



SCOTTISH
CHAMBER
ORCHESTRA

MYTHS & LEGENDS

9 – 11 Dec 2021

SCO.ORG.UK

PROGRAMME

Season 2021/22

MYTHS & LEGENDS

Sadly, due to unforeseen circumstances, Joana Carneiro will no longer be able to conduct the SCO'S Myths and Legends performances. We are very grateful to Jonathon Heyward who has agreed to step in at short notice.

Thursday 9 December, 7.30pm The Queen's Hall, Edinburgh

Friday 10 December, 7.30pm City Halls, Glasgow

Saturday 11 December, 7.30pm Aberdeen Music Hall

Myths & Legends in Aberdeen is kindly supported by the David and June Gordon Memorial Trust

Ravel Ma mère l'Oye (Mother Goose): 5 pièces enfantines

Mahler Des Knaben Wunderhorn

Jonathon Heyward Conductor

Ana Quintans Soprano

Julien Van Mellaerts Baritone

Please note there will be no interval.



SCOTTISH
CHAMBER
ORCHESTRA

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The Scottish Chamber Orchestra is a charity registered in Scotland No. SC015039.
Company registration No. SC075079.

Our Musicians

YOUR ORCHESTRA

*The orchestra list is correct
at time of publication*

FIRST VIOLIN

Michael Gurevich
Ruth Crouch
Kana Kawashima
Aisling O'Dea
Fiona Alexander
Amira Bedrush-McDonald
Lorna McLaren
Cheryl Crockett

SECOND VIOLIN

Marcus Barcham Stevens
Gordon Bragg
Sarah Bevan-Baker
Rachel Smith
Niamh Lyons
Gongbo Jiang

VIOLA

Nicholas Bootiman
Felix Tanner
Brian Schiele
Rebecca Wexler

CELLO

Philip Higham
Donald Gillan
Christoff Fourie
Niamh Molloy

BASS

Adrian Borneo
Sophie Roper

FLUTE AND PICCOLO

André Cebrián
Emma Roche

OBOE

Robin Williams
Fraser Kelman

COR ANGLAIS

Fraser Kelman

CLARINET

Jean Johnson
William Stafford

E FLAT CLARINET

Jean Johnson

BASS CLARINET

William Stafford

BASSOON

Cerys Ambrose-Evans
Alison Green

HORN

Anna Douglass
Jamie Shield

TRUMPET

Peter Franks

TIMPANI

Tom Hunter

PERCUSSION

Louise Goodwin
Iain Sandilands
Kate Openshaw

HARP

Eleanor Hudson

HARMONIUM

Calum Robertson

CELESTE AND PIANO

Peter Evans



Felix Tanner
Sub-Principal Viola

WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO HEAR

Ravel (1875-1937)

**Ma mère l'Oye (Mother Goose):
5 pièces enfantines**
(1911)

Mahler (1860-1911)

Des Knaben Wunderhorn
(1905)

This evening's concert will be played as follows:

I-V = *Ma mère l'Oye (Mother Goose)*

2-15 = *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

I Pavane de la Belle au bois dormant

II Petit Poucet: Très modéré

4. Das Himmlische Leben

13. Revelge

III Laideronnette, impératrice des pagodes

9. Rheinlegendchen

11. Lied des Verfolgten im Turm

12. Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen

2. Verlor'ne Müh'

6. Das irdische Leben

IV Les entretiens de la belle et de la bête

8. Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt

5. Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

V Le jardin féerique

14. Der Tamboursg'sell

15. Es singen drei Engel

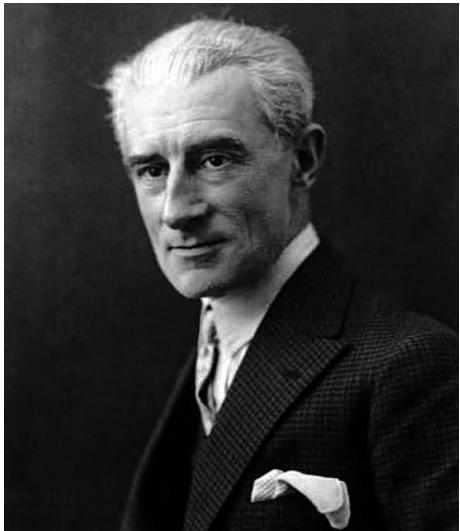
7. Urlicht

Fairy tales and folk stories have long inspired composers. Just think of Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty* or Prokofiev's *Cinderella* – or, at the other end of the spectrum, Wagner's massive *Ring* cycle. Often, it's a case of larger-than-life characters and far-fetched storylines allowing musical creators to indulge their passions for colour and drama. Sometimes, however, (and often more problematically) it's more to do with ancient tales and legends serving to define a nation's identity and values – something that composers, especially in the 19th century, embraced with relish.

