



signum
CLASSICS

MARY BEVAN
JOSEPH MIDDLETON

ELEGY

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1	Kaddisch (from 2 <i>Mémoires hébraïques</i> , M. A22)	Maurice Ravel	[5.05]
2	Hébé	Ernest Chausson	[2.49]
3	Nachtstück, D. 672	Franz Schubert	[5.26]
4	Auflösung, D. 807	Franz Schubert	[2.26]
5	Die junge Nonne, D. 828	Franz Schubert	[4.37]
6	Evening Hymn	Henry Purcell arr. Britten	[4.28]
7	Come to me in my dreams, H. 71	Frank Bridge	[3.38]
8	Après un rêve (from 3 <i>Mémoires</i> , Op. 7)	Gabriel Fauré	[2.54]
9	Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage	Clara Schumann	[2.36]
10	O Tod, wie bitter bist du (from <i>Vier ernste Gesänge</i> , Op. 121)	Johannes Brahms	[3.38]
11	Peace on Earth	Errolyn Wallen	[3.27]
12	Requiem (from 6 <i>Gedichte und Requiem</i> , Op. 90)	Robert Schumann	[4.10]
13	Mort, quand tu me viendras prendre (from <i>Amour comme un oiseau captif</i>)	Jeanne Landry	[1.03]
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15	Tired (from <i>Four Last Songs</i>)	Ralph Vaughan Williams	[2.23]
16	Dereinst, Gedanke mein (from 6 <i>Lieder</i> , Op. 48)	Edvard Grieg	[2.48]
17	The Desire for Hermitage (from <i>Hermit Songs</i> , Op. 29)	Samuel Barber	[3.13]
18	Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen (from <i>Rückert-Lieder</i>)	Gustav Mahler	[6.12]
19	Morgen! (from 4 <i>Lieder</i> , Op. 27, TrV 170)	Richard Strauss	[3.51]

Total timings: [1.08.01]

INTRODUCTION:

This recital programme began life as 'From Earth to Heaven', a title thought up for my 2022 Dartington Summer School / BBC Radio 3 recital with Joseph Middleton. During that time I was grieving the death of my father, who had died six months before, on 28th November 2021. My siblings and I had spent his last months caring for him at my sister Tess's home in Oxfordshire. Being there as he died, holding his head in my arms along with my sisters, was the single most spiritual experience of my life. The feeling of utter joy and peace in that room in the moments after his death was actually palpable; I wasn't even surprised when it started to gently snow outside - it was as if he was trying to show us the peace he'd finally found. So when Sara Mohr-Pietsch asked me to create this programme, I wanted more than anything to share with the audience even just a little bit of this peace, to perhaps inspire hope that we all have this to come, but also to simply explore the mystery of death and the many ways in which it has been perceived through music and poetry over the centuries. It also happened that at this time the world was going through its own grieving process after Covid had taken many loved ones too soon. When it comes to loss, sometimes only music can express the complex emotions that arise within us. I hope that the songs that make up this elegy of my own may go some way to doing this for whoever may need it; it has certainly helped me.

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MARY BEVAN SOPRANO · JOSEPH MIDDLETON PIANO

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PROGRAMME NOTES:

In 1914 Ravel was commissioned by Russian soprano Alvan Aho to set two Hebrew melodies to music for soprano and piano. **'Kaddish'** (first of the 2 *Mémoires hébraïques*) is performed in Aramaic, just as in traditional Jewish ceremonies where this 'Mourner's Kaddish' would be ritually chanted or sung after the death of a family member. The text however, at no point refers to death; instead, mourners recite the Kaddish to show that, despite their loss, they still praise God. So from Ravel to his teacher, Ernest Chausson: in the ethereal and delicate **Hébé**, Chausson spins a simple line with a harp-like heavenly accompaniment. In Greek mythology, Hebe is the goddess of eternal youth, possessing the ability to make the gods immortal with her cup of ambrosia and nectar. The gods follow her with their 'weeping eyes' as she leaves after filling their cups, always aware that without her gifts they are nothing - so, even the gods feared death. In Schubert's **Nachtstück**, the music also depicts a harp, this time held in the hands of an old man. The tone is set in the piano introduction, as ominous chords build over the left hand's descending death motif. We see the man walking toward the woods as 'mists spread over the mountains and the moon battles with the clouds',

