



LAWO
CLASSICS

Frederick Delius Eine Messe des Lebens (A Mass of Life)

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Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra

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Bergen Philharmonic Choir
Edvard Grieg Kor
Collegium Musicum Choir

Ore in the furnace

Frederick Delius defies easy description right from the ambiguous nature of his nationality. He was born Fritz Delius to German parents in Bradford, England. But any links to that country are offset by his various attachments to America, France, Germany and of course Norway.

The young Delius consistently resisted the path apparently set out for him. After school, he went to work in the family wool-trading firm but quickly persuaded his father to set him up with an orange plantation in America. Here, in northern Florida, Delius indulged the interest in music seeded in him by his parents. He studied the basics of music theory with Thomas Ward, an organist and teacher in Jacksonville.

The most important musical gift of Delius's time in America was that bestowed on him by the African American plantation workers. Their songs, recalled

Delius, 'showed a truly wonderful sense of musicianship and harmonic resource in the instinctive way that they treated a melody.' The melodic contours of the African American spiritual would weave their way into Delius's own musical voice, one of many disparate influences that make his works so difficult to place, for all their individuality.

When the orange plantation inevitably foundered, Delius lived briefly in New York before his father granted him permission to enroll at the Leipzig Conservatory, where he studied principally with Carl Reinecke. In Leipzig, Delius fell in with the Scandinavian contingent that included Christian Sinding, Johan Halvorsen and most notably Edvard Grieg.

Grieg and Delius formed a vital bond. Delius's next move, having changed his name from Fritz to Frederick, was to Norway. There, he started to indulge a deep fascination with Scandinavia—from flat, arable Denmark to the rugged, mountainous terrain of Europe's far northwest. He learned to speak and write Danish and its Norwegian variant.

It was later, living in Paris, that Delius befriended more expatriate Scandinavians including Edvard Munch and August Strindberg. He also met the German painter Jelka Rosen, whom he married in 1903. Apart from a stint back in England during the First World War, Delius spent the rest of his life in the village of Grez-sur-Loing, some 40km south of the French capital. Syphilis contracted in Paris incapacitated the composer later in life, causing blindness and paralysis of the legs. During his last six years, Delius's composing was facilitated by an assistant—another Yorkshire-born musician, Eric Fenby.

Placing Delius's music is no easier than rooting his life. It combines Strauss's lyricism and Wagner's endless melody with deep sensuality, harmonic restlessness and a distinctive sense of light and shade. It is music with an apparent perpetual ability to uncover the most elusory elements of life and spirituality in tandem. For all its identifying stylistics, it is adept at conveying idea of time, place and landscape. 'He was a great original,'

said Sir Mark Elder during his work on Delius's *A Mass of Life* in Bergen; 'but it's the nature of his harmonic movement that is its outstanding quality.'

For Delius, that harmonic movement and its lyrical impetus were apparently as instinctive as the melodies of the plantation songs he had heard in Florida. Accordingly, songwriting formed the bedrock of his existence as a composer. His earliest compositions are songs or song cycles, while his first foray into orchestral music, *Florida Suite*, could be described as a series of songs in all but name.

Norway—its people, landscape, language and literature—never loosened its grip on Delius's imagination (as outlined in Andrew Boyle's book *Delius in Norway*). In the years after the First World War, the composer built a summerhouse in the mountains at Lesjaskog in Gudbrandsdalen, Villa Høifagerli. He returned to the country as often as he could. The extent to which Norway's natural environment fired Delius's musical imagination is evident in *A Song of the*



Delius drawing by Edward Munch

High Hills, for orchestra and wordless chorus, and in his love letter to Norway's cool, clean air and majestic scenery, the orchestral tone poem *Eventyr*.

A Mass of Life also owes its existence to Norway. It was in the country that the composer first read Friedrich Nietzsche's *Also sprach Zarathustra*. 'He was ripe for it,' recalled Fenby; 'that book, he told me, never left his hands until he had devoured it from cover to cover...nor did he rest until he had read every work of Nietzsche he could lay his hands on.'

Nietzsche became a sort of surrogate spiritual father to Delius, providing a positive philosophical alternative to the Christianity of which the composer so abjectly disapproved. He was not alone in that stance. Since the publication of Darwin's *On the Origin of Species* in 1859, a raft of intellectuals and free-thinkers had attached themselves to Nietzsche's concept of the 'superman': a human being independent, fearless, of boundless energy and fully capable of realizing his own destiny.

Perhaps it was inevitable that Delius's most ambitious work would be derived directly from *Also sprach*. Still, Delius was undoubtedly more attuned to Nietzsche the poet than to Nietzsche the philosopher. He was aided in his endeavour to capture that poetic spirit by the German conductor Fritz Cassirer, who compiled a series of evocative passages from the text that would best suit musical treatment by Delius—Nietzsche at his most lyrical and least haranguing. The texts were tailored to the composer, his taste for the ecstatic and his propensity to pantheistic rapture.

The score, for large orchestra, chorus and four vocal soloists, was finished in 1905. But a portion of it dates from earlier. As the late Lyndon Jenkins illustrated, the final movement had already been heard in concert in London in 1899. Parts of the completed score were also presented in Munich in 1908 (Germany, chiefly the city of Wuppertal, was where much of Delius's music had its first airing) but it wasn't until 7 June 1909 that Sir Thomas Beecham conducted the first complete performance of *A Mass of Life*, at the Queen's Hall in London.

Beecham also made the first recording of the work, issued in 1953, having presided over at least three revivals (one of them, in 1951, incorporated the UK debut of the 23-year-old Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau). The score was also taken up by Sir Hamilton Harty and Sir Malcolm Sargent and more recently by Sir Charles Groves, Sir Andrew Davis, Richard Hickox and David Hill. In the past, English conductors favoured a translation of the text by William Wallace (commissioned by Beecham), but the work is gravitating back to its original German language, which Delius set directly.

Whether or not this is Delius's masterpiece—and there's a good argument it is—the composer was evidently at a creative peak when he wrote it. The work surges into life, invoking the power of the human spirit, before proceeding through 11 separate sections (divided into two parts) over the course of which momentum never sags—whether the text's philosophical bent is declamatory and expressionistic or meditative and introspective.