Maurice Ravel, however, falls very much into the former category. His friends would remark on the childlike sense of wonder he retained even into adulthood (he was a lifelong collector of mechanical toys, for example), and he'd notoriously slip away from the adult repartee at sophisticated Parisian soirées to play games with his hosts' children.

Two of those children were Mimi and Jean Godebski (aged eight and ten respectively), whose parents, Polish-born Cipa and Ida, were close friends of the composer. Ravel wrote his *Ma mère l'Oye* ('Mother Goose') as a suite of five simple piano duet pieces inspired by fairy stories for the Godebski children in 1910, and hoped that the young siblings might even give the piece's premiere. In the end, it proved too stressful for them, and that honour went to the equally youthful pairing of Jeanne Leleu and Geneviève Durony, at Paris's Société musicale indépendante on 20 April 1910.

"My intention of awaking the poetry of childhood in these pieces naturally led me



Joseph Maurice Ravel

Ma mère l'Oye's five short movements are disarmingly direct, but they lack nothing in harmonic or emotional sophistication. And when Ravel came to recast the pieces for orchestra in 1911, he found yet more subtlety and colour in a typically fastidious orchestration.

to simplify my style and thin out my writing," the composer explained. *Ma mère l'Oye's* five short movements are disarmingly direct, but they lack nothing in harmonic or emotional sophistication. And when Ravel came to recast the pieces for orchestra in 1911, he found yet more subtlety and colour in a typically fastidious orchestration.

If Ravel looked to classic fairy tales for their imagery and colour, Mahler – in the songs he created from the poems of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* – drew on verse that defined and celebrated German folk culture, history and traditions. *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (or 'The Boy's Magic Horn') is a three-volume set of poems, 'collected' (or so they claimed) by Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano in the first years of the 19th century, and published between 1805 and 1808. Brentano and von Arnim first met as students at the University of Göttingen

just as the German-speaking world was being swept by new-fangled Romantic sensibilities – a fascination with folk legends and the supernatural, with the chivalry of ancient times, with the wild wonders of nature. Inspired by these energising ideas, von Arnim and Brentano set off on voyages down the Rhine and its tributaries in search of authentic tales reaching back into the mists of ancient Germany.

Though they claimed that what ended up as a collection of more than 1,000 poems all came from authentic sources, in truth, many were abridged, adapted, or even invented from scratch. Nonetheless, even as towering a figure as Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (the books' dedicatee) seemed to enjoy the verse, writing:

"By rights, this little book would find a place in every house where bright and



Gustav Mahler

vital people make their home. Best of all, this volume might lie on the piano of the amateur or master of musical composition so that these songs might come into their own by being matched to familiar and traditional melodies, that they might have appropriate tunes fitted to them, or that, God willing, they will inspire new and significant melodies."

Numerous German and Austrian composers – including Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, Richard Strauss, Schoenberg and Zemlinsky – took Goethe's advice, making their own musical settings of the homespun verse from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. Mahler would almost certainly have known the *Wunderhorn* poems since his childhood, and made musical settings of 24 of them in total, following a complex timeline that overlapped with the writing of his first four symphonies. Indeed, there's so

Mahler would almost certainly have known the *Wunderhorn* poems since his childhood, and made musical settings of 24 of them in total, following a complex timeline that overlapped with the writing of his first four symphonies.

much overlap between the songs and the orchestral works that the latter are often termed Mahler's *Wunderhorn* symphonies: songs are sometimes imported wholesale and unchanged, or adapted to form a symphonic movement, either with or without words.

Today's concert places Ravel and Mahler's works side by side, intermingling the former's fairytale evocations and the latter's folk-inspired songs to provoke unexpected contrasts, comparisons and connections. If you're wondering how legitimate it is to mix up and reorder the works in this way, don't be unduly alarmed. Ravel himself happily adapted his *Mère l'Oye* Suite into a half-hour ballet, separating and linking its five movements with newly composed interludes. Mahler, on the other hand, never intended his *Wunderhorn* songs as a cycle to be

performed in a particular order, and happily dipped in and out of them at will in his own performances.

The concert opens with Ravel's 'Pavane de la Belle au bois dormant' (or 'Sleeping Beauty's Pavane'), a graceful dance of attendants around the sleeping princess, whose poignant but poised melody is first heard on two flutes, with a constant ticking pulse behind the music as if to note time passing. 'Petit Poucet' (or 'Tom Thumb') opens with irregular rising figures in the violins evoking the lost boy's wanderings, and also includes the gleeful squawking and twittering of the birds that have eaten the crumbs intended to show his way home.

