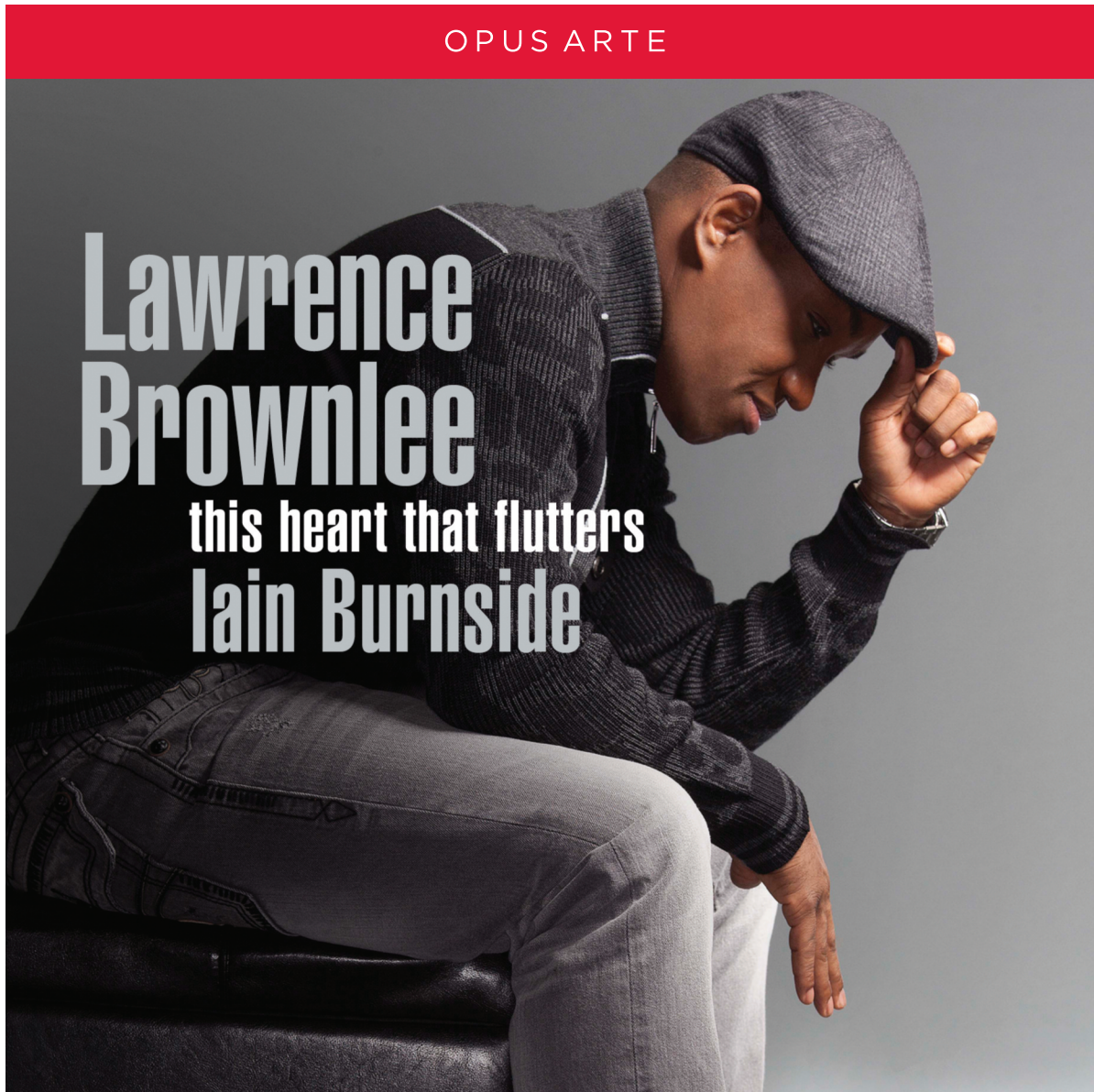


OPUS ARTE

**Lawrence
Brownlee**

this heart that flutters
Iain Burnside





Lawrence Brownlee in a Rosenblatt Recital, Wigmore Hall, September 2012

Photo: © Will White

This Heart That Flutters			Gioachino Rossini 1792–1868		
Spiritual arr. H.T. Burleigh 1866–1949			14	Tu seconda il mio disegno* <i>(Il turco in Italia)</i>	6.29
1	Deep River	2.17	Alberto Ginastera 1916–1983		
Henri Duparc 1848–1933			Cinco canciones populares argentinas		
2	Chanson triste	3.22	15	Chacarera	1.06
3	Le Manoir de Rosemonde	2.42	16	Triste	3.20
4	Extase	3.23	17	Zamba	1.34
5	Phidylé	5.32	18	Arrorró	2.26
Franz Liszt 1811–1886			19	Gato	1.49
3 Petrarch Sonnets*			Spiritual arr. H.T. Burleigh		
6	Pace non trovo	6.44	20	Sometimes I feel like a motherless child	2.27
7	Benedetto sia 'l giorno	6.26	*Live recording		
8	I' vidi in terra	5.46			
Gaetano Donizetti 1797–1848			70.23		
9	Ah! mes amis...Pour mon âme* <i>(La Fille du régiment)</i>	3.45			
Ben Moore b.1960					
10	I Would in that Sweet Bosom be	2.24			
11	The Cloak, the Boat and the Shoes	2.19			
12	This Heart That Flutters	2.30			
13	The Lake Isle of Innisfree	4.10			