Nietzsche at his most rapturously poetic is reflected in the music's sensual beauty and exalted spirit. Always, his text is carried by and embedded into ebbing and flowing orchestral waters, as was Delius's distinctive, quasi-Wagnerian wont. Zarathustra's words are divided among the singers but the baritone soloist has the lion's share of them and comes to embody the prophet. Never does the music stop to make a point of a particular word; it is the deeper meaning of the text, rather, that we hear in the music's continuous weave.

It is a musical language, says Elder, that is 'incredibly ornate and experimental. You have to let the harmonic language gradually take a hold of you. You have to know where to linger and where not to—where you must press on.' It also needs a little bit of practical help in performance. 'It is often over-scored,' says Elder, who took particular care to balance orchestra and voices in Bergen. 'Strauss was a big influence on Delius, which can result in occasional over-exuberance that can drown out words.' Delius's inclusion of six horns evidences his admiration for Strauss.

A particular challenge is that of navigating the actual content of the score and its various editions. In contrast to manuscripts by Mahler or Elgar, Delius's includes almost no expression markings, which Elder deems 'a challenge, an invitation, to make it your own and make constant choices.' He continues: 'Beecham made many decisions for us in his editions but I feel some of these are gilding the lily. I found myself stripping back, taking away expression markings that Beecham had put in—going for something more transparent and simple.' What moved the conductor most in this, his first performance of the work, was 'the strength of the contrasts. I try to make the most of these: the quiet passages really tender and beautifully sustained, combined with aggression and drama where possible.'

Delius himself was no fan of analytical programme notes. 'I wish the audience to concentrate their attention entirely on listening to the music and not to have their attention drawn away by musical examples,' he once wrote. Indeed, it's impossible to capture in words the scope

of his objectives in this piece beyond the espousal of Nietzsche's philosophy, which speaks for itself.

Admittedly, we hear a very Delius-oriented view of that philosophy, as noted by his friend, colleague and biographer, the composer Peter Warlock. 'If the music may seem at times to breathe a spirit of tender melancholy and wistful resignation which are difficult to reconcile with the ideal expressed in Nietzsche's injunction "Be hard, my brethren", it is only thereby all the more apt as an expression of the innermost essence of Nietzsche's personality and thought,' wrote Warlock. He continued: 'Delius was indeed, as he admitted himself, a dual personality, one aspect of which was always in secret sympathy with the ideals that he ostensibly sets out to combat.'

Andrew Mellor, author of *The Northern Silence—Journeys in Nordic Music and Culture* (Yale University Press, 2022)



Eine Messe des Lebens / A Mass of Life

Text: Excerpts from Friedrich Nietzsche,
Also sprach Zarathustra
/ *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

Choir

O du mein Wille! Du Wende aller Not,
Du meine Notwendigkeit!
Bewahre mich vor allen kleinen Siegen!
Du Schickung meiner Seele, die ich
Schicksal heiße!
Du in-mir! Über-mir! Bewahre und spare
mich, auf zu Einem großen Schicksale!
Daß ich einst bereit und reif sei im großen
Mittage: bereit und reif gleich glühendem
Erze, bereit zu mir selber und zu meinem
verborgensten Willen:
Ein Bogen brünstig nach seinem Pfeil,
ein Pfeil, brünstig nach seinem Sterne:
ein Stern bereit und reif in seinem
Mittage, glühend, durchbohrt; selig vor
vernichtenden Sonnenpfeilen: eine Sonne
selber und ein unerbittlicher Sonnenwille
zum Vernichten bereit im Siegen!
O Wille, Wende aller Not,
Du meine Notwendigkeit!
Spare mich auf zu Einem großen Siege!

Von alten und neuen Tafeln, nr 30

Oh my will! You turning point of all need,
you point of my necessity!
Preserve me from all petty victories!
Oh my soul's predestination, which I call
my destiny!
In-me! Over-me! Preserve and save me
for a great destiny!
That I may one day be ready and ripe in
the great noontide: ready and ripe like
glowing ore, ready for myself and for my
most hidden will:
a bow eager for its arrow, an arrow
eager for its star, a star ready and ripe
in its noontide, glowing, pierced, blissful
with
annihilating sun-arrows - a sun itself
and an inexorable sun-will, ready for
annihilation in victory!
Oh will, turning point of all need, my
necessity!
Save me for one great victory!

Vom höheren Menschen 17—20

Baritone

Erhebt eure Herzen, meine Brüder,
hoch! Höher! Und vergeßt mir auch die
Beine nicht! Erhebt auch eure Beine,
ihr guten Tänzer; und besser noch, ihr
steht auch auf dem Kopf. Diese Krone
des Lachenden, diese Rosenkranzkrone:
ich selber setzte mir diese Krone auf,
ich selber sprach heilig mein Gelächter.
Keinen Anderen fand ich heute stark
genug dazu.
Dem Winde tut mir gleich, wenn er
aus seinen Berghöhen, stürzt: nach
seiner eignen Pfeife will er tanzen, die
Meere zittern und hüpfen unter seinen
Fußstapfen. Diese Krone des Lachenden,
diese Rosenkranzkrone, euch, meinen
Brüdern, werfe ich diese Krone zu!
Das Lachen sprach ich heilig, ihr
höheren Menschen, lernt mir lachen!

Lift up your hearts, my brothers,
high! Higher! And don't forget your legs
either! Lift up your legs as well,
you good dancers, and better still: stand
on your heads too! This crown of the
laughing one, this rose-wreath crown:
I myself put on this crown, I myself
pronounced my laughter holy.
I found no other strong enough
for it today.
Make like the wind when he plunges
from his mountain caves: he wants to
dance to his own pipe, the seas tremble
and skip under his footsteps.
This crown of the laughing one,
this rose-wreath crown, to you, my
brothers, I throw this crown!
I pronounced laughter holy; you higher
men, learn—to laugh!

Das andere Tanzlied

Tenor

In dein Auge schaute ich jüngst, O Leben.
Gold sah ich in deinem Nachtauge
blinken, mein Herz stand still vor dieser
Wollust.

Lately I gazed into your eyes, O life:
I saw gold glittering in your eyes of night—
my heart stood still with
delight.

