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CLASSICS

SCHUBERT

SWANSONG

CHRISTOPHER GLYNN · SIR JOHN TOMLINSON
SOPHIE BEVAN · JULIAN BLISS
ALEC FRANK GEMMILL

SWANSONG

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S SCHWANENGESANG D. 957,
AUF DEM STROM D. 943 & DER HIRT AUF DEM FELSEN D. 965
IN ENGLISH VERSIONS BY JEREMY SAMS

Swan Song

Poems by Ludwig Rellstab

1	Love Message	[2.59]
2	The Warrior's Foreboding	[5.30]
3	Longing for Spring	[3.47]
4	Serenade	[3.48]
5	My Home	[3.28]
6	Far Away	[5.20]
7	Leave-taking	[4.31]

Poems by Heinrich Heine

8	Atlas	[2.20]
9	Her Picture	[3.01]
10	The Fisher Maiden	[2.11]
11	The Town	[3.08]
12	By the Sea	[4.30]
13	Doppelgänger	[4.09]

Poem by Johann Gabriel Seidl

14	Pigeon Post	[3.54]
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SIR JOHN TOMLINSON BASS
CHRISTOPHER GLYNN PIANO

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15 On the River D. 943 (*Ludwig Rellstab*) [8.59]

16 The Shepherd on the Rock, D. 965 (*Wilhelm Müller / Varnhagen von Ense*) [11.07]

Total timings: [72.43]

SOPHIE BEVAN SOPRANO · JULIAN BLISS CLARINET
ALEC FRANK-GEMMILL HORN · CHRISTOPHER GLYNN PIANO

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Schubert's Late Songs

Loneliness and longing fill the songs of Schubert's last year. Between the completion of *Winter Journey* in October 1827 and his death, aged 31, in November 1828, he turned to two new poets, Ludwig Rellstab and Heinrich Heine, with a set of songs apiece. After the composer's death, they were gathered together by the publisher Tobias Haslinger, who issued them, along with a little epilogue (and a canny sense of what would sell), as *Franz Schubert's Swansong*. If *Winter Journey* has the richness of a novel told in song, then *Swansong* is more like a collection of short stories. Fourteen very different characters come in and out of focus, with little in common except their aloneness. Two other solitary figures – a lovelorn

shepherd and a restless sea-voyager – are depicted in longer works, also from 1828, where a solo instrument partners the voice. Right up until the end, it seems, Schubert was experimenting with new ways to tell stories in song. And storytelling is to the fore in the new translations by Jeremy Sams performed here, which recreate the directness and immediacy of the poetry that inspired Schubert for English-speaking listeners.

Schubert had been a torch-bearer at Beethoven's funeral in 1827 and we can sense, even at this distance, how his death both grieved and liberated the younger composer. His most public tribute came with a setting of *On the River*, one of a bundle of poems the writer Ludwig Rellstab had sent to Beethoven, who in turn left them in his estate to Schubert. It's a poem of

farewell – and Schubert didn't miss the chance to pay homage to the composer that Vienna was still mourning, ennobling the song with a solo horn part that at one point quotes the funeral march from the *Eroica* symphony, and making it the centrepiece of a concert held on the first anniversary of Beethoven's death.

Seven other Rellstab settings form the first half of *Swansong* and find Schubert at his most illustrative and assured. The brook that ripples throughout *Love's Message* is depicted as vividly as a soldier's shifting moods in the eve-of-battle scene *Warrior's Foreboding*. The propulsive energy of *Longing for Spring* builds a tender excitement, punctuated by fleeting moments of doubt, before finally giving way to the most famous tune Schubert ever wrote in *Serenade*. Other songs portray various incarnations of the archetypal romantic Wanderer, living on the margins of society. Defiance and dignity mingle with a torrent of emotion in *My Home*. The curse of 'bittersweet memories' haunts *In the Distance*. Most exhilarating of all is the perpetual motion of *Goodbye*, a riding song, where the horse finally trots out of sight after six verses to clear the stage for a very different poet.

