

T H E R E W A S A T I M E

Alan Taylor



GÖTTINGER SYMPHONIE ORCHESTER · CHRISTOPH-MATHIAS MUELLER



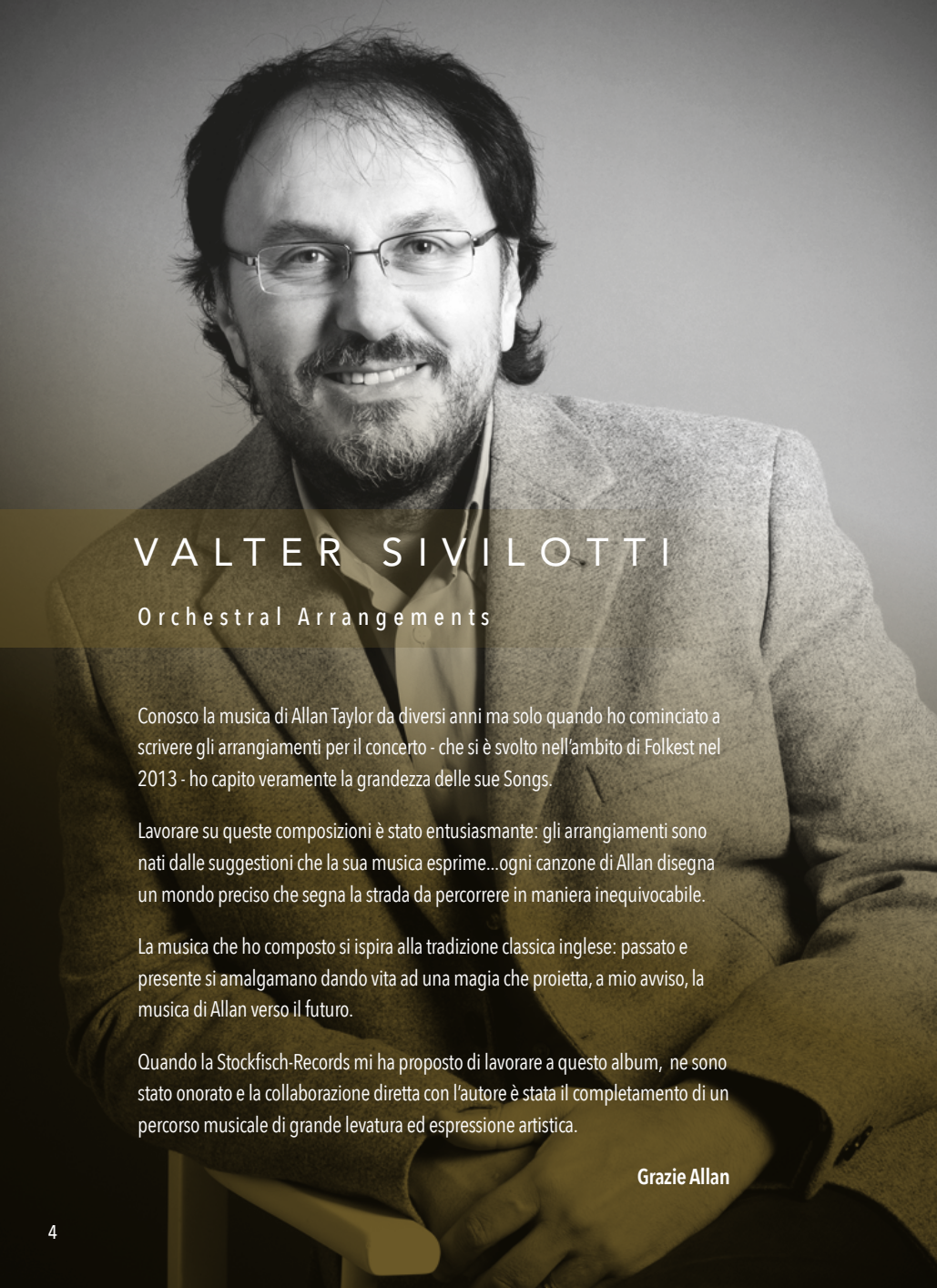
Alan Taylor

with the
GÖTTINGER SYMPHONIE ORCHESTER

conducted by
CHRISTOPH-MATHIAS MUELLER

arranged by
VALTER SIVILOTTI

T H E R E W A S A T I M E

A black and white portrait of Valter Sivilotti, a man with dark hair, a beard, and glasses, smiling. He is wearing a light-colored shirt and a dark jacket. The background is a plain, light color.

VALTER SIVILOTTI

Orchestral Arrangements

Conosco la musica di Allan Taylor da diversi anni ma solo quando ho cominciato a scrivere gli arrangiamenti per il concerto - che si è svolto nell'ambito di Folkest nel 2013 - ho capito veramente la grandezza delle sue Songs.

Lavorare su queste composizioni è stato entusiasmante: gli arrangiamenti sono nati dalle suggestioni che la sua musica esprime...ogni canzone di Allan disegna un mondo preciso che segna la strada da percorrere in maniera inequivocabile.

La musica che ho composto si ispira alla tradizione classica inglese: passato e presente si amalgamano dando vita ad una magia che proietta, a mio avviso, la musica di Allan verso il futuro.

Quando la Stockfish-Records mi ha proposto di lavorare a questo album, ne sono stato onorato e la collaborazione diretta con l'autore è stata il completamento di un percorso musicale di grande levatura ed espressione artistica.

Grazie Allan

I've known Allan Taylor's music for a long time, but I must admit that I only definitely understood the greatness of his songs when I started writing the arrangements for the concert-held at Folkest in 2013.

Working on his pieces has really been exciting: they originate from the splendour his music can convey....each and every one of Allan's songs depicts a specific world which clearly shows the path to take.

The music I've composed gets inspiration from the classical English tradition: past and present blend together to give birth to a magic, which projects Allan's music into the future.

I was honoured when Stockfisch-Records asked me to work on this album: collaborating closely with such an artist has just completed a musical pattern of high artistic calibre and deep art-like expression.

Thank you Allan

Seit langem kenne ich Allan Taylors Musik, aber ich muss zugeben, dass ich die Großartigkeit seiner Songs erst zu verstehen begann, als ich anfang, die Arrangements für das „Folkest“ – Konzert 2013 zu schreiben.

Es war äußerst anregend, Allans Songs für Orchester zu bearbeiten. Die Arrangements sind aus den besonderen Eindrücken entstanden, die seine Musik vermitteln kann. Jeder einzelne Song von Allan zeigt präzise eine Welt, die den richtigen Pfad unmissverständlich zu markieren weiß.

Die Musik, die ich komponiert habe, bekommt ihre Inspiration aus der klassischen englischen Tradition: Vergangenheit und Gegenwart vereinen sich, um daraus eine Magie entstehen zu lassen, die Allans Musik in der Zukunft ansiedelt.

Ich war geehrt, als Stockfisch-Records mich bat, an diesem besonderen Projekt zu arbeiten. Die Zusammenarbeit mit einem Künstler wie Allan Taylor gleicht einer musikalischen Reise von höchstem Niveau und tiefgehendem künstlerischen Ausdruck.

Danke, Allan

A photograph of a harp on a stage, illuminated by dramatic, low-key lighting. The harp is the central focus, with its strings and frame clearly visible. The lighting is a mix of deep blues and oranges, creating a moody atmosphere. In the background, there are out-of-focus stage lights and rigging, adding to the sense of a live performance environment. The overall composition is artistic and evocative.

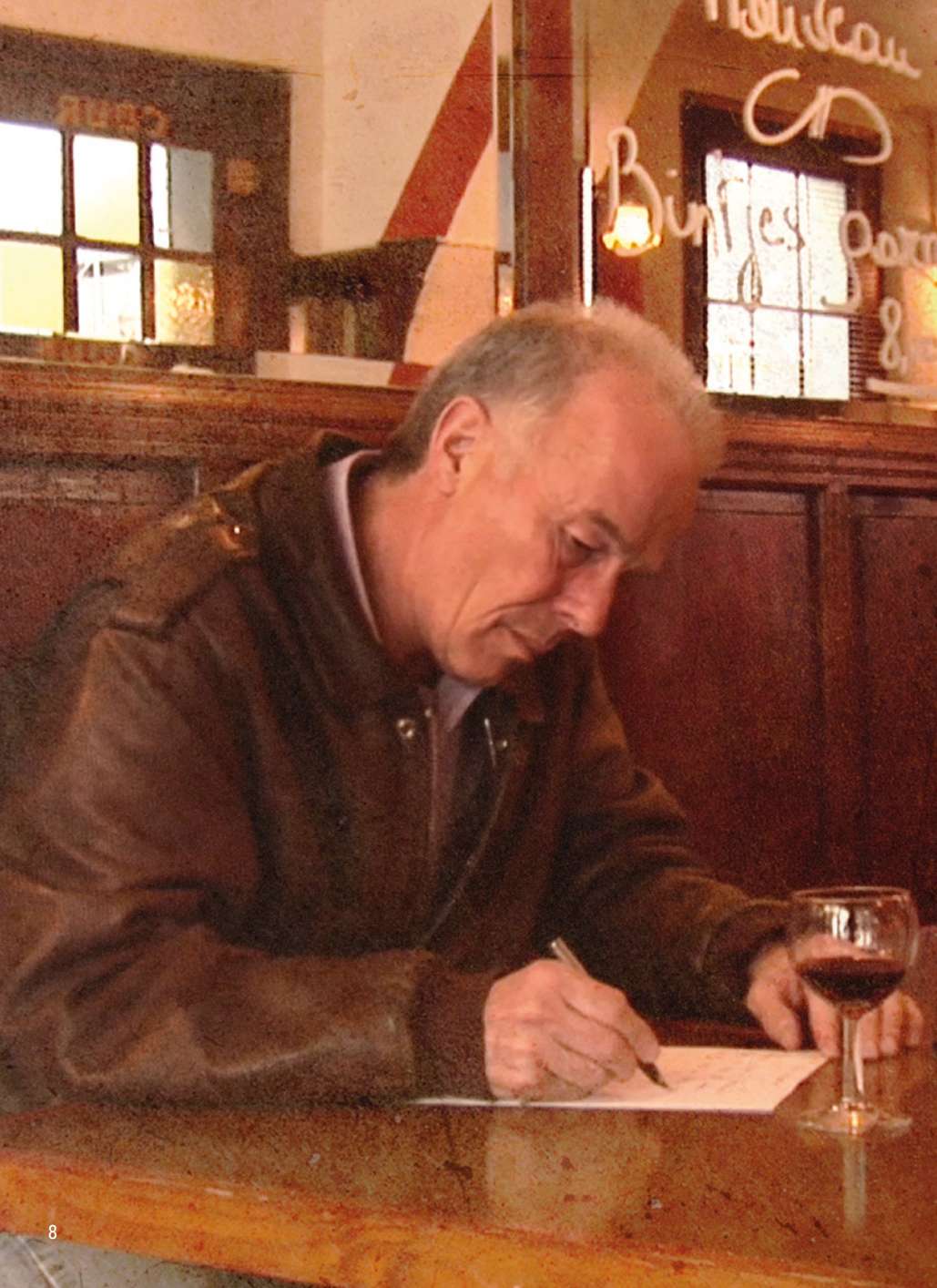
THE STORY BEHIND

Early in 2013 I got a call from an old friend of mine, Andrea del Favero. Andrea is the director of the "Folkest Festival" in Friuli, Northern Italy. We have known each other for many years, and I have played on the festival every two or three years, usually on the stage in the "Piazza Duomo a Spilimbergo", a delightful small town near Udine.

Andrea asked me if I would be interested in playing a concert at the festival with a symphony orchestra. The plan was that his friend, Valter Sivilotti, a composer, arranger and conductor, would make the arrangements of a selection of my songs and conduct the orchestra for the concert.

Zu Beginn des Jahres 2013 bekam ich einen Anruf von meinem alten Freund Andrea del Favero. Andrea ist der Leiter des „Folkest Festivals“ im norditalienischen Friaul. Wir kennen uns seit vielen Jahren und ich habe alle zwei oder drei Jahre auf dem Festival gespielt, normalerweise open-air auf der Piazza Duomo von Spilimbergo, eine herrliche Kleinstadt in der Nähe von Udine.

Andrea fragte mich, ob ich mir ein Konzert gemeinsam mit einem Symphonieorchester vorstellen könnte. Er hatte die konkrete Idee, dass sein Freund Valter Sivilotti, Komponist und Dirigent, eine Auswahl meiner Songs arrangieren und dann beim Konzert das Orchester dirigieren würde.

