

OPUS ARTE

A portrait of Anthony Michaels-Moore, a man with a beard and mustache, smiling. He is wearing a white shirt with a subtle pattern. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light blue.

**ANTHONY
MICHAELS-MOORE**
SONGS OF THE SEA
SONGS OF TRAVEL
MICHAEL POLLOCK



Anthony Michaels-Moore

Photo: Dario Acosta

Songs of the Sea

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford
1852–1924

Songs of the Sea

- | | | | |
|---|--|------|--|
| 1 | No.1 Drake's Drum | 2.49 | |
| 2 | No.2 Outward bound | 2.59 | |
| 3 | No.3 Devon, O Devon,
in wind and rain | 1.49 | |
| 4 | No.4 Homeward bound | 5.36 | |
| 5 | No.5 The 'Old Superb' | 3.03 | |
| 6 | La Belle Dame sans Merci | 5.33 | |
| | from Songs of the Fleet | | |
| 7 | No.1 Sailing at dawn | 4.50 | |
| 8 | No.2 The Song of the
Sou'Wester | 2.54 | |
| 9 | No.4 The Little Admiral | 3.36 | |

Songs of Travel

Ralph Vaughan Williams
1872–1958

- | | | |
|----|-------------------------------|------|
| 10 | Linden Lea | 2.38 |
| 11 | Blackwore by the Stour | 2.37 |

Three Poems by Walt Whitman

- | | | |
|----|-------------------------|------|
| 12 | No.1 Nocturne | 3.57 |
| 13 | No.2 A Clear Midnight | 2.03 |
| 14 | No.3 Joy, shipmate, joy | 1.00 |

Songs of Travel

- | | | |
|----|---|------|
| 15 | No.1 The Vagabond | 3.02 |
| 16 | No.2 Let Beauty awake | 1.58 |
| 17 | No.3 The Roadside Fire | 2.30 |
| 18 | No.4 Youth and Love | 3.42 |
| 19 | No.5 In dreams | 2.40 |
| 20 | No.6 The Infinite Shining
Heavens | 2.03 |
| 21 | No.7 Whither must I wander? | 4.29 |
| 22 | No.8 Bright is the ring
of words | 1.55 |
| 23 | No.9 I have trod the upward
and the downward slope | 2.09 |

70.19

Anthony Michaels-Moore *baritone*

Michael Pollock *piano*

Anthony Michaels-Moore

British baritone Anthony Michaels-Moore has distinguished himself as a specialist in Verdi and Puccini roles, renowned for his portrayals of Rigoletto, Scarpia, Falstaff, Iago (*Otello*), Simon Boccanegra and Germont (*La traviata*), and is much sought after by the world's leading opera houses in a celebrated career which spans over 25 years.

His operatic engagements have taken him to the top houses such as the Wiener Staatsoper, Teatro alla Scala, Opéra National de Paris, Bayerische Staatsoper, Deutsche Oper Berlin, Staatsoper Berlin, Gran Teatre del Liceu, Grand Théâtre de Genève, La Monnaie, Teatro Real, Metropolitan Opera, San Francisco Opera, Chicago Lyric Opera, Santa Fe Opera and Canadian Opera Company.

Michaels-Moore was the first British winner of the Luciano Pavarotti Competition in 1985. Throughout his career, he has enjoyed a fruitful relationship with the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden with over 350 performances, including *L'elisir d'amore*, *Pagliacci*, *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, *Manon*, *Stiffelio*, *Tosca*, *Simon Boccanegra*, *Macbeth*, *Andrea Chénier*, *La battaglia di Legnano*, *Il trovatore*, *Falstaff*, *Attila*, *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *La traviata*.

Most recently, Michaels-Moore sang highly acclaimed performances of Falstaff and Iago for Opernhaus Zürich, both under Daniele Gatti, Scarpia for Oper Köln, Sharpless for ROH and for Opéra de Paris, Falstaff and Francesco Foscari (*I due Foscari*) for the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. He has also sung Rigoletto for Opéra de Montréal and ENO, Marquis de la Force (*Dialogues des Carmélites*) for Palau de les Arts, Valencia and *Madama Butterfly* for Veroza Japan under Seiji Ozawa.