Heinrich Heine may have been two years older than Ludwig Rellstab but he belonged to the future, used fewer words, and made them mean more. His lyrics are simple and artless on the surface but spiked with wit, cynicism and irony. And Schubert, too, sharpens his style. In *Atlas*, the wretched Titan of Greek mythology has never seemed more human, railing against his fate in music that (as we now see it) touches the worlds of Wagner and Verdi. The gloom is carried over into *Her Picture*, which expresses a depth of sorrow that makes a stark contrast to the easy charm on display in *The Fisher Maiden*. Two more seascapes (from a composer who never saw the sea) follow, one hypnotic and obsessive, the other grief-stricken and embittered. And then Schubert's bleakest and most traumatic song, *Doppelgänger*, looks death in the eye, only to find it staring back, mocking all human suffering.

The final, unexpectedly major chord of *Doppelgänger* is a mystery. If we hear in it a hint of 'All shall be well' – a benediction from Schubert not present in Heine – then it is echoed in the hopeful, humble-spirited epilogue that follows. Johann Seidl was no Heine, but his poem about a homing pigeon inspired a song that is, in its way, just as much of a miracle as *Doppelgänger*. The effect is familiar

from the scherzos and finales of Schubert's late instrumental works, which often seem to recall happiness, even jollity, in the midst of desolation. The loyal bird, we learn in the last line, is called 'Longing' but there is no hint of self-pity in the music and *Swansong* closes in generous and companionable mood.

Here, perhaps, is Schubert's antidote to Heine's despair, as well as his own. It's heard in the song-cantata *The Shepherd on the Rock* too. A clarinet melody sets the scene; we are on top of a mountain with a broken-hearted shepherd. The clarinet mourns alongside him as he sings out his pain. But grief finally turns to hope, as quickly as a change in the Alpine weather. 'Springtime is coming' the shepherd sings, 'and I must be ready to journey again'. Schubert always was a shapeshifter, but never more so than in his last and greatest year. The music seems only more remarkable when we notice that the manuscript is dated October 1828. Schubert was by then standing on a precipice of his own, cared for by his brother Ferdinand, battling typhus and tertiary syphilis, and surely knowing he would not see another spring.

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A Translator's Note

Schubert's *Swansong*, though not itself a cycle, is a logical extension of *Die Schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise*. Here again are the brooks and the birds, the jilted suitors leaving town, the lovers looking at or into the beloved's house. Loss and longing are everywhere. But if *Schöne Müllerin* is about hope (finding someone to love) and *Winterreise* is about despair (leaving someone loved), *Schwanengesang* is about resignation. The beloved is not by your side and one can deal with that in different ways. By sending messages via rivers, trees or even pigeons. By flight, by self-imposed exile, by dreaming of what might have been and by accepting what never will. The distant or absent beloved is present in almost every song, and though there is no journey involved as in the previous cycles, there is a unity in this collection which shows one where Schubert's thoughts were. He knew he was going to die and die alone.

I'm glad, though, that I translated them in the order in which they were written. For here, suddenly, one comes across a major challenge. A Great Poet, Heinrich Heine, before whom the mere versifier should genuflect. But of course, Schubert does nothing of the sort. He draws

from Heine what he needs, just as he does from Rellstab in this collection and Müller in the others. And what he gets from Heine one can hear in the music. Monolithic, massive, Beethoven and beyond. A glimpse of what might have been but could never have been.

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SWANSONG

1 Love Message *Liesbesbotschaft*

Beautiful mill-stream so wild and so free
Send my beloved a message from me
And when you speak to her later today
Send her my love from a long way away

Water to the bluebells she grows with such care
They look so lovely entwined in her hair
Moisten the roses, the ones she loves best
See how she clutches them close to her breast.
Water the roses, the ones she loves best
Look how she clutches them close to her breast.