perhaps a metaphor for life's struggles. It is only when he starts to speak that we realise he is at peace with death. As the song develops, Nature plays her hand as the birds, trees and grasses promise to watch over his resting place. After all, he is a 'good old man' and there is no reason for him to be afraid. **Auflösung**, by contrast, is a passionate rejection of the world in all its 'fiery rapture' and a command for the sounds and beauty of the earth to be stilled, never more to 'disturb the sweet ethereal choirs'. The accompaniment battles with the vocal line, bubbling over at every opportunity, and only with the repeated command of 'geh unter Welt' is the piano finally subdued. The final song in this trio, **Die junge Nonne**, combines the attitudes of the two previous songs as a young nun faces the storm that has raged within her before looking forward with joy to the peace that awaits her. The bell from the tower tolls in the piano's right hand, receding in the middle of the song with the key change from minor to major as she imagines her future as a bridegroom of the Lord. The bell returns at the end as she finally accepts her freedom from 'earthly bonds', singing a fervent yet reverent 'Hallelujah!'

Purcell's **Evening Hymn** follows a similar pattern; the shift from minor to major, the repeated 'Hallelujah' to close the song, and above all a

sense of quiet joy and deep faith; these could be the words of a young nun praying before bed. Henry Purcell was himself a devout Anglican and set many sacred texts to music, this song being one of his most-loved. Being a great admirer of Purcell, Benjamin Britten made realisations of 45 of his songs, his aim being to modernise the accompaniments whilst staying true to the style of the era and Purcell's voice. Continuing with the theme of nighttime and dreams, we come to the next three songs. Frank Bridge's setting of Matthew Arnold's **Come to me in my dreams** is a favourite of the English song repertoire, due to its sweeping romanticism and the intimacy it invokes. It would be easy to read the poem as an expression of longing for a distant lover; after all, Arnold wrote the poem shortly after his future wife's father forcibly stopped their correspondence. Or it could be sung with the idea of a loved one recently departed and only reachable through dreams. Fauré's **Après un rêve** can similarly be read either way. The poem by Romain Rolland is based on an Italian poem by Niccolò Tommaseo, and tells of a romantic flight of lovers away from the earth and 'towards the light', experiencing 'unknown splendours, celestial fires'. Upon awakening, the dreamer longs for a return to those sweet delusions, but the sad reality of life remains. Is the speaker longing for

a lover who has already 'departed the earth' or simply wishing to be free to love this person in the private and intimate way normally associated with nighttime...? Clara Schumann's **Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage** holds an altogether more simple and innocent meaning. The poem by Rückert describes an angel flitting between two lovers, bringing the message 'good night'. The piano part, in a departure from Clara Schumann's usual flamboyant style, speaks of peace and domestic harmony (perhaps due to this being one of four songs she wrote for Robert's 31st birthday), while moments of angelic flight place the heavenly alongside the homely. Surprisingly, this was the only song omitted by Robert from their shared *Liebesfrühling* cycle, and therefore was not published in either of their lifetimes.

Appropriately perhaps, we move from Clara Schumann to her great friend, Johannes Brahms. In conversation with Lieder expert Richard Stokes during research for this album, he proclaimed: "Death as peace, solace: there is no greater example than the third of Brahms' *Vier Ernste Gesänge*: **O Tod, wie bitter bist du.**" Brahms himself was deeply affected by the song, and upon performing it for friends immediately after Clara's death, was choked with emotion and barely able to sing the words "O Tod, wie wohl tust du."

