby Kramer in Van der Aa's *Sunken Garden* in the Netherlands Lyon and London, Van der Aa's *After Life* at Melbourne State Theatre, Sharpless in *Madama Butterfly* for the Nederlandse Reisopera, the title roles of *Eugene Onegin* for Garsington Opera and *Billy Budd* for Opera North. Recent and future concert engagements include concerts with the Rias Kammerchor, Seoul Philharmonic, Gabrieli

Consort, London Philharmonic Orchestra, City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Cincinnati Symphony, Music of the Baroque Chicago, Virginia Arts Festival, BBC Proms, Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment as well as many recitals and concerts in the UK and worldwide.

He is also an accomplished recital artist who can be heard at venues and festivals including Wigmore Hall, Kings Place, LSO St Luke's, the Perth Concert Hall, Oxford Lieder Festival, London Song Festival, the Musikverein, Vienna and appears regularly on BBC Radio 3 both as a performer and a presenter. In 2017/18 he will perform all three Schubert Cycles at the Wigmore Hall.

His numerous recordings include Vaughan Williams, Berkeley and Britten operas for Chandos and an extensive repertoire of English song with pianist Iain Burnside for Naxos. Roderick Williams is also a composer and has had works premiered at the Wigmore and Barbican Halls, the Purcell Room and live on national radio.

He was Artistic Director of Leeds Lieder in April 2016 and won the RPS Singer award in May 2016. He was awarded an OBE in June 2017.

CHRISTOPHER GLYNN

Christopher Glynn is an award-winning pianist and accompanist, working with leading singers, instrumentalists and ensembles in concerts, broadcasts and recordings throughout the world. He is also Artistic Director of the Ryedale Festival, programming around 60 events each year in the many beautiful and historic venues of Ryedale, North Yorkshire.

Described by The Times as having 'beauties and insights aplenty' and praised in Gramophone for his 'breathtaking sensitivity', Chris has performed in recital with singers including Sir Thomas Allen, John Mark Ainsley, Sophie Bevan, Claire Booth, Susan Bullock, Allan Clayton, Sophie Daneman, Bernarda Fink, Michael George, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Christiane Karg, Jonas Kaufmann, Yvonne Kenny, Jonathan Lemalu, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Mark Padmore, Rowan Pearce, Joan Rodgers, Kate Royal, Kathryn Rudge, Toby Spence, Michael Spyres, Bryn Terfel, Sir John Tomlinson, Robin Tritschler, Ailish Tynan, Roderick Williams, Elizabeth Watts and many others. He also works regularly with many well-known instrumentalists and chamber ensembles, and with choirs including The Sixteen.



Chris was born in Leicester and read music as organ scholar at New College, Oxford, before studying piano with John Streets in France and Malcolm Martineau at the Royal Academy of Music. Since making his debut at Wigmore Hall in 2001, he has performed in major concert venues

and festivals throughout Europe, North America and Asia, with highlights including performances at Carnegie Hall, Edinburgh and Aldeburgh Festivals, and the BBC Proms. Chris has made over 20 CD recordings and is regularly heard on BBC Radio 3. He is a Professor at the Royal Academy of Music and his many awards include the accompaniment prize in the 2001 Kathleen Ferrier competition, the 2003 Gerald Moore award, the 2002 Geoffrey Parsons prize and a Grammy Award.



Christopher Glynn and Roderick Williams in St Silas Church, Kentish town during recording sessions for this disc. Image © Dave Rowell.

The Winter Journey translations were commissioned by Christopher Glynn for the Ryedale Festival and first performed there on 25th July 2016.

Recorded in St Silas Church, Kentish Town from 13-15 February 2017
Producer and Editor – Nicholas Parker
Recording Engineer – Dave Rowell

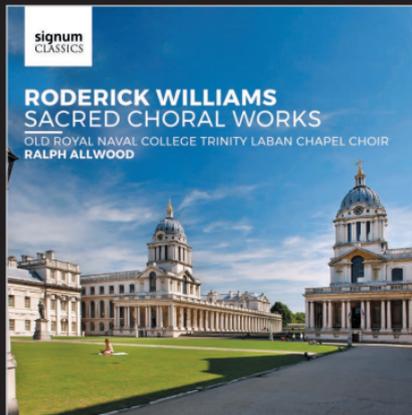
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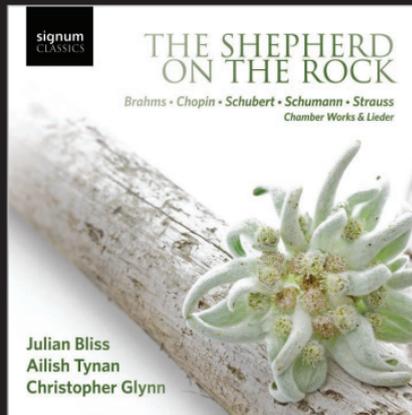
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