The mood of childlike wonder continues in Mahler's 'Das Himmlische Leben' ('The Heavenly Life'), a gentle, infant's view of the marvels (and amusements) of life among the angels, which the composer went on to reuse as the finale of his Symphony No 4. His 'Revelge' ('Reveille'), however, inhabits a far darker world: its sprightly military march, jolly but pitch black, tells of soldiers mown down as cannon fodder, and foreshadows the funeral march that opens his Symphony No 5.

We return to Ravel for 'Laideronnette, impératrice des pagodes' (or 'Little Ugly Girl, Empress of the Pagodas'), inspired by a story by Madame d'Aulnoy, a rival of Perrault, of an oriental princess made ugly by a spell who's magically transformed back to beauty. Ravel's vigorous orientalist fantasy makes good use of bell sounds from the celesta, harp, glockenspiel and tam-tam.

By way of complete contrast, Mahler's 'Rheinlegendchen' ('Little Rhine Legend')

is a sentimental love story of a ring that's lost and found again, in the form of an Austrian Ländler dance, while in 'Lied des Verfolgten im Turm' ('Song of the Persecuted Man in the Tower'), a political prisoner asserts his rights to freedom of thought against the pleas of his beloved. 'Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen' ('Where the Fair Trumpets Sound') is another song of war, a ghostly nocturne in which a girl is visited by her lover – or perhaps his spirit – to the distant sounds of military fanfares. The mood lightens in a conversation between an over-eager peasant girl and her disinterested beloved in the comic 'Verlor'ne Müh' (or 'Labour Lost'), while 'Das irdische Leben' ('The Earthly Life') stands in stark contrast to its heavenly counterpart heard earlier, in a tragic tale of poverty and starvation heard against the relentless whirring of a threshing machine.

In 'Les entretiens de la belle et de la bête' ('Conversations of Beauty and the Beast'), Ravel nimbly contrasts a waltzing Beauty, heard in an artless clarinet melody, with a Beast grumbling away on a contrabassoon, though their musics eventually merge as a long harp flourish marks the Beast's magical transformation.

Mahler's 'Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt' ('St Anthony of Padua's Sermon to the Fish') tells of St Anthony, who, frustrated at the indifference of his human congregation, takes himself down to the river to preach to the fish instead. It's better known in its unsung version as the scherzo third movement of Mahler's 'Resurrection' Symphony, No 2, but the composer's original song makes clear its satire on the futility of human endeavour. Though the humour here is straight-faced, Mahler is more overtly comic in the

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yodelling mountain ditty 'Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?' ('Who thought up this song?'), which also mirrors the previous song's incessant movement.

'Le jardin féerique' ('The Fairy Garden') is the closing movement of Ravel's *Ma mère l'Oye*, and the most enigmatic of the five, describing an idea rather than illustrating a specific fairy tale. It's not hard to imagine creeping through the undergrowth in the movement's quiet, opening music, only to discover the magical colours and spectacle of fairyland at its glittering conclusion. But Ravel embedded another, more human reference here. The distinctive, two-note, falling bell-like idea on the horn and harp, heard prominently six times as the movement approaches its climax, is indelibly associated throughout Ravel's music with his mother, to whom he was devoted. The same two notes reappear again and again setting the word 'Maman' (or 'Mother') throughout his children's opera *L'enfant et les sortilèges*, for example. It might not be too far-fetched to suggest, therefore, that the world of joy and wonder

Ravel is describing lies more in maternal love than in fairy magic.

From the magical to the bleak and despairing: 'Der Tamboursg'sell' ('The Drummer Boy') is another of Mahler's funeral marches. Here, a doomed drummer bids farewell to the world before a dawn execution. The concert ends, however, with two of Mahler's most spiritual song creations. 'Es singen drei Engel' ('Three Angels sang a sweet air') returns us to the childlike wonder of today's first Mahler song, 'Das Himmlische Leben', and was quickly excised from his *Wunderhorn* set as published to become the fifth movement of his Symphony No 3 (with the addition of boys' and women's choruses). The closing 'Urlicht' ('Primeval Light') was similarly removed from the *Wunderhorn* set and is better known as the fourth movement of his Second Symphony. Solemn, slow-moving and hymn-like, it's a rapt and rapturous longing for release from the travails of earthly life, and for entry into Heaven.

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LIBRETTO

Mahler (1860-1911)
Des Knaben Wunderhorn (1905)

Das himmlische Leben

(Anon.)

Wir genießen die himmlischen Freuden,
Drum tun wir das Irdische meiden,
Kein weltlich Getümmel
Hört man nicht im Himmel,
Lebt alles in sanftester Ruh;
Wir führen ein englisches Leben,
Sind dennoch ganz lustig daneben,
Wir tanzen und springen,
Wir hüpfen und singen,
Sankt Peter im Himmel sieht zu.