When writing **Peace on Earth**, Errollyn Wallen (the only living composer on this album) says that one of the images she had when composing was ‘of a deserted London street in the early hours of a winter’s morning. A solitary figure stands amid the concrete figures of a council estate square, thinking about the world.’ The music repeats a cycle of notes in the piano over and over again, while the voice weaves a simple hymn-like tune, invoking a sense of peace and stillness, almost like the singer doesn’t want to disturb the scene.

Schumann’s **Requiem** is for me the emotional heart of this album, perhaps because it aligns with the belief system of my childhood; a hopeful part of me still believes that what awaits us when we die is the kind of joy and peace that one can only really imagine, perhaps when listening to songs like *Requiem*. The fervent middle section of the song climaxes when the ‘Jubelsang erklingt’, but the peace and patience we all need while we await our own angelic choir can be found in the final 10-beat long note that closes the song.

Canadian composer Jeanne Landry came under the influence of the European song cycle during her studies with Nadia Boulanger in Paris in the mid-1900s. The small and mysterious **Mort quand tu me viendras prendre** is taken from the cycle

Amour comme un oiseau captif. I discovered this and many other beautiful French songs by female composers on the album *L’heure Rose* (Hélène Guilmette / Martin Dubé), well worth a listen. Another song I discovered on this album was **Lamento**, by the highly-acclaimed mezzo-soprano Pauline Viardot, who forged professional and personal relationships in her lifetime with many eminent musicians such as Chopin, Brahms, Liszt, Gounod and Berlioz. In *Lamento*, the fisherman mourns over the repetitive keening of the piano and the motion of a boat on the water is invoked through the lilting and wistful melody, reaching higher and higher in the vocal line before finally dropping down into ‘la mer’ at the final phrase.

It is appropriate that the text of Vaughan Williams’ **Tired** was written by his wife Ursula, since here is a love song of sweet domesticity, with a depth of feeling in both words and music that suggests one of them will soon be gone. The couple married when they were 42 and 81 respectively, so the poignancy of this song cannot have been lost on them. It appears as one of the *Four Last Songs* assembled for publication by Ursula after her husband’s death.

Edvard Grieg was heavily influenced by the German Lieder art form, and wrote some 20 of his 170 Lieder to texts by German poets, including **Dereinst, Gedanke mein**. The *Sechs Lieder* are set firmly in the late-Romantic tradition, and in this song we find typical chromatic chord progressions and expressive sustained notes that paint the picture of a longing for death beneath ‘cold earth’. The theme of the song is similar to Mahler’s **Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen**, and it is notable that neither poem mentions God or religious belief as comfort when death is approaching. This is perhaps due to the complex relationships that both Emanuel Geibel and Friedrich Rückert had with the Church. In the Mahler, the singer remains alone ‘in my heaven’, but this is suggested to be their ‘love’ and ‘song’ rather than the heaven of Christian belief. However, the song isn’t lacking in spirituality, and one could argue that the music itself implies a magnitude far bigger than anything we can comprehend. The song I have placed between these two, Barber’s **The Desire for Hermitage**, has the same bleak view of the world, but with a strong religious undertone; in fact, the singer is longing for solitude so as to prepare for the ‘pilgrimage to Death’.

One of the challenges of performing Strauss’ **Morgen!** lies in the weight of historical performances that have come before. The only way to come to it with a fresh mind is to think of the words and whatever meaning they hold in that moment. When I recorded this I was a newly-wed, so the images in my mind were of a couple promising to each other that their love will last even beyond death. But when I sang it at Dartington, it was my dad that I was thinking of, and how I was hoping to see him again at the end of my life. I suppose this is why songs like these are timeless; in 2025, we feel the same emotions that humans felt in 1825 or 1925 and we’ll still feel these in another 100 years. Love, longing, grief, joy, hope, anger - all of these raw human emotions have been translated into poetry and music by great artists so that we can understand and make sense of them.

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1 Kaddisch - Maurice Ravel

Yiddish text: Anon.

