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SONGS

KEVIN KYLE

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1	Silent Noon	4:08
2	Now sleeps the crimson petal	2:19
3	Am Leuchtenden Sommermorgen	2:53
4	Come away death	2:55
5	Music when soft voices die	1:33
6	Oh mistress mine	1:30
7	Go Lovely Rose	2:42
8	Aus alten Märchen winkt es	2:38
9	Lungi del caro bene	3:22
10	À Chloris	2:44
11	Silent Worship	1:51
12	Sonnet	2:47
13	Sylvie	2:59
14	Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen	2:20
15	Tom Bowling	3:51
16	The Sigh	3:15
17	E'en as a lovely flower	3:34
18	Flow my tears	3:47
19	Mattinata	1:41
TOTAL LENGTH		51:17

INTRODUCTION

In putting together this album I chose pieces which reminded me of my childhood, growing up in a family of non-musicians who nevertheless loved the stories told through the melodies and texts of the songs. Throughout my teenage years I nurtured that love of beautiful melodies and always wanted to sing the songs of Roger Quilter amongst others. On this recording I have realised that dream, teaming his songs with those of other distinguished composers and poets.

On this disc, my voice is the means by which those composers and poets tell their stories through the medium of music but regardless of language.

Although not all groundbreaking compositions they impart snapshots of emotions in their melodies. I close my eyes and I am lying in that field of dragonflies on a hot, still summer's day or have wash over me that feeling of understanding a love denied.

These songs, to me, represent a means of communication – to my family, my friends and you, the listener. I hope the stories they tell will affect you in at least some of the ways they do me.

Kevin Kyle

1

SILENT NOON

Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872 – 1958)

Words: Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828 – 1882)

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
The finger points look through like rosy blooms;
Your eyes smile peace.

The pasture gleams and glooms
‘Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass
Are golden king-cup fields with silver edge,
Where the cowparsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.

‘Tis visible silence,
Still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sun-search’d growths the dragonfly hangs
Like a blue thread loosen’d from the sky.

So this wing’d hour is dropt to us from above.

Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close companion’d inarticulate hour,
When twofold silence was the song,
The song of love.

2

NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL

Music: Roger Quilter (1877 – 1953)

Words: Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809 – 1892)

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porph’ry font;
The firefly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip,
Into my bosom and be lost, be lost in me.

3

AM LEUCHTENDEN SOMMERMORGEN

Dichterliebe Op.48 No.12

Music: Robert Schumann (1810 – 1856)

Words: Heinrich Heine (1797 – 1856)

Arrangement for guitar by Carl Herring

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schaun mitleidig mich an:
Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger, blasser Mann.

ONE BRIGHT SUMMER MORNING

One bright summer morning
I walk round the garden.
The flowers whisper and talk
But I move silently.

The flowers whisper and talk,
And look at me in pity:
Be not angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man.

4

COME AWAY, DEATH

Three Shakespeare Songs Op.6 No.1

Music: Roger Quilter (1877 – 1953)

Words: William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616)

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thown.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there, to weep,
To weep there.

5

MUSIC WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE

Op.25 No.5

Music: Roger Quilter (1877 – 1953)

Words: Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792 – 1822)

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

6

O MISTRESS MINE

Three Shakespeare Songs Op.6 No.2

Music: Roger Quilter (1877 – 1953)

Words: William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616)

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweetening;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, Sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure, not endure.

Mistress mine, where are you roaming?

7

GO, LOVELY ROSE

Five English Love Lyrics Op.24 No.3

Music: Roger Quilter (1877 – 1953)

Words: Edmund Waller (1606 – 1687)

Go, lovely rose
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
and shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung,
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired,
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

AUS ALTEN MÄRCHEN WINKT ES

Dichterliebe Op.48 No.15

Music: Robert Schumann (1810 – 1856)

Words: Heinrich (1797 – 1856)

Arrangement for guitar by Carl Herring

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weisser Hand,
Das singt es, und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen,
In goldnen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmettern drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein,
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreun,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum;
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

A WHITE HAND
BECKONS

A white hand beckons
From fairy tales of old,
Where there are sounds and songs
Of a magic land;

Where brightly coloured flowers
Bloom in golden twilight
And glow sweet and fragrant
With a bride-like face;

And green trees
Sing primeval melodies,
Mysterious breezes murmur,
And birds warble;

And misty shapes rise up
From the very ground,
And dance airy dances
In a strange throng;
And blue sparks blaze
On every leaf and twig,
And red fires race
Madly round and round;

And loud springs gush
From wild marble cliffs,
And strangely in the streams
The reflection shines on.