Soprano

Einen goldenen Kahn sah ich blinken
auf nächtigen Gewässern,
einen sinkenden, trinkenden, wieder
winkenden goldenen Schaukelkahn!

I saw a golden bark glittering
upon nocturnal waters,
a sinking, drinking, winking golden
rocking boat!

Alto

Nach meinem Fuße, dem tanzwütigen,
warfst du einen Blick, einen lachenden,
fragenden, schmelzenden Schaukelblick.

At my feet, my dancing-mad feet, you
threw a glance; a laughing, questioning,
melting, rocking, glance.

Tenor

Zweimal nur regtest du deine Klapper
mit kleinen Händen, da schaukelte schon
mein Fuß vor Tanzwut.

Twice only did you raise your castanets in
your little hands – and already my
feet were tossing in a mad dance.

Alto

Meine Fersen bäumten sich, meine Zehen
horchten, dich zu verstehen.

My heels raised themselves, my toes
listened for what you would propose.

Tenor

Zu dir hin sprang ich! da flohst du zurück
vor meinem Sprunge und gegen mich
züngelte deines fliehenden, fliegenden
Haars Zunge!

I sprang to your side! you dodged my
advance, retreating deftly, and only the
licking, fleeing, trailing tongues of your
hair were left me!

Soprano

Von dir weg sprang ich und von deinen
Schlangen.

I leaped away from your hair's lurid
snaking.

Tenor

Da standst du schon halbgewandt, das
Auge voll Verlangen.

And there you stood, half turned, your
eyes full of desire.

Soprano and alto

Mit krummen Blicken lehrst du mich
krumme Bahnen; auf krummen Bahnen
lernt mein Fuß Tücken.

Your crooked gaze teaches me—crooked
running; on crooked paths my foot learns
—crooked cunning!

Soprano, alto and tenor

Ich fürchte dich Nahe, ich liebe dich
Ferne;
deine Flucht lockt mich, dein Suchen
stockt mich: ich leide, aber was litt ich um
dich nicht gerne! Deren Kälte zündet,

I fear you up close, and I love you away;
your leaving spells me, your seeking
compels me—I suffer, but suffer gladly for
you any day!
You whose coldness ignites, whose hate

deren Haß verführt, deren Flucht bindet,
deren Spott rührt.

Soloists and choir

Das ist ein Tanz über Stock und Stein:
Ich bin der Jäger, willst du mein Hund
oder meine Gemse sein?

Jetzt neben mir! Und geschwind, du
boshafte Springerin! Jetzt hinauf und
hinüber! Hier sind Höhlen und Dickichte:
wir werden uns verirren! Halt! steh' still!
wohin ziehst du mich jetzt?

Ich tanze dir nach, ich folge dir auch auf
geringer Spur. Wo bist du? Gib mir die
Hand! Oder einen Finger nur!

Du fletschest mich lieblich an mit weißen
Zähnelein, deine bösen Augen springen
gegen mich aus lockichtem Mähnelein!
Siehst du nicht Eulen und Fledermäuse
schwirren? Du Eule! Du Fledermaus! Du
willst mich äffen?

is alluring; whose fleeing invites, whose
scorn is—stirring.

This is a dance over dale and hill;
I am the hunter—are you my hound
or my kill?

Now beside me! And quick, you
evil little jumper! Up now! And over!
Here are caves and thickets, we'll go
astray! Stop! Stand still! Where are
you pulling me now?

I dance after you, I follow your trail using
any clue. Where are you? Give me your
hand! Even a finger will do!

You gnash at me sweetly with little white
teeth; your curly little mane, evil eyes
peeking out from beneath!
Do you not see owls and bats in the air?
You owl! You bat!
Do you mock me?

Baritone

O meine neuen Freunde, ihr wunderlichen,
ihr höheren Menschen, wie gut gefällt ihr
mir nun, seit ihr fröhlich wurdet!

Ihr seid wahrlich alle aufgeblüht: mich
dünkt, solchen Blumen, wie ihr seid, tun
neue Feste not.

Alto

O Zarathustra! Jenseits von Gut und Böse
fanden wir unser Eiland und unsere grüne
Wiese. Wir zwei allein! Darum müssen wir
schon einander gut sein! O Zarathustra,
du bist mir nicht treu genug! Es gibt eine
alte Brummglocke! Hörst du diese Glocke
Mitternachts die Stunden schlagen, so
denkst du daran, O Zarathustra, ich weiß
es, daß du mich bald verlassen willst!

Das Eselsfest, 3

Oh my new friends, you strange, you
higher men, how well I like you now,
since you've become joyful again!
All of you have truly blossomed; it seems
to me that flowers such as you require
new festivals.

Das andere Tanzlied, 2

Oh Zarathustra, Beyond good and evil we
found our island and our green meadow
—we two alone! Therefore at least we
should like each other! Oh Zarathustra,
you are not faithful enough for me! There
is an old heavy, heavy growling bell!
When you hear this bell toll the hour at
midnight, then you think, oh Zarathustra, I
know it, about how you will soon leave me!

Das andere Tanzlied, 3

Choir

O Mensch! Gib Acht!
Was spricht die tiefe Mitternacht?
Ich schlief, ich schlief,
Aus tiefem Traum bin ich erwacht:
Die Welt ist tief
Und tiefer als der Tag gedacht.
Tief ist ihr Weh,
Lust tiefer noch als Herzeleid
Weh spricht: Vergeh!
Doch alle Lust will Ewigkeit,
Will tiefe, tiefe Ewigkeit!

Oh Man! Attend!
What does deep midnight's voice contend?
I slept my sleep
And now awake at dreaming's end:
The world is deep,
Deeper than day can comprehend.
Deep is its woe,
Joy—deeper than heart's agony:
Woe says: Fade! Go!
But all joy wants eternity –,
—wants deep, deep, deep eternity!

Das andere Tanzlied, 2

Soprano

Und sie sahen sich an und blickten auf die
grüne Wiese, über welche eben der kühle
Abend lief und weinten mit einander.

And they looked at each other and gazed
at the green meadow, over which the
cool evening was spreading, and wept
together.

Das Nachtwandler-Lied, 4

Baritone

Wehe mir! Wo ist die Zeit hin? Sank ich
nicht in tiefe Brunnen?