Anthony Michaels-Moore

Au cours de sa carrière qui a commencé il y a plus de vingt-cinq ans, le célèbre baryton britannique Anthony Michaels-Moore s'est fait remarquer dans des rôles de Verdi et Puccini, notamment en Rigoletto, Scarpia, Falstaff, Iago (*Otello*), Simon Boccanegra et Germont (*La traviata*), et il continue d'être fort sollicité par les grands théâtres du monde entier.

On a ainsi pu l'entendre dans des maisons aussi prestigieuses que l'Opéra de Vienne, La Scala de Milan, l'Opéra de Paris, le Bayerische Staatsoper, le Deutsche Oper et le Staatsoper de Berlin, le Gran Teatre del Liceu, le Grand Théâtre de Genève, le Théâtre de La Monnaie, le Teatro Real de Madrid, le Metropolitan Opera, les Opéras de San Francisco, Chicago et Santa Fe, et la Canadian Opera Company.

Anthony Michaels-Moore fut le premier lauréat britannique du Concours Luciano Pavarotti, en 1985. Tout au long de sa carrière, il a entretenu des liens étroits avec le Royal Opera House de Covent Garden où il s'est produit dans plus de trois cent cinquante représentations, notamment de *L'elisir d'amore*, *Pagliacci*, *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, *Manon*, *Stiffelio*, *Tosca*, *Simon Boccanegra*, *Macbeth*, *Andrea Chénier*, *La battaglia di Legnano*, *Il trovatore*, *Falstaff*, *Attila*, *Lucia di Lammermoor* et *La traviata*.

Récemment, Michaels-Moore a remporté un grand succès en Falstaff et Iago à l'Opéra de Zurich (les deux rôles sous la direction de Daniele Gatti), en Scarpia à Cologne, en Sharpless à Covent Garden et à l'Opéra de Paris, en Falstaff et Francesco Foscari (*I due Foscari*) au Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. Il a également incarné Rigoletto à l'Opéra de Montréal et à l'English National Opera, le marquis de la Force des *Dialogues des Carmélites* au Palau de les Arts de Valence (Espagne), et *Madama Butterfly* avec la troupe japonaise de Veroza sous la direction de Seiji Ozawa.

Anthony Michaels-Moore

Der britische Bariton Anthony Michaels-Moore ist ein bekannter Spezialist für Verdi- und Puccini-Rollen und besonders berühmt für seine Interpretationen von Rigoletto, Scarpia, Falstaff, Iago (*Otello*), Simon Boccanegra und Germont (*La traviata*). Er kann auf eine überaus erfolgreiche, mehr als 25-jährige Karriere als gefragter Künstler an den besten Opernhäusern der Welt zurückblicken.

Seine Engagements haben ihn an führende Opernhäuser wie die Wiener Staatsoper, das Teatro alla Scala, die Opéra National de Paris, die Bayerische Staatsoper, die Deutsche Oper Berlin, die Staatsoper Berlin, das Gran Teatre del Liceu, das Grand Théâtre de Genève, La Monnaie, das Teatro Real, die Metropolitan Opera, die San Francisco Opera, die Chicago Lyric Opera, die Santa Fe Opera und die Canadian Opera Company geführt.

Michaels-Moore war 1985 der erste britische Gewinner des Luciano Pavarotti-Wettbewerbs. Er unterhielt stets eine fruchtbare Beziehung zum Royal Opera House in Covent Garden und hatte dort über 350 Auftritte, unter anderem in: *L'elisir d'amore*, *Pagliacci*, *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, *Manon*, *Stiffelio*, *Tosca*, *Simon Boccanegra*, *Macbeth*, *Andrea Chénier*, *La battaglia di Legnano*, *Il trovatore*, *Falstaff*, *Attila*, *Lucia di Lammermoor* und *La traviata*.

In jüngster Zeit sang Michaels-Moore unter großem Beifall Falstaff und Iago am Opernhaus Zürich, beide unter Daniele Gatti, Scarpia an der Oper Köln, Sharpless am Royal Opera House und an der Opéra de Paris sowie Falstaff und Francesco Foscari (*I due Foscari*) am Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. Außerdem gab er Rigoletto an der Opéra de Montréal und an der English National Opera sowie den Marquis de la Force (*Dialogues des Carmélites*) am Palau de les Arts (Valencia) und debütierte mit dem Veroza-Japan-Ensemble unter Seiji Ozawa mit *Madama Butterfly*.