Ah, could I but reach that land,
And there make glad my heart,
And be relieved of all pain,
And be blissful and free!

Ah! that land of delight,
I see it often in my dreams;
But with the morning sun,
It melts like mere foam.

LUNGI DAL CARO BENE

From Armida e Rinaldo

Music: Giuseppe Sarti (1729 – 1802)

Words: Marco Coltellini (1719 - 1777)

Lungi dal caro bene,
Vivere non poss'io;
Sono in un mar di pene,
Lungi dal caro bene,
Sento, sento mancarmi il cor.

Un dolce estremo sonno,
Se lei mirar non ponno,
Mi chiuda, mi chiuda I lumi ancor.
Ah!

FAR FROM MY BELOVED

Far from my beloved,
I cannot live;
I am in a sea of pain,
Far from my beloved,
I feel my heart failing.
May one sweet last sleep –
If I cannot behold her –
Close my eyes.

À CHLORIS

Music: Reynaldo Hahn (1875 – 1947)

Words: Théophile de Viau (1590 – 1626)

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,
(Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,)
Je ne crois pas que les rois mêmes
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.

Que la mort serait importune
Avenir changer ma fortune
Pour la félicité des cieux!

Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambroisie
Ne touche point ma fantaisie
Aux prix de grâces de tes yeux,

TO CHLORIS

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,
(And I'm told you love me dearly),
I do not believe that even kings
Can match the happiness I know..

Even death would be powerless
To alter my fortune
With the promise of heavenly bliss!

All that they say of ambrosia
Does not stir my imagination
Like the favour of your eyes.

11

SILENT WORSHIP

From Ptolemy, King of Egypt (HWV 25)

Music: George Frideric Handel (1685 – 1759)

Words: Nicola Francesco Haym (1678 – 1729)

Did you not hear my lady
Go down the garden singing?
Blackbird and thrush were silent
To hear the alleys ringing.
O saw you not my lady
Out in the garden there?
Shaming the rose and lily
For she is twice as fair.

Though I am nothing to her,
Though she must rarely look at me,
And though I could never woo her,
I love her till I die.

Surely you heard my lady
Go down the garden singing,
Silencing all the songbirds:
And setting the alleys ringing,
But surely you see my lady
Out in the garden there.
Riv'ling the glitt'ring sunshine,
With a glory of golden hair.

12

SONNET

Music: Richard Allain

Words: William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616)

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dim'd,
And ev'ry fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wandr'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life, gives life to thee.

13

SYLVIE

Music: Erik Satie (1866 – 1925)

Words: J.P. Contamine de Latour (1867 – 1926)

Elle est si belle, ma Sylvie,
Que les anges en sont jaloux;
L'amour sur sa lèvre ravie,
Laissa son baiser le plus doux.

Ses yeux sont de grandes étoiles,
Sa bouche est faite de rubis;
Son âme est un zénith sans voiles,
Et son cœur est mon paradis.

Ses cheveux sont noirs comme l'ombre,
Sa voix plus douce que le miel;
Sa tristesse est une pénombre,
Et son sourire un arc-en-ciel.

Elle est si belle, ma Sylvie,
Que les anges en sont jaloux;
L'amour sur sa lèvre ravie,
Laissa son baiser le plus doux.

SYLVIA

My Sylvia is so fair
That angels view her jealousy;
Love on her enraptured lips
Left behind the sweetest kiss.

Her eyes are huge stars,
Her mouth is made of rubies,
Her soul is a sky without haze
And her heart is my paradise.

Her hair is black like the darkness,
Her voice more sweet than honey,
Her sadness is an eclipse
And a rainbow her smile.

My Sylvia is so fair
That angels view her jealousy;
Love on her enraptured lips
Left behind the sweetest kiss.

14 HÖR' ICH DAS LIEDCHEN KLINGEN

Dichterliebe Op.48 No.10

Music: Robert Schumann (1810 – 1856)

Words: Heinrich Heine (1797 – 1856)

Arrangement for guitar by Carl Herring

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzdrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zue Waldshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergrosses Weh.