Woe is me! Where has time fled? Did I not
sink into deep wells?

Choir

Die Welt schläft, Ach! Der Hund heult, der
Mond scheint.

The world sleeps – Alas! The dog howls,
the moon shines.

Baritone and choir

Lieber will ich sterben, als euch sagen,
was mein Mitternachtsherz eben denkt.
Nun starb ich schon. Es ist dahin. Spinne,
was spinnst du um mich? Willst du Blut?
Ach! Der Tau fällt, die Stunde kommt,
die Stunde wo mich fröstelt und friert,
die fragt und fragt: „Wer hat Herz genug
dazu? Wer soll der Erde Herr sein?“ „Wer
will sagen: so sollt ihr laufen, ihr großen
und kleinen Ströme!“ Die Stunde naht! O
Mensch, du höherer Mensch, gib Acht!
Diese Rede ist für feine Ohren,
für deine Ohren:
Was spricht die tiefe Mitternacht?

I would sooner die, than tell you what my
midnight heart is thinking right now.
Now I'm dead. It's gone. Spider, why do
you spin your web around me? Do you
want blood? Oh! The dew falls, the hour
comes—the hour when I shiver and freeze,
which asks and asks and asks: "who has
heart enough for it?—who shall be the ruler
of the earth? Who will say: thus you shall
flow, you great and little streams!" —the
hour approaches: oh mankind, you higher
men, attend! This discourse is for delicate
ears, for your ears:
What does deep midnight have to say?

Das Nachtlied

Choir

Nacht ist es: nun reden lauter alle
springenden Brunnen. Und auch meine
Seele ist ein springender Brunnen.

It is night: now all fountains speak more
loudly. And my soul too is a fountain.

Seele ist ein springender Brunnen!

Nacht ist es: nun erst erwachen alle
Lieder der Liebenden und auch meine
Seele ist das Lied eines Liebenden.

It is night: only now all the songs of the
lovers awaken. And my soul too is the
song of a lover.

Baritone

Nacht ist es: nun erst erwachen alle
Lieder der Liebenden und auch meine
Seele ist das Lied eines Liebenden. Ein
Ungestilltes, Unstillbares ist in mir: das
will laut werden. Eine Begierde nach
Liebe ist in mir, die redet selber die
Sprache der Liebe.

It is night: only now all the songs of the
lovers awaken. And my soul too is the
song of a lover.

Something unquenched, unquenchable,
is in me; it wants to be heard. A craving
for love is in me, which itself speaks the
language of love.

Licht bin ich; ach, daß ich Nacht wäre!
aber dies ist meine Einsamkeit, daß ich
von Licht umgürtet bin.

I am light; oh that I were night!
But this is my loneliness, that I am
girded by light.

Choir

Herauf! nun herauf, du großer Mittag!
Das Meer stürmt: Wohlan! Wohlauf! Ihr
alten Seemannsherzen! Dorthin will unser
Steuer, wo unser Kinderland ist!
Dort hinaus, stürmischer als das Meer,
stürmt unsre große Sehnsucht!
Werdet hart!

Von alten und neuen Tafeln, 28

Up now, up, you great noon! The sea
is stormy: Well then! Come on, you old
seaman-hearts!
There our helm wants to steer, where our
children's land is!
Out there, stormier than the sea, storms
our great longing! Become hard!

Choir

O Einsamkeit aller Schenkenden!
O Schweigsamkeit aller Leuchtenden!

Oh solitude of all givers!
Oh silence of all light-givers!

Baritone and choir

Ach! daß ich Licht sein muß! Nun bricht
wie ein Born aus mir mein Verlangen!
Nacht ist es: nun reden lauter alle
springenden Brunnen. Und auch meine

Alas that I must be light! Now my longing
breaks out of me like a well-spring!
It is night: now all fountains speak more
loudly. And my soul too is a fountain!

Vom Gesindel, Das Kind mit den Spiegeln

Soprano, alto, tenor and choir

Vorbei die zögernde Trübsal meines
Frühlings. Sommer wurde ich ganz
und Sommermittag! Ein Sommer im
Höchsten mit kalten Quellen und seliger
Stille:

O! kommt, meine Freunde, daß die Stille
noch seliger werde! Denn dies ist unsre
Höhe und unsre Heimat; Nachbarn den
Adlern, Nachbarn dem Schnee, Nachbarn
der Sonne! Einem Sturme gleich kommt
mein Glück und meine Freiheit!

Gone is the hesitating gloom of my spring!
I have become summer and summer noon
entirely! A summer in the highest regions
with cold springs and blissful silence:
Oh come, my friends, that the silence
may become more blissful yet! For this
is our height and our home; neighbours
of the eagles, neighbours of the snow,
neighbours of the sun! My happiness and
my freedom come like a storm!

Herbste und Nachmittage, gleich meinem
Einsiedlerherzen nun redest du: Die Welt
selber ward reif, die Traube bräunt, nun
will sie sterben, vor Glück sterben.
Ihr höheren Menschen riecht ihr's nicht?
Es quillt heimlich ein Geruch herauf,
ein Duft und Geruch der Ewigkeit, ein
rosenselig brauner Goldweingeruch
von altem Glücke, von trunkenem
Mitternachts-Sterbeglücke, welches
singt: die Welt ist tief und tiefer als der
Tag gedacht!

afternoons, like my hermit's heart you
say now: The world itself became ripe,
the grapes turn brown, now they want
to die, die of happiness. You higher men,
do you not smell it? A fragrance wells
up mysteriously—a fragrance and odour
of eternity, a rosy blissful, brown golden
wine odour of ancient happiness—of
drunken, midnight, dying happiness,
which sings: The world is deep,
deeper than day can comprehend!

Das Nachtwandler-Lied, 6

Baritone

Süße Leier! Ich liebe deinen Ton, deinen
trunkenen Unkenton! Wie lang her, wie
fern her kommt mir dein Ton, weit her, von
den Teichen der Liebe!

Du alte Glocke, du süße Leier! jeder
Schmerz riß dir in's Herz, Vaterschmerz,
Väterschmerz, Urväterschmerz; deine
Rede wurde reif, gleich goldenem

Sweet lyre! I love your sound, your
drunken, sunken ominous sound! From
how long ago, from how far away does
your sound come to me, from afar, from
ponds of love!