The Songs

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford was one of the leading lights of the so-called English Musical Renaissance – a period beginning in the 1880s when a new vigour seemed to enter the spirits of a group of young composers, notably Stanford and his contemporary Hubert Parry. Alongside their compositions, both of them became distinguished teachers at the newly founded Royal College of Music, and in Stanford's case at Cambridge University as well. One of his pupils was Ralph Vaughan Williams, who, together with his friend Gustav Holst, would later head the sizeable school of composition heavily influenced by English folksong in the first half of the 20th century.

Stanford was a prolific composer in many fields, composing seven symphonies and nine operas. But the most durable of his works were written either for the Anglican church in the form of anthems and services, or in the realm of song, of which he was a distinguished exponent. Even at a time when his music was out of fashion, Stanford's songs continued to impress with their conviction and sheer technical address. The *Songs of the Sea* and the *Songs of the Fleet*, settings of Henry Newbolt both originally written for baritone, chorus and orchestra, form a matching pair and shine as brightly today as they did when first performed at the Leeds Triennial Festival (of which Stanford was conductor) in 1904 and 1910 respectively. His Keats setting *La Belle Dame sans Merci* is earlier (1877), dating from a time when the 25-year-old was beginning to mark out a position of significance on the English musical scene.

Though considerably indebted to Stanford's rigorous instruction, Vaughan Williams would move increasingly away from the solid German influences that had fed into Stanford's own art into a more personal world imbued with intense spirituality and the lifelong impact of English folk culture. *Linden Lea* (the composer's first published work) and *Blackmwore by the Stour*, both dating from 1901 and both setting the Dorset poet William Barnes, represent this impact at its purest – *Blackmwore* is an arrangement of a Dorset folk song (in 'Darset' dialect), while *Linden Lea* carries many of the genre's essential inflections over into the art song.

The other two sequences here are more ambitious. In setting Robert Louis Stevenson's *Songs of Travel* in 1901–4 (the cycle is heard here in its final, posthumous form, which includes an additional number discovered within the composer's papers after his death) Vaughan Williams created a smaller but memorably coherent English response to Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise*, while in turning – not for the first or the last time – to the American poet for his *Three Poems by Walt Whitman* (1925) he was exploring further the internal vision that finds expression in so much of his best work in whatever genre.

George Hall

Les Mélodies

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford fut l'un des hommes phares de ce qu'on appelle la Renaissance musicale anglaise, qui commence dans les années 1880 : à cette époque, un groupe de jeunes compositeurs, dont font partie Stanford et son contemporain Hubert Parry, semble animé par un esprit de renouveau. Outre qu'ils composent, Stanford et Parry deviennent des professeurs émérites au Royal College of Music nouvellement fondé, et Stanford enseigne également à l'université de Cambridge. Il compte parmi ses élèves Ralph Vaughan Williams, lequel prendra la tête, dans la première moitié du XX^e siècle, avec son ami Gustav Holst, d'une école de composition non négligeable fortement influencée par le chant populaire anglais.

Stanford fut un compositeur prolifique. Il donna notamment naissance à sept symphonies et neuf opéras, mais ses œuvres les plus solides ont soit été écrites pour l'église anglicane (anthems et messes), soit elles appartiennent au genre de la mélodie dont Stanford fut un remarquable représentant. Même à une époque où sa musique était passée de mode, ses mélodies continuèrent de faire impression par leur éloquence et le raffinement de leur facture. Les *Songs of the Sea* et les *Songs of the Fleet*, sur des textes de Henry Newbolt et écrits à l'origine pour baryton, chœur et orchestre, forment un couple harmonieux et brillent avec autant d'éclat aujourd'hui que lors de leur création, respectivement en 1904 et 1910, au Leeds Triennial Festival, dont Stanford était le chef d'orchestre attitré. *La Belle Dame sans merci*, sur un poème de John Keats, est plus ancienne (1877) et date de l'époque où le jeune Stanford de vingt-cinq ans commençait à marquer la scène musicale anglaise de son empreinte.