When she is lonely she sighs by the stream
Dreaming of me in a secret dream
Sweeten her sorrow and sing her your song
Tell her that I will be with her erelong

Then when the evening has turned to red
Sing her a love song to take to bed
Then when the sun's sitting low in the sky
Sing my beloved a lullaby
Sing my beloved a lullaby

2 The Warrior's Foreboding *Kriegers Ahnung*

In twos and threes
Beside the fire
My comrades try to sleep

I'm kept awake by pain and fear
By pain and fear
And longing strong and deep

I've only known one fireside
Where I could truly rest
My best beloved in my arms
My head upon her breast

Here all I see is swords and spears
Lit by the embers' gleam
I see that life's a vale of tears
I see that life's a vale of tears
And love's an empty dream
Yes love's an empty dream

No.
Only you can keep me strong
Only you can keep me strong
My life's the life I chose
I'll close my eyes and sleep erelong
Tomorrow? No-one knows.
Tomorrow ? No-one knows.

Yes.
Only you can keep me strong
Only you can keep me strong
My life's the life I chose
I'll close my eyes and sleep erelong
Tomorrow? No-one knows.
Tomorrow ? No-one knows.

3 Longing For Spring *Frühlingssehnsucht*

Tenderly whispering leaves in the trees
Beautiful perfumes borne on the breeze
A delicate message from everywhere
The wonderful promise of spring in the air
Wherever you lead me I'll follow you there
Wherever you lead me I'll follow you there
But where, yes where?

Beautiful millstream bubbling along
Leading me on with your siren song
What wonderful place are you hurrying to
Some magical sea made of silver and blue?
You're telling me I should be following you
You're telling me I should be following you
Where to, where to?

Glittering sunshine
First of the year

Now I am certain that springtime is near
Glittering sunshine
First of the year

Now I am certain springtime is near
You greet me so sweetly from way on high
You're smiling seductively up in the sky
I'm gazing upon you, a tear in my eye
I'm gazing upon you, a tear in my eye
But why, yes *why?*

Green buds are bursting from every tree
Snowdrops as far as the eye can see
With crocuses bursting in yellow and blue
As if Mother Nature had told them to
They've all found their purpose, their reason to be
They've all found their purpose, their reason to be
But what of me?

Mind full of torment
Heart full of pain
Endlessly yearning
Yearning in vain
I know all the promise, the heartbreak of spring
I know the impossible dreams it can bring
And you can make all those dreams come true
Yes you can make all those dreams come true
Just you
Just you.

4 Serenade *Ständchen*

Softly flowing softly through the moonlight
Here's my song for you
If you hear its magic music
You must feel it too
See the treetops sigh to you
They're whispering as they sway
Whispering as they sway
They would hardly lie to you
So hearken to what they say
Hearken to what they say

Nightingales are singing sweetly
Can't you hear their plea?
Offer up your love completely
Offer it to me

They know how a soul can suffer
They know joy and pain
They know joy and pain
Even when a heart is broken
Love can live again
Love can live again

Listen to the magic music
Soft and slow and sweet
Telling us we should be together

Make my heart complete
Make my heart complete

5 My Home *Aufenthalt*

Waters that race
Rivers that foam
This is the place
I call my home
Towering cliffs
Timeless and strong
This is the land,
Where I belong

Just as a wave follows every wave
My endless weeping will last till the grave
Weeping on weeping
Will last, will last till the grave
Weeping on weeping will last till the grave

Just like the ceaseless wind in the trees
There's no reprieve for my miseries
Just like the ceaseless wind in the trees
There's no reprieve for my miseries
There's no reprieve for my miseries

And like the mountain's unchanging core
My endless pain will last evermore

My endless torment
Lasts for evermore
My endless pain will last evermore

Waters that race
Rivers that foam
This is the place
I call my home
Towering cliffs
Timeless and strong
This is the land,
Where I belong

6 Far Away *In der Ferne*

Cursed is my destiny
Bitter, my agony
Wandering aimlessly
To lands unknown to me
Far from my family
Everyone dear to me.
Look at what's left for me
Heartbreak and misery
Heartbreak and misery!