Yithgaddal weyithkaddash scheméh rabba
be'olmâ
Diverâ 'khire' outhé veyamli'kh mal'khouté
behayyé'khôn,
ouvezome'khôu ouve'hayyé de'khol beth yisraël
ba'agalâ ouvizman qariw weimrou: Amen.
Yithbara'kh Weyischtaba'h weyith paêr
weyithromam
weyithnassé weyithhaddar weyith'allé weyithhallal
scheméh dequoudschâ berî'kh hou, l'êla ule'êla
min kol bir'khatha weschiratha touschbehatha
wene'hamathâ daamirân ah! Be'olma ah!
We'imrou: Amen.

2 Héb   - Ernest Chausson

French text: Louise Ackermann

Les yeux baiss  s, rougissante et candide,
Vers leur banquet quand H  b   s'avanc  ait,
Les dieux charm  s tendaient leur coupe vide,
Et de nectar l'enfant la remplissait.
Nous tous aussi, quand passe la jeunesse,
Nous lui tendons notre coupe    l'envi.
Quel est le vin qu'y verse la d  esse?
Nous l'ignorons, il enivre et ravit.
Ayant souri dans sa gr  ce immortelle,

Kaddish

English translation    Richard Stokes

*May thy glory, O King of Kings, be exalted, O thou
who art to renew the world and resurrect the dead.
May thy reign, Adonai, be proclaimed by us, the
sons of Israel,
today, tomorrow, for ever. Let us all say: Amen.
May thy radiant name be loved, cherished, praised,
glorified.
May it be blessed, sanctified, exalted, thy name
which soars
above the heavens, above our praises, above
our hymns, above all our benisons. May merciful
heaven grant us tranquillity, peace, happiness. Ah!
Let us all say: Amen*

Hebe

English translation    Richard Stokes

*When Hebe, guileless and with lowered gaze,
Blushingly drew near their feast,
The delighted gods proffered empty goblets
Which the child replenished with nectar.
And we too, when youth fades,
Vie in proffering her our goblets.
What is the wine she dispenses?
We do not know; it elates and enraptures.
Having smiled with her immortal grace,*

H  b   s'  loigne; on la rappelle en vain.
Longtemps encor sur la route   ternelle,
Notre   il en pleurs suit l'  chanson divin.

3 Nachtst  ck, D. 672 - Franz Schubert

German text: Johann Mayrhofer

Wenn   ber Berge sich der Nebel breitet
Und Luna mit Gew  lken k  mpft,
So nimmt der Alte seine Harfe, und schreitet
Und singt waldeinw  rts und ged  mpft:
„Du heilige Nacht:
Bald ist's vollbracht,
Bald schlaf ich ihn, den langen Schlummer,
Der mich erl  st von allem Kummer.“

Die gr  nen B  ume rauschen dann:
„Schlaf s  ss, du guter, alter Mann“;
Die Gr  ser lispeln wankend fort:
„Wir decken seinen Ruheort“;
Und mancher liebe Vogel ruft:
„O lass ihn ruhn in Rasengruft!“
Der Alte horcht, der Alte schweigt,
Der Tod hat sich zu ihm geneigt.

*Hebe goes on her way—you summon her in vain.
For a long time still on the eternal path,
We follow the cup-bearer with weeping eyes.*

*Translation    Richard Stokes, author of A French Song
Companion (Oxford, 2000)*

Nocturne

English translation    Richard Wigmore

*When the mists spread over the mountains,
and the moon battles with the clouds,
the old man takes his harp, and walks
towards the wood, quietly singing:
'Holy night,
soon it will be done.
Soon I shall sleep the long sleep
which will free me from all grief.'*

*Then the green trees rustle:
'Sleep sweetly, good old man';
and the swaying grasses whisper:
'We shall cover his resting place.'
And many a sweet bird calls:
'Let him rest in his grassy grave!'
The old man listens, the old man is silent.
Death has inclined towards him.*

4 Auflösung, D.807 - Franz Schubert
German text: Johann Mayrhofer

Verbirg dich, Sonne,
Denn die Gluten der Wonne
Versengen mein Gebein;
Verstummet, Töne,
Frühlings Schöne
Flüchte dich und lass mich allein!