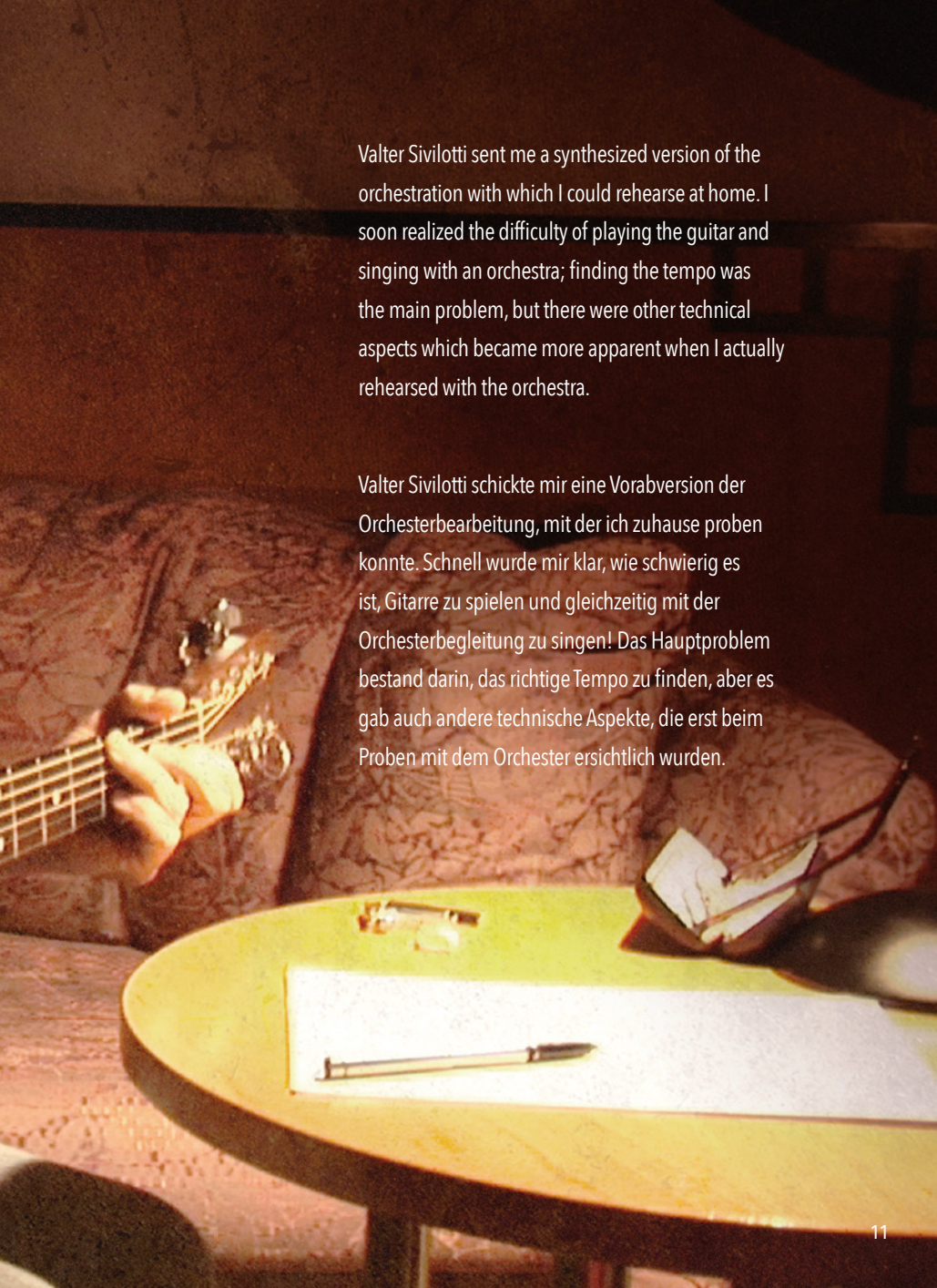




Of course I readily agreed, and I started to consider which songs I should choose. Not every song I've written would be suitable for orchestration, so it took some thought to finally decide which songs. As the concert would be in Italy, I chose two songs by Italian songwriters that I had translated (with the help of Andrea and Stefano Caltagirone); "A Pittima" by Fabrizio de Andre, which I called "The Beggar", and "Rosso su verde" by Massimo Bubola, which I called "Red on Green".

Natürlich habe ich sofort zugestimmt und dann überlegt, welche Songs ich auswählen sollte. Nicht jedes Stück, das ich geschrieben habe, eignet sich für eine Orchestration, daher dauerte es eine Zeit, die passenden Songs festzulegen. Da das Konzert in Italien stattfinden sollte, habe ich unter anderen zwei Lieder ausgesucht, die ich mit Hilfe von Andrea und Stefano Caltagirone übersetzt hatte: „A Pittima“ von Fabrizio de Andre, das bei mir „The Beggar“ heißt, sowie „Rosso su verde“ von Massimo Bubola, das ich unter dem Titel „Red on Green“ singe.



A photograph of a person's hands playing an acoustic guitar. In the foreground, a round wooden table holds a pen, a small open book, and some papers. The background is a textured, reddish-brown wall.

Valter Sivilotti sent me a synthesized version of the orchestration with which I could rehearse at home. I soon realized the difficulty of playing the guitar and singing with an orchestra; finding the tempo was the main problem, but there were other technical aspects which became more apparent when I actually rehearsed with the orchestra.

Valter Sivilotti schickte mir eine Vorabversion der Orchesterbearbeitung, mit der ich zuhause proben konnte. Schnell wurde mir klar, wie schwierig es ist, Gitarre zu spielen und gleichzeitig mit der Orchesterbegleitung zu singen! Das Hauptproblem bestand darin, das richtige Tempo zu finden, aber es gab auch andere technische Aspekte, die erst beim Proben mit dem Orchester ersichtlich wurden.

Once in Italy we had three rehearsals with the orchestra, spread over a few days, and by the Saturday morning sound check we felt confident that the project would be successful. And so it proved to be; the concert was a huge success. When I left Italy I felt I'd had a unique experience, exciting and musically interesting. It was unlikely that this would ever happen again.



Folkfest Festival 2013, "Piazza Duomo a Spilimbergo", Italy

In Italien angekommen, hatten wir, über ein paar Tage verteilt, drei große Proben mit dem Orchester und bis zum Samstag-Vormittag-Sound-Check waren wir zuversichtlich, dass das Projekt gelingen würde. Und so kam es – das Konzert war ein Riesenerfolg. Als ich Italien verließ, wusste ich, ich hatte etwas ganz Einzigartiges erlebt, etwas Aufregendes und musikalisch Hochinteressantes. Unwahrscheinlich, dass es sich jemals wiederholen könnte.





Folkest Festival 2013, "Piazza Duomo a Spilimbergo", Italy



The concert was recorded by Giulio Gallo who was the sound engineer. When Günter Pauler and Hans-Jörg Maucksch of Stockfisch-Records heard the recordings they suggested we should make a SACD, which I had never considered.

Das Konzert in Spilimbergo war von Giulio Gallo, dem Live-Toningenieur, mitgeschnitten worden. Als Günter Pauler und Hans-Jörg Maucksch von Stockfisch-Records diese Aufnahmen hörten, schlugen sie vor, dieses Projekt für eine SACD zu produzieren - daran hatte ich noch nie gedacht.



We could not use the live recordings because of various technical details. Therefore, we had to find a way of recording the songs with some extra songs to make a full album. Furthermore, we had to find an orchestra that would be interested. Fortunately, Hans-Jörg has a friend who plays with the "Göttinger Symphonie Orchester" and so he made contact and proposed this project, to which the orchestra and its conductor, Christoph-Mathias Mueller, agreed.

Aufgrund diverser technischer Details konnten wir die Live-Aufnahmen nicht verwenden. Wir mussten also einen Weg finden, die bereits vorhandenen Arrangements für ein komplettes Album um weitere Stücke zu erweitern. Außerdem mussten wir auch noch ein Symphonieorchester ausfindig machen, das an diesem Projekt Interesse zeigen würde. Hans-Jörg hat glücklicherweise einen Freund im „Göttinger Symphonie Orchester“. Man kam in Kontakt und schlug dieses ungewöhnliche Projekt dem Chefdirigenten Christoph-Mathias Mueller vor - der hocheifrig zustimmte.

In February 2015 I visited Andrea and Valter in Italy and we spent three days working on the orchestral arrangements. It was intensive work, but we made sure the evenings were free, and one night in particular was memorable because we drove to Gorizia to meet my old friend Vlado Kreslin, (www.kreslin.com), the Slovenian songwriter, with whom I have worked on a few occasions.

Im Februar 2015 habe ich Andrea und Valter in Italien besucht und verbrachte drei Tage für die neuen Orchesterarrangements mit ihnen. Die Arbeit war intensiv, aber wir hielten uns die Abende frei. Ein Abend war besonders unvergesslich, weil wir nach Gorizia fuhren, um meinen alten Freund und slowenischen Liedermacher Vlado Kreslin (www.kreslin.com), mit dem ich hin und wieder gemeinsame Projekte bestritten hatte, zu besuchen.



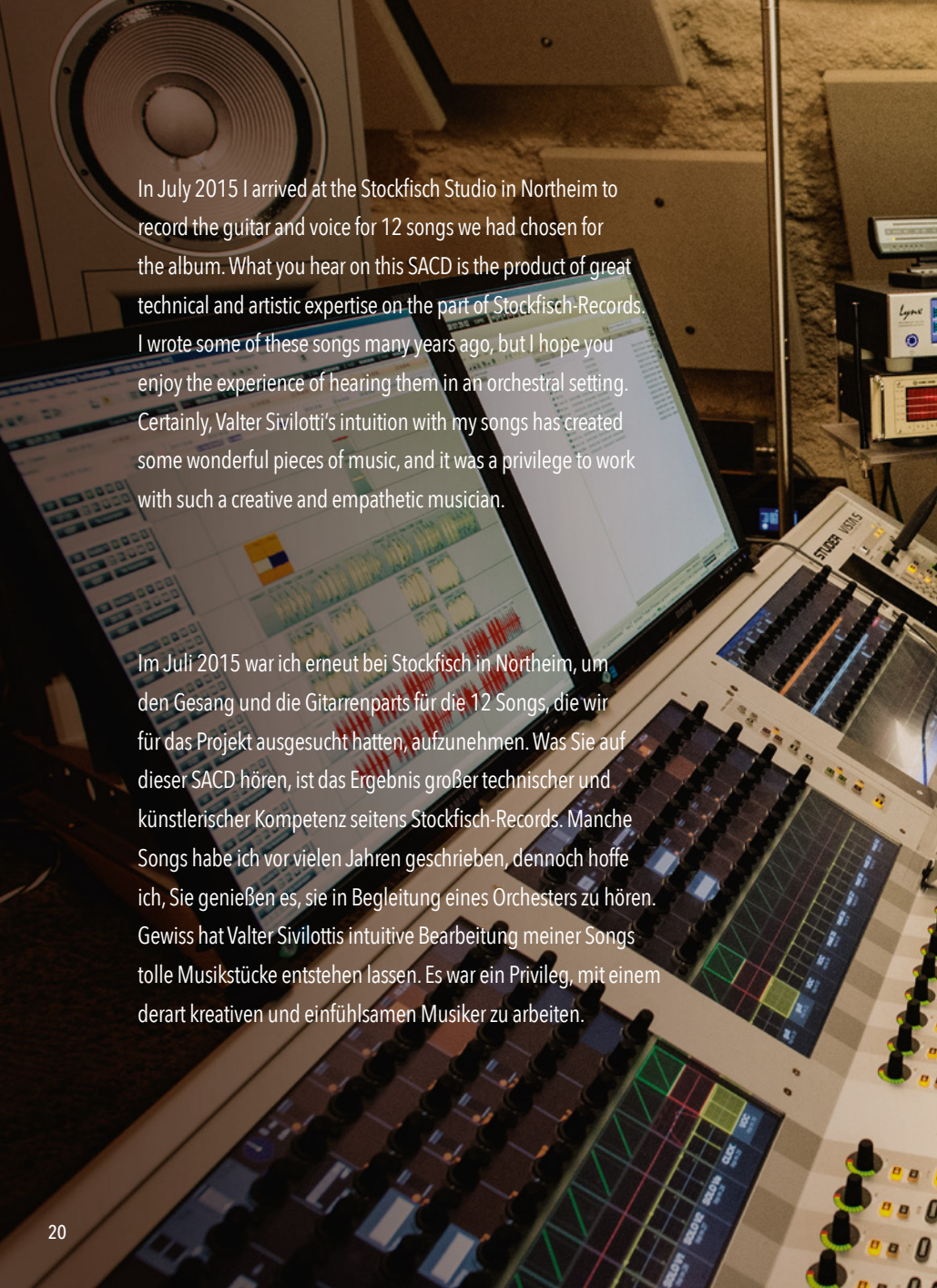
Vlado Kreslin, Valter Sivilotti, Allan, & Andrea del Favero, Gorizia, 2015





In April 2015 I travelled to Germany for the recording of the "Göttinger Symphonie Orchester", which was made in the orchestra's rehearsal room. This was convenient because Göttingen, the famous university town, is only thirty kilometres from the Stockfisch Studios in Northeim. The recording session was a wonderful experience, and it was really impressive to see and hear how Christoph Mathias-Mueller conducted the orchestra to produce such amazing results. The Stockfisch team worked to their usual high standard of recording which explains the incredible sound quality of this Super-Audio-CD.

Im April 2015 fuhr ich dann nach Deutschland zu den Aufnahmen mit dem „Göttinger Symphonie Orchester“, die in deren Probensaal durchgeführt wurden. Erfreulicherweise liegt Göttingen, die berühmte Universitätsstadt, nur 30 km vom Stockfisch Studio in Northeim entfernt. Die Aufnahme-Session war fantastisch und der Dirigent, Christoph-Mathias Mueller, leitete sein Orchester mit hoher Konzentration und Begeisterung für die Musik. Das Stockfisch-Team hielt wie üblich seinen hochkarätigen Standard, was die unglaubliche Klangqualität dieser Super-Audio-CD erklärt.



In July 2015 I arrived at the Stockfisch Studio in Northeim to record the guitar and voice for 12 songs we had chosen for the album. What you hear on this SACD is the product of great technical and artistic expertise on the part of Stockfisch-Records. I wrote some of these songs many years ago, but I hope you enjoy the experience of hearing them in an orchestral setting. Certainly, Valter Sivilotti's intuition with my songs has created some wonderful pieces of music, and it was a privilege to work with such a creative and empathetic musician.

Im Juli 2015 war ich erneut bei Stockfisch in Northeim, um den Gesang und die Gitarrenparts für die 12 Songs, die wir für das Projekt ausgesucht hatten, aufzunehmen. Was Sie auf dieser SACD hören, ist das Ergebnis großer technischer und künstlerischer Kompetenz seitens Stockfisch-Records. Manche Songs habe ich vor vielen Jahren geschrieben, dennoch hoffe ich, Sie genießen es, sie in Begleitung eines Orchesters zu hören. Gewiss hat Valter Sivilottis intuitive Bearbeitung meiner Songs tolle Musikstücke entstehen lassen. Es war ein Privileg, mit einem derart kreativen und einfühlsamen Musiker zu arbeiten.