You old bell, you sweet lyre! Every pain
tore at your heart, father's pain, fathers'
pain, forefathers' pain, your speech
grew ripe – like golden autumns and

*(Eines Abends gieng Zarathustra mit seinen
Jüngern durch den Wald; und als er nach
einem Brunnen suchte, siehe, da kam er
auf eine grüne Wiese, die von Bäumen und
Gebüsch still umstanden war: auf der tanzten
Mädchen mit einander. Sobald die Mädchen
Zarathustra erkannten, liessen sie vom Tanze
ab; Zarathustra aber trat mit freundlicher
Gebärde zu ihnen und sprach diese Worte:)*

Das Tanzlied

*(One evening Zarathustra was walking
through the forest with his disciples, and
as he searched for a well, behold, he came
upon a green meadow silently bordered
by trees and shrubs; upon it girls were
dancing together. As soon as the girls
recognized Zarathustra, they stopped
dancing; but Zarathustra approached them
with a friendly air and spoke these words:)*

Baritone

Laßt vom Tanze nicht ab, ihr lieblichen Mädchen! Kein Spielverderber kam zu euch mit bösem Blick, kein Mädchenfeind, Gottes Fürsprecher bin ich vor dem Teufel: der aber ist der Geist der Schwere. Wie sollte ich, ihr Leichten, göttlichen Tänzten Feind sein? Oder Mädchenfüßen mit schönen Knöcheln? Wohl bin ich ein Wald und eine Nacht dunkler Bäume: doch wer sich vor meinem Dunkel nicht scheut, der findet auch Rosenhänge unter meinen Cypressen. Und auch den kleinen Gott findet er wohl, der den Mädchen der liebste ist: neben dem Brunnen liegt er, still, mit geschlossenen Augen. Wahrlich am hellen Tag schlief er mir ein, der Tagedieb. Haschte er wohl zu viel nach Schmetterlingen? Zürnt mir nicht, ihr schönen Tanzenden, wenn ich den kleinen Gott ein wenig züchtige! Schreien wird er wohl und weinen, aber zum Lachen ist er noch im Weinen! Und mit Tränen im Auge soll er euch um einen Tanz bitten, und ich selber will ein Lied zu seinem Tanze

Do not stop dancing, sweet girls!
No spoil-sport has come to you with an evil eye, no enemy of girls. God's advocate before the devil am I; but the devil is the spirit of gravity. How could I be hostile toward divine dancing, you light ones? Or to girls' feet with pretty ankles?
I may well be a forest and a night of dark trees, yet whoever does not shrink from my darkness will also find rose bowers under my cypresses.
And he will also find the little god, surely, who is the favorite of girls; he lies next to the well, still, with closed eyes.
Indeed, he fell asleep in broad daylight, the idler!
Did he chase too much after butterflies? Do not be angry with me, fair dancers, if I chastise the little god a bit! He will probably yell and weep—but he is comical even when weeping! And with tears in his eyes he shall ask you for a dance, and I myself will sing a song for his dance: A dance song and mocking

singen: Ein Tanz- und Spottlied auf den Geist der Schwere, meinen allerhöchsten, großmächtigsten Teufel, von dem sie sagen, daß er der Herr der Welt sei.

song to the spirit of gravity, my supreme highest and most powerful devil, of whom it is said that he is the ruler of the world.

Das Tanzlied

Baritone

Die Sonne ist lange schon hinunter, die Wiese ist feucht, von den Wäldern her kommt Kühle.
Ein Unbekanntes ist um mich und blickt nachdenklich. Was! Du lebst noch, Zarathustra? Warum? Wofür? Wodurch? Wohin? Wo? Wie? Ist es nicht Torheit, noch zu leben?
Ach, meine Freunde, der Abend ist es, der so aus mir fragt. Vergebt mir meine Traurigkeit! Abend ward es; vergebt mir, daß es Abend ward!

The sun set long ago, the meadow is damp, coolness is coming from the forests.
Something unknown is around me, looking thoughtfully at me. What—are you still alive, Zarathustra? Why? Wherefore? Whereby? Whither? Where? How? Is it not folly to go on living? Alas, my friends, it is the evening whose questions emerge from me. Forgive me my sadness! Evening came: forgive me that evening came!

Mittags

Choir

Heißer Mittag schläft auf den Fluren. Du
liegst im Grase. Still.

Hot noontide sleeps on the meadows. You
lie in the grass. Still.

Tenor

Wie ein zierlicher Wind ungesehen auf
getäfeltem Meere tanzt, leicht, federleicht,
so tanzt der Schlaf auf mir. Das ist die
heimliche feierliche Stunde,
wo kein Hirt die Flöte bläst.

Like a delicate wind, unseen, dancing
on a paneled sea, light, featherlight—thus
sleep dances on me. This is the secret
solemn hour when no shepherd
plays his flute.

Choir

O Heimlichkeit des bunten Grases!
O Glück!

Oh, secrecy of the colorful grass!
Oh, happiness!

Baritone

Was geschah mir? Horch! flog die Zeit
wohl davon? falle ich nicht? fiel ich nicht?
Horch! in den Brunnen der Ewigkeit?
O zerbrich, zerbrich, Herz nach solchem
Glücke! Still! Willst du wohl singen, O!
meine Seele?

What happened to me: listen! Has time
flown away? Am I not falling? Did I
not fall—listen!—into the well of eternity?
Oh break, break, heart, after such
happiness!
Do you want to sing, oh my soul?

Alto

Singe nicht, Still! flüstere nicht einmal, die
Weit ist vollkommen. Still!

Do not sing—still! Do not even whisper!
The world is perfect. Still!

Choir

Der alte Mittag schläft.

Old noontide is sleeping.

Soprano, tenor and choir

Trinkt er nicht eben einen alten braunen
Tropfen goldenen Glücks, goldenen
Weins? Es huscht über ihn hin, sein Glück
lacht! So lacht ein Gott.

Didn't he just drink an old brown drop of
golden happiness, golden wine? It flits
over him, his happiness is laughing. Thus
laughs—a god.

Alto

Auf, du Schläfer! Zarathustra! Du
Mittagsschläfer!