Lawrence Brownlee *tenor*

Iain Burnside *piano*

Lawrence Brownlee

Lawrence Brownlee is one of the most consistently sought-after artists on the international scene. He is lauded continually for the beauty of his voice, his seemingly effortless technical agility, and his dynamic and engaging dramatic skills. Brownlee's bel canto singing has made him the standard for traditional operas by composers such as Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini and Bizet. Throughout his career, he has appeared on numerous CDs and DVDs including the Metropolitan Opera's 2010 HD relay of *Armida* on Decca and the Metropolitan Opera's 2009 production of *La Cenerentola* with Elīna Garanča as Angelina on Deutsche Grammophon, a live recording taken from the 2008 Rossini in Wildbad Festival of *L'italiana in Algeri* on Naxos, and a solo disc on EMI Classics featuring Italian songs by Schubert, Verdi, Donizetti, Bellini and Rossini, accompanied by pianist Martin Katz. In 2008, Brownlee was named the Seattle Opera's 2008 Artist of the Year, received the Opera Company of Philadelphia's 2007 Alter Award for Artistic Excellence, and was the winner of both the 2006 Marian Anderson and Richard Tucker Awards, a feat never before achieved by any artist in the same year. He is a proud Life Member of Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity and makes his home in Atlanta with his wife, Kendra, and two children.

'Perhaps the finest bel canto tenor of our times ... a supple, luminous voice that can only be described as heavenly ... his impeccable phrasing and mind-blowing ornamentation came through loud and clear.' (*The Washington Times*)

Lawrence Brownlee

Lawrence Brownlee est l'un des chanteurs les plus régulièrement sollicités sur la scène internationale. Il recueille sans arrêts des éloges pour la beauté de sa voix, sa virtuosité qui semble aller de soi, et la force séduisante de son talent dramatique. Ses brillantes interprétations du *bel canto* l'ont rendu incontournable dans les opéras de compositeurs comme Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini ou encore Bizet. Au disque – il a déjà beaucoup enregistré –, on peut l'entendre notamment dans l'*Armida* de Rossini donnée en 2010 au Metropolitan Opera en relai haute définition et publiée par Decca, dans *La Cenerentola* du Metropolitan (2009) avec Elīna Garanča en Angelina et sortie chez Deutsche Grammophon, dans *L'italiana in Algeri* enregistrée live en 2008 au Festival « Rossini à Wildbad » et publiée par Naxos, et dans un récital EMI Classics de chants italiens de Schubert, Verdi, Donizetti, Bellini et Rossini avec le pianiste Martin Katz. Brownlee fut nommé en 2008 « artiste de l'année » de l'Opéra de Seattle, il a reçu en 2007 l'*Alter Award for Artistic Excellence* de l'Opéra de Philadelphie, et il a remporté en 2006 les prix Marian Anderson et Richard Tucker, ce qu'aucun interprète n'avait jamais obtenu la même année. Il est membre à vie de la fraternité Kappa Alpha Psi et vit à Atlanta avec sa femme Kendra et ses deux enfants.

« Peut-être le meilleur ténor de *bel canto* de notre époque ... une voix souple, lumineuse, que l'on ne peut qualifier que de céleste ... son phrasé impeccable et son ornementation hallucinante ont passé la rampe avec force et clarté. » (*The Washington Times*)

Lawrence Brownlee

Lawrence Brownlee ist einer der international gefragtesten Künstler. Durchgehend wird der schöne Klang seiner Stimme gepriesen, seine scheinbar mühelose technische Meisterschaft und seine dynamischen und mitreißenden schauspielerischen Fähigkeiten. Brownlees Belcanto-Gesang hat ihn zu einer festen Größe für Inszenierungen traditioneller Opern von Komponisten wie Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini und Bizet gemacht. Im Laufe seiner Karriere sind seine Auftritte auf zahllosen CDs und DVDs erschienen, darunter die 2010er HD-Version der Metropolitan Opera von *Armida*, die 2009er Produktion der Metropolitan Opera von *La Cenerentola* mit Elīna Garanča als Angelina (Deutsche Grammophon), eine Live-Aufnahme von *L'italiana in Algeri* vom 2008er „Rossini in Wildbad“-Festival (erschienen bei Naxos) und eine Soloaufnahme mit italienischen Liedern von Schubert, Verdi, Donizetti, Bellini und Rossini, begleitet vom Pianisten Martin Katz (erschienen bei EMI Classics). 2008 wurde Brownlee Künstler des Jahres an der Seattle Opera, erhielt 2007 den *Alter Award for Artistic Excellence* der Opera Company of Philadelphia und gewann 2006 sowohl den Marian Anderson- als auch den Richard Tucker- Award, was bis dato noch keinem Künstler im gleichen Jahr gelungen war. Er ist stolzes Mitglied auf Lebenszeit der Studentenverbindung Kappa Alpha Psi und lebt mit seiner Frau Kendra und ihren beiden Kindern in Atlanta.