Alan Taylor

February 2016



CHRISTOPH-MATHIAS MUELLER

Conductor



It was an exciting time – waiting for our first encounter with the orchestral material from Valter Sivilotti. Over the years, the Göttinger Symphony Orchestra and I have worked up a very wide-ranging repertoire of music – from baroque to contemporary music, from the great passions to film-music - but accompanying a singer-songwriter was a first for us. From the very first notes of the rehearsal, it became very clear that these arrangements sound wonderful, and the recording, thanks to the fantastic recording team, went very smoothly in a convivial atmosphere. It was great to see how Allan Taylor's eyes shone.

It was for us an honour and a great joy to be part of this project.

Gespannt wartete ich auf unsere erste Begegnung mit dem Orchestermaterial von Valter Sivilotti. Das Göttinger Symphonie Orchester hatte mit mir über die Jahre bereits ein sehr breites Spektrum an Repertoire erarbeitet, vom Barock bis zur zeitgenössischen Musik, von den Passionen bis zu Filmmusik, aber einen Singer-Songwriter zu begleiten war doch eine Premiere. Bereits bei den ersten Tönen in der Probe war klar, dass diese Arrangements sehr gut klingen, und die Aufnahme verlief auch dank des fantastischen Aufnahmeteams in bester Atmosphäre. Es war schön zu sehen, wie Allan Taylor's Augen leuchteten.

Es war uns eine Ehre und große Freude, bei diesem Projekt dabei gewesen zu sein.



Rousing energy, authenticity in artistic performance and high intellectual standards are Christoph-Mathias Mueller's stylistic trademarks. The international press ranks Mueller "without a doubt" among "the most gifted and most interesting conductors of his generation" (Gazeta Kultura, Moscow) and attests to his "passion" (Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung), which, in combination with his compelling precision, enables him to communicate music both within and outside the mainstream to musicians and audiences alike.

Mueller made his international breakthrough in 2000, winning the International Conducting Competition in Cadaqués, Spain. From 2001 to 2005 Mueller was Claudio Abbado's Assistant Conductor with the Gustav Mahler Jugendorchester, and for the period 2003-2005 his Assistant Conductor with the Lucerne Festival Orchestra.

During the 2004/2005 season, Mueller served as Musical Director of the Cairo Symphony Orchestra. Since then, he has held the position of General Music Director of the Göttinger Symphonie Orchester. Christoph-Mathias Mueller is a well-known guest on famous stages worldwide. He made his debut in Moscow with the Russian National Orchestra, further guest appearances including performances with the Orchestre National de Lyon, Orchestre Philharmonique du Luxembourg, Orchestre de Chambre de Lausanne, Tonhalle Orchester Zürich, Deutsches Symphonie Orchester Berlin, Staatskapelle Weimar, SWR Sinfonieorchester Frankfurt, BBC National Orchestra of Wales, the Scottish Chamber Orchestra, the Staatsphilharmonie Rheinland-Pfalz, Düsseldorfer Symphoniker and the Scharoun Ensemble of the Berlin Philharmonic. Special attention was drawn by Christoph-Mathias Mueller's debut at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow, where he conducted in 2010, among others, the „Fledermaus" and „Rosenkavalier" and where he since has become a regular guest.

Mitreißende Energie, künstlerische Authentizität und ein hoher intellektueller Anspruch markieren den Stil von Christoph-Mathias Mueller. So zählt ihn die internationale Presse „... ohne Zweifel ... zu den begabtesten und interessantesten Dirigenten seiner Generation“ (Gazeta Kultura Moskau) und attestiert ihm „Leidenschaftlichkeit“ (Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung) ebenso wie eine bezwingende Präzision, mit der es ihm gelingt, Musikern wie Publikum Werke diesseits wie jenseits des Mainstreams zu erschließen.

Der internationale Durchbruch gelang ihm im Jahr 2000 mit dem Gewinn des internationalen Dirigierwettbewerbs in Cadaqués/Spanien. 2001-2005 verpflichtete ihn Claudio Abbado als Assistenz-Dirigenten für das Gustav Mahler Jugendorchester sowie als seinen „Assistant Conductor“ beim Lucerne Festival Orchestra.

Während der Saison 2004/2005 hatte Mueller die künstlerische Leitung des Cairo Symphony Orchestra inne. Seitdem ist er auf den großen Bühnen weltweit zu Gast. Sein Debut in Moskau erfolgte mit dem Russian National Orchestra. Weitere Gastspiele führten ihn auf die Podien des Orchestre National de Lyon, des Orchestre Philharmonique du Luxembourg, des Orchestre de Chambre de Lausanne, des Tonhalle-Orchesters Zürich, des Deutschen Symphonie Orchesters Berlin, der Staatskapelle Weimar, des SWR-Sinfonieorchesters, des BBC National Orchestra of Wales, des Scottish Chamber Orchestra, der Staatsphilharmonie Rheinland-Pfalz, der Düsseldorfer Symphoniker und des Scharoun Ensemble der Berliner Philharmoniker. Für besonderes Aufsehen sorgte sein Debut am Bolshoi Theater Moskau, wo er 2010 unter anderem die „Fledermaus“ und den „Rosenkavalier“ dirigierte und seitdem regelmäßig zu Gast ist.



GÖTTINGER SYMPHONIE ORCHESTER

With 150 years of history, the Göttinger Symphonie Orchester is one of Germany's longest-standing orchestras. It is also one of the most successful musical ensembles in central and northern Germany, playing over 100 concerts every year to audiences amounting to more than 90,000 people. Over the years, the orchestra has worked with an impressive list of artists including such famous names as Richard Strauss, Ferruccio Busoni, Max Reger, the Jochum brothers, Sir Georg Solti, Wilhelm Kempff, Gidon Kremer, Martha Argerich, Heinrich Schiff, Rudolf Buchbinder and many more.

Today, leading international musicians such as Simone Kermes, Dimitri Ashkenazy and Frank Peter Zimmermann give regular guest performances in Göttingen. These concerts underpin the high national and international acclaim that the GSO has won for its unusually wide repertoire and celebrated recordings. The orchestra's highly regarded renderings of contemporary music, including numerous first performances, provide further evidence of its exceptional quality.

Yet the orchestra's international success extends beyond its CD's. Numerous invitations to undertake international concert tours and perform at international music festivals likewise demonstrate the reputation of the Göttingen Symphony Orchestra outside Germany. In 2014 the orchestra toured Switzerland and China, where as 'musical ambassador' for Lower Saxony it enthralled audiences with six concerts in the spectacular concert halls of Dalian, Wuhan and Shanghai.



Angesichts seiner über 150-jährigen Geschichte zählt das Göttinger Symphonie Orchester nicht nur zu den traditionsreichsten Orchestern, sondern mit über 100 Konzerten und mehr als 90.000 Zuhörern pro Jahr zugleich zu den erfolgreichsten Klangkörpern im gesamten mittel- und norddeutschen Raum. Herausragende Künstler wie Richard Strauss, Ferruccio Busoni, Max Reger, die Gebrüder Jochum, Sir Georg Solti, Wilhelm Kempff, Gidon Kremer, Martha Argerich, Heinrich Schiff, Rudolf Buchbinder und andere mehr gehören zu seinen musikalischen Weggefährten.

Spitzenvertreter der internationalen Musikszene wie Simone Kermes, Dimitri Ashkenazy oder Frank Peter Zimmermann gastieren auch heute regelmäßig in Göttingen. Sie untermauern das hohe Ansehen, das sich das Orchester nicht zuletzt durch sein außergewöhnlich breites Repertoire sowie von der Fachwelt gefeierte CD-Einspielungen auf nationaler wie internationaler Ebene erworben hat. Auch viel beachtete Interpretationen zeitgenössischer Musik, darunter zahlreiche Uraufführungen, stehen ebenfalls für die Qualität des Göttinger Symphonie Orchesters.

International ist das Orchester aber nicht nur mit seinen CDs erfolgreich. Einladungen zu bekannten Musikfestspielen sowie Tourneen zeigen, wie sehr die musikalische Qualität des Göttinger Symphonie Orchesters auch im Ausland geschätzt wird. So führten Gastspielreisen das Orchester beispielsweise in die Schweiz und nach China, wo es als musikalischer Botschafter Niedersachsens begeisterte.



First Violin

Natalie Kundirenko (leader), Wojtek Bolimowski, Anna Kaczmarek-Kalendarishvili, Lewis Forward, Nikolaus Kardos, Hanna Schwer, Thomas Scholz, Andres Schäfer, Liisa Karl, Yu-Jin Lee, Hye-Yoon Kim, Alisher Pulatov

Second Violin

Christina Toparkus (principal), Dmitri Feinschmidt, Jordi Herrera Roca, Uwe Zintarra, Elke Hille, Julij Stanislavov, Friederike Erbslöh, Julia von Niswandt, Hye-Sun Hwang

Viola

Atsushi Komatsu-Hayakawa (principal), Igor Tulchynsky, Peter Rorzycka, Erika Benacka, Oksana Labach, Tae Fukuda

Cello

Joachim Mittelbach (principal), Joanna Kielar-Zachlod, Johann-Sebastian Sommer, Albrecht Vogel

Double Bass

Takanari Koyama (principal), Hong Yiu Lai, Holger Michalski, Frank Birkenfeld

Flute and Piccolo

Bettina Bormuth (principal), Max Löttsch



Oboe and Cor Anglais

Matthias Weiss (principal), Tiago Coimbra

Clarinet

Manfred Hadaschik (principal), Matthias Maurer

Bassoon

Ömür Kazil (principal), Hsiou-Mei Lin, Borja Aras-Durá

Horn

John G. Feider (principal), Andreas Stemmler,
Kathrin Duschmalé, Attila Holzinger