Get up, you sleeper! Zarathustra! You
noon sleeper!

Baritone

Laßt mich doch! Still! ward die Welt nicht
eben vollkommen? O des goldenen runden
Balls! Wer bist du doch, O meine Seele?
Wie wenig genügt schon zum Glücke! Wie
lange erst darfst du nach solchem Schlaf
dich auswachen?

Let me be! Still! Didn't the world become
perfect just now? Oh the golden round
ball! Who are you? Oh my soul! Happily,
how little suffices for happiness! How
long after such a sleep will it take you to
wake yourself out?

Choir

O Glück! Der alte Mittag schläft.

Oh, happiness! Old noontide is sleeping.

Das Nachtwandler-Lied, 8

Baritone

Gottes Weh ist tiefer, du wunderliche Welt, greife nach Gottes Weh, nicht nach mir, was bin ich? Eine trunkene süße Leier, eine Mitternachtsleier, eine Glockenunke, die Niemand versteht, aber welche reden muß vor Tauben, ihr höheren Menschen; denn ihr versteht mich nicht.

Choir

Dahin! O Jugend! O Mittag!
O Nachmittag! Nun kam Abend und Mitternacht.
Ach! wie sie seufzt! Wie sie lacht, wie sie röchelt und keucht, die Mitternacht!
Wie sie eben nüchtern spricht, diese trunkene Dichterin! Sie übertrank wohl ihre Trunkenheit!
Sie wurde überwacht? Ihr Weh kät sie zurück, im Traume, die alte Mitternacht, und mehr noch ihre Lust, wenn schon Weh tief ist.

God's woe is deeper, you strange world! Reach for God's pain, not for me! What am I? A drunken sweet lyre—a midnight lyre, a croaking bell that no one understands, but that must speak, before the deaf, you higher men! For you do not understand me.

Gone! Gone! Oh youth! Oh noontide!
Oh afternoon! Now comes evening and night and midnight.
Alas! Oh how midnight sighs, how it laughs, how it rattles and wheezes!
How she speaks soberly just now, this drunken poetess!
Perhaps she overdrank her drunkenness? Perhaps she became over-awake?
She ruminates her woe, in dream, the old deep midnight, and even more her joy, although woe is deep.

Baritone and choir

Lust ist tiefer noch als Herzeleid!

Baritone

Kommt! Laßt uns jetzo wandeln! Es ist die Stunde! Laßt uns in die Nacht wandeln.
Ihr höheren Menschen, es geht gen Mitternacht: da will ich euch etwas in die Ohren sagen, wie jene alte Glocke es mir in's Ohr sagt, so heimlich, so schrecklich, so herzlich, wie jene Mitternachtsglocke zu mir es redet, die mehr erlebt hat als ein Mensch. Welche schon eurer Väter HerzensSchmerzens-Schläge abzählte.
Ach! wie sie seufzt! wie sie im Traume lacht! die alte tiefe, tiefe Mitternacht! Still! Still! Da hört sich Manches, das am Tage nicht laut werden darf; nun aber bei kühler Luft, da auch aller Lärm eurer Herzen stille ward, nun redet es, nun hört es sich, nun schleicht es sich in nächtliche überwache Seelen! Ach, wie sie seufzt! wie sie im Traume lacht! hörst du's nicht, wie sie heimlich, schrecklich, herzlich zu dir redet. Die alte tiefe, tiefe Mitternacht!

Joy is deeper than heart's agony

Come! Let us walk now! It is the hour: let us walk into the night! You higher men, it's going on midnight; I want to whisper something in your ears, like that old bell whispers it into my ear, as secretly, as fearfully, as warmly as that midnight bell, which has experienced more than any human, says it to me:—which long ago counted your fathers' painful heartbeats. Oh! how it sighs! How it laughs in dream delight, the old, the deep deep midnight! Still! Still! Then things can be heard that by day may not be said; but now, in the cool air, where the noise of your hearts has fled—now it speaks, now it listens, now it creeps into nocturnal, over-awake souls! Oh! how it sighs! How it laughs in dreams!—don't you hear, how secretly, fearfully, warmly it speaks to you, the old, the deep deep midnight?

Baritone and choir

O Mensch! Gib Acht
Was spricht die tiefe Mitternacht!
Ich schlief, ich schlief,
Aus tiefem Traum bin ich erwacht:
Die Welt ist tief.
Und tiefer als der Tag gedacht:
Tief ist ihr Weh,
Lust tiefer noch als Herzeleid.
Weh spricht: Vergeh!
Doch alle Lust will Ewigkeit,
Will tiefe, tiefe Ewigkeit!

Oh Man! Attend!
What does deep midnight's voice contend?
I slept my sleep
And now awake at dreaming's end:
The world is deep,
Deeper than day can comprehend.
Deep is its woe,
Joy—deeper than heart's agony:
Woe says: Fade! Go!
But all joy wants eternity—
—wants deep, deep, deep eternity!

Nach Welt, ihr höheren Menschen,
nach euch sehnt sie sich, die Lust, die
unbändige, selige.
O Glück! O Schmerz! O brich Herz!
Lust will Ewigkeit! Lust will aller Dinge
Ewigkeit! Will tiefe, tiefe Ewigkeit!

For the world, you higher men, joy longs
for you, joy, the unruly, blissful one.
Oh happiness, oh pain! Oh break, my
heart! Joy wants eternity! Joy wants the
eternity of all things, wants deep, deep,
deep eternity!

Das Nachtwandler-Lied, 11

Soloists and choir

Alle Lust will aller Dinge Ewigkeit! Was
will nicht Lust! Sie ist durstiger, herzlicher,
hungriger, schrecklicher, heimlicher als
alles Weh: Sie will Liebe, sie will Haß, sie
ist überreich, so reich ist Lust, daß sie
nach Wehe durstet.

All joy wants the eternity of all things!
What does joy not want? It is thirstier,
warmer, hungrier, more fearful, more
mysterious than all woe: it wants love,
it wants hatred, it is superabundant – so
rich is joy that it thirsts for pain.