„Der vielleicht beste Belcanto-Tenor der heutigen Zeit ... eine geschmeidige, strahlende Stimme, die man nur als himmlisch beschreiben kann ... seine makellose Phrasierung und die überwältigenden Verzierungen waren laut und deutlich zu hören.“
(*The Washington Times*)

The Songs

Though the career of Henri Duparc was marred by long illness, his reputation as one of the greatest composers of the French *mélodie* is secure. Born in Paris in 1848, he studied with César Franck, though the onset in his late thirties of neurasthenia brought his creativity to a halt. Nevertheless his settings of the Symbolist Jean Lahor – *Chanson triste* (1868) and *Extase* (1874) – as well as those of the novelist and journalist Robert de Bonnières (*Le Manoir de Rosemonde*, 1879) and the leading Parnassian Leconte de Lisle's *Phidylé* (completed in 1882) remain as perfect representatives of their genre.

Gaetano Donizetti spent an important part of his career in Paris, where his military comedy *La Fille du régiment* made its debut at the Opéra-Comique in 1840. Its most famous single number is the tenor solo 'Ah! mes amis', in which the Tyrolean peasant Tonio looks forward to joining the 21st regiment of the French army, and thus becoming eligible to marry his beloved Marie – the eponymous daughter of the regiment.

Liszt's Three Petrarch Sonnets date from the period 1843–5 and are products of his enthusiastic engagement with the culture of Italy during his years of travel. These settings of the 14th-century Italian poet – his sonnets Nos. 104, 47 and 123 – express the conflict and ecstasy instigated by Petrarch's love for the unattainable Laura in music that makes virtuoso demands of both tenor soloist and piano accompanist.

Born in Syracuse, New York State, in 1960, Ben Moore has written cabaret songs and art songs, opera as well as musical theatre, and his works have been widely taken up by leading performers in the United States. The songs Lawrence Brownlee selects comprise texts by James Joyce (*I Would in that Sweet Bosom be* and *This Heart That Flutters*) and W.B. Yeats (*The Cloak, the Boat and the Shoes* and *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*).

Rossini's 1814 comedy *Il turco in Italia* presents a conscious cultural inversion of his 1813 hit, *L'italiana in Algeri*. The arrival of a handsome Turk in a small town near Naples sets the flirty Fiorilla's heart aflutter, thus throwing into jealous disarray both her husband and his rival, her admirer Narciso. In this aria Narciso appeals to the god of love to help him prevent Fiorilla's elopement with her new boyfriend.

Alberto Ginastera is the best known of Argentina's composers internationally. Written in 1943, his *Cinco canciones populares argentinas* blend folk material with the composer's original ideas influenced by the same tradition. *Chacarera*, *Zamba* and *Gato* all derive from dance forms, while *Triste* is a song of unrequited love and *Arrorró* a lullaby.

Having opened the programme with Harry T. Burleigh's arrangement of *Deep River*, Lawrence Brownlee returns to the US for Burleigh's arrangement of the spiritual *Sometimes I feel like a motherless child*, published in 1918. In his time baritone Burleigh (1866–1949) was a breakthrough figure for African-American musicians, becoming a friend and associate of Dvořák's and himself composing many songs as well as arranging numerous traditional melodies for voice and piano.

George Hall

Les Mélodies

Si la carrière de Henri Duparc fut entravée par une longue maladie, cela n'empêcha pas le compositeur de devenir l'un des plus grands représentants de la mélodie française. Né à Paris en 1848, il se forme avec César Franck, mais dès 1885 la neurasthénie dont il souffre donne un coup d'arrêt à sa créativité. Sa *Chanson triste* (1868) et *Extase* (1874), sur des textes du poète symboliste Jean Lahor, de même que *Le Manoir de Rosemonde* (1879), sur un poème du romancier et journaliste Robert de Bonnières, et *Phidylé* (achevé en 1882) sur un texte du grand poète parnassien Leconte de Lisle, sont de parfaits exemples du genre.

Gaetano Donizetti fit une partie non négligeable de sa carrière à Paris, où sa *Fille du régiment* fut créée à l'Opéra-Comique en 1840. Le numéro le plus célèbre de cette comédie militaire est l'air de ténor « Ah ! mes amis » dans lequel le paysan tyrolien Tonio se réjouit d'entrer au 21^e régiment de l'armée française car cela va lui permettre de prétendre à la main de sa bien-aimée Marie, la fameuse fille du régiment.

Les trois Sonnets de Pétrarque de Liszt datent de 1843–1845 et reflètent l'enthousiasme du compositeur pour la culture italienne qu'il découvrit durant ses années itinérantes. Les sonnets en question (n^{os} 104, 47 et 123) expriment l'extase et les affres du poète italien du XIV^e siècle, amoureux de l'inaccessible Laura. Quant à la musique de Liszt, elle constitue un défi virtuose autant pour le ténor que pour le pianiste.

Né à Syracuse, dans l'État de New York, en 1960, Ben Moore a écrit des chansons de cabaret et des mélodies de concert, des opéras et des comédies musicales, et ses œuvres ont souvent été données par les grands interprètes américains. Lawrence Brownlee a choisi ici des chants sur des textes de James Joyce (*I Would in that Sweet Bosom be* et *This Heart That Flutters*) et W.B. Yeats (*The Cloak, the Boat and the Shoes* et *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*).