Sighing so bitterly
Weeping unceasingly
Sometimes my agony

Seems far too strong for me
Pounding unstopably
Deep in the heart of me
Even the stars I see
Laugh at my misery
Laugh at my misery

Sometimes I hear the breeze
Brushing the poplar trees
Even the thought of these
Heavenly harmonies
Can't set my heart at ease
Deepen my miseries
How can I live with these
Bittersweet memories?

Sometimes I hear the breeze
Brushing the poplar trees
Even the thought of these
Can't set my heart at ease...
Heavenly harmonies
Deepen my miseries.
How can I live with these
Bittersweet memories?

7 Leave-taking

Abschied

Farewell
You wonderful ramshackle town
Farewell
My lively young filly is pounding the ground
But maybe there's time for a last look around
This cheerful old town hasn't once seen me cry
So best not to start when I'm saying goodbye.
Farewell
You wonderful ramshackle town
Farewell

Farewell
You beautiful flowers and trees
Farewell
I'm trotting along by the silvery stream
Where lovers forgather to hope and to dream
They wouldn't want weeping to ruin their day
So I'll have to wait till I'm far far away
Yes I'll have to wait till I'm far far away
Farewell
You beautiful flowers and trees
Farewell

Farewell
Adorable girls from the town
Farewell

You wave from your doors as I'm cantering by
I see that familiar gleam in your eye
I'd normally linger and share a hello
But that was then, now it's time to go
Farewell
Adorable girls from the town
Farewell

Farewell
And farewell to the sun as it sets
Farewell
And winking like diamonds the stars appear
It's always a comfort to know that they're near
Wherever I wander, wherever I go
My stars are the truest companions I know.
Farewell
And farewell to the sun as it sets
Farewell

Farewell
You light at the window farewell
Farewell
From deep in the darkness you shimmer and shine
A hint of the magic that might have been mine
I've stood and I've gazed at you time and again
I may return here, but God knows when.
Farewell
You light at the window farewell
Farewell

Farewell
You myriad stars in the sky
Farewell
That light in her window's so tempting, so sweet
Your shimmering firmament can hardly compete
But I need to escape here, I have to be free
So even your friendship is useless to me.
Yes even your friendship is useless to me.
Farewell
You myriad stars in the sky
Farewell

8 Atlas

Der Atlas

I live my life like Atlas
Like poor benighted Atlas.
With the woes, the woes of all creation
on my shoulders
With all the world on my shoulders

Endure the unendurable
Your heart is certain to break inside you

Your foolish heart
Demanding far too much
You wanted happiness
To last forever
Or even endless sorrow

To last forever
Your reward is pain that lasts forever

I live my life like Atlas
Like poor benighted Atlas.
With the woes, the woes of all creation
on my shoulders
With all the world on my shoulders
The weight of all the world is on my shoulders

9 Her Picture
Ihr Bild

I stood before her portrait
In silence and in pain.
And as I stood there dreaming.
She started living again.

Her lips began to fashion
The smile that once was mine
And tinged with pain and passion
Her dark eyes began to shine

And as I gazed in wonder
My tears began to flow
I can't believe that I lost you
So many years ago

10 The Fisher Maiden
Das Fischermädchen

You lovely fisher maiden
Row over here to land
We can sit and talk by the seashore
And you can take my hand
We can sit and talk by the seashore
And you can take my hand
Yes you can take my hand

You'll lay your head on my shoulder
And gaze at the restless sea
You've steered through tide and tempest
What can you fear from me?
You steer through tide and tempest
What can you fear from me?

My heart is like the ocean
With wave and wind and tide
And many secret treasures
Are lurking deep inside
And many secret treasures
Are lurking deep inside

11 The Town
Die Stadt

Just there on the horizon,
That misty, distant glow
All shimmering in the twilight
The town I used to know

A ghostly breeze from nowhere
Disturbed the slate-grey sea
With each of my boatman's oar-strokes
The town came nearer to me

The sun I thought had vanished
Suddenly shone once again
And lit the place precisely
Where once I loved, loved in vain.