Trumpet

Victor Apostle (principal), Helmut Pöhner

Timpani

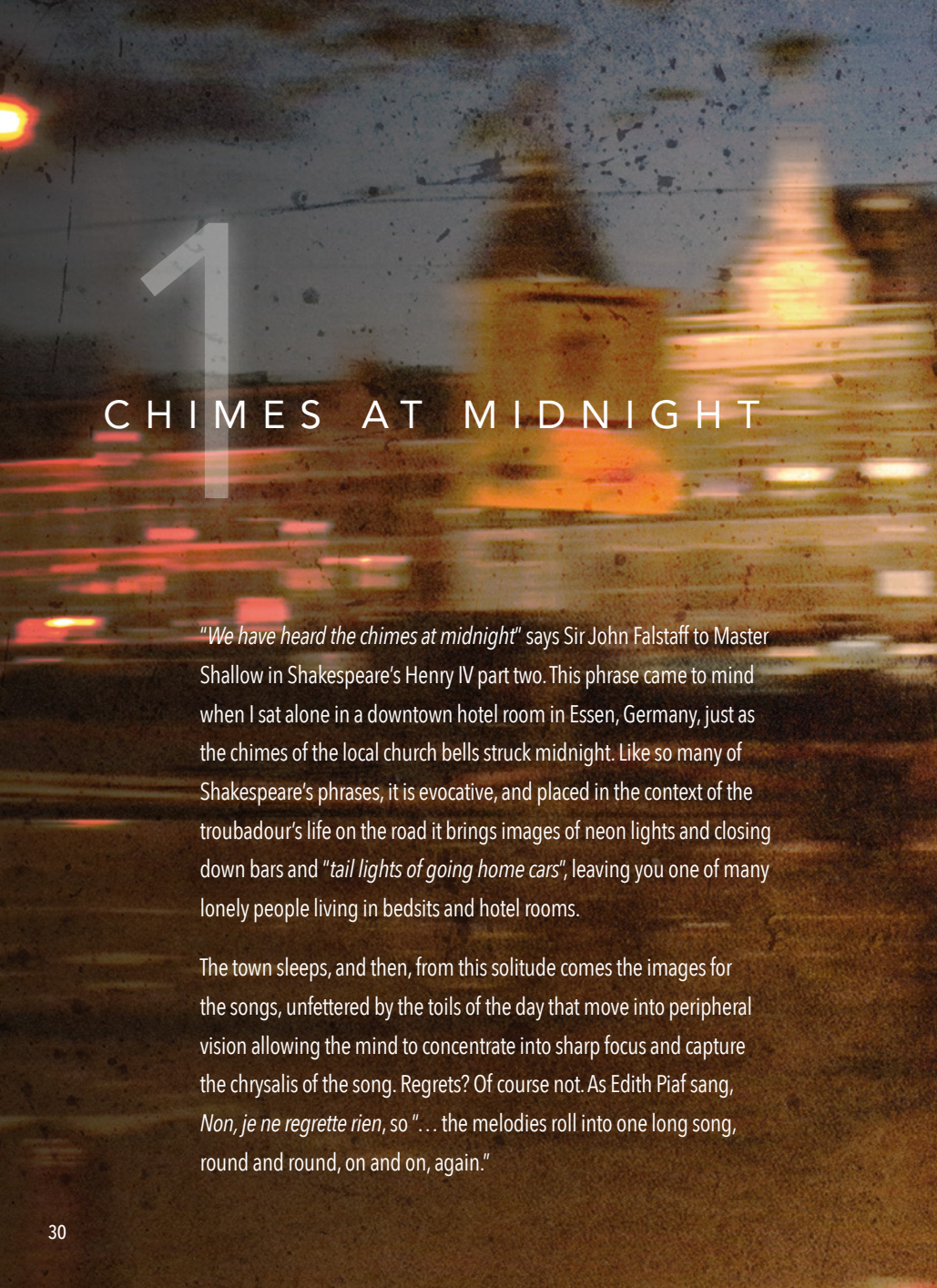
Johannes Karl

Percussion

Harry Bidlingmaier

Harp

Katharina Steinbeis

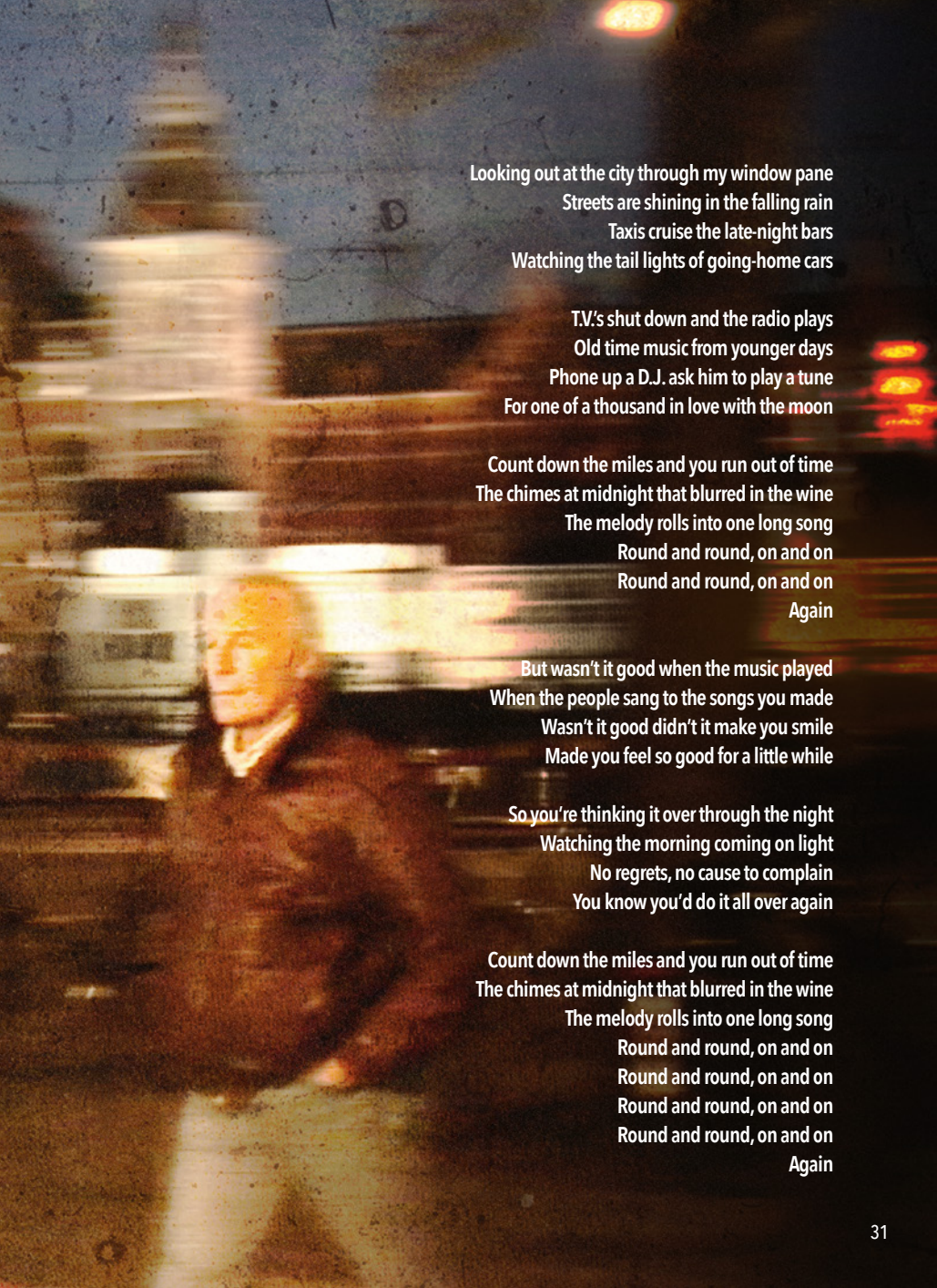


1

CHIMES AT MIDNIGHT

"We have heard the chimes at midnight" says Sir John Falstaff to Master Shallow in Shakespeare's Henry IV part two. This phrase came to mind when I sat alone in a downtown hotel room in Essen, Germany, just as the chimes of the local church bells struck midnight. Like so many of Shakespeare's phrases, it is evocative, and placed in the context of the troubadour's life on the road it brings images of neon lights and closing down bars and *"tail lights of going home cars"*, leaving you one of many lonely people living in bedsits and hotel rooms.

The town sleeps, and then, from this solitude comes the images for the songs, unfettered by the toils of the day that move into peripheral vision allowing the mind to concentrate into sharp focus and capture the chrysalis of the song. Regrets? Of course not. As Edith Piaf sang, *Non, je ne regrette rien*, so "... the melodies roll into one long song, round and round, on and on, again."



Looking out at the city through my window pane
Streets are shining in the falling rain
Taxis cruise the late-night bars
Watching the tail lights of going-home cars

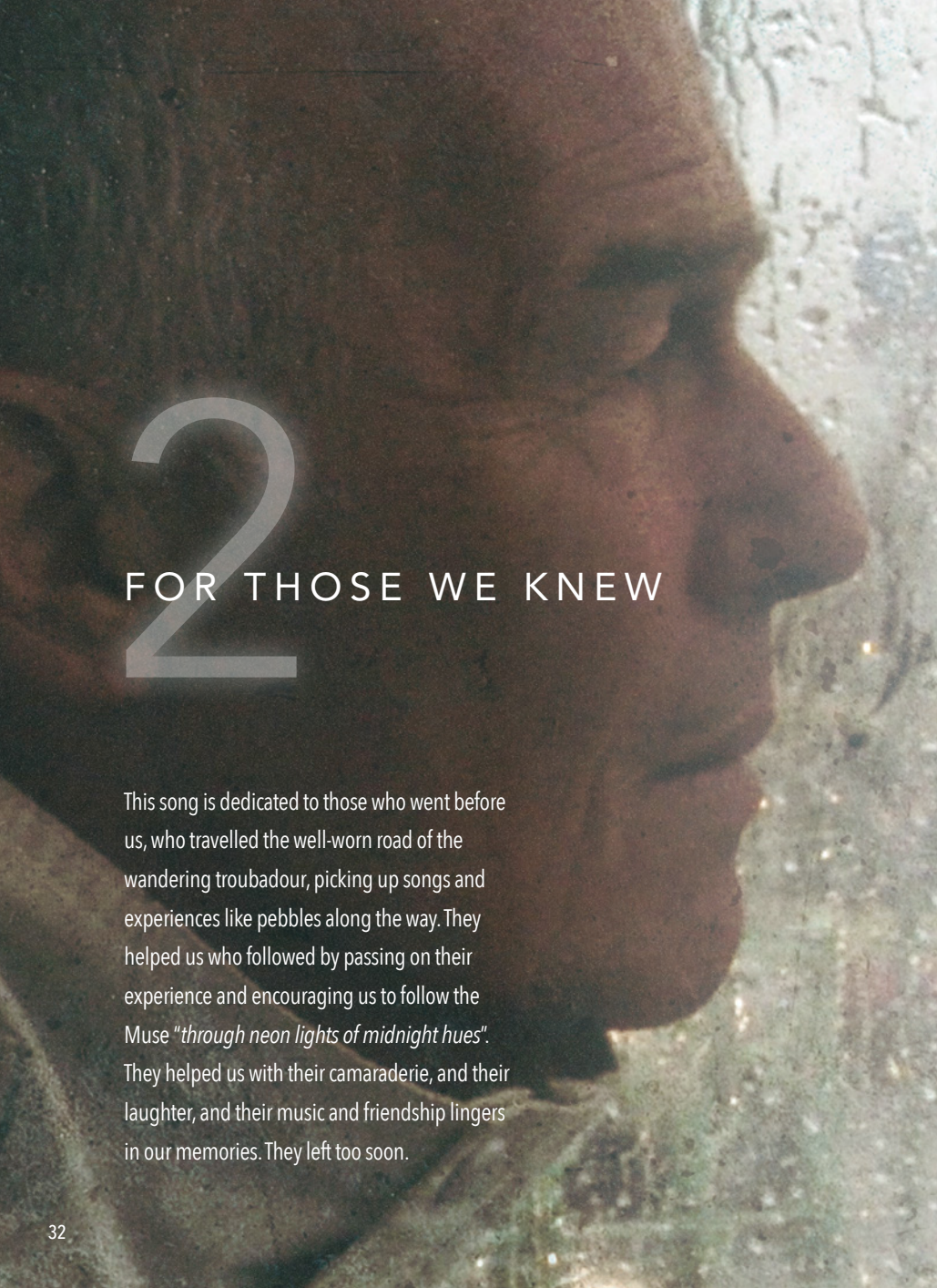
TV's shut down and the radio plays
Old time music from younger days
Phone up a D.J. ask him to play a tune
For one of a thousand in love with the moon

Count down the miles and you run out of time
The chimes at midnight that blurred in the wine
The melody rolls into one long song
Round and round, on and on
Round and round, on and on
Again

But wasn't it good when the music played
When the people sang to the songs you made
Wasn't it good didn't it make you smile
Made you feel so good for a little while

So you're thinking it over through the night
Watching the morning coming on light
No regrets, no cause to complain
You know you'd do it all over again

Count down the miles and you run out of time
The chimes at midnight that blurred in the wine
The melody rolls into one long song
Round and round, on and on
Round and round, on and on
Round and round, on and on
Round and round, on and on
Again



2

FOR THOSE WE KNEW

This song is dedicated to those who went before us, who travelled the well-worn road of the wandering troubadour, picking up songs and experiences like pebbles along the way. They helped us who followed by passing on their experience and encouraging us to follow the Muse "*through neon lights of midnight hues*". They helped us with their camaraderie, and their laughter, and their music and friendship lingers in our memories. They left too soon.

We saw the times
We wrote the songs of café bars
And midnight chimes
In perfect rhymes
That danced with melodies in song
We sang the times

We paid our dues
We took the road and played the game
Of win or lose
We chose the muse
She led us on in neon lights
Of midnight hues

And through it all
The rise and fall
The come and go, the lost and won
We made our way
And took the day
We marched to rhythms of our own
And travelled on

A single star
That seemed to hang on the horizon
From afar
A perfect star
A city streetlight in the night
This was our star

And through it all
The rise and fall
The come and go, the lost and won
We made our way
And took the day
We marched to rhythms of our own
And travelled on

For those we knew
The ones we lost along the way
The chosen few
They left too soon
But we're the ones who'll carry on
For those we knew

And through it all
The rise and fall
The come and go, the lost and won
We made our way
And took the day
We marched to rhythms of our own
And travelled on



3 DOWN THE YEARS I TRAVELLED...

I sometimes look back down the road I travelled and remember the young man I was. The huge adventure of a new life lay before me, and as I passed through each experience, so my world view grew. I had nothing but a guitar, a cheap van and an insatiable desire to reach the next horizon. I wrote my songs along the way; some friends, some passers-by and some loved ones found their way into a song, and there they stay, etched in time when we shared each other's company.

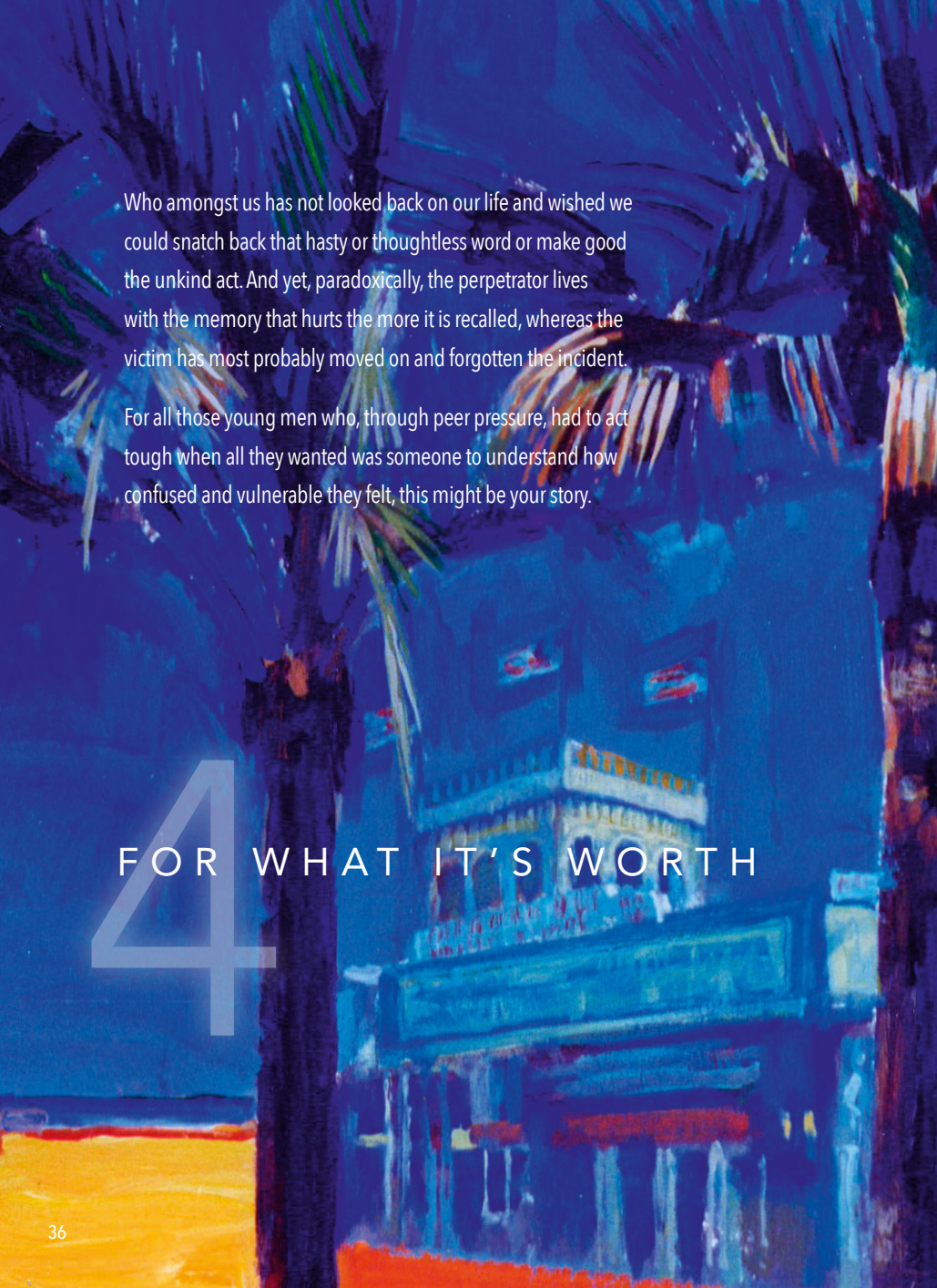
The gift we can give to life is to leave something behind for the next generation who might pick up the signs found along the way; *"I will leave them by the roadside for someone else to find"*, not in terms of anything materialistic, but more by way of an idea, a sign that suggests a direction, a thought that says, *"I can do that, I can travel that road and find my own stories, songs and poems, just as those old troubadours did before me."*