Quillen doch aus allen Falten
Meiner Seele liebliche Gewalten,
Die mich umschlingen,
Himmlich singen.
Geh unter, Welt, und störe
Nimmer die süssen, ätherischen Chöre.

5 Die junge Nonne, Op. 828 - Franz Schubert
German text: Jacob Nicolaus Craigher de Jachelutta

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende Sturm!
Es klirren die Balken, es zittert das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner, es leuchtet der Blitz,
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!

Immerhin, immerhin, so tobt' es auch jüngst
noch in mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm,

Dissolution
English translation © Richard Wigmore

*Hide yourself, sun,
for the fires of rapture
burn through my whole being.
Be silent, sounds;
spring beauty,
flee, and let me be alone!*

*From every recess of my soul
gentle powers well up
and envelop me
with celestial song.
Dissolve, world, and never more
disturb the sweet ethereal choirs.*

The young nun
English translation © Richard Wigmore

*How the raging storm roars through the treetops!
The rafters rattle, the house shudders!
The thunder rolls, the lightning flashes,
and the night is as dark as the grave.*

*So be it, not long ago a storm still raged in me.
My life roared like the storm now,*

Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus,
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.

Nun tobe, du wilder, gewalt'ger Sturm,
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh,
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit sehndem Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole die Braut,
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.
Horch, friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein vom Turm!
Es lockt mich das süsse Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höh'n.
Alleluia!

*my limbs trembled like the house now,
love flashed like the lightning now,
and my heart was as dark as the grave.*

*Now rage, wild, mighty storm;
in my heart is peace, in my heart is calm.
The loving bride awaits the bridegroom,
purified in the testing flames,
betrothed to eternal love.*

*I wait, my Saviour, with longing gaze!
Come, heavenly bridegroom, take your bride.
Free the soul from earthly bonds.
Listen, the bell sounds peacefully from the tower!
Its sweet pealing invites me
all-powerfully to eternal heights.
Alleluia!*

*Translations by Richard Wigmore first published by Gollancz
and reprinted in the Hyperion Schubert Song Edition*

6 Evening Hymn - Henry Purcell arr. Britten
Text: Dr William Fuller

Now that the Sun hath veil'd his Light,
 And bid the World good Night;
 To the soft Bed, my Body I dispose,
 But where shall my Soul repose?
 Dear God, even in Thy Arms, and can there be
 Any so sweet Security!
 Then to thy Rest, O my Soul! And singing, praise
 The Mercy that prolongs thy Days.
 Hallelujah!

7 Come to me in my dreams, H. 71 -
Frank Bridge
Text: Matthew Arnold

Come to me in my dreams, and then
 By day I shall be well again!
 For then the night will more than pay
 The hopeless longing of the day.

Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,
 A messenger from radiant climes,
 And smile on thy new world, and be
 As kind to all the rest as me.

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
 Come now, and let me dream it truth;
 And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
 And say: My love! why suff' rest thou?

Come to me in my dreams, and then
 By day I shall be well again!
 For then the night will more than pay
 The hopeless longing of the day.

8 Après un rêve (from 3 Mélodies, Op. 7) -
Gabriel Fauré
French text: Romain Bussine

Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton image
 Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
 Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,
 Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
 Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
 Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
 Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues.

Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes,
 Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes mensonges;
 Reviens, reviens, radieuse,
 Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

After a dream
English translation © Richard Stokes

*In sleep made sweet by a vision of you
 I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,
 Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and ringing,
 You shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;*

*You called me and I departed the earth
 To flee with you toward the light,
 The heavens parted their clouds for us,
 We glimpsed unknown splendours, celestial fires.*

*Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!
 I summon you, O night, give me back your
 delusions;
 Return, return in radiance,
 Return, O mysterious night!*

*Translations by Richard Stokes, from A French Song Companion
 (Oxford, 2000)*

**9 Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage -
Clara Schumann
German text: Friedrich Rückert**

Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage,
Freund, hörst du;
Ein Engel, der die Botschaft trage
Geht ab und zu.