Johannes das Lämmlein auslasset,
Der Metzger Herodes drauf passet,
Wir führen ein geduldigs,
Unschuldigs, geduldigs,
Ein liebliches Lämmlein zu Tod.
Sankt Lukas den Ochsen tät schlachten
Ohn einigs Bedenken und Achten,
Der Wein kost't kein Heller
Im himmlischen Keller,
Die Englein, die backen das Brot.

Gut Kräuter von allerhand Arten,
Die wachsen im himmlischen Garten,
Gut Spargel, Fisolen,
Und was wir nur wollen,
Ganze Schüsseln voll sind uns bereit.
Gut Äpfel, gut Birn und gut Trauben,
Die Gärtner, die alles erlauben!
Willst Rehbock, willst Hasen?
Auf offener Straßen,
Sie laufen herbei.

Heavenly life

We revel in heavenly pleasures,
So we shun all that is earthly,
No worldly turmoil
Is heard in Heaven,
Everyone lives in sweetest peace;
We lead an angelic existence,
And yet we are perfectly happy,
We dance and leap,
We skip and sing,
Saint Peter in Heaven looks on.

Saint John has lost his little lamb,
And Herod the butcher is lurking,
We lead a patient,
Innocent, patient,
Darling little lamb to death.
Saint Luke would slay the oxen
Without the slightest hesitation,
The wine doesn't cost a penny
In the cellars of Heaven,
The angels, they bake the bread.

Fine herbs of every description
Are growing in heaven's garden,
Fine asparagus, green beans
And everything we desire,
Platefuls of food all ready for us,
Fine apples, fine pears and fine grapes,
The gardeners let us pick everything.
If you want venison and hare –
In the open streets
They come running up.

Sollt' ein Festtag etwa kommen,
Alle Fische gleich mit Freuden angeschwommen!
Dort läuft schon Sankt Peter
 Mit Netz und mit Köder,
 Zum himmlischen Weiher hinein.
Sankt Martha die Köchin muß sein.
Kein' Musik ist ja nicht auf Erden,
Die unsrer verglichen kann werden.
Elftausend Jungfrauen
 Zu tanzen sich trauen,
 Sankt Ursula selbst dazu lacht,
 Cäcilie mit ihren Verwandten
 Sind treffliche Hofmusikanten,
 Die englischen Stimmen
 Ermuntern die Sinnen,
Daß Alles für Freuden erwacht!

And when there's a holiday,
All the fish swim gleefully up,
 And off runs Saint Peter
 With net and with bait,
 Into the pond of Heaven;
Saint Martha will have to be cook.
 No music on earth
 Can ever compare with ours,
 Eleven thousand virgins
 Venture to dance,
Saint Ursula herself laughs to see it,
Saint Cecilia with her companions
 Are splendid court musicians.
 The angelic voices
 So delight the senses,
That all creatures awake with joy!

Revelge

(Anon.)

Des Morgens zwischen drein und vieren,
Da müssen wir Soldaten marschieren
 Das Gäßlein auf und ab;
 Tralali, Tralaley, Tralalera,
 Mein Schätzchen sieht herab.

"Ach Bruder jetzt bin ich geschossen,
Die Kugel hat mich schwer getroffen,
 Trag mich in mein Quartier,
 Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala,
 Es ist nicht weit von hier."

"Ach Bruder, ich kann dich nicht tragen,
Die Feinde haben uns geschlagen,
 Helf dir der liebe Gott;
 Tralali, Tralaley, Tralalera,
 Ich muß marschieren bis in Tod."

Reveille

Between three and four of a morning
We soldiers have to march
Up and down the alleyway;
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
My love looks at me from her window.

"O comrade, I've been shot,
The bullet's wounded me badly,
 Carry me back to camp.
 Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
 It isn't far from here."

"O comrade, I cannot carry you,
The enemy have routed us,
 May dear God help you;
 Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
 I must march on to meet my death."

"Ach, Brüder! ihr geht ja an mir vorüber,
 Als wärs mit mir vorbei,
Tralali, Tralaley, Tralalera,
 Ihr tretet mir zu nah."

"Ich muß wohl meine Trommel röhren,
Tralali, Tralaley, Tralali, Tralaley,
Sonst werd' ich mich verlieren,
Tralali, Tralaley, Tralalera,
Die Brüder dick gesät,
Sie liegen wie gemäht."

Er schlägt die Trommel auf und nieder,
 Er wecket seine stillen Brüder,
Tralali, Tralaley, Tralali, Tralaley
 Sie schlagen ihren Feind,
Tralali, Tralaley, Tralalera,
Ein Schrecken schlägt den Feind.

Er schlägt die Trommel auf und nieder,
Da sind sie vor dem Nachtquartier schon wieder,
Tralali, Tralaley, Tralali, Tralaley
 Ins Gäßlein hell hinaus,
Tralali, Tralaley, Tralalera,
Sie ziehn vor Schätzleins Haus.