Down the years I travelled, all the roads I saw
Life was changed forever from all that went before
A young man on his journey, I was one of the favoured few
Driving into the distance, coming into the new
I was coming into the new

Every city, town and highway became a home to me
To walk the streets and byways was where I had to be
And some chance conversation in any downtown bar
Became another travelling song played on my guitar
I played on my guitar

The memories are with me still, but the days are passed and gone
I'm looking to the road ahead with a new day coming on
Maybe there are songs to come, maybe some will fall behind
I will leave them by the roadside for someone else to find
For someone else to find

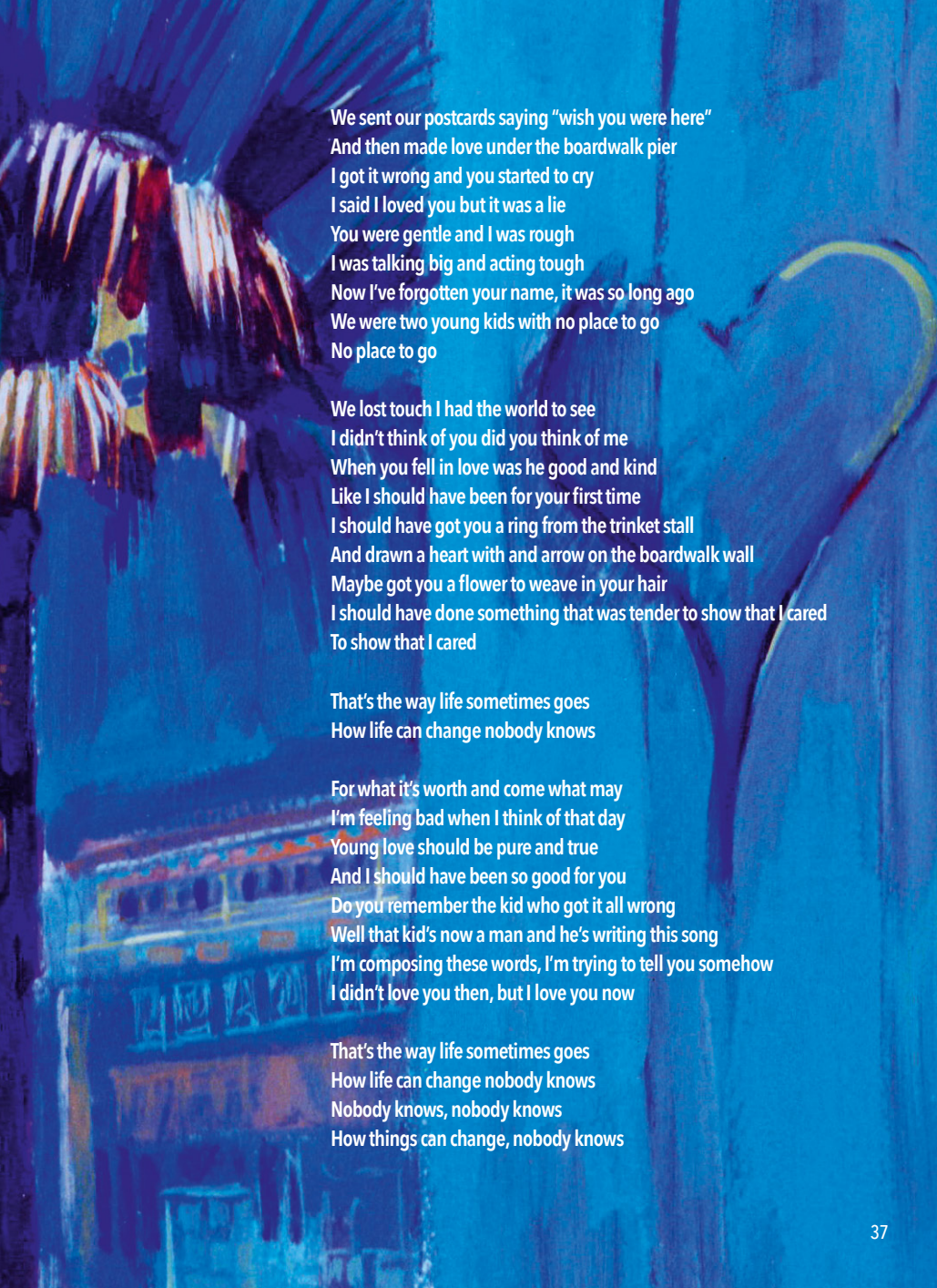
Now the roads have come together and led me to this place
Some have gone forever and some have left a trace
It's coming 'round full circle to where it all began
I've got my songs and my guitar, and it's time to travel on
It's time to travel on



Who amongst us has not looked back on our life and wished we could snatch back that hasty or thoughtless word or make good the unkind act. And yet, paradoxically, the perpetrator lives with the memory that hurts the more it is recalled, whereas the victim has most probably moved on and forgotten the incident.

For all those young men who, through peer pressure, had to act tough when all they wanted was someone to understand how confused and vulnerable they felt, this might be your story.

4 FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH



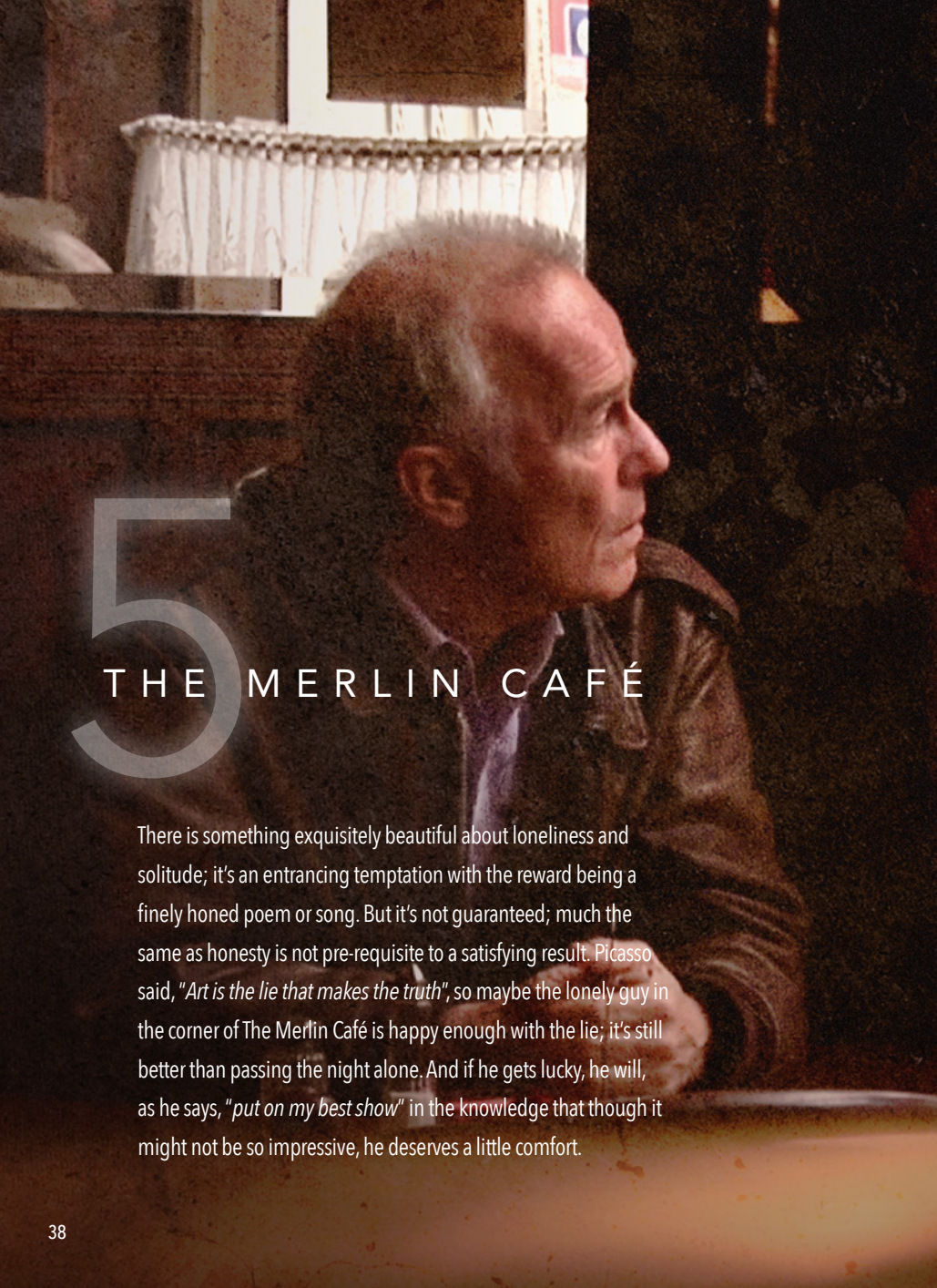
We sent our postcards saying "wish you were here"
And then made love under the boardwalk pier
I got it wrong and you started to cry
I said I loved you but it was a lie
You were gentle and I was rough
I was talking big and acting tough
Now I've forgotten your name, it was so long ago
We were two young kids with no place to go
No place to go

We lost touch I had the world to see
I didn't think of you did you think of me
When you fell in love was he good and kind
Like I should have been for your first time
I should have got you a ring from the trinket stall
And drawn a heart with an arrow on the boardwalk wall
Maybe got you a flower to weave in your hair
I should have done something that was tender to show that I cared
To show that I cared

That's the way life sometimes goes
How life can change nobody knows

For what it's worth and come what may
I'm feeling bad when I think of that day
Young love should be pure and true
And I should have been so good for you
Do you remember the kid who got it all wrong
Well that kid's now a man and he's writing this song
I'm composing these words, I'm trying to tell you somehow
I didn't love you then, but I love you now

That's the way life sometimes goes
How life can change nobody knows
Nobody knows, nobody knows
How things can change, nobody knows



5 THE MERLIN CAFÉ

There is something exquisitely beautiful about loneliness and solitude; it's an entrancing temptation with the reward being a finely honed poem or song. But it's not guaranteed; much the same as honesty is not pre-requisite to a satisfying result. Picasso said, "*Art is the lie that makes the truth*", so maybe the lonely guy in the corner of The Merlin Café is happy enough with the lie; it's still better than passing the night alone. And if he gets lucky, he will, as he says, "*put on my best show*" in the knowledge that though it might not be so impressive, he deserves a little comfort.

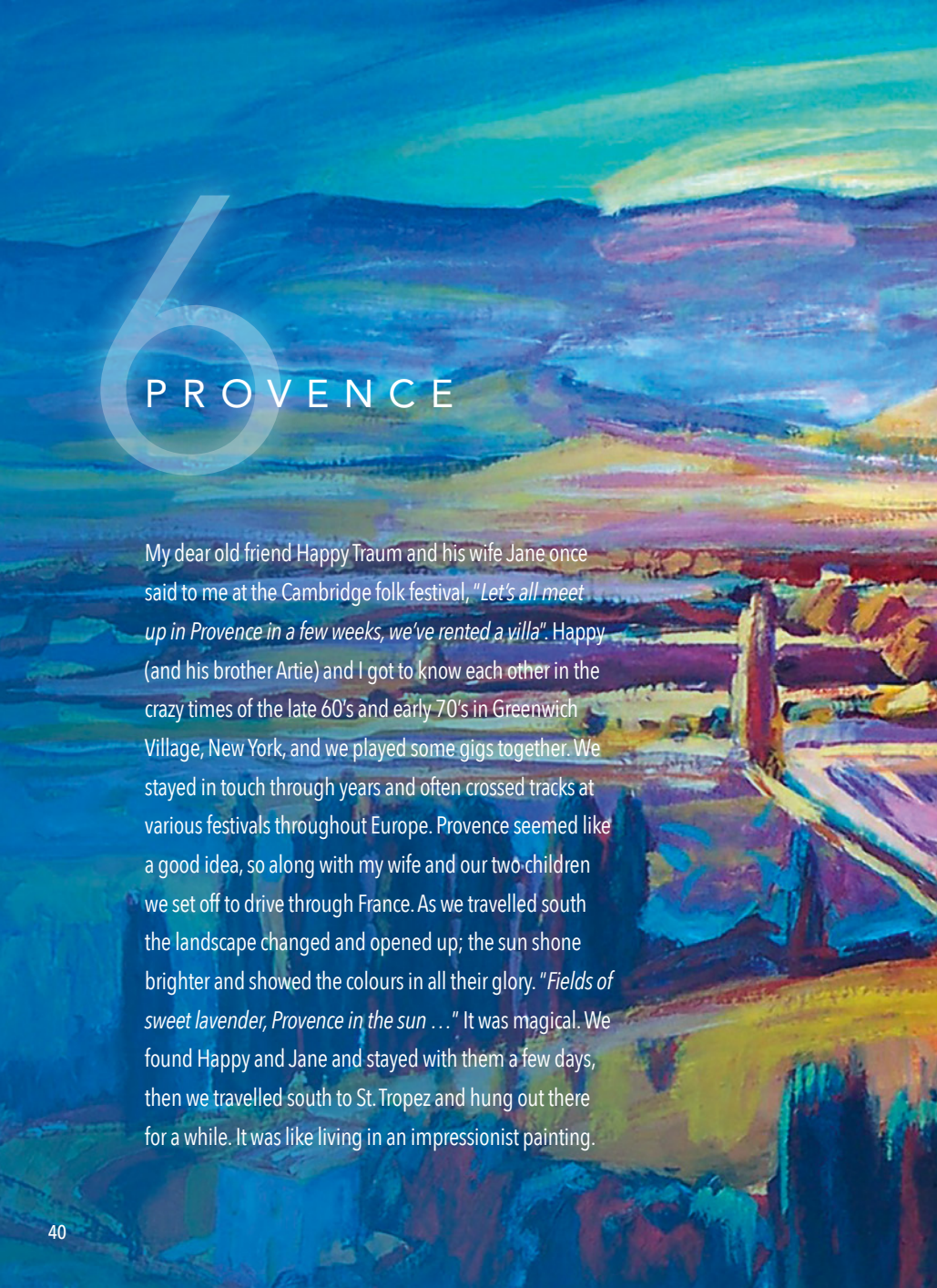
The Merlin Cafe is empty
Save for a drunk or two
The waitress is waiting on going
And I've quit waiting on you
Midnight lovers are all the same
We dream in impossible ways
In the faded light we come alive
And hide away from the days