Si Vaughan Williams fut énormément redevable à Stanford de son enseignement rigoureux, il s'écarta progressivement des solides influences allemandes qui avaient nourri l'art de celui-ci et créa un univers plus personnel baigné d'une spiritualité intense et de l'empreinte de la culture populaire anglaise. *Linden Lea* et *Blackwore by the Stour*, deux mélodies sur des textes du poète William Barnes, originaire du Dorset, et écrites en 1901 (*Linden Lea* fut en outre la première œuvre publiée par le compositeur), font entendre cette empreinte populaire dans ce qu'elle a de plus pur. *Blackwore* est un arrangement d'un chant populaire du Dorset (en dialecte « Darset »), tandis que *Linden Lea* transpose de nombreuses inflexions essentielles du genre populaire dans l'art savant.

Les deux autres œuvres du programme sont plus ambitieuses. En mettant en musique en 1901–1904 les *Songs of Travel* de Robert Louis Stevenson (on entend ici le cycle dans sa forme finale posthume qui comprend un numéro supplémentaire découvert parmi les papiers du compositeur après sa mort), Vaughan Williams a donné une réponse anglaise plus modeste mais absolument cohérente à *Die schöne Müllerin* et à *Winterreise* de Schubert, tandis qu'en se tournant – ni pour la première ni pour la dernière fois – vers le poète américain Walt Whitman, avec ses *Trois Poèmes* de 1925, il a continué d'explorer ce regard introspectif qui s'exprime dans nombre de ses œuvres les plus réussies, tous genres confondus.

George Hall

Die Gesangsstücke

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford war einer der führenden Köpfe der sogenannten englischen musikalischen Renaissance – eine Periode, die um 1880 herum begann, als eine Gruppe junger Komponisten von neuem Elan ergriffen wurde, darunter Stanford und sein Zeitgenosse Hubert Parry. Neben ihrer Komponistentätigkeit wurden die beiden auch einflussreiche Lehrer am neugegründeten Royal College of Music, und Stanford unterrichtete außerdem an der Universität Cambridge. Einer seiner Schüler war Ralph Vaughan Williams, der später gemeinsam mit seinem Freund Gustav Holst die in der ersten Hälfte des 20. Jahrhunderts bedeutende Kompositionsströmung begründen würde, deren deutlichster Einfluss englische Volkslieder waren.

Stanford war ein überaus produktiver, genreübergreifender Komponist; er schrieb sieben Sinfonien und neun Opern. Doch die Werke, die den Wandel der Zeiten am besten überstanden, sind zum einen Hymnen und Gottesdienst-Musik für die anglikanische Kirche und zum anderen Lieder; er zählte zu den herausragendsten Vertretern dieser Kompositionsform. Selbst zu Zeiten, in denen seine Musik nicht mehr modern war, beeindruckten Stanfords Lieder doch stets durch die sich in ihnen zeigende Sicherheit und schiere technische Kunstfertigkeit. *Songs of the Sea* und *Songs of the Fleet*, Vertonungen von Texten Henry Newbolts und beide im Original für Bariton, Chor und Orchester geschrieben, bilden eine zusammengehörige Einheit und sie erstrahlen heute noch in genau so hellem Glanz, wie bei ihren Erstaufführungen 1904 und 1910 beim Leeds Triennial Festival (bei dem Stanford dirigierte). Seine Keats-Vertonung *La Belle Dame sans Merci* ist älter (1877), sie stammt aus einer Zeit, in der der 25-Jährige begann, sich in der englischen Musikszene einen Namen zu machen.

Auch wenn er Stanfords strenger Anleitung sehr viel verdankte, so bewegte sich Vaughan Williams doch mehr und mehr fort von den soliden deutschen Einflüssen, die Stanfords Kunst prägten, und in Richtung seiner eigenen Welt, die durchdrungen war von einer tiefen Spiritualität und dem lebenslangen Einfluss der englischen Volkskultur. *Linden Lea* (das erste veröffentlichte Werk des Komponisten) und *Blackmwore by the Stour*, beide von 1901 und beide Vertonungen von Texten des Dichters William Barnes aus Dorset, zeigen diesen Einfluss in Reinform – *Blackmwore* ist ein Arrangement eines Dorseter Volkslieds (im sogenannten „Dorset“-Dialekt) und *Linden Lea* überträgt viele der wesentlichen Charakteristika des Genres auf ein Kunstlied.