12 By The Sea
Am Meer

The final rays of the setting sun
Were glinting over the ocean
We sat and we gazed on it side by side
Both lost in silent emotion

The mist came up
The water swelled
The seagulls started calling

And streaming down your lovely face
Tears upon tears were falling

I watched them drop on your slender hand
I knelt in shame before you
I tried to kiss those tears away
To drink your sorrow for you

But since that moment
I'm wracked with such pain
All sleep has been denied me
That bitter woman's bitter tears
Are burning like poison inside me.

13 Doppelgänger
Der Doppelgänger

Dark is the night
The streets are deserted
The house where my love lived
There, just like before...

It must be years now
Since she was last here
And even more years
Since I stood by her door.

But there's someone else
Who stares at her window

He's wracked with anguish
In pain and in woe

How I shudder
When, in a flash of moonlight
I see his face, it's a face that I know.

You doppelgänger
So pale and so haunted
How dare you mock my misery?
How dare you suffer what I suffered?
So many nights
So long ago

14 Pigeon Post
Die Taubenpost

I have a pigeon who works for me
Who carries my love to and fro
And by some instinct always knows
Precisely where to go

I send her with my messages
A hundred times every day
She knows exactly where you live
Though it is miles away
So many miles away

She peeps at your window.
Nothing you do
Escapes her all-seeing eye
She passes on my love to you
Then brings me your reply

I don't need paper or pen or ink
I don't have to write a word
Why bother writing what you think
When you've a faithful bird
And I've a faithful bird.

By night or day in sun or in rain
Cheerfully on her way.
I've never heard her once complain
Nor does she mention pay

She's never tired, she's never bored
Her efforts never end.
Her labour brings its own reward.
That's what I call a friend.
That's what I call a friend.

And that's why I keep her
Close to my breast
Eternally faithful and true
Her name is 'longing'
Had you guessed?
Yes you guessed

I'm sure you know her too
I'm sure you know her too

Yes that's why I keep her
Close to my breast
Eternally faithful and true
Her name is 'longing'
Had you guessed?
Yes you guessed
I'm sure you know her too
And that's why she lives
So deep in my breast
Eternally faithful and true
Her name is 'longing'
Had you guessed?
Yes you guessed
I'm sure you know her too
I *know* you know her too.

15 ON THE RIVER
Auf dem Strom

There is no more time for kissing
It is late, and night is falling
There's a restless river waiting
And a distant shore is calling.

How I'd love to stay for longer
But the river's pull is stronger.
Still my yearning and my pain
Seem to draw me back again
Seem to draw me back again

As the eager currents draw me,
All our world is disappearing
Where is our enchanted clearing
Where you first appeared before me?
Ah, where you first appeared before me.

I am left in desolation
Quite bereft in desolation
So with lonely lamentation
And with empty sighs I mourn.
So farewell the land where love was born.

Now the shore is racing past me
Ever on in mazy motion
But a distant voice reminds me

Of my love and my devotion
Of my love and my devotion

But the stream flows ever onwards
Ever onwards drawing me
Ever onwards drawing me
To the vast and mighty sea
To the vast and mighty sea

To that distant waste of water
To that desert, dark and friendless
With no sign of land, or comfort
Inhospitable and endless
Filling me with fear and trembling
Fear and trembling seizing me

Tearful voices that beseech me
Are too far away to reach me
Storms are breaking wild and free
Storms are breaking wild and free
On the dark and lonely sea.
On the dark and lonely sea.

Since no earthly voice brings solace
To my meaningless existence
Must I turn my gaze to the Heavens
And the starlight in the distance?
Was it not with stars above me,
That I dared to hope you'd love me?