A song will last forever
A single dream goes far
Loneliness strips you down to the bone
And that's when you know who you are
You pay the price for choosing
The night instead of day
It's never just a case of losing
But throwing it all away

And I'll write you a song in the morning
And I'll sing it for you someday
I'll say all the things I should have said
Before you went away

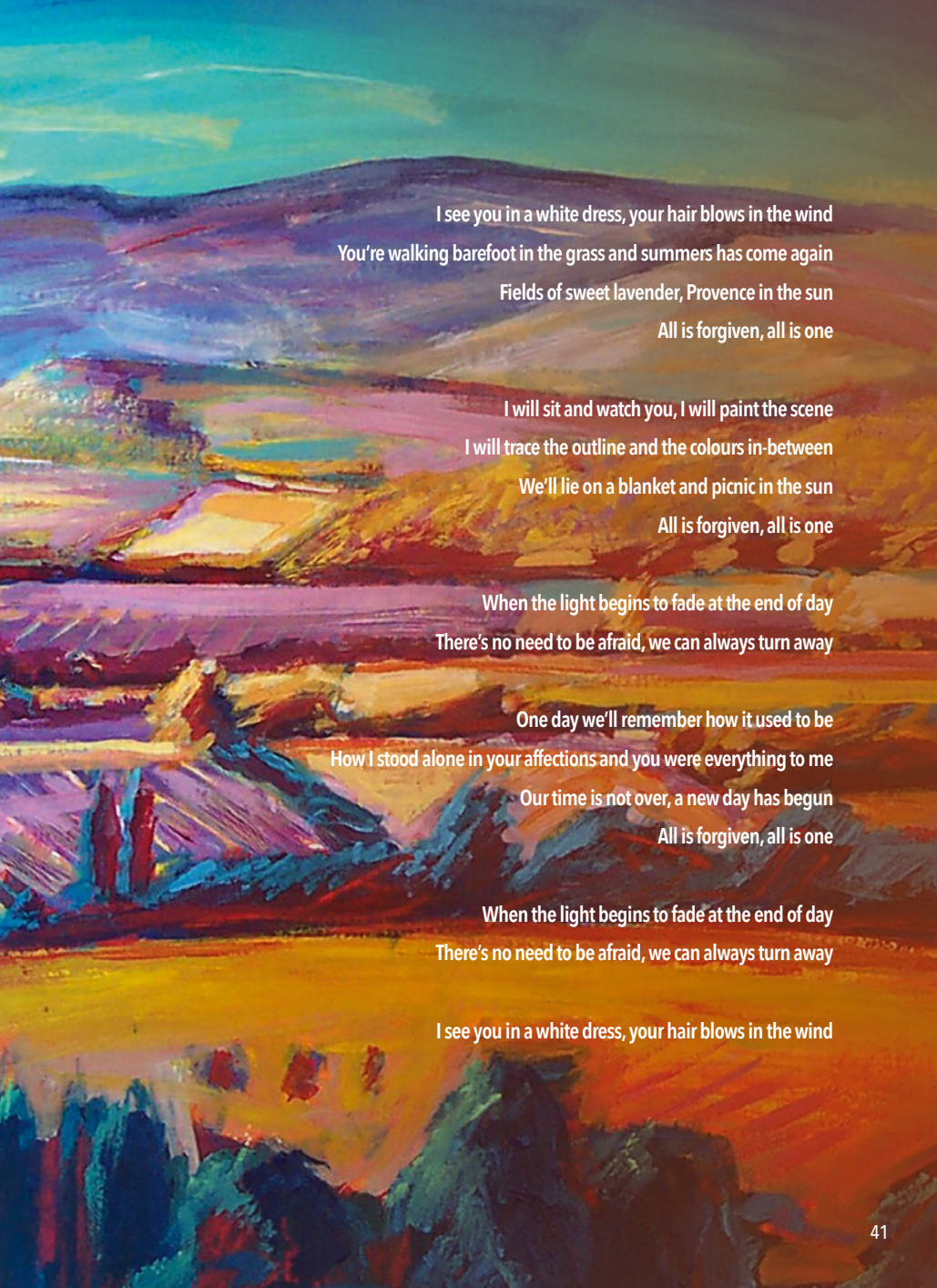
The joker in his reverie
Takes another glass of wine
The poet watches carefully
And writes another line
The joker's just a dreamer
Who got lost along the way
And dreamers can be poets
In this crazy cabaret

I'm waiting for a dark-eyed lady
To cast her eye my way
Maybe show a little sympathy
And take me home to stay
I'll play the good-time lover
And put on my best show
I don't care if she's faking it
No-body has to know

An impressionist painting of a Provencal landscape, featuring rolling hills, a wooden fence, and a large, stylized number 6 in the foreground. The colors are vibrant and blended, typical of the Impressionist style.

6 PROVENCE

My dear old friend Happy Traum and his wife Jane once said to me at the Cambridge folk festival, "*Let's all meet up in Provence in a few weeks, we've rented a villa*". Happy (and his brother Artie) and I got to know each other in the crazy times of the late 60's and early 70's in Greenwich Village, New York, and we played some gigs together. We stayed in touch through years and often crossed tracks at various festivals throughout Europe. Provence seemed like a good idea, so along with my wife and our two children we set off to drive through France. As we travelled south the landscape changed and opened up; the sun shone brighter and showed the colours in all their glory. "*Fields of sweet lavender, Provence in the sun ...*" It was magical. We found Happy and Jane and stayed with them a few days, then we travelled south to St. Tropez and hung out there for a while. It was like living in an impressionist painting.



I see you in a white dress, your hair blows in the wind
You're walking barefoot in the grass and summers has come again
Fields of sweet lavender, Provence in the sun
All is forgiven, all is one

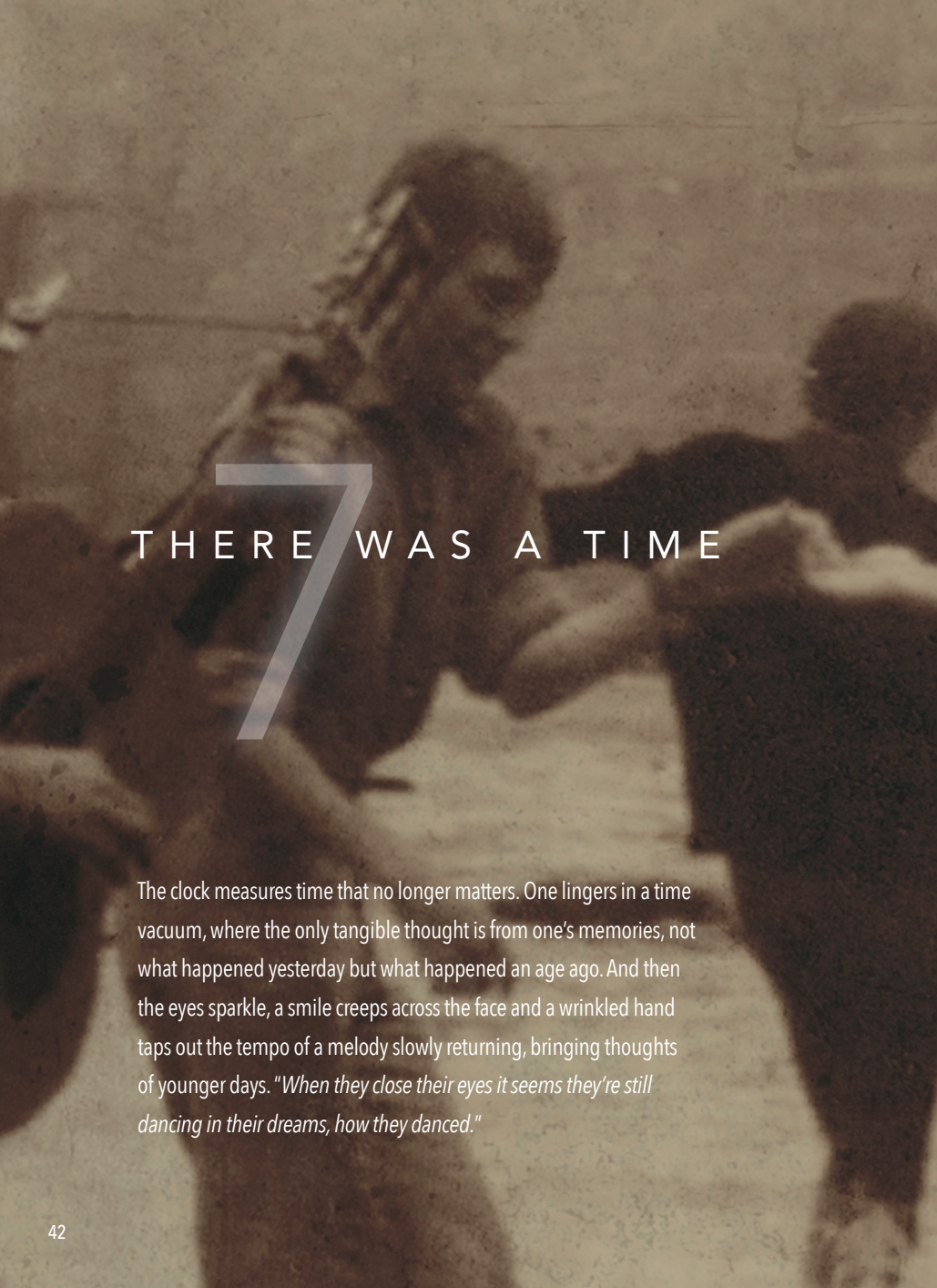
I will sit and watch you, I will paint the scene
I will trace the outline and the colours in-between
We'll lie on a blanket and picnic in the sun
All is forgiven, all is one

When the light begins to fade at the end of day
There's no need to be afraid, we can always turn away

One day we'll remember how it used to be
How I stood alone in your affections and you were everything to me
Our time is not over, a new day has begun
All is forgiven, all is one

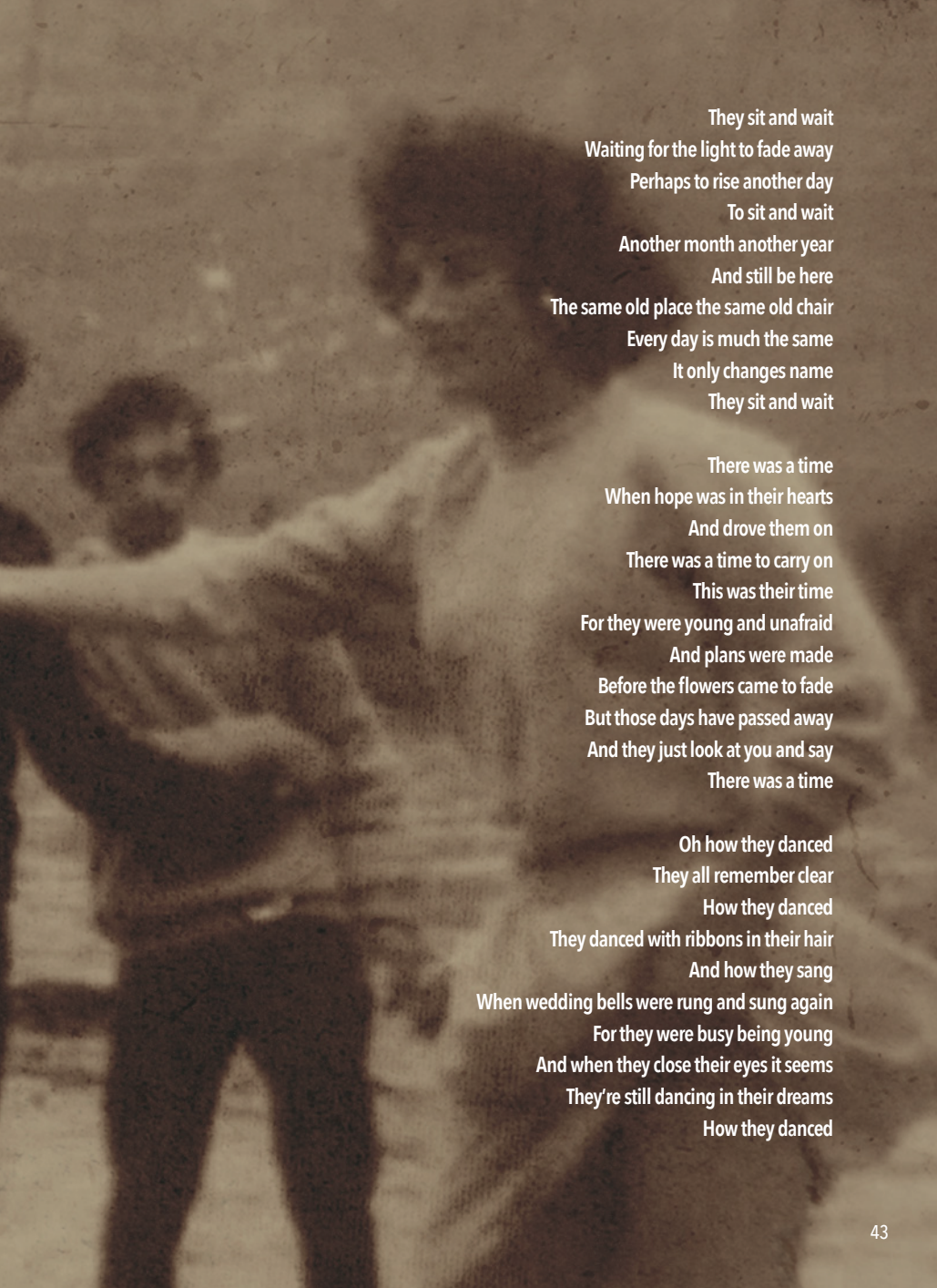
When the light begins to fade at the end of day
There's no need to be afraid, we can always turn away