La comédie de Rossini *Le Turc en Italie* (1814) reprend à l'envers le choc culturel de *Italienne à Alger* avec laquelle le compositeur avait fait mouche en 1813. L'arrivée d'un beau Turc dans une petite ville des environs de Naples met la belle Fiorilla en émoi, provoquant par la même occasion la jalousie de son mari et du rival de celui-ci, l'admirateur de Fiorilla Narciso. Dans l'air entendu ici, Narciso demande au dieu de l'amour d'empêcher que Fiorilla s'enfuie avec son nouvel amant.

Alberto Ginastera est le compositeur argentin le plus connu du public international. Ses *Cinco canciones populares argentinas* écrites en 1943 mêlent la musique populaire aux idées originales du compositeur influencées par la même tradition populaire. *Chacarera*, *Zamba* et *Gato* renvoient aux danses du même nom, tandis que *Triste* parle d'amour non payé de retour et *Arrorró* est une berceuse.

Ayant débuté son programme avec un arrangement de *Deep River* dû à Harry T. Burleigh, Lawrence Brownlee revient au répertoire américain avec un arrangement du spiritual Harry T. Burleigh *Sometimes I feel like a motherless child*, également de Burleigh, publié en 1918. À son époque, le baryton Burleigh (1866–1949) fut une figure de proue pour les musiciens afro-américains. Il se lia d'amitié avec Dvořák, dont il devint l'associé, écrivit lui-même de nombreuses mélodies et arrangea d'innombrables chants traditionnels pour voix et piano.

George Hall

Die Gesangsstücke

Auch wenn Henri Duparcs Karriere durch eine lange Krankheit beeinträchtigt wurde, ist ihm doch seine Reputation als einer der größten Komponisten der französischen Mélodie sicher. Er wurde 1848 in Paris geboren und studierte zusammen mit César Franck, doch als er mit Ende dreißig an Neurasthenie erkrankte, kam sein kreatives Schaffen zum Stillstand. Nichtsdestoweniger sind seine Vertonungen der symbolistischen Werke Jean Lahors – *Chanson triste* (1868) und *Extase* (1874) – sowie der Gedichte des Romanciers und Journalisten Robert de Bonnières (*Le Manoir de Rosemonde*, 1879) und des führenden Parnassiens Leconte de Lisle (*Phidylé*, 1882 fertiggestellt) perfekte Inkarnationen ihres Genres.

Gaetano Donizetti verbrachte einen bedeutenden Teil seiner Karriere in Paris, wo seine Militärkomödie *La Fille du régiment* 1840 an der Opéra-Comique uraufgeführt wurde. Die berühmteste einzelne Nummer daraus ist das Tenorsolo „Ah! mes amis“, in dem der Tiroler Bauer Tonio sich darauf freut, dem 21. Regiment der französischen Armee beizutreten und damit die Erlaubnis zu erhalten, seine geliebte Marie zu heiraten – die namensgebende Tochter des Regiments.

Liszts *Tre Sonetti del Petrarca* stammen aus der Zeit zwischen 1843–45 und sind das Resultat seiner enthusiastischen Auseinandersetzung mit der italienischen Kultur während seiner Reisejahre. Diese Vertonungen der Werke des italienischen Dichters aus dem 14. Jahrhundert – die Sonette Nr. 104, 47, 123 – drücken die durch Petrarcas Liebe zur unerreichbaren Laura hervorgerufenen Konflikte und Freuden-zustände mit musikalischen Mitteln aus, die sowohl an den Solotenor als auch an die Klavierbegleitung virtuose Ansprüche stellen.

Ben Moore wurde 1960 in Syracuse im Staat New York geboren und hat Kabarettlieder, Kunstlieder, Opern und Musicalnummern geschrieben. Seine Werke sind von den bedeutendsten Künstlern der Vereinigten Staaten aufgeführt worden. Die von Lawrence Brownlee ausgewählten Lieder enthalten Texte von James Joyce (*I Would in that Sweet Bosom be* und *This Heart That Flutters*) und W.B. Yeats (*The Cloak, the Boat and the Shoes* und *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*).

Rossinis Komödie *Il turco in Italia* von 1814 stellt eine bewusste kulturelle Inversion seines großen Erfolges *L'italiana in Algeri* von 1813 dar. Die Ankunft eines gutaussehenden Türken in einer kleinen Stadt in der Nähe von Neapel bereitet der koketten Fiorilla Herzklopfen und versetzt ihren Ehemann und seinen Rivalen, ihren Bewunderer Narciso, in eifersüchtige Verwirrung. In dieser Arie beschwört Narciso den Gott der Liebe, ihm dabei zu helfen, Fiorillas Durchbrennen mit ihrem neuen Freund zu verhindern.

Alberto Ginastera ist der international bekannteste argentinische Komponist. Seine *Cinco canciones populares argentinas* wurden 1943 geschrieben und kombinieren vorhandene volkstümliche Melodien mit den von diesen beeinflussten kreativen Ideen des Komponisten. *Chacarera*, *Zamba* und *Gato* sind alle aus Tänzen entstanden, während *Triste* ein Lied über unerwiderte Liebe ist und *Arrorró* ein Wiegenlied.