In the stars' eternal grace
There perhaps I'll see your face

**16 THE SHEPHERD ON
THE ROCK**
Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

When to the highest hill I go
I fill the valley far below
With singing, with singing.

Then from a place too far to see
The music echoes back to me
The echo from the valley

And though the valley's nowhere near
The echo's ringing bright and clear
The echo is singing

My love and I are far apart
But I can hear her hear my heart
Love's echo is ringing

And though the valley's nowhere near
The echo's ringing bright and clear
The echo is singing

Yet dark despair consumes my heart
The darkest I have known
For passion dies and lovers part
And I am all alone.
And I am all alone.
And that's the song of thwarted love
The truly broken-hearted know
It rises up to heaven above
Then falls to earth below.
It rises up to heaven above
Then falls to earth below.

But springtime is coming
With sunshine and rain
So I must be ready
To journey again.
Yes I must be ready
To journey again.

Yes springtime is coming
With sunshine and with rain...
Yes springtime is coming
With sunshine and rain
And I must be ready
To journey again.

And though the valley's nowhere near
The echo's ringing bright and clear
The echo – the echo
The echo's ringing bright and clear
And though the valley's nowhere near
The echo – the echo
The echo is ringing so bright and so clear

The valley is nowhere near
The echo is bright and clear

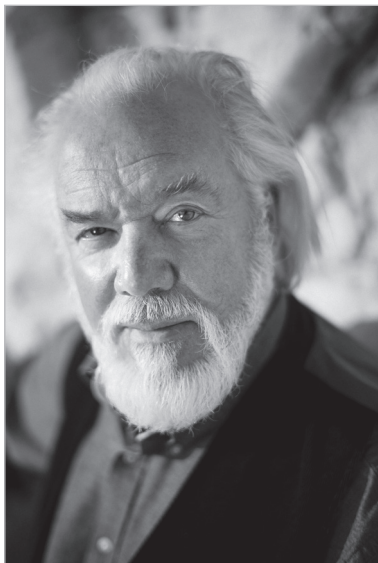
And though the valley's nowhere near
The echo's ringing bright and clear
The echo is bright and clear.

All texts translated by Jeremy Sams

SIR JOHN TOMLINSON

John Tomlinson was born in Lancashire. He gained a B.Sc. in Civil Engineering at Manchester University before winning a scholarship to the Royal Manchester College of Music. He was awarded a C.B.E. in 1997 and knighted in the Queen's Birthday Honours of 2005. He was awarded the Royal Philharmonic Society Music Award for Singer in 1991, 1998 and 2007 and in 2014 their Gold Medal.

John Tomlinson's engagements include performances at La Scala, Milan, Rome, Barcelona, Geneva, Lisbon, Metropolitan Opera, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, San Diego, Tokyo, Opera Australia, Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin (Deutsche Oper and Deutsche Staatsoper), Dresden, Hamburg, Frankfurt, Munich, Vienna, Antwerp, and Bilbao and the Festivals of Bayreuth (where he sang for 18 consecutive seasons), Orange, Aix-en-Provence, Salzburg, Edinburgh and the Maggio Musicale, Florence. He has sung regularly with English National Opera since 1974 and with the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, since 1977 and has also appeared with all the other leading British opera companies. His repertoire includes Wotan *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre*, Wanderer



Siegried, Hagen *Götterdämmerung*, Tituel and Gurnemanz *Parsifal*, King Marke *Tristan und Isolde*, Heinrich *Lohengrin*, Hans Sachs *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, Landgraf *Tannhäuser*, title role and Daland *Fliegende Holländer*, Baron Ochs *Der Rosenkavalier*, Boromeo *Palestrina*, Orestes *Elektra*, Moses *Moses und Aron*, Green