Sir Mark Elder

Sir Mark Elder has been Music Director of the Hallé since September 2000. He was previously Music Director of English National Opera (1979–1993) and Principal Guest Conductor of the BBC Symphony Orchestra and City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. From 2022/23 he has taken up the post of Principal Guest Conductor of the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra. He has enjoyed long relationships with the London Philharmonic and London Symphony Orchestras as well as working with leading symphony orchestras throughout the world. He is a Principal Artist of the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment and has appeared annually at the Proms for many years, including—in 1987 and 2006—the internationally televised Last Night. He has enjoyed a long association with the Royal Opera House and has appeared in many other prominent theatres including the Metropolitan

Opera, Opéra de Paris, Bavarian State Opera, Zürich, Dutch National Opera, Chicago Lyric Opera, San Francisco and Glyndebourne Festival Opera. He was the first English conductor to conduct a new production at the Bayreuth Festival. From 2011 to 2019 he was Artistic Director of Opera Rara, and he has made many award-winning recordings in a wide repertoire with the Hallé, including a complete *Ring* cycle, *Parsifal* and the three great Elgar oratorios. Sir Mark Elder was appointed a Companion of Honour in 2017, knighted in 2008 and awarded the CBE in 1989. In May 2006 he was named Conductor of the Year by the Royal Philharmonic Society and he was awarded Honorary Membership of the Royal Philharmonic Society in 2011. He is International Chair in Conducting at the Royal Northern College of Music and Barbirolli Chair at the Royal Academy of Music.





Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra

Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra, a Norwegian national orchestra, dates back to 1765. Edvard Grieg served as its artistic director from 1880 to 1882. Edward Gardner is Chief Conductor and Sir Mark Elder is the orchestra's Principal Guest Conductor.

The orchestra was nominated Orchestra of the Year 2020 by Gramophone and won two Gramophone Classical Music Awards in 2021: Recording of the Year and Opera Award Winner for Britten's *Peter Grimes*. In recent years, the orchestra has played in the Concertgebouw, at the BBC Proms, Wiener Musikverein and Konzerthaus, Carnegie Hall, New York, Elbphilharmonie in Hamburg and the Philharmonie, Berlin.

The orchestra and Edward Gardner appeared at the Edinburgh International

Festival (EIF) (2017) and the Royal Festival Hall (2019) with their critically acclaimed production of *Peter Grimes*. In 2022 the orchestra was invited back to the Edinburgh International Festival and received rave reviews for their performance of Strauss' *Salome*. Edward Gardner and the Orchestra has released a series of recordings, including a Grammy-nominated recording of Janáček's *Glagolitic Mass*, Schönberg's *Gurre-Lieder*, songs by Sibelius, Grieg's Piano Concerto and Incidental music to *Peer Gynt*, Schoenberg's *Erwartung* and *Pelleas und Melisande*, Britten's *Peter Grimes* with Stuart Skelton and Erin Wall, songs by Britten and Canteloube with soprano Mari Eriksmoen and a CD with saxophonist Marius Neset. In 2023 they released Nordheim's *Tempest* (LWC1250).



Roderick Williams Baritone

Roderick Williams is one of the most sought-after baritones of his generation and enjoys relationships with all the major UK and European opera houses. He has sung world premieres of operas by, among others, David Sawer, Sally Beamish, Michael van der Aa, Robert Saxton and Alexander Knaifel as well as roles by Mozart, Britten and Strauss. He has performed concert repertoire with many of the leading orchestras and ensembles internationally including the Berlin and New York Philharmonic Orchestras, London Symphony Orchestra and all of the BBC Orchestras. In demand as a recitalist, he has performed at major venues worldwide and festival appearances have included BBC Proms (Last Night 2014), Edinburgh, Cheltenham, Aldeburgh and Melbourne.

In 2016 he won the RPS Singer award and the prize for best choral composition at the British Composer Awards. He was awarded the OBE for services to music in 2017 and was one of the featured soloists at the coronation of King Charles III in 2023.

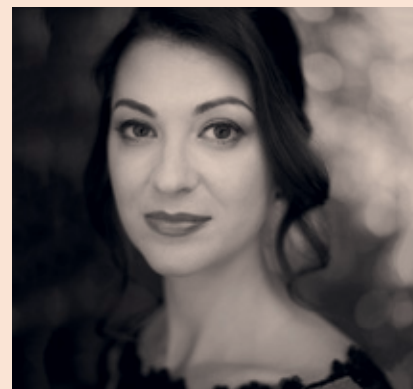




Gemma Summerfield Soprano

First-Prize winner of the Concurso Tenor Viñas competition in Barcelona, Concorso Lirico Internazionale di Portofino, and the Kathleen Ferrier competition, rising star soprano Gemma Summerfield has created a name as one of the most exciting young artists of today. She previously graduated from the Royal College of Music International Opera Studio with the Worshipful Company of

Musicians Silver Medal, and continues to work closely with Rosa Mannion. In concert she has worked with orchestras including the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, The Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, and The Hallé. Her work on the operatic stage includes roles such as Fiordiligi, Pamina, Gretel, Mimì, and Rodelinda; the European premiere of Paula Jordan in *Dinner at Eight*; and Ulana in a prizewinning performance of Paderewski's *Manru*.



Claudia Huckle Contralto

Anglo-German contralto Claudia Huckle has appeared with opera companies across Europe and the USA, including the Royal Opera House, English National Opera, Glyndebourne, Opéra National de Paris, Festival d'Aix en Provence, Teatro alla Scala, Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, Teatro Real Madrid, Oper Zürich, Grand Théâtre de Genève, Deutsche Oper Berlin, Semperoper

Dresden, Oper Leipzig, Bregenzer Festspiele, Washington National Opera, and Santa Fe Opera. Her many roles have included Hänsel; Lucretia; Dalila; Erda, Flosshilde, Schwertleite and 1st Norn (*The Ring*); Dritte Dame (*Die Zauberflöte*); Suzuki (*Madama Butterfly*); and Marfa (*Khovanshchina*). She has sung in concert with many leading orchestras including the LSO, LPO, RPO, Hallé Orchestra, BBC NOW, BBC SSO, Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks, Boston Symphony Orchestra, NSO Washington, Freiburg Baroque Orchestra and the Academy of Ancient Music, in repertoire ranging from Bach and Handel to Elgar and Mahler. She has recorded *Die Zauberflöte* for Deutsche Grammophon under Yannick Nézet-Séguin, and *Das Lied von der Erde* for Champs Hill Records.