Nachdem er sein Programm mit Harry T. Burleighs Arrangement von *Deep River* begann, kehrt Lawrence Brownlee am Ende seiner musikalischen Reise mit Burleighs Version des Spirituals *Sometimes I feel like a motherless child* (erschienen 1918) wieder in die USA zurück. Der Bariton Burleigh (1866–1949) war zu seiner Zeit eine Schlüsselfigur des Durchbruchs für afroamerikanische Musiker; er war ein Freund und Kollege Dvořáks, komponierte selbst viele Stücke und arrangierte zahlreiche traditionelle Melodien für Singstimme und Klavier.

George Hall

Iain Burnside

Iain Burnside has a unique reputation as pianist, broadcaster and musical animateur. He enjoys recital partnerships with many of the world's leading singers. A substantial recording portfolio is testament to diverse repertoire interests, and now reflects his long relationship with Rosenblatt Recitals. Acclaimed as an inventive programmer, Iain has curated series for Wigmore Hall, Kings Place and various festivals. His broadcasting on BBC Radio 3 has been honoured with a Sony Radio Award, while his two music-based plays, *A Soldier and a Maker* and *Journeying Boys*, have been staged to critical acclaim.

Rosenblatt Recitals

Rosenblatt Recitals is the only major operatic recital series in the world. Since its foundation by Ian Rosenblatt in 2000, it has presented over 130 concerts, featuring many of the leading opera singers of our times. It has also given debuts to many artists who have gone on to enjoy acclaimed international careers. *Rosenblatt Recitals* was conceived to celebrate the art of singing, and to give singers an opportunity to demonstrate their skills – to move, thrill and amaze – and also to explore rarely-heard repertoire or music not normally associated with them in their operatic careers.

Outside the formal presentation of lieder and song, and apart from the occasional 'celebrity concert', there was, until *Rosenblatt Recitals*, no permanent platform for the great opera singers of today to present their art directly to an audience, other than in costume and make-up on the operatic stage. *Rosenblatt Recitals* created such a platform, exploiting the immediacy and intimacy of renowned London concert halls.

In the course of the series, *Rosenblatt Recitals* has presented singers from all over the globe – from the majority of European countries, from China and Japan in the East to Finland and Russia in the North, from the African continent, and, of course, from the USA. Many recitalists have been or become world superstars, and some have now retired – but all of them, in their *Rosenblatt Recital*, whether in concert or in the studio, have given something unique and unrepeatable, and this essence is surely captured in these recordings, available for the first time on Opus Arte.



Iain Burnside

Photo: © TallWall Media



Lawrence Brownlee in a Rosenblatt Recital, Wigmore Hall, September 2012

Photo: © Will White

1 Deep River

Deep river, my home is over Jordan.
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into
camp ground.
Oh, don't you want to go to that gospel feast?
That promised land, where all is peace?
Spiritual, arr. H.T. Burleigh 1866–1949

2 Chanson triste

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
un doux clair de lune d'été,
et pour fuir la vie importune,
je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
mon amour, quand tu berceras
mon triste cœur et mes pensées
dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
oh ! quelquefois, sur tes genoux,
et lui diras une ballade
qui semblera parler de nous.

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,
dans tes yeux alors je boirai,
tant de baisers et de tendresse
que peut-être je guérirai.
*'Jean Lahor', pseudonym of Dr Henri Cazalis
1840–1909*

3 Le Manoir de Rosemonde

De sa dent soudaine et vorace,
comme un chien l'amour m'a mordu...
En suivant mon sang répandu,
va, tu pourras suivre ma trace.

Prends un cheval de bonne race,
pars, et suis mon chemin ardu,
fondrière ou sentier perdu,
si la course ne te harasse !

En passant par où j'ai passé,
tu verras que seul et blessé
j'ai parcouru ce triste monde,
et qu'ainsi je m'en fus mourir
bien loin, bien loin, sans découvrir
le bleu manoir de Rosemonde.
Robert de Bonnières 1850–1905

4 Extase

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort
d'un sommeil doux comme la mort.
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
du souffle de la bien aimée.
Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort
d'un sommeil doux comme la mort.
'Jean Lahor', pseudonym of Dr Henri Cazalis

A sad song

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
a gentle summer moonlight,
and to escape the cares of life,
I will drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
my love, when you cradle
my sad heart and my thoughts
in the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
ah! sometimes, on your lap,
and recite a ballad to it
that will seem to speak of us.

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
from your eyes I shall then drink,
so many kisses and so much love
that perhaps I shall be cured.

Rosamunde's house

Love like a dog has bitten me
with its sudden, voracious teeth...
Come, the trail of spilt blood
will enable you to follow my tracks.

Take a horse of good pedigree
and set off on the arduous route I took,
through swamps and overgrown paths,
if that's not too exhausting a ride for you!

As you pass where I passed,
you will see that I travelled
alone and wounded through this sad world,
and thus went off to my death
far, far away, without ever finding
Rosemonde's blue manor-house.

Ecstasy

On your pale breast my heart is sleeping
a sleep as sweet as death.
Exquisite death, death perfumed
by the breath of the beloved.
On your pale breast my heart is sleeping
a sleep as sweet as death.