Er bringt sie dir, und hat mir wieder
Den Gruß gebracht:
Dir sagen auch des Freundes Lieder
Jetzt gute Nacht.

**10 O Tod, wie bitter bist du (from *Vier ernste
Gesänge*, Op. 121) - Johannes Brahms
German text: Martin Luther**

O Tod, wie bitter bist du,
Wenn an dich gedenket ein Mensch,
Der gute Tage und genug hat
Und ohne Sorge lebet;
Und dem es wohl geht in allen Dingen
Und noch wohl essen mag!

O Tod, wie wohl tust du dem Dürftigen,
Der da schwach und alt ist,

***The Good Night I Bid You*
English translation © Richard Stokes**

*Listen, my friend,
To the good night I bid you;
An angel, bearing the message,
Flits to and fro.*

*He brings you it and has brought the greeting
Back to me:
A friend's songs too
Now wish you good night.*

Translations by Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

***O death*
English translation © Richard Stokes**

*O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee
to a man
that liveth at rest in his possessions,
unto the man that hath nothing to vex him,
and that hath prosperity in all things;
yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat!*

*O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy
and unto him whose strength faileth,*

Der in allen Sorgen steckt,
Und nichts Bessers zu hoffen,
Noch zu erwarten hat!

*that is now in the last age,
and is vexed with all things,
and to him that despireth,
and hath lost patience!*

**11 Peace on Earth - Errollyn Wallen
Text: Errollyn Wallen**

And snow falls down on me.
Peace on earth.
The night is dark and soft.
Peace on earth.
The lights that sparkle in the square,
The smoke the lingers in the air.
Peace on earth.
And grace falls down on me.
Peace on earth.
The dark will turn aside.
Peace on earth.
The fires that burn in ev'ry hearth
Do sing out praise of Christmas past.
Peace on earth.

Hear them singing.
Peace on earth.

**12 Requiem (from 6 Gedichte und Requiem,
Op. 90) - Robert Schumann**
German text: Leberecht Dreves

Ruh von schmerzreichen Mühen
Aus und heissem Liebesglühen;
Der nach seligem Verein
Trug Verlangen,
Ist gegangen
Zu des Heilands Wohnung ein.

Dem Gerechten leuchten helle
Sterne in des Grabes Zelle,
Ihm, der selbst als Stern der Nacht
Wird erscheinen,
Wenn er seinen
Herrn erschaut in Himmelspracht.

Seid Fürsprecher, heilige Seelen!
Heiliger Geist, lass Trost nicht fehlen.
Hörst du? Jubelsang erklingt,
Feiertöne,
Darein die schöne
Engelsharfe singt.

Ruh von schmerzreichen Mühen
Aus und heissem Liebesglühen;
Der nach seligem Verein
Trug Verlangen,

Requiem
English translation © Richard Stokes

*Rest from pain-wracked toil
And love's passionate ardour;
He who desired
Blessed reunion in Heaven
Has entered
The Saviour's dwelling.*

*For the righteous, bright stars
Shine within the tomb,
For him, who will himself
Appear as a night star,
When he beholds his Lord
In Heavenly glory.*

*Intercede for him, holy souls,
Holy spirit, let comfort be not lacking.
Do you hear? Songs of joy resound,
Solemn tones,
Among them the lovely song
Of the angels' harp:*

*Rest from pain-wracked toil
And love's passionate ardour;
He who desired
Blessed reunion in Heaven*

Ist gegangen
Zu des Heilands Wohnung ein.