Des Morgen stehen da die Gebeine
In Reih und Glied sie stehn wie Leichensteine,
 Die Trommel steht voran,
 Daß sie ihn sehen kann.
Tralali, Tralaley, Tralali tralaley, tralalera,
 Daß sie ihn sehen kann.

"Ah, comrades, you pass me by,
 As though I were done for,
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
 You march too close to where I lie."

"I must now start to beat my drum,
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
Or else I'll be lost for ever,
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
My comrades strewn so thick
Lie like mown grass on the ground."

Up and down he beats his drum,
He wakes his silent comrades,
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
They fall upon their foe,
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
And terror strikes the foe.

Up and down he beats his drum,
Soon they're all back at camp,
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
Out into the bright street
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
They pass before his sweetheart's house.

There in the morning lie their bones,
In rank and file like tombstones,
At their head the drummer-boy
 That she may see him there.
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
 That she may see him there.

Rheinlegendchen

(Anon.)

Bald gras ich am Neckar,
Bald gras ich am Rhein,
Bald hab ich ein Schätzchen,
Bald bin ich allein.

Was hilft mir das Grasen,
Wenn d'Sichel nicht schneidt,
Was hilft mir ein Schätzchen,
Wenn's bei mir nicht bleibt.

So soll ich denn grasen
Am Neckar, am Rhein,
So werf ich mein goldenes
Ringlein hinein.

Es fließet im Neckar
Und fließet im Rhein,
Soll schwimmen hinunter
Ins Meer tief hinein.

Und schwimmt es das Ringlein,
So frißt es ein Fisch,
Das Fischlein soll kommen
Aufs Königs sein Tisch!

Der König tät fragen,
Wems Ringlein sollt sein?
Da tät mein Schatz sagen,
Das Ringlein g'hört mein.

Mein Schätzlein tät springen,
Berg auf und Berg ein,
Tät mir wiedrum bringen
Das Goldringlein fein.

Kannst grasen am Neckar,
Kannst grasen am Rhein,
Wirf du mir nur immer
Dein Ringlein hinein.

Little Rhine Legend

I mow by the Neckar,
I mow by the Rhine;
At times I've a sweetheart,
At times I'm alone.

What use is mowing,
If the sickle won't cut,
What use is a sweetheart,
If she'll not stay.

So if I'm to mow
By the Neckar, and Rhine,
I'll throw in their waters
My little gold ring.

It'll flow in the Neckar
And flow in the Rhine,
And float right away
To the depths of the sea.

And floating, the ring
Will be gulped by a fish,
The fish will be served
At the King's own table.

The King will enquire
Whose ring it might be;
My sweetheart will say
The ring belongs to me.

My sweetheart will bound
Over hill, over dale,
And bring back to me
My little gold ring.

You can mow by the Neckar
And mow by the Rhine,
If you'll always keep throwing
Your ring in for me.

Lied des Verfolgten im Turm

(Anon.)

DER GEFANGENE

Die Gedanken sind frei,
 Wer kann sie erraten;
 Sie rauschen vorbei
 Wie nächtliche Schatten.
 Kein Mensch kann sie wissen,
 Kein Jäger sie schießen;
 Es bleibt dabei,
 Die Gedanken sind frei.

DAS MÄDCHEN

Im Sommer ist gut lustig sein,
 Auf hohen, wilden Heiden,
 Dort findet man grün Plätzlein,
 Mein herzverliebtes Schätzlein,
 Von dir mag ich nicht scheiden.

DER GEFANGENE

Und sperrt man mich ein
 Im finstere Kerker,
 Dies alles sind nur
 Vergebliche Werke;
 Denn meine Gedanken
 Zerreiß den die Schranken
 Und Mauern entzwei,
 Die Gedanken sind frei.

DAS MÄDCHEN

Im Sommer ist gut lustig sein,
 Auf hohen, wilden Bergen;
 Man ist da ewig ganz allein,
 Auf hohen, wilden Bergen;
 Man hört da gar kein Kindergeschrei,
 Die Luft mag einem da werden.

Song of the prisoner in the tower

THE PRISONER

Thoughts are free,
 Who can guess them;
 They flit past
 Like nocturnal shadows.
 No one can know them,
 No hunter shoot them down;
 So shall it always be,
 Thoughts are free.

THE GIRL

In summer it's good to make merry
 On wild moorland heights,
 Many green glades can be found,
 My dearest love,
 I never wish to part from you.

THE PRISONER

And though they lock me
 In a gloomy cell,
 All such measures
 Are in vain;
 For my thoughts
 Can shatter the bars
 And the walls in two,
 Thoughts are free.