5 Phidylé

L'herbe est molle au sommeil
sous les frais peupliers,
aux pentes des sources moussues,
qui dans les prés en fleur germant
par mille issues,
se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé !
Midi sur les feuillages rayonne
et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules,
en plein soleil,
chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule
au détour des sentiers,
la rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
et les oiseaux,
rasant de l'aile la colline,
cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Les taillis sont muets,
le daim, par les clairières,
devant les meutes aux abois
ne bondit pas.
Diane, assise au fond des bois,
polit ses flèches meurtrières.

Dors en paix, belle enfant
aux rires ingénus,
aux nymphes agrestes pareille !
De ta bouche au miel pur
j'écarterai l'abeille,
je garantirai tes pieds nus.

Laisse sur ton épaule et ses formes divines
comme un or fluide et léger,
sous mon souffle amoureux courir et voltiger
l'épaisseur de tes tresses fines !

Sans troubler ton repos,
sur ton front transparent,
libre des souples bandelettes,
j'unirai l'hyacinthe aux pâles violettes,
et la rose au myrte odorant.

Belle comme Érycine aux jardins de Sicile,
et plus chère à mon cœur jaloux
Repose ! Et j'emplirai du souffle le plus doux
la flûte à mes lèvres docile.

Je charmerai les bois, ô blanche Phidylé,
de ta louange familière
et les nymphes,
au seuil de leurs grottes de lierre,
en pâleront, le cœur troublé.

Mais, quand l'Astre,
incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,
verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser
me récompensent de l'attente !
Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle 1818–1894

Phidylé

The grass is soft for slumber
beneath the fresh poplars,
on the slopes by the mossy springs,
which, in the meadows flowering
with a thousand plants,
lose themselves under dark thickets.

Rest, o Phidylé!
The midday sun shines on the foliage
and invites you to sleep!
Among clover and thyme, alone,
in full sunlight,
the fickle honeybees hum.

A warm fragrance circulates
about the winding paths,
the red cornflower tilts,
and the birds,
skimming the hill with their wings,
search for shade among the wild roses.

The coppices are mute,
the deer in the clearing,
cornered by the pack
no longer leap.
Diana, seated in the depths of the woods,
polishes her fatal arrows.

Sleep in peace, beautiful child
with the innocent smile,
so similar to the rustic nymphs!
From your honey-touched lips
I will wave away the bee,
I will guard your bare feet.

On your shoulder's divine form
like gold both liquid and light,
let my loving breath run and flutter
through the thickness of your fine hair!

Without disturbing your sleep,
on your clear brow,
free of supple ribbons,
I'll make a chain of hyacinth with pale violets,
and the rose with scented myrtle.

As beautiful as Erycine in the gardens of Sicily,
and more dear to my jealous heart
Sleep! And I shall fill with my softest breath
a flute of my obedient lips.

I shall charm the woods, o pale Phidylé,
with your intimate praise
and the nymphs,
at the threshold of their
caves of ivy, will blanch, hearts troubled.

But when the sun,
turning in its resplendent orbit,
finds its heat abating, let your
loveliest smile and your most ardent kiss
recompense me for waiting!

Tre sonnetti di Petrarca

6 Pace non trovo

Pace non trovo,
e non ho da far guerra.
E temo, e spero, ed ardo,
e son un ghiaccio.
E volo sopra 'l cielo,
e giaccio in terra.
E nulla stringo,
e tutto 'l mondo abbraccio.

Tal m'ha in priggion
che non m'apre né serra.
Né per suo mi ritien
né scioglie il laccio ;
e non m'uccide Amor
e non mi sferra ;
né mi vuol vivo,
né mi trahe d'impaccio.

Veggio senz'occhi
e non ho lingua e grido ;
e bramo di perir,
e chieggo aita ;
ed ho in odio me stesso,
ed amo altrui.

Pascomi di dolor ,
piangendo rido ;
egualmente mi spiace
morte e vita.
In questo stato son,
donna, per voi.

7 Benedetto sia 'l giorno

Benedetto sia 'l giorno,
e 'l mese,e l'anno,
e la stagione, e 'l tempo,
e l'ora, e 'l punto,
e 'l bel paese e 'l loco, ov'io fui giunto
da'duo begli occhi che legato m'anno.

E benedetto il primo dolce affanno
ch'ì' ebbi ad esser con Amor congiunto,
e l'arco e la saette ond' i' fui punto,
e le piaghe, ch'infino al cor mi vanno.

Benedette le voci tante,
ch'io chiamando
il nome di Laura ho sparte,
e i sospiri e le lagrime e 'l desio.

E benedette sian tutte le carte
ov'io fama le acquisto,
e il pensier mio,
ch'è sol di lei,
si ch'altra non v'ha parte.

8 I' vidi in terra

I' vidi in terra angelici costume
e celesti bellezze
al mondo sole,
tal che di rimembrar mi giova,
e dole che quant'io miro,
par sogni, ombre, e fumi.

E vidi lagrimar
que' duo bei lumi
ch'han fatto mille volte
invidia al sole,
ed udi' sospirando dir parole
che farian gir i monti,
e stare i fiumi.

Three Petrarch Sonnets

I find no peace

I find no peace,
but for war am not inclined.
I fear, yet hope, I burn,
yet am turned to ice.
I soar in the heavens,
but lie upon the ground.
I hold nothing,
though I embrace the whole world.

Love has me in a prison
which he neither opens nor shuts fast.
he neither slays
nor unshackles me;
he neither claims me for his own
nor loosens my halter;
he would not have me live,
yet leaves me with my torment.