Bror Magnus Tødenes Tenor

Norwegian tenor Bror Magnus Tødenes is one of the most gifted singers to emerge from Scandinavia in recent decades, having already participated on an album that was nominated for a Spellemann Award (Norwegian Grammy) and appeared at the Salzburg Easter and Summer Festivals. Leading roles include the title character in *La clemenza di Tito* with Bergen National Opera and Rodolfo

in *La bohème* at the Norwegian National Opera & Ballet in Oslo. Other roles include Tamino in *Die Zauberflöte* at the Théâtre du Capitole de Toulouse, Camille in *The Merry Widow* with Bergen National Opera, Alfredo in *La traviata* with the Royal Swedish Opera, and the Apparition of a Youth in an acclaimed concert version of *Die Frau ohne Schatten* with the Rotterdam Philharmonic, conducted by Yannick Nézet-Séguin. Tødenes was awarded the First Prize and the Audience Prize at the Renata Tebaldi International Voice Competition in 2015, and is also the youngest ever recipient of the Norwegian National Opera's Erling Krogh's grant for talented singers.



Håkon Matti Skrede Choirmaster

Håkon Matti Skrede trained as a violinist and singer at Griegakademiet in Bergen, Norway. As a singer, he has appeared as a soloist in numerous sacred works and taken part in several operatic productions. As a chorister and student choirmaster of the Drakensberg Boys Choir in South Africa, he decided to develop his skills as a choral conductor. He founded the Edvard Grieg Kor in 2002, the Edvard

Grieg Boys' Choir in 2008, the Edvard Grieg Girls' Choir in 2010, and the Edvard Grieg Youth Choir in 2013. He is currently chorus master for Bergen National Opera and the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra, and conductor of Collegium Musicum. Håkon Matti Skrede has conducted a number of operas with children and young performers, as well as many large-scale sacred works for chorus and orchestra. In 2017 he received a Grammy nomination for Best Choral Performance for the recording of Janáček's *Glagolitic Mass*, with the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra and choirs. The same year Bergen Council awarded him its cultural prize, and in 2018 he received the "Alle kan synge" prize for his work with children.

Bergen Philharmonic Choir

Founded in 1919, the Bergen Philharmonic Choir has roots going back to 1765 when the Music Society Harmonien (now the Bergen Philharmonic) was established for the purpose of organising orchestral concerts. The Choir flourished during the tenure of Edvard Grieg as Music Director, his choral works still holding a special place in its repertoire. The choir thrives under Håkon Matti Skrede, its director since 2004, appearing regularly with the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra in standard symphonic repertoire, from Mozart to Britten, while also championing more unusual repertoire and contemporary works. Highlights include performances of Britten's *Peter Grimes* and *War Requiem*, Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius*, Janáček's *Glagolitic Mass*, Arne Nordheim's *Wirklicher Wald*, Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder*, Wagner's *Parsifal*, some of these in collaboration with other local choirs. Many discs have received excellent

reviews both near and afar, the recording of the *Glagolitic Mass* earning a Grammy nomination for Best Choral Performance, and the recording of *Peter Grimes* won the Gramophone Classical Award for Best Opera performance and Gramophone Recording of the Year.

Edvard Grieg Kor

Edvard Grieg Kor (EGK) under Chief Conductor, Edward Gardner, is Western Norway's leading professional choir and is composed of the eight permanent singers in Edvard Grieg Vokalensemble together with 8-24 regular guest singers. In addition to EGK's busy performing schedule, EGK is also the professional core of the opera chorus for Bergen National Opera and the symphonic choir of the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra. In recent years, the Edvard Grieg Kor has achieved recognition both nationally and internationally through their performances with Bergen National Opera and Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra. The choir has won prestigious Gramophone awards, including 'Recording of the Year' with the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra, and in 2023 made their debut at the BBC proms with the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

Collegium Musicum Choir

Collegium Musicum is one of the leading musical ensembles in Bergen and a central meeting ground for professional and amateur musicians. Established by Professor Jan Christensen in 1978, the ensemble consists of a choir and orchestra totalling 80 members. Collegium Musicum's repertoire primarily features the major classical choral works but extends to romantic, modern, and contemporary music. The ensemble is devoted to renewing the tradition by promoting and commissioning new works, and enjoys the musical partnership with a number of internationally high-profiled conductors and soloists. In cooperation with Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra (BFO), Collegium Musicum has participated on acclaimed CD releases of the music of Janáček (Grammy nomination), Berlioz, Elgar, and Britten. Collegium Musicum Choir performed Britten's *Peter Grimes* with the Bergen Philharmonic in a much-acclaimed concert

performance at Bergen International Festival and Edinburgh International Festival, the Norwegian National Opera & Ballet in Oslo, and London's Royal Festival Hall. The subsequent recording of this work received the Gramophone Award in 2021 for Best Classical Album.

Credits

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Frederick Delius (1862—1934)
Eine Messe des Lebens / A Mass of Life ^{RT II/4}

CD 1

Part I

1. _____ I. Animato — O du mein Wille! 04:56
2. _____ II. Recitativ — Erhebt eure Herzen, Brüder, hoch! 02:03
3. _____ III. Andante tranquillo con dolcezza — In dein Auge schaute ich jüngst, O Leben 13:50
4. _____ IV. Agitato ma moderato — Wehe mir! Wo ist die Zeit hin? 03:01
5. _____ V. Andante molto tranquillo — Nacht ist es 08:20

CD 2

Part II

1. _____ Introduction 03:43
2. _____ I. Con elevazione e vigore — Herauf! Nun herauf, du grosser Mittag! 03:54
3. _____ II. Andante — Süsse Leier! Ich liebe deinen Ton 05:06
4. _____ III. Lento molto — Lasst vom Tanzen ab, ihr lieblichen Mädchen! 18:57
5. _____ IV. Lento — Heisser Mittag schläft auf den Fluren 13:10
6. _____ V. Allegro ma non troppo — Gottes Weh ist tiefer, du wunderliche Welt 03:14
7. _____ VI. Largo con solennita — Kommt! Lasst uns jetzt wandeln! 14:03