**13 Mort quand tu me viendras prendre (from
Amour comme un oiseau captif) - Jeanne Landry**
Text: Jeanne Landry

Mort quand tu me viendras prendre
Revêts couleur d'herbe tendre
Ton souffle me soit léger
Ô toi que j'ai nommée
Mort-de-Mai

**14 La Chanson du pêcheur, 'Lamento'
(from 2 Songs, Op. 4) - Pauline Viardot**
Text: Pierre-Jules-Théophile Gautier

Ma belle amie est morte:
Je pleurerai toujours;
Sous la tombe elle emporte
Mon âme et mes amours.
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,
Elle s'en retourna;
L'ange qui l'emmena
Ne voulut pas me prendre.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

*Has entered
The Saviour's dwelling.*

Translations by Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

*Death when you come to take me
Clad in the colour of tender grass
Your breath be light to me
O you whom I named
Death-of-May*

Fisherman's song
English translation © Richard Stokes

*My dearest love is dead:
I shall weep for evermore;
To the tomb she takes with her
My soul and all my love.
Without waiting for me
She has returned to Heaven;
The angel who took her away
Did not wish to take me.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!*

15 **Tired (from Four Last Songs) - Ralph Vaughan Williams**
Text: Ursula Vaughan Williams

Sleep, and I'll be still as another sleeper
holding you in my arms, glad that you lie
so near at last.
This sheltering midnight is our meeting place,
no passion or despair or hope divide
me from your side.
I shall remember firelight on your sleeping face,
I shall remember shadows growing deeper
as the fire fell to ashes and the minutes passed.

16 **Dereinst, Gedanke mein**
(from 6 Lieder, Op. 48) - Edvard Grieg
German text: Emanuel Geibel

Dereinst,
Gedanke mein
Wirst ruhig sein.
Läßt Liebesglut
Dich still nicht werden:
In kühler Erden
Da schläfst du gut;
Dort ohne Liebe
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

One day, my thoughts
English translation © Richard Stokes

*One day,
My thoughts,
You shall be at rest.
Though love's ardour
Gives you no peace,
You shall sleep well
In cool earth;
There without love
And without pain
You shall be at rest.*

Was du im Leben
Nicht hast gefunden,
Wenn es entschwunden
Wird's dir gegeben.
Dann ohne Wunden
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

*What you did not
Find in life
Will be granted you
When life is ended.
Then, free from torment
And free from pain,
You shall be at rest.*

17 **The Desire for Hermitage (from *Hermit Songs*, Op. 29) -**
Samuel Barber
Text: Seán Ó Faoláin

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

18 Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen
(from *Rückert-Lieder*) - Gustav Mahler
German text: Friedrich Rückert

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!
Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.
Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet!
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied!

I am lost to the world
English translation © Richard Stokes

*I am lost to the world
With which I used to waste much time;
It has for so long known nothing of me,
It may well believe that I am dead.
Nor am I at all concerned
If it should think that I am dead.
Nor can I deny it,
For truly I am dead to the world.
I am dead to the world's tumult
And rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love, in my song!*

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

19 Morgen! (from *4 Lieder*, Op. 27, TrV 170) -
Richard Strauss
German text: John Henry Mackay

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde ...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes
Schweigen ...

Tomorrow!
English translation © Richard Stokes

*And tomorrow the sun will shine again
And on the path that I shall take,
It will unite us, happy ones, again,
Amid this same sun-breathing earth ...*

*And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
We shall quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless we shall gaze into each other's eyes,
And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall on us ...*

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

MARY BEVAN

Soprano

Mary Bevan appears with leading opera houses, orchestras and ensembles worldwide. For the Royal Ballet and Opera, Covent Garden she sang Morgana in a new Richard Jones *Alcina*, Lila in David Bruce *The Firework-Maker's Daughter*, performed the title roles of Rossi *Orpheus* at the Sam Wanamaker Playhouse and of Turnage *Coraline* at the Barbican, and made her main stage debut as Barbarina *Le nozze di Figaro*. For English National Opera, roles include Susanna in *Le nozze di Figaro*, Eurydice in Offenbach *Orpheus in the Underworld* and Zerlina *Don Giovanni*. She made her debut with Opera di Roma as Cleopatra *Giulio Cesare*, returning as Morgana, also debuting for the Zurich Opera House (*La Folie Plâtée*) and Bayerische Staatsoper (title role *La Calisto*). Opera highlights elsewhere have included appearances with Opera de Monte Carlo, Teatro Real Madrid, Teatro La Fenice, Royal Danish Opera, and the Bolshoi Theatre.