Deutlich ambitionierter sind die letzten beiden Liederzyklen auf dieser Aufnahme. Mit seiner Vertonung von Robert Louis Stevensons *Songs of Travel* (1901–04, der Zyklus erscheint hier in seiner endgültigen, posthumen Form und enthält ein zusätzliches Stück, das nach dem Tod des Komponisten in seinen Unterlagen entdeckt wurde), erschuf Vaughan Williams eine kürzere, doch überaus stimmige englische Antwort auf Schuberts *Schöne Müllerin* und die *Winterreise*. Außerdem wandte er sich – nicht zum ersten oder letzten Mal – mit seinen *Three Poems by Walt Whitman* (1925) diesem amerikanischen Dichter zu und spürte dabei der inneren Vision nach, die in so vielen seiner besten Werke, gleich welchen Genres, zum Ausdruck kommt.

George Hall

Michael Pollock

Since graduating from Magdalen College, Oxford and studying accompaniment with Roger Vignoles at the Royal College of Music, Michael Pollock has partnered singers such as Dame Anne Evans, Katarina Karnéus, Christopher Maltman, Dennis O'Neill, Ailish Tynan (Edinburgh International Festival), Sir Willard White, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa (including the 50th Israel Festival and a Far East tour) and Bryn Terfel (including Asia, Australia, and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw). On three occasions he acted as official accompanist for the BBC Cardiff Singer of the World competition. His recordings include recital discs with Rebecca Evans and Nuccia Focile, as well as sonatas by Brahms and Nino Rota with the clarinettist Leslie Craven. He is consultant coach for the Harewood Artists at English National Opera, and on the teaching staff of several UK conservatoires.

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.

Songs of the Sea

1 Drake's Drum

Drake he's in his hammock and a thousand miles away,
(Captain, art thou sleeping there below?)
slung atween the round shot in Nombro Dios Bay,
and dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe.
Yonder looms the Island, yonder lie the ships,
with sailor-lads a-dancing heel-an'-toe,
and the shore-lights flashing, and the night-tide dashing,
he sees it all so plainly as he saw it long ago.
Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,
(Captain, art thou sleeping there below?)
roving tho' his death fell, he went with heart at ease,
and dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe.
'Take my drum to England, hang it by the shore,
strike it when your powder's running low;
if the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
and drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago.'
Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Captain, art thou sleeping there below?)
slung atween the round shot, listening for the drum,
and dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
call him when you sail to meet the foe;
where the old trade's plying and the old flag flying
they shall find him ware and waking, as they found him long ago!

2 Outward bound

Dear Earth, near Earth, the clay that made us men,
the land we sowed,
the hearth that glowed,
O Mother, must we bid farewell to thee?
Fast dawns the last dawn, and what shall comfort then
the lonely hearts that roam the outer sea?

Gray wakes the daybreak, the shiv'ring sails are set,
to misty deeps
the channel sweeps,
O Mother, think on us who think on thee!
Earth-home, birth-home, with love remember yet
the sons in exile on th' eternal sea.

3 Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain

Drake in the North Sea grimly prowling,
treading his dear Revenge's deck,
watch'd, with the sea-dogs round him growling,
galleons drifting wreck by wreck.

'Fetter and Faith for England's neck,
faggot and Father, Saint and chain,
yonder the Devil and all go howling,
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!

Drake at the last off Nombro lying,
knowing the night that toward him crept,
gave to the sea-dogs round him crying
this for a sign before he slept:

'Pride of the West! What Devon hath kept,
Devon shall keep on tide or main;
call to the storm and drive them flying,
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!'

Valour of England gaunt and whitening,
far in a Southland brought to bay,
locked in a death-grip all day tight'ning,
waited the end in twilight gray.

Battle and storm and the sea-dog's way
Drake from his long rest turn'd again,
vict'ry lit thy steel with lightning,
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!

4 Homeward bound

After long lab'ring in the windy ways,
on smooth and shining tides
swiftly the great ship glides,
her storms forgot, her weary watches past;
northward she glides and thro' th' enchanted haze
faint on the verge her far hope dawns at last.