THE GIRL

In summer it's good to make merry,
 On wild mountain heights;
 There you can be quite alone
 On the wild mountain heights;
 There you hear no children cry,
 The air is good up there.

DER GEFANGENE

So seis wie es will,
Und wenn es sich schicket,
Nur alles sei in der Stille,
Mein Wunsch und Begehrten,
Niemand kann's wehren;
Es bleibt dabei,
Die Gedanken sind frei.

DAS MÄDCHEN

Mein Schatz, du singst so fröhlich hier,
Wies Vögelein in Grase;
Ich steh so traurig bei Kerkertür,
Wär ich doch tot, wär ich bei dir,
Ach muß ich immer denn klagen?

DER GEFANGENE

Und weil du so klagst,
Der Lieb ich entsage,
Und ist es gewagt,
So kann mich nichts plagen,
So kann ich im Herzen
Stets lachen und scherzen.
Es bleibt dabei,
Die Gedanken sind frei.

THE PRISONER

Then so let it be,
And whatever should befall,
May it be done in secret,
My wishes and longings
None can restrain;
So shall it always be,
Thoughts are free.

THE GIRL

My love, you sing so happily here,
Like the small bird in the grass;
I stand forlorn at the prison gate,
Would I were dead or at your side,
Ah, must my weeping never end?

THE PRISONER

And since you weep so,
I forswear your love,
And once that's done,
Nothing can harm me,
From now in my heart
I'll laugh and I'll jest.
So shall it always be,
Thoughts are free.

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen

(Anon.)

Wer ist denn draußen und wer klopft an,
Der mich so leise, so leise wecken kann?
Das ist der Herzallerliebste dein,
Steh auf und laß mich zu dir ein!

Was soll ich hier nun länger stehn?
Ich seh die Morgenröt aufgehn,
Die Morgenröt, zwei helle Stern,
Bei meinem Schatz, da wär ich gern,
bei meiner Herzallerliebsten.

Das Mädchen stand auf und ließ ihn ein;
Sie heißt ihn auch willkommen sein.
Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein,
So lang hast du gestanden!

Sie reicht ihm auch die schneeweisse Hand.
Von ferne sang die Nachtigall
Das Mädchen fing zu weinen an.

Ach weine nicht, du Liebste mein,
Aufs Jahr sollst du mein eigen sein.
Mein Eigen sollst du werden gewiß,
Wie's keine sonst auf Erden ist.
O Lieb auf grüner Erden.

Ich zieh in Krieg auf grüner Heid,
Die grüne Heide, die ist so weit.
Allwo dort die schönen Trompeten blasen,
Da ist mein Haus, von grünem Rasen.

Where the splendid trumpets sound

Who stands outside and knocks at my door,
Waking me so gently?
It is your own true dearest love,
Arise, and let me in.

Why leave me longer waiting here?
I see rosy dawn appear,
The rosy dawn and two bright stars.
I long to be beside my love,
Beside my dearest love.

The girl arose and let him in,
She bids him welcome too.
O welcome, dearest love of mine,
Too long have you been waiting.

She gives to him her snow-white hand,
From far off sang the nightingale,
The girl began to weep.

Ah, do not weep, my dearest love,
Within a year you shall be mine,
You shall be mine most certainly,
As no one else on earth.
O love upon the green earth.

I'm going to war, to the green heath,
The green heath so far away.
There where the splendid trumpets sound,
There is my home of green turf.

Verlorne Müh'

(Anon.)

SIE

Büble, wir wollen ausse gehe,
 Wollen wir? Unsere Lämmer besehe,
 Komm, liebs Büberle,
 Komm, ich bitt.

ER

Närrisches Dinterle,
 Ich geh dir halt nit!

SIE

Willst vielleicht ä Bissel nasche,
 Hol dir was aus meiner Tasch;
 Hol, liebs Büberle,
 Hol, ich bitt.

ER

Närrisches Dinterle,
 Ich nasch' dir halt nit.

SIE

Gelt, ich soll mein Herz dir schenke,
 Immer willst an mich gedenke;
 Nimms, Liebs Büberle!
 Nimms, ich bitt.

ER

Närrisches Dinterle,
 Ich mag es halt nit!

Wasted effort

SHE

Hey laddie, shall we go walking,
 Shall we see to our lambs?
 Come, dear laddie,
 Come, I beg you.

HE

Foolish girl,
 I'll not go with you.

SHE

Perhaps you'd like a little nibble,
 Take a morsel from my pack;
 Take it, dear lad,
 Take something, I beg you.

HE

Foolish girl,
 I'll take no nibbles from you.

SHE

I'll offer you my heart, then,
 So you'll always think of me;
 Take it, dear laddie!
 Take it, I beg you.

HE

Foolish girl,
 I'll have none of it!

Das irdische Leben

(Anon.)

Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
 Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.
 Warte nur, mein liebes Kind!
 Morgen wollen wir ernten geschwind.

Und als das Korn geerntet war,
 Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
 Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
 Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.
 Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
 Morgen wollen wir dreschen geschwind.

Und als das Korn gedroschen war,
 Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
 Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
 Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.
 Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
 Morgen wollen wir backen geschwind.
 Und als das Brot gebacken war,
 Lag das Kind auf der Totenbahr.

Life on earth

Mother, ah mother, I am starving.
 Give me bread or I shall die.
 Wait, only wait, my beloved child!
 Tomorrow the reaping will be swiftly done.

And when at last the corn was reaped,
 Still the child kept on crying:
 Mother, ah mother, I am starving,
 Give me bread or I shall die.
 Wait, only wait, my beloved child!
 Tomorrow the threshing will be swiftly done.

And when at last the corn was threshed,
 Still the child kept on crying:
 Mother, ah mother, I am starving.
 Give me bread or I shall die.
 Wait, only wait, my beloved child!
 Tomorrow the baking will be swiftly done.
 And when at last the bread was baked,
 The child lay dead upon the bier.

Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt

(Anon.)

Antonius zur Predigt
 Die Kirche findet ledig.
 Er geht zu den Flüssen
 und predigt den Fischen;
 Sie schlagen mit den Schwänzen,
 Im Sonnenschein glänzen.

Die Karpfen mit Rogen
 Sind all hierher gezogen,
 Haben d'Mäuler aufrissen,
 Sich Zuhörens beflossen;
 Kein Predigt niemalen
 Den Karpfen so gfallen.

Anthony of Padua's sermon to the fishes

Anthony finds the church
 Empty for his sermon,
 He goes to the river
 To preach to the fishes;
 They all flick their tails
 And glint in the sun.

The carp, fat with roe
 Have all come along,
 Their mouths open wide,
 Attentive and rapt:
 No sermon was ever
 So pleasing to fish.

Spitzgoscete Hechte,
Die immerzu fechten,
Sind eilend herschwommen,
Zu hören den Frommen;

Auch jene Phantasten,
Die immerzu fasten;
Die Stockfisch ich meine,
Zur Predigt erscheinen;
Kein Predigt niemalen
Den Stockfisch so gfallen.

Gut Aale und Hausen,
Die vornehme schmausen,
Die selbst sich bequemen,
Die Predigt vernehmen:
Auch Krebse, Schildkroten,
Sonst langsame Boten,
Steigen eilig vom Grund,
Zu hören diesen Mund:
Kein Predigt niemalen
den Krebsen so gfallen.

Fisch große, Fisch kleine,
Vornehm und gemeine,
Erheben die Köpfe
Wie verständige Geschöpfe:
Auf Gottes Begehrn
Die Predigt anhören.

Die Predigt geendet,
Ein jeder sich wendet,
Die Hechte bleiben Diebe,
Die Aale viel lieben.
Die Predigt hat gfallen.
Sie bleiben wie alle.

Die Krebs gehn zurücke,
Die Stockfisch bleiben dicke,
Die Karpfen viel fressen,
Die Predigt vergessen.
Die Predigt hat gfallen.
Sie bleiben wie allen.

Sharp-snouted pike,
Perpetually fighting,
Swam swiftly along
To hear this devout.

Those strange creatures even,
Perpetually fasting,
It's the cod I refer to,
Appear for the sermon.
No sermon was ever
So pleasing to fish.

Good eels and sturgeon,
Prized by the wealthy,
Even they condescend
To hear the sermon:
Even crabs, even turtles,
Slow-coaches at most times,
Shoot-up from below
To hear the address:
No sermon was ever
So pleasing to fish.

Large fish, small fish,
High-born and low-born,
They all lift their heads up
Like intelligent creatures:
At God's behest
They give ear to the sermon.

The sermon concluded,
They all swim away
The pike remain thieves,
The eels remain lechers.
The sermon was pleasing
All stay as they were.

The crabs still go backwards,
The cod are still bloated,
The carp are still gorging,
The sermon's forgotten.
The sermon was pleasing
All stay as they were.

Wer hat das Liedlein erdacht?

(Anon.)

Dort oben in dem hohen Haus,
Da gucket ein fein's, lieb's Mädel heraus,
 Es ist nicht dort daheime,
Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein,
 Es wohnt auf grüner Heide.

Mein Herze ist wund,
Komm, Schätzchen, machs gesund.
Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,
Die haben mich verwundt.
 Dein rosiger Mund
 Macht Herzen gesund.
 Macht Jugend verständig,
 Macht Tote lebendig,
 Macht Kranke gesund.

Wer hat denn das schöne Liedlein erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns übers Wasser gebracht,
 Zwei graue und eine weiße;
Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,
 Dem wollen sie es pfeifen. Ja!