Eyeless I gaze
and tongueless I cry out;
I long to perish,
yet plead for succour;
I hate myself,
but love another.

I feed on grief,
yet weeping, laugh;
death and life
alike repel me;
and to this state I am come,
My Lady, because of you.

Blessed be the day

Blessed be the day,
the month, the year,
the season, the hour,
the moment, the lovely scene,
and the place where I was enslaved
by two lovely eyes which bind me fast.

And blessed be the first sweet pang
I suffered when Love overwhelmed me,
the bows and arrows which stung me,
and the wounds which pierce to my heart.

Blessed be the many voices
which have echoed
when I have called Laura's name,
the sighs and tears, and the longing.

And blessed be all those writings
in which I have spread her fame,
and my thoughts,
which stem from her
and centre on her alone.

I beheld on earth angelic grace

I beheld on earth angelic grace,
and heavenly beauty
unmatched in this world,
it brings me joy and pain
to remember it, for the more I look
the more it seems a dream, shadows and mists.

And I beheld tears spring
from those two lovely eyes,
which a thousand times
have put the sun to shame, and
sighing, I heard words whispered
which would move mountains
and halt rivers.

Amor, senno, valor,
pietate e doglia,
facean piangendo
un più dolce concerto
d'ogni altro che
nel mondo udir si soglia.

Ed era 'l cielo all'armonia
s'intento che non si vedea
in ramo mover foglia...
tanta dolcezza
avea pien l'aer e 'l vento.

Francesco Petrarca 1304–1374

9 Ah ! mes amis... Pour mon âme

(La Fille du régiment)
Ah ! mes amis, quel jour de fête !
Je vais marcher sous vos drapeaux.

L'amour qui m'a tourné la tête
désormais, désormais, me rend un héros.
Ah ! quel bonheur, oui mes amis,
je vais marcher sous vos drapeaux.

Oui, celle pour qui je respire,
à mes vœux a daigné sourire
et ce doux espoir de bonheur
trouble ma raison et mon cœur !
Ah ! mes amis, quel jour de fête !
Je vais marcher sous vos drapeaux.

Pour mon âme, quel destin !
J'ai sa flamme et j'ai sa main !
Jour prospère ! Me voici,
militaire et mari !

*Jules-Henri Vernoy de Saint-Georges 1799–1875
Jean-François-Alfred Bayard 1796–1853*

10 I Would in that Sweet Bosom be

I would in that sweet bosom be
(O sweet it is and fair it is!)
where no rude wind might visit me.
Because of sad austerities
I would in that sweet bosom be.

I would be ever in that heart
(O soft I knock and soft entreat her!)
where only peace might be my part.
Austerities were all the sweeter
So I were ever in that heart.

James Joyce 1882–1941

11 The Cloak, the Boat and the Shoes

What do you make so fair and bright?
'I make the cloak of Sorrow:
O lovely to see in all men's sight
shall be the cloak of Sorrow,
in all men's sight.'

'What do you build with sails for flight?'

'I build a boat for Sorrow:
o swift on the seas all day and night
saileth the rover Sorrow,
all day and night.'

'What do you weave with wool so white?'

'I weave the shoes of Sorrow:
soundless shall be the footfall light
in all men's ears of Sorrow,
sudden and light.'

William Butler Yeats 1865–1939

Love, wisdom, excellence,
pity and grief
made in that lament
a sweeter concert
than any other
to be heard on earth.

And heaven on that harmony
was so intent that not a leaf
upon the bough was seen to stir...
such sweetness
had filled the air and winds.

Ah! my friends

(The Daughter of the Regiment)
Ah, my friends, what a day for celebrating!
I shall march under your flags.

Love, which has turned my head,
will from now on make me a hero.
Ah, what happiness, yes my friends,
I'm going to march under your flags.

Yes, she for whom I breathe
has deigned to smile upon my prayers,
and this sweet hope of happiness
has troubled my mind and my heart!
Ah, my friends, what a day for celebrating!
I shall march under your flags.

For my soul, what a fate!
I have her passion and her hand!
Oh, lucky day! Here I am,
both a soldier and a married man!

12 This Heart That Flutters

This heart that flutters near my heart
my hope and all my riches is,
unhappy when we draw apart
and happy between kiss and kiss
my hope and all my riches – yes! –
and all my happiness.

For there, as in some mossy nest
the wrens will divers treasures keep,
I laid those treasures I possessed
ere that mine eyes had learned to weep.
Shall we not be as wise as they
though love live but a day?

James Joyce

13 The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
and a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the
honey-bee,
and live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace
comes dropping slow,
dropping from the veils of the morning to where
the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
and evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements
grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

William Butler Yeats

14 Tu seconda ail mio disegno

(Il turco in Italia
Intesi: Ah! tutto intesi.
In questo albergo mi guidò la fortuna.
Ingrata donna,
non fuggirai da me.
Tutto vogli'io tentar perché
mi resti; la fé mi serberai,
che promettessi.

Tu seconda il mio disegno,
dolce amor, da cui mi viene.
Deh! ricusa a tutti un bene,
che accordasti un giorno a me.
Se il mio rival deludo!
Se inganno un'incostante!
Per un offeso amante
vendetta egual non v'è.
Ah! sì la speme che sento in core,
pietoso amore, mi vien da te.