The phantom skyline of a shadowy down,
whose pale white cliffs below,
thro' sunny mist a-glow,
like noonday ghosts of summer moonshine gleam
soft as old sorrow, bright as old renown,
there lies the home of all our mortal dream.

5 The 'Old Superb'

The wind was rising easterly, the morning sky was blue,
the Straits before us open'd wide and free;
we look'd towards the Admiral, where high the Peter flew,
and all our hearts were dancing like the sea.

The French are gone to Martinique with four-and-twenty sail,
the 'Old Superb' is old and foul and slow;
but the French are gone to Martinique, and Nelson's on the trail,
and where he goes the 'Old Superb' must go.

So Westward Ho! for Trinidad, and Eastward Ho! for Spain,
and 'Ship Ahoy!' a hundred times a day;
round the world if need be, and round the world again
with a lame duck lagging, lagging all the way.

The 'Old Superb' was barnacled and green as grass below,
her sticks were only fit for stirring grog;
the pride of all her midshipmen was silent long ago,
and long ago they ceased to heave the log.
Four year out from home she was, and ne'er a week in port,
and nothing save the guns aboard her bright;
but Captain Keats he knew the game, and swore to share the sport,
for he never yet came in too late to fight.

So Westward Ho! for Trinidad, and Eastward Ho! for Spain,
and 'Ship Ahoy!' a hundred times a day;
round the world if need be, and round the world again
with a lame duck lagging, lagging all the way.

'Now up, my lads,' the Captain cried, 'for sure the case were hard
if longest out were first to fall behind;
aloft, aloft with studding sails, and lash them to the yard,
for night and day the trades are driving blind.'

So all day long and all day long behind the fleet we crept,
and how we fretted none but Nelson guessed;
but ev'ry nigh the 'Old Superb' she sailed when others slept,
till we ran the French to earth with all the rest.

O 'twas Westward Ho! for Trinidad, and Eastward Ho! for Spain,
and 'Ship Ahoy!' a hundred times a day;
round the world if need be, and round the world again
with a lame duck lagging, lagging all the way.
Henry Newbolt 1862-1938

6 La Belle Dame sans Merci

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
so lone and palely loitering?
the sedge has wither'd from the lake,
and no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
so haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
and the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
with anguish moist and fever dew,
and on thy cheeks a fading rose
fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
full beautiful – a faery's child,
her hair was long, her foot was light,
and her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
and bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
she look'd at me as she did love,
and made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
and nothing else saw all day long,
for sidelong would she bend, and sing
a faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
and honey wild, and manna dew,
and sure in language strange she said –
'I love thee true.'

She took me to her elfin grot,
and there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
and there I shut her wild wild eyes
with kisses four.

And there she lull'd me asleep,
and there I dream'd – Ah! woe betide!
the latest dream I ever dream'd
on the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
they cried – 'La Belle Dame sans Merci
hath thee in thrall!'

I saw their starved lips in the gloom,
with horrid warning gaped wide,
and I awoke and found me here,
on the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
alone and palely loitering,
though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
and no birds sing.

John Keats 1795-1821

Songs of the Fleet

7 Sailing at dawn

One by one the pale stars die before the day now,
one by one the great ships are stirring from their sleep,
cables all are rumbling, anchors all a-weigh now,
now the fleet's a fleet again, gliding towards the deep.

Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound upon the old ways,
splendour of the past comes shining in the spray;
admirals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
Souls of all the sea-dogs, lead the line to-day!

Far away behind us town and tower are dwindling,
home becomes a fair dream faded long ago;
infinitely glorious the height of heaven is kindling,
infinitely desolate the shoreless sea below.

Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound upon the old ways, etc.

Once again with proud hearts we make the old surrender,
once again with high hearts serve the age to be,
not for us the warm life of Earth, secure and tender,
ours the eternal wandering and warfare of the sea.

Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound upon the old ways, etc.

8 The Song of the Sou'Wester

The sun was lost in a leaden sky,
and the shore lay under our lee;
when a great Sou' Wester hurricane high
came rollicking up the sea.

He played with the fleet as a boy with boats
till out for the Downs we ran,
and he laugh'd with the roar of a thousand throats
at the militant ways of man:

Oh! I am the enemy most of might,
the other be who you please!
Gunner and guns may all be right,
flags a-flying and armour tight,
but I am the fellow you've first to fight –
the giant that swings the seas.