Who made up this little song?

High in the mountain stands a house,
From it a sweet pretty maid looks out,
 But that is not her home,
She's the innkeeper's young daughter.
 She lives on the green moor.

My heart is sick,
Come, my love, and cure it.
Your dark brown eyes
Have wounded me.
 Your rosy lips
 Can cure sick hearts,
Make young men wise,
 Make dead men live,
 Can cure the sick.

Who made up this pretty little song?
Three geese brought it across the water.
 Two grey ones and a white one;
And for those who can't sing this song,
 They will pipe it to them. They will!

Der Tamboursg'sell

(Anon.)

Ich armer Tamboursg'sell.
 Man führt mich aus dem G'wölb,
 Wär ich ein Tambour blieben,
 Dürft ich nicht gefangen liegen.

O Galgen, du hohes Haus,
 Du siehst so furchtbar aus,
 Ich schau dich nicht mehr an,
 Weil i weiß, daß i g'hör dran.

Wenn Soldaten vorbeimarschieren,
 Bei mir nit einquartieren.
 Wenn sie fragen wer i g'wesen bin:
 Tambour von der Leibkompanie.

Gute Nacht, ihr Marmelstein,
 Ihr Berg und Hügelein,
 Gute Nacht, ihr Offizier,
 Korporal und Musketier,
 Gute Nacht, ihr Offizier,
 Korporal und Grenadier,
 Ich schrei mit heller Stimm,
 Von euch ich Urlaub nimm,
 Gute Nacht.

The drummer-boy

Woe is me, poor drummer-boy.
 They lead me from my cell,
 Had I remained a drummer,
 I'd not have been in prison.

O gallows, you lofty house,
 How grim you seem to me,
 I'll look at you no more,
 For I know you're meant for me.

When the soldiers march past
 To quarters other than mine,
 And when they ask who I was:
 Drummer to the King's Bodyguard.

Good night, you stones of marble,
 You mountains and you hills,
 Good night, you officers,
 Corporals and musketeers.
 Good night, you officers,
 Corporals and grenadiers,
 I cry out loud and clear:
 I take my leave of you,
 Good night.

Es sungen drei Engel einen süßen Gesang

(Anon.)

Es sungen drei Engel einen süßen Gesang,
 Mit Freuden es selig in dem Himmel klang;
 Sie jauchzten fröhlich auch dabei,
 Daß Petrus sei von Sünden frei.

Und als der Herr Jesus zu Tische saß,
 Mit seinen zwölf Jüngern das Abendmahl aß,
 Da sprach der Herr Jesus: "Was stehst du denn hier?
 Wenn ich dich anseh', so weinest du mir!"

Three angels were singing

Three angels were singing a sweet song,
 It rang in Heaven with blissful joy;
 And as they sang they shouted with joy,
 That Peter was free from sin.

And when the Lord Jesus was seated at table,
 And ate the supper with his disciples,
 Lord Jesus said: "why are you standing here?
 When I look at you, you weep at me."

"Und sollt' ich nicht weinen, du gütiger Gott?
Ich hab übertreten die zehn Gebot;
Ich gehe und weine ja bitterlich.
Ach komm' und erbarme dich über mich!"

"Hast du denn übertreten die zehn Gebot,
So fall auf die Knie und bete zu Gott!
Liebe nur Gott in alle Zeit!
So wirst du erlangen die himmlische Freud."

Die himmlische Freud' ist eine selige Stadt,
Die himmlische Freud', die kein Ende mehr hat!
Die himmlische Freud' war Petro bereit',
Durch Jesum, und allen zur Seligkeit.

"And should I not weep, O bounteous God?
I have broken the ten commandments;
I wander and weep most bitterly,
Ah come and have mercy upon me."

"If you have broken the ten commandments,
Then fall on your knees and pray to God,
Love only God for ever and ever,
And you will attain heavenly joy."

Heavenly joy is a blessed city,
Heavenly joy that has no end;
Heavenly joy was granted to Peter,
Through Jesus, and to all men for eternal bliss.

Urlicht

(Anon.)

O Röschen rot,
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Not,
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Pein,
Je lieber möcht ich im Himmel sein.
Da kam ich auf einen breiten Weg,
Da kam ein Engellein und wollt mich abweisen,
Ach nein ich liess mich nicht abweisen.
Ich bin von Gott und will wieder zu Gott,
Der liebe Gott wird mir ein Lichtchen geben,
Wird leuchten mir bis an das ewig selig Leben.

Primordial light

O red rose,
Man lies in direst need,
Man lies in direst pain,
I would rather be in heaven.
I then came upon a broad path,
An angel came and sought to turn me back,
Ah no! I refused to be turned away.
I am from God and to God I will return,
Dear God will give me a light,
Will light my way to eternal blessed life.

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