Bevan's concert performances include her Carnegie Hall debut as Dalinda *Ariodante* with the English Concert (Harry Bicket), *Creation* at the Barbican with the Academy of Ancient Music, Sally Beamish *The Judas Passion* with the Orchestra of



© Tamara Thalhammer

the Age of Enlightenment, orchestrated Schubert songs with the CBSO (Edward Gardner) and appearances with the Handel and Haydn Society Boston, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC Concert Orchestra, Barokksolistine, London Philharmonic Orchestra and at the BBC Proms. She has toured extensively across Europe, Australia, Asia and the US with the Kammerorchester Basel, Australian Chamber Orchestra and English Concert, and she appears regularly in recital at Wigmore Hall.

Bevan's wide-ranging discography includes numerous releases on Signum Records: a recording of orchestral French song entitled *Visions Illuminées*, art song albums *Voyages* and *Divine Muse* with pianist Joseph Middleton, and *Handel's Queens*. Other albums include Handel's *The Triumph of Time and Truth* and *Ode for St Cecilia's Day*, Vaughan Williams Symphony No.3 and Schubert *Rosamunde* with the BBC Philharmonic, Arthur Sullivan songs (Chandos), Vaughan Williams folk songs (Albion), Brahms *Liebesliederwaltzer* (Resonus), and more.

Bevan is a winner of the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist award and UK Critics' Circle Award for Exceptional Young Talent in music. She was awarded an MBE in the Queen's birthday honours list in 2019 and was made a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music in 2025.



JOSEPH MIDDLETON

Piano

Joseph Middleton is Director of Leeds Song, Musician-in-Residence at Pembroke College Cambridge and a Professor and Fellow at his alma mater, the Royal Academy of Music. He was the first accompanist to receive the Young Artist of the Year Award of the Royal Philharmonic Society. He has been hailed as 'the cream of the new generation' by *The Times* and as 'rightful heir to legendary accompanist Gerald Moore' by *Opera magazine*.

He appears alongside the world's finest singers at distinguished venues including Wigmore Hall, Barbican, and Royal Festival Hall, London, Lincoln Center, New York, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Wiener Konzerthaus and Musikverein, Elbphilharmonie Hamburg, Pierre Boulez Saal and Philharmonie Berlin, Kölner Philharmonie, Philharmonie Luxembourg, Musée d'Orsay, Paris, Festspielhaus Baden-Baden and Oji Hall, Tokyo. He makes regular festival appearances at the BBC Proms, Heidelberger Frühling, and Schubertiade Schwarzenberg and Hohenems as well as in Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, San Francisco, Seoul, and Vancouver. He has partnered Louise Alder, Sir Thomas Allen, Mary



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Bevan, Ian Bostridge, Allan Clayton, Dame Sarah Connolly, Marianne Crebassa, Iestyn Davies, Elsa Dreisig, Veronique Gens, Sir Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschlager, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Ann Murray DBE, Huw Montague Rendall, Mark Padmore, Miah Persson, Mauro Peter, Fatma Said, Carolyn Sampson, and Roderick

Williams. Joseph Middleton frequently curates his own series on BBC Radio 3 and has amassed a critically acclaimed and fast-growing discography, winning a Diapason D'or, Edison Award, Prix Caecilia as well as numerous Gramophone and BBC Music Magazine Award nominations.





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Music by Samuel Barber
Words by Seán Ó Faoláin
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