A dozen of middies were down below
chasing the X they love,
while the table curtseyed long and slow
and the lamps were giddy above.
The lesson was all of a ship and a shot,
and some of it may have been true,
but the word they heard and never forgot
was the word of the wind that blew:

Oh! I am the enemy most of might, etc.

The Middy with luck is a Captain soon,
with luck he may hear one day
his own big guns a-humming the tune
"Twas in Trafalgar's Bay."

But wherever he goes, with friends or foes,
and whatever may there befall,
he'll hear for ever a voice he knows
for ever defying them all:

Oh! I am the enemy most of might, etc.

9 The Little Admiral

Stand by to reckon up your battleships –
ten, twenty, thirty, there thi
a thousand men a-piece down below.

But here's just one little Admiral –
we're all of us his brothers and his sons,
and he's worth, O he's worth at the very least
double all your tons and all your guns.

Stand by, etc.

See them on the forebridge signalling –
a score of men a-hauling hand to hand,
and the whole fleet flying like the wild geese
moved by some mysterious command.

Where's the mighty will that shows the way to
them,
the mind that sees ahead so quick and clear?
He's there, Sir, walking all alone there –
the little man whose voice you never hear.

Stand by, etc.

There are queer things that only come to
sailormen;
they're true, but they're never understood;
and I know one thing about the Admiral,
that I can't tell rightly as I should.

I've been with him when hope sank under us –
he hardly seemed a mortal like the rest,
I could swear that he had stars upon his uniform,
and one sleeve pinned across his breast.

Stand by, etc.

Some day we're bound to sight the enemy,
he's coming, tho' he hasn't yet a name.
Keel to keel and gun to gun he'll challenge us
to meet him at the Great Armada game.

None knows what may be the end of it,
but we'll all give our bodies and our souls
to see the little Admiral a-playing him
a rubber of the old Long Bowls!

Stand by, etc.

Henry Newbolt

10 Linden Lea

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gladed,
by the oak trees' mossy moot,
the shining grass blades, timber-shaded,
now do quiver underfoot;
and birds do whistle overhead,
and water's bubbling in its bed;
and there, for me, the apple tree
do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were a-springing,
now do fade within the copse,
and painted birds do hush their singing,
up upon the timber tops;
and brown-leaved fruits a-turning red,
in cloudless sunshine overhead,
with fruit for me, the apple tree
do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster
in the air of dark-roomed towns;
I don't dread a peevish master,
though no man may heed my frowns.
I be free to go abroad,
or take again my homeward road
to where, for me, the apple tree
do lean down low in Linden Lea.

11 Blackwore by the Stour

The primrose in the shade do blow,
the cowslip in the zun,
the thyme upon the down do grow,
the clote where streams do run;
an' where do pretty maidens grow
an' blow, but where the tow'r
do rise among the bricken tuns,
in Blackwore by the Stour.

If you could zee their comely gait,
an' pretty faces' smiles,
a-trippen on so light o' waight,
an' steppen off the stiles;
A-gwain to church, as bells do swing
an' ring 'tihin the tow'r,
you'd own the pretty maidens' place
is Blackwore by the Stour.

If you vrom Wimborne took your road,
to Stower or Paladore,
an' all the farmers' housen show'd
their daughters at the door;
you'd cry to bachelors at hwome –
'Here, come: 'tihin an hour
you'll vind ten maidens to your mind,
in Blackwore by the Stour.'

An' if you look'd 'tihin their door,
to zee em in their place,
a-doen housework up avore
their smilen mother's face;
you'd cry – 'Why, if a man would wive
an' thrive, 'thout a dow'r,
then let en look en out a wife
in Blackwore by the Stour.'

As I upon my road did pass
a school-house back in May,
there out upon the beäten grass
wer maidens at their play
an' as the pretty souls did twiel
an' smile, I cried, 'The flow'r
o' beauty, then, is still in bud
in Blackmore by the Stour.'

William Barnes 1801–1886

Three Poems by Walt Whitman

12 Nocturne

Whispers of heavenly death murmur'd I hear,
labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals,
footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes
wafted soft and low,
ripples of unseen rivers, tides of a current flowing,
forever flowing,
(or is it the plashing of tears? the measureless
waters of human tears?)