Felice Romani 1788–1865

Cinco canciones populares argentinas

15 Chacarera

A mí me gustan las ñatas
y una ñata me ha tocado,
ñato será el casamiento
y más ñato el resultado.
Cuando canto chacareras
me dan ganas de llorar
porque se me representa
Catamarca y Tucumán.

Support my plan, sweet love

(The Turk in Italy
I heard: Ah! I overheard everything.
Fortune has led me to this inn.
Thankless woman,
you will not flee from me.
I will try everything
to ensure you'll stay with me
and keep the promise you made me.

Support my plan, sweet love,
the one I thought of.
Ah! Refuse all others the favours
you conceded one day to me alone.
I'll thwart my rival!
I'll deceive a fickle girl!
There is no revenge like that
of an offended lover.
Ah! Yes, the hope which I feel in my heart,
merciful love, comes to me from you.

Five Popular Argentinian Songs

Chacarera

I like a girl with a little snub nose,
and I've found one for my own.
We'll have a snub-nosed wedding
and then some snubber-nosed babies.
Singing *chacareras*
brings me close to tears,
because they remind me so
of Catamarca and Tucumán.

16 Triste

Ah!
Debajo de un limón verde
donde el agua no corría
entregué mi corazón
a quien no lo merecía.

Ah!
Triste es el día sin sol,
triste es la noche sin luna,
pero más triste es querer
sin esperanza ninguna.

Ah!

17 Zamba

Hasta las piedras del cerro
y las arenas del mar
me dicen que no te quiera,
y no te puedo olvidar.
Si el corazón me has robado
el tuyo me lo has de dar
el que lleva cosa ajena
con lo suyo ha de pagar.
Ay!

18 Arroró

Arroró mi nene,
arroró mi sol,
arroró pedazo
de mi corazón.
Este nene lindo
se quiere dormir
y el pícaro sueño
no quiere venir.

19 Gato

El gato de mi casa
es muy gauchito,
pero cuando lo bailan
zapateadito.
Guitarrita de pino
cuerdas de alambre.
Tanto quiero a las chicas,
digo, como a las grandes.
Esa moza que baila
mucho la quiero
pero no para hermana,
que hermana tengo.
Que hermana tengo,
sí, pónte al frente
aunque no sea tu dueño,
digo, me gusta verte.

Traditional

20 Sometimes I feel like a motherless child

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
A long ways from home

Sometimes I feel like I'm almos' gone
Sometimes I feel like I'm almos' gone
Sometimes I feel like I'm almos' gone
A long ways from home

True believer
A long ways from home.

Spiritual, arr. H.T. Burleigh

Triste

Ah!
Beneath a lime tree,
where no water flowed,
I gave away my heart
to an undeserving soul.

Ah!
Sad is a sunless day,
sad a moonless night,
but sadder still
is a truly hopeless love.

Ah!

Zamba

Even the stones on the hillside
and the grains of sand in the sea
tell me not to love you,
but you I just can't forget.
Since you've stolen my heart,
you have to give me yours.
Those who take what's not theirs,
have to make payment in kind.
Ah!

Arroró

Lullaby, my baby,
lullaby, my little sun,
lullaby, my heart's
own darling.
This good little baby
wants to close his eyes,
but naughty sleep
doesn't want to come.

Gato

My little cat
is a fine little cat,
but when the dance begins
he stamps his little feet.
A little pine guitar
with metal strings.
I like short girls, you know,
as much as tall ones.
I really like
that girl who's dancing,
but not as a sister,
for a sister I've got.
For a sister I've got.
Yes, come to the front.
Although I'm not your master,
you know, I like to watch you.

Also available on Opus Arte



Ailyn Pérez
9013 D



Anthony Michaels-Moore
9014 D

Recording: 19–22 September 2012, All Saints,
Durham Road, East Finchley (1–5, 10–13, 15–20);
Recorded live: 25 May 2010, St John's, Smith Square,
London (6–9); 24 September 2012, Wigmore Hall,
London (14)
Recording Producer **Simon Kiln** (1–5, 10–13, 15–20);
Simon Weir, The Classical Recording Company Ltd
(6–9, 14)
Recording Engineer **Simon Kiln** (1–5, 10–13, 15–20);
Morgan Roberts (6–9, 14)
Mastered by **Simon Kiln**

Packaging design **Paul Marc Mitchell for WLP Ltd.**
Cover photo © **Derek Blanks**
Booklet note © **George Hall**
Translations © **Opera Lirica** (English sung texts 2–9, 14);
Susannah Howe (English sung texts 15–19);
Daniel Fesquet (Français); **Leandra Rhoese** (Deutsch)
Artistic Consultant **Iain Burnside**
Executive Producer for Rosenblatt Recitals **Ian Rosenblatt**
Executive Producer for Opus Arte **Ben Pateman**
© Opus Arte 2013
© Opus Arte 2013 **DDD**

OPUS ARTE

Royal Opera House
Enterprises
Covent Garden
London
WC2E 9DD

tel: +44 (0)20 7240 1200
email: info@opusarte.co.uk

OPUS
ARTE



Lawrence Brownlee in a Rosenblatt Recital, Wigmore Hall, September 2012

Photo: © Will White