Knight in the world premiere of Harrison Birtwistle's *Gawain*, Claggart *Billy Budd*, Doctor *Wozzeck*, Rocco *Fidelio*, King Philip and Grand Inquisitor *Don Carlos*, Sarastro *Die Zauberflöte*, Leporello and Commendatore *Don Giovanni*, Lindorf, Coppelius, Dr Miracle and Dapertutto *Les contes d'Hoffman*, Golaud and Arkel *Pelléas et Mélisande*, Boris Timofeyevich Ismailov *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*, title role, Pimen and Varlaam *Boris Godunov*, Ivan Susanin *A Life for a Tsar*, Fiesco *Simon Boccanegra*, Tiresias *Oedipus*, Dosifey *Khovanshchina*, The General *The Gambler*, Thomas à Becket *Murder in the Cathedral*, Ivan Yaklovlevich, Newspaper Clerk and Doctor *The Nose*, Sergeant of Police *The Pirates of Penzance* and title roles in *Bluebeard's Castle*, *Oberto*, *Mose in Egitto*, and the world premieres of Birtwistle's *The Minotaur*, Brett Dean's *Last Days of Socrates* and *Ghost of Old Hamlet* in the world premiere of Brett Dean's *Hamlet* and Doctor Charles Conde in Thomas Ades' *Exterminating Angel*.

John Tomlinson has a large concert repertoire and has sung with all the leading British orchestras and in Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, France, Spain, Denmark and the U.S.A. He has made many recordings including Wotan, Wanderer, Hagen, Hans Sachs, Tituel,

Don Alfonso *Così fan tutte*, Leporello, and title roles *Le nozze di Figaro* and *Bluebeard's Castle*, Beethoven *Choral Symphony*, *Messiah*, *Acis and Galatea* and the Verdi Requiem. Videos include *Maria Stuarda*, *Peter Grimes*, *Giulio Cesare*, *Rigoletto*, *Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried* and *The Minotaur*.

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 beautiful and historic venues across North Yorkshire.

Described by The Times as having 'beauties and insights aplenty' and praised in Gramophone for his 'breathtaking sensitivity', Chris has performed with singers including Sir Thomas Allen, John Mark Ainsley, Sophie Bevan, Claire Booth, Ian Bostridge, Susan Bullock, Allan Clayton, Sophie Daneman, Bernarda Fink, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Christiane Karg, Jonas Kaufmann, Yvonne Kenny, Jonathan Lemalu, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Mark Padmore,



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.

SOPHIE BEVAN

Sophie Bevan graduated from the Benjamin Britten International Opera School.

Conductors she has worked with include Pappano, Harding, Nelsons, Gardner, Cummings, Elder, Marriner and Mackerras. A noted recitalist, she has performed at Amsterdam's Concertgebouw and London's Wigmore Hall. Sophie has also

appeared at the BBC Proms and the Edinburgh, Aldeburgh, Lucerne and Tanglewood Festivals.

Sophie has appeared at the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, English National Opera and Frankfurt Opera where her operatic roles have included Polissena Radamisto, Telair Castor and Pollux, the title role *The Cunning Little Vixen*, Lady Rich Gloriana, Ninetta La gazza ladra, Waldvogel Siegfried, Governess *The Turn of the Screw*, Ilia Idomeneo, Sophie Der Rosenkavalier, Pamina *Die Zauberflöte* and Susanna *Le nozze di Figaro*. She made her Glyndebourne Festival debut as Michal Saul, her debut at the Teatro Real, Madrid as Pamina and her debut at both the Salzburg Festival and Metropolitan Opera in the world première of Thomas Adès' *The Exterminating Angel*. She created the role of Hermione in Wigglesworth's *The Winter's Tale*.

Sophie was the recipient of the 2010 Critics' Circle award for Exceptional Young Talent. She was nominated for the 2012 Royal Philharmonic Society Awards and was the recipient of The Times Breakthrough Award at the 2012 South Bank Sky Arts Awards and the Young Singer award at the 2013 inaugural International Opera Awards.



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Her discography includes her solo *Songs of Vain Glory* for Wigmore Live, Mozart *Zeide* and *Perfidio!* Both with Classical Opera, for Signum Classics.