I see you in a white dress, your hair blows in the wind



7 T H E R E W A S A T I M E

The clock measures time that no longer matters. One lingers in a time vacuum, where the only tangible thought is from one's memories, not what happened yesterday but what happened an age ago. And then the eyes sparkle, a smile creeps across the face and a wrinkled hand taps out the tempo of a melody slowly returning, bringing thoughts of younger days. *"When they close their eyes it seems they're still dancing in their dreams, how they danced."*



They sit and wait
Waiting for the light to fade away
Perhaps to rise another day
To sit and wait
Another month another year
And still be here
The same old place the same old chair
Every day is much the same
It only changes name
They sit and wait

There was a time
When hope was in their hearts
And drove them on
There was a time to carry on
This was their time
For they were young and unafraid
And plans were made
Before the flowers came to fade
But those days have passed away
And they just look at you and say
There was a time

Oh how they danced
They all remember clear
How they danced
They danced with ribbons in their hair
And how they sang
When wedding bells were rung and sung again
For they were busy being young
And when they close their eyes it seems
They're still dancing in their dreams
How they danced

Joseph left in the first light of morning
The boatman was waiting, the tide was turning
And he stood for a moment as if to say
I will see you in passing

The wind took the sails and he floated away
Like so much driftwood washed out of the bay
And he sailed to the island where the sand meets the sky
And he breathed again

There was something about the sand and the sea
How it all comes together, how it's all meant to be
For water is life and sand measures time
For the healing

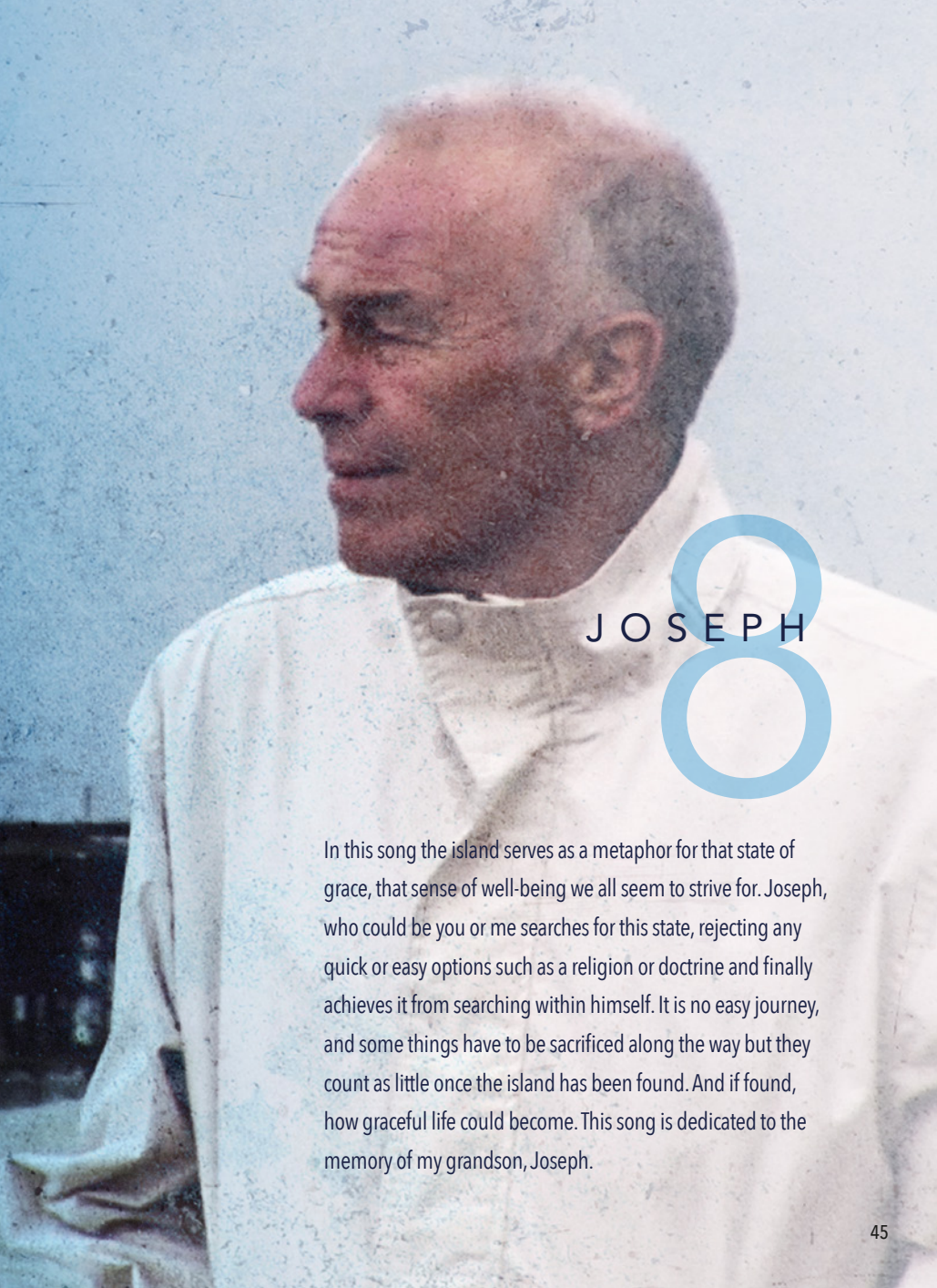
They say he found Jesus, but that's really not true
It's just an excuse for the blind and confused
For he searched for beauty and freedom from pain
And he made himself well

Joseph we waited for you
We waited and hoped you'd come through
We looked to the mail-boat to bring us a word
But the sound of the seagull was all that we heard

Now he walks like a dancer who measures his space
So strong in his movement and easy with grace
And he carries his body like one who has seen
The hope of an answer

And way in the distance the island is there
It shifts in the sunlight, it floats in the air
A haven for dreamers and lovers who lost
And people like Joseph

Joseph we waited for you
We waited and hoped you'd come through
We looked to the mail-boat to bring us a word
But the sound of the seagull was all that we heard



JOSEPH

In this song the island serves as a metaphor for that state of grace, that sense of well-being we all seem to strive for. Joseph, who could be you or me searches for this state, rejecting any quick or easy options such as a religion or doctrine and finally achieves it from searching within himself. It is no easy journey, and some things have to be sacrificed along the way but they count as little once the island has been found. And if found, how graceful life could become. This song is dedicated to the memory of my grandson, Joseph.

WIN OR LOSE

From Shakespeare:

All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players.

And this is what came to mind as I sat in a bar in Brussels called "Au Laboureur", on Chausee d'Alseberg. During the seventies and early eighties it was one of many great music venues in Belgium, and I played there several times. It was in a rough part of the city (which made it all the more interesting for me) and long after the gig was over and the audience had left I was usually still there talking to the regular bar clientele. One could call them the outcasts of life; the crazies, the losers, the lost, the lonely, the forever optimistic in a sea of hopelessness. As I sat there watching them I realised I could be in any bar in any big city - every downtown bar has these people, and I felt a certain kinship with these people. Though I was there by choice I nevertheless was as lonely as them, and like them I was cast out from mainstream society by the nature of what I did for a living.

Do we really chose our own path, or is our path chosen by our predilections, and we merely play a part? I suppose the answer is to search within ourselves to try to find out who we are, what we are and what we have to do to be at one with ourselves and accept it for better or for worse. The tragedy would be to reach the end of one's life only to realize that one had lived a lie, and all that one had gained was worthless. Winning and losing is relative to the criteria one establishes and often adjusted to suit the circumstances; no doubt we are all guilty of adjusting the criteria so that we think we're winning, or maybe the criteria for winning are so far out of reach we always feel like losers. It's a thin line between the two, and for most us a line danced across many times in life.

There's a bar in Brussels and it looks the same
As a bar in Paris with a different name
It reminds me of a bar in Amsterdam
And they all look the same

And there's always a Joe behind the bar
Who'll take your money and pass the jar
He's no great friend but it's better by far
Than drinking on your own

And the joker who plays at being everybody's friend
Says he knew you sometime way back when
So you buy him a drink and he'll try it again
And you'll see him every night

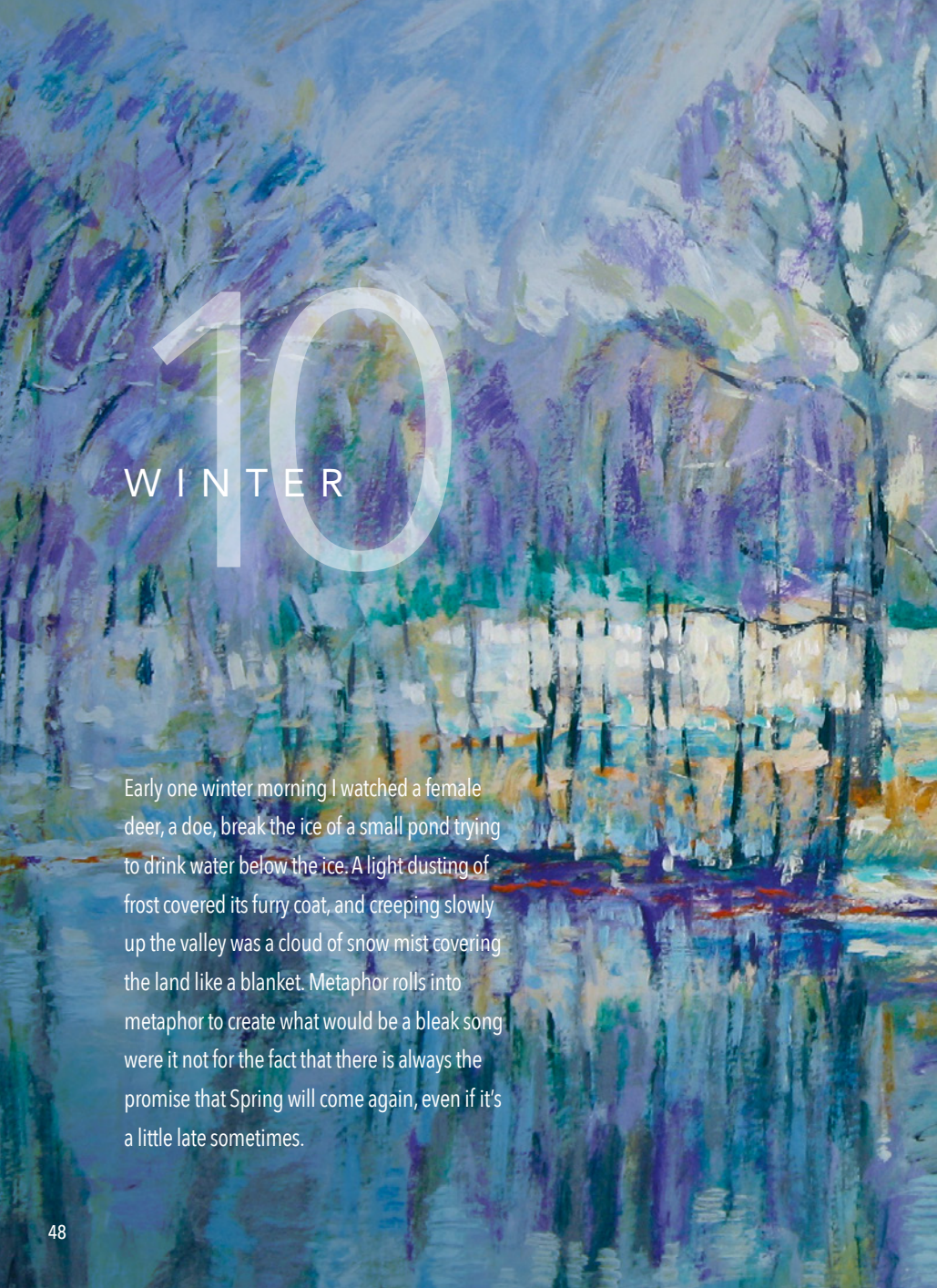
And way back in the corner there's a lonely guy
Says he's dying for sure, he's living a lie
Maybe tomorrow he'll give it another try
But he's got to make it through the night

Win or lose what's it matter to you
Everybody's doing what they have to do
And like it or not you're part of it too
And you're a long way from home

And the lady who stops and gives you a smile
Says she likes your music says she likes your style
Maybe she'll let you stay awhile
And pass the night away

But there's always a morning after the night
When your eyes won't open and your throat is tight
When everything's wrong and nothing's right
And you don't know what to say

Win or lose what's it matter to you
Everybody's doing what they have to do
And like it or not you're part of it too
And you're a long way from home



10

WINTER

Early one winter morning I watched a female deer, a doe, break the ice of a small pond trying to drink water below the ice. A light dusting of frost covered its furry coat, and creeping slowly up the valley was a cloud of snow mist covering the land like a blanket. Metaphor rolls into metaphor to create what would be a bleak song were it not for the fact that there is always the promise that Spring will come again, even if it's a little late sometimes.