I see, just see skyward, great cloud-masses,
mournfully slowly they roll, silently swelling and
mixing,
with at times a half-dimm'd sadden'd far-off star,
appearing and disappearing.

(Some parturition rather, some solemn immortal
birth;
on the frontiers to eyes impenetrable,
some soul is passing over.)

13 A Clear Midnight

This is thy hour, O Soul, thy free flight into the
wordless,
away from books, away from art, the day erased,
the lesson done,
thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering
the themes thou lovest best,
night, sleep, death, and the stars.

14 Joy, shipmate, joy

Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry,)
our life is closed, our life begins,
the long, long anchorage we leave,
the ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
joy, shipmate, joy.

Walt Whitman 1819–1892

Songs of Travel

15 The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
let the lave go by me,
give the jolly heaven above,
and the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
bread I dip in the river –
there's the life for a man like me,
there's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
let what will be o'er me;
give the face of earth around,
and the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
nor a friend to know me;
all I seek, the heaven above,
and the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
where afield I linger,
silencing the bird on tree,
biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field –
warm the fireside haven –
not to autumn will I yield,
not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
and the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
nor a friend to know me;
all I ask, the heaven above,
and the road below me.

16 Let Beauty awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
for Beauty's sake
in the hour when the birds awake in the brake
and the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
when the shades ascend,
let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
to render again and receive!

17 The Roadside Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
where white flows the river and bright blows the
broom;
and you shall wash your linen and keep your body
white
in rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
the fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
that only I remember, that only you admire,
of the broad road that stretches and the roadside
fire.

18 Youth and Love

To the heart of youth the world is a highwyside.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

19 In dreams

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand
as heretofore:
the unremember'd tokens in your hand
avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,
enshrines, endears.
Cold beats the light of time upon your face
and shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept awhile
and then forgot.
Ah me! but he that left you with a smile
forgets you not.

20 The Infinite Shining Heavens

The infinite shining heavens
rose, and I saw in the night
uncountable angel stars
showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,
dumb and shining and dead,
and the idle stars of the night
were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow
the stars stood over the sea,
till lo! I looked in the dusk
and a star had come down to me.

21 Whither must I wander?

Home no more home to me, whither must I
wander?

Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather:
thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust.
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,
the true word of welcome was spoken in the door –
dear days of old with the faces in the firelight,
kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the
moorland;
song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.
Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is
cold.

Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
the kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the
place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the
moorfowl,
spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees
and flowers;
red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
soft flow the stream through the even-flowing
hours.
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood –
fair shine the day on the house with open door;
birds come and cry there and twitter in the
chimney –
but I go for ever and come again no more.

22 Bright is the ring of words

Bright is the ring of words
when the right man rings them,
fair the fall of songs
when the singer sings them,
still they are carolled and said –
on wings they are carried –
after the singer is dead
and the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
in the field of heather,
songs of his fashion bring
the swains together.
And when the west is red
with the sunset embers,
the lover lingers and sings
and the maid remembers.

**23 I have trod the upward and the
downward slope**

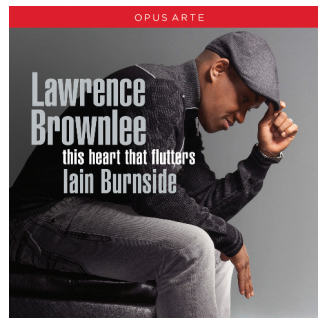
I have trod the upward and the downward slope;
I have endured and done in days before;
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;
and I have lived and loved, and closed the door.

Robert Louis Stevenson 1850–1894

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Recording: 4–5 January 2008,
St John's Smith Square, London
Recording Producer **Simon Kiln**
Recording Engineer **Arne Akselberg**
Mastered by **Simon Kiln**
Packaging design **Georgina Curtis for WLP Ltd.**
Cover photo © **Dario Acosta**
Booklet note © **George Hall**

Translations **Daniel Fesquet** (Français);
Leandra Rhoese (Deutsch)
Artistic Consultant **Iain Burnside**
Executive Producer for Rosenblatt Recitals **Ian Rosenblatt**
Executive Producer for Opus Arte **Ben Pateman**
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