JULIAN BLISS

Julian Bliss is one of the world's finest clarinetists excelling as a concerto soloist, chamber musician, jazz artist, masterclass leader and tireless musical explorer. He has inspired a generation of young players as guest lecturer and creator of his Conn-Selmer range of affordable clarinets, and introduced a substantial new audience to his instrument.

Born in the UK, Julian started playing the clarinet age 4, going on to study in the U. S. at the University of Indiana and in Germany under Sabine Meyer. The breadth and depth of his artistry are reflected in the diversity and distinction of his work.

In recital and chamber music he has played at most of the world's leading festivals and venues including Gstaad, Mecklenburg Vorpommern, Verbier, Wigmore Hall (London) and Lincoln Center (New York).

As soloist, he has appeared with a wide range of international orchestras, from the Sao Paulo Symphony, Chamber Orchestra of Paris, and Auckland Philharmonia, to the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra, London Philharmonic and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.



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In 2012 he established the Julian Bliss Septet, creating programmes inspired by King of Swing, Benny Goodman, and Latin music from Brazil and Cuba that have gone on to be performed to packed houses in festivals, Ronnie Scott's (London), the Concertgebouw (Amsterdam) and across the U. S.

Album releases receiving rave reviews from critics, album of the week spots and media attention, include his recording of Mozart and Nielsen's Concertos with the Royal Northern Sinfonia. The latest chamber discs include a new piece for clarinet & string quartet by David Bruce – Gumboots – inspired by the gumboot dancing of miners in South Africa and a recital album of Russian and French composers with American pianist, Bradley Moore.

Recent highlights include an exciting new concerto by Wayne Shorter, with the Argovia Philharmonic, extensive USA tour with his septet, and chamber concerts with the Carducci Quartet.

ALEC FRANK-GEMMILL

Alec Frank-Gemmell divides his time between concertos, recitals, chamber music and orchestral playing. He was a member of the BBC New Generation Artists scheme 2014-16, appearing as soloist with the BBC orchestras on numerous occasions, including in performances of rarely-heard repertoire by Ethel Smyth, Malcolm Arnold and Charles Koechlin. He is a regular soloist with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra, performing concertos by Mozart (on the natural horn) with Richard



© Jen Owens

Egarr, Ligeti and Strauss with Robin Ticciati, and Schumann with John Eliot Gardiner. In 2017 Alec gave the premiere of James Macmillan's Concertino for Horn, conducted by Andrew Manze.

Often invited as a guest principal horn, Alec has frequently appeared with the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, London Symphony

Orchestra and Chamber Orchestra of Europe. He also performs as part of period-instrument groups, most notably with Ensemble Marsyas. Their latest album “Edinburgh 1742: Barsanti & Handel” was critically acclaimed and singled out for its solo horn playing. Alec is the recipient of a Borletti-Buitoni Fellowship, which enabled him to make two recordings for the BIS label: a disc of 19th Century works for horn and piano with Alasdair Beatson, and baroque concertos with the Swedish Chamber Orchestra conducted by Nicholas McGegan. Both albums have been highly praised in the press.

Alec is Professor of Horn at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London, his alma mater. He also studied in Cambridge, Zürich and Berlin with teachers including Hugh Seenan, Radovan Vlatković and Marie-Luise Neunecker.



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Schubert: Winter Journey

Roderick Williams *baritone*

Christopher Glynn *piano*

SIGCD531

"[Jeremy Sams's] achievement is considerable. Williams invests that liquid voice with deep intelligence and intensity, while Glynn's contributions are eloquently gauged."

The Sunday Times

The Swansong translations were commissioned by Christopher Glynn and first performed at the Wigmore Hall on 11th December 2016.

Recorded in St Silas Church, Kentish Town from 11-13 September 2017, and 10 January 2018

Producer and Editor – Nicholas Parker

Recording Engineers – Mike Hatch, Mike Cox and Andrew Mellor

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