The doe breaks the ice on the frozen lake
A snow mist hides the sun
The dark of the night will grow stronger
And winter has begun

Shall I stay and wait out the bitter cold
Shall I travel to warmer climes
As I watch the geese fly to their winter home
I will think on fonder times

Do not worry
Do not fear
I will always be here

A promise can melt the coldest frost
A smile can warm the heart
And words of tenderness whispered in truth
Will carry you through the night

Do not worry
Do not fear
I will always be here

In time the winter will pass
And make way for the warm touch of Spring
The forest will sing in the gentle breeze
And life will begin again

Do not worry
Do not fear
I will always be here

An impressionistic landscape painting in the style of J.M.W. Turner, featuring vibrant, visible brushstrokes in shades of green, blue, yellow, and pink. The scene depicts a lush, hilly landscape with dense foliage in the foreground and a body of water or a distant town visible in the background under a soft, hazy sky.

11

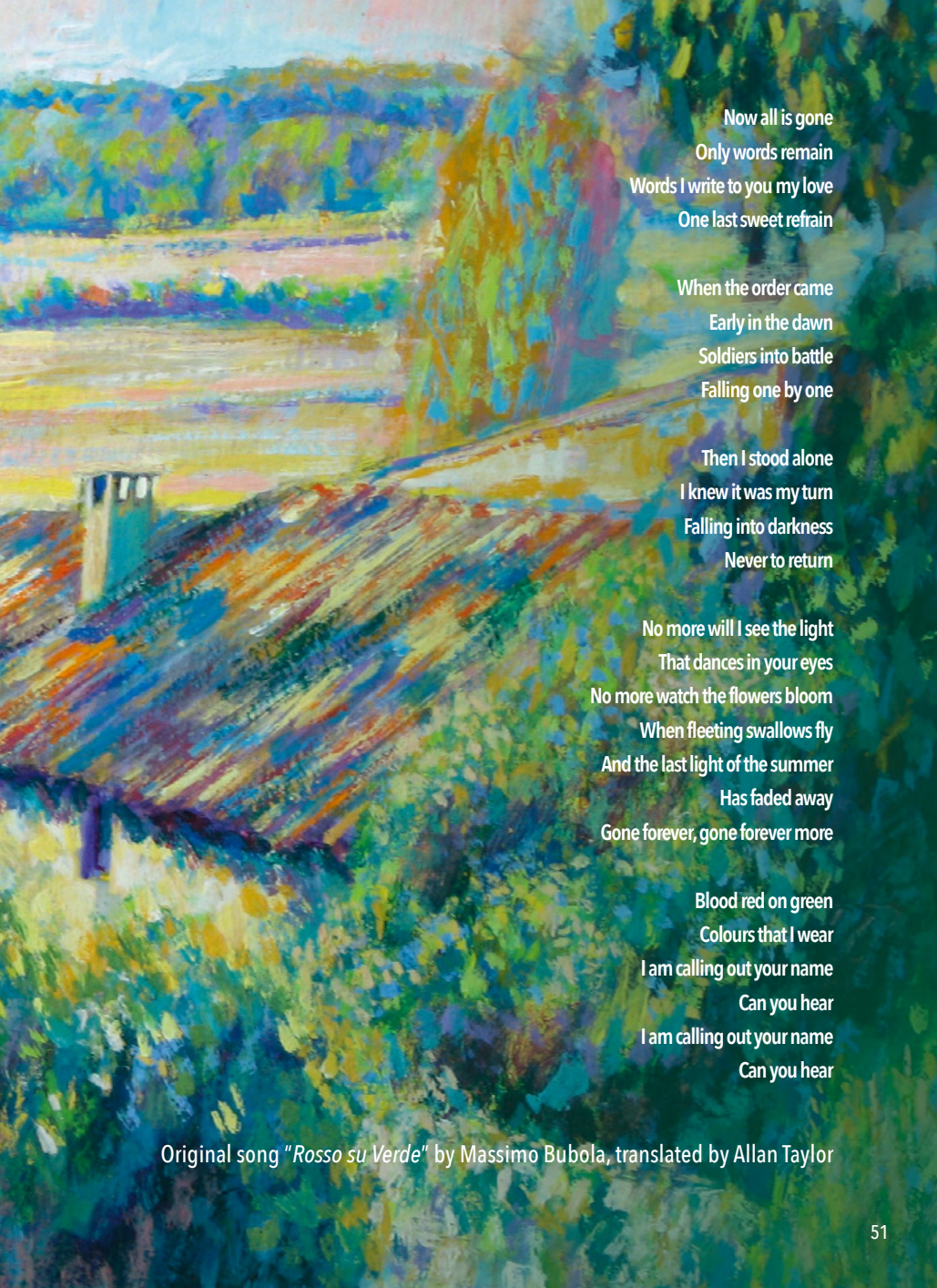
RED ON GREEN

(ROSSO SU VERDE)

The writer of this song, Massimo Bubola, is an Italian songwriter I got to know through the work of another Italian songwriter, Fabrizio de Andre. They were co-writers on some of Fabrizio's songs.

I had heard some of Massimo's songs before we actually performed on the same concert; Folkest in Friuli, Italy. I was especially interested in his song "*Rosso su Verde*", and when he told me the background story I wanted to record it. My friend Stefano Caltagirone gave me a literal translation and from that I wrote the lyrics for the song.

The song is based on a love letter written by Ottorino Bubola (Massimo's uncle) and was found on his body when he was killed on Mount Grappa during World War One. The letter was given to Massimo's grandmother.

An impressionistic painting of a landscape. In the foreground, a hill with a small, light-colored building with a chimney is visible. The hill is covered in dense, colorful foliage in shades of green, blue, and yellow. In the background, there are rolling hills and a body of water under a bright sky. The overall style is vibrant and expressive, with visible brushstrokes and a rich color palette.

Now all is gone
Only words remain
Words I write to you my love
One last sweet refrain

When the order came
Early in the dawn
Soldiers into battle
Falling one by one

Then I stood alone
I knew it was my turn
Falling into darkness
Never to return

No more will I see the light
That dances in your eyes
No more watch the flowers bloom
When fleeting swallows fly
And the last light of the summer
Has faded away
Gone forever, gone forever more

Blood red on green
Colours that I wear
I am calling out your name
Can you hear
I am calling out your name
Can you hear

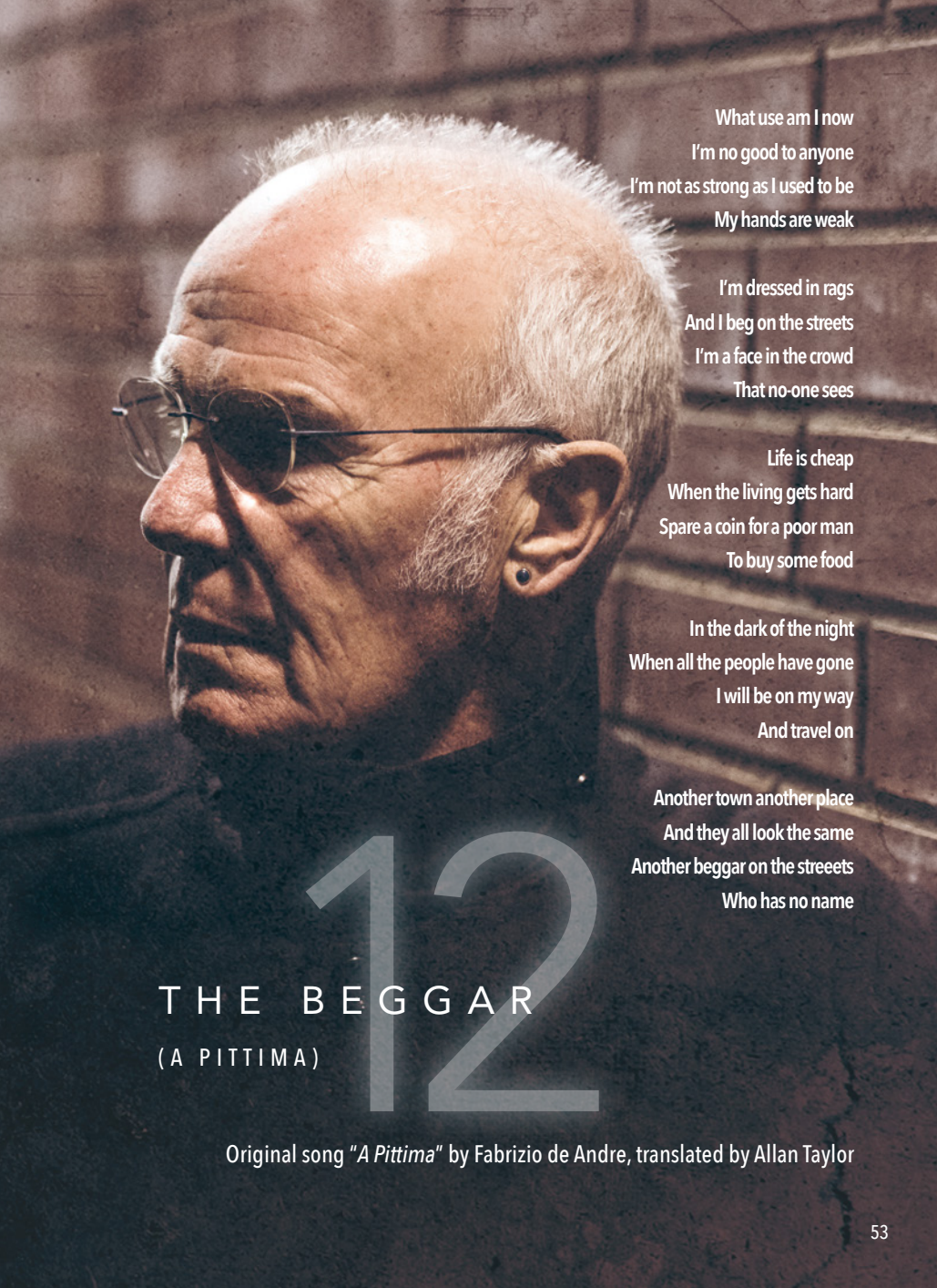
Original song "*Rosso su Verde*" by Massimo Bubola, translated by Allan Taylor

I first got to know Fabrizio de Andre through his album *Creuz de Ma* in the mid 1980's. It remains one of my favourite albums. Fabrizio teamed up with producer Mauro Pagani (who was in the progressive rock band Premiata Forneria Marconi – usually known as PFM) and together they wrote some amazing songs (lyrics by Fabrizio and music by Mauro). The music had a traditional feel to it; Mauro employed various traditional instruments and the tunes had a traditional sound to them. The album was released by the Italian record company called Dischi Ricordi.

Around this time I had released an album called *"The Traveller"* on which I used similar ideas (although I had not heard of Fabrizio at that stage), using some traditional instruments mixed with guitars and cittern. This album won the Gran Prix du Disque de Montreaux for the best European folk music album.

The people at Dischi Ricordi obviously heard about *"The Traveller"* and asked me if they could release it in Italy. I visited the company in Milan and it was there that I heard of Fabrizio. A year or two later Dischi Ricordi wanted to make a tribute album of Fabrizio's songs and they asked me to be involved. I chose *"A Pittima"* (which I called *"The Beggar"*). I wrote the lyrics from a literal translation made by Andrea del Favero, the organiser of Folkest Festival.

When I finally met Fabrizio at the festival he told me how much he liked my version of his song. He also invited me to his place in Sardinia for the following summer with a view to writing some songs together. As we sat talking in the dressing room I remember he was looking quite unwell, and he said as much. I thought it was probably influenza. However, it was obviously more serious because a few months later as I sat in the bar of the hotel Belvedere in Wengen, Switzerland, I saw the headline on television, *"Fabrizio e morto"*. What might have been a wonderful friendship was not to be.



What use am I now
I'm no good to anyone
I'm not as strong as I used to be
My hands are weak

I'm dressed in rags
And I beg on the streets
I'm a face in the crowd
That no-one sees

Life is cheap
When the living gets hard
Spare a coin for a poor man
To buy some food

In the dark of the night
When all the people have gone
I will be on my way
And travel on

Another town another place
And they all look the same
Another beggar on the streets
Who has no name

THE BEGGAR

(A PITTIMA)

12

Original song "A Pittima" by Fabrizio de Andre, translated by Allan Taylor

This album is dedicated to Wendy Taylor

Allan Taylor Vocal & Guitar

Valter Sivilotti Orchestral Arrangements

Göttinger Symphonie Orchester

Christoph-Mathias Mueller Conductor

Lutz Möller Piano

Hans-Jörg Maucksch Fretless Bass

Jenny Sandhaas German Translation

Manfred Pollert Photography - Cover & Portrait

Walter Menegaldo Photography - Concert

Marco Borggreve Photography - Portrait (Conductor)

Frank Stefan Kimmel Photography - Orchestra

Allan Black Paintings

Percy Chan Graphic Design / Photography - Recording

"The Endless Highway" Stills captured from Allan Taylor's blu-ray documentary film

Recorded and mixed by **Günter Pauler**

Digital Editing & PreMastering by

Hans-Jörg Maucksch at Pauler Acoustics

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The Beggar (original title *A Pittima*) written by **Fabrizio de Andre**, English translation by Allan Taylor.

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Andrea del Favero (www.folkest.com)

Valter Sivilotti (www.valtersivilotti.com)

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Percy Chan, Evelyn Pauler, Hendrik Pauler.



CLOSER TO THE MUSIC®

Allan Taylor

with the GÖTTINGER SYMPHONIE ORCHESTER
conducted by CHRISTOPH-MATHIAS MUELLER
arranged by VALTER SIVILOTTI

T H E R E W A S A T I M E

- | | | |
|----|-------------------------------|------|
| 1 | Chimes at Midnight | 4:56 |
| 2 | For Those We Knew | 3:51 |
| 3 | Down the Years I Travelled... | 4:53 |
| 4 | For What It's Worth | 4:39 |
| 5 | The Merlin Café | 6:01 |
| 6 | Provence | 4:20 |
| 7 | There Was a Time | 4:26 |
| 8 | Joseph | 4:29 |
| 9 | Win or Lose | 5:50 |
| 10 | Winter | 5:11 |
| 11 | Red on Green | 3:45 |
| 12 | The Beggar | 4:11 |

total playing time: 57:06



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