WHEN I HEAR THE LITTLE SONG

When I hear the little song
My beloved once sang,
My heart almost bursts
With the wild rush of pain.

A dark longing drives me
Up to the wooded heights,
Where my overwhelming grief
Dissolves into tears.

15 TOM BOWLING

From Ptolemy, King of Egypt (HWV 25)

Charles Dibdin (1745 – 1814)

Arranged by Alfred Moffat (1866 – 1950)

Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below, Tom did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft,
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He who all commands,
Shall give to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life hath doffed,
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft,
His soul is gone aloft.

16 THE SIGH

Music: Gerald Finzi (1901 – 1956)

Words: Thomas Hardy (1840 - 1928)

Little head against my shoulder,
Shy at first, then somewhat bolder,
And up eye'd;
Till she, with a timid quaver,
Yielded to the kiss I gave her;
But, she sighed.

That there mingled with her feeling
Some sad thought she was concealing
It implied.
Not that she had ceased to love me,
None on earth she set above me;
But she sighed.

She could not disguise a passion,
Dread, or doubt, in weakest fashion
If she tried;
Nothing seemed to hold us sundered,
Hearts were victors; so I wondered
Why she sighed.

Afterwards I knew her throughly,
And she loved me staunchly, truly,
Till she died;
But she never made confession
Why, at that first sweet concession,
She had sighed.

It was in our May, remember;
And though now I near November
And abide
Till my appointed change, unfretting,
Sometimes I sit half regretting
That she sighed.

17 E'EN AS A LOVELY FLOWER

Music: Frank Bridge (1879 – 1941)

Words: Kate Krocker after Heine

E'en as a lovely flower,
So fair, so pure thou art,

I gaze on thee,
And sadness comes stealing, comes stealing,
Comes stealing o'er my heart.

My hands I fain had folded
Upon thy soft brown hair,
Praying that God may keep thee
So lovely, pure, and fair.

E'en as a lovely flower,
So fair, so pure thou art.

18

FLOW MY TEARS

(Lachrimae pavane)

Music & words: John Dowland (1563 – 1626)

Flow my tears fall from your springs,
Exil'd for ever let me mourn.
Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,
There let me live forlorn.

Down vain lights shine you no more,
No nights are dark enough for those
That in despair their last fortunes deplore,
Light doth but shame disclosure.

Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pity is fled
And tears, and sighs, and groans my weary days,
My weary days of all joys have deprived.

From the highest spire of contentment,
My fortune is strown
And fear, and grief, and pain for my deserts,
For my deserts are my hopes since hope is gone.

Hark you shadows that in darkness dwell
Learn to contemn light.
Happy, happy they that in Hell
Feel not the world's despite.

Hark you shadows that in darkness dwell
Learn to contemn light.
Happy, happy they that in Hell
Feel not the world's despite.

19

MATTINATA

Music and words: Ruggiero Leoncavallo (1857 – 1919)

L'aurora di bianco vestita
Già l'uscio di schiude al gran sol,
Di già con le rosee sue dita
Carezza de' fiori lo stuol!

Con mosso da un fremito arcano
In torno il creato già par
E tu non ti desti ed invano
Mi sto qui dolente a cantar.

Metti anche tu
La veste bianca
E schiudi l'uscio
Al tuo cantor!

Ove non sei
La luce manca,
Ove tu sei nasce l'amour.

MORNING SERENADE

Dawn, dressed in white,
Already opens the door to the great sun,
Already her roseate fingers
Caress a throng of flowers!

The world already seems moved
By a mysterious frisson.
But you do not awaken, and in vain
I stand here singing in sorrow.

You too must put on
A white dress
And open the door
To your minstrel!

Where you are not,
There is no light,
Where you are,
Love is born!



KEVIN KYLE

After graduating with First Class Honours in Music from Huddersfield University, tenor Kevin Kyle won a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Music in London. He studied with Joy Mammen and Antony Saunders on the Academy's renowned Opera Course, passing with Distinction in 2004.

He has been the recipient of numerous awards, was a finalist in the 2004 Handel Singing Competition, and made his Proms debut in 2005 under the baton of Sir John Eliot Gardiner.

Kevin is rapidly developing his career as an international singer and has performed throughout the UK and Europe for the Longborough Festival Opera, Carl Rosa Opera Company, Opera Works, the Early Music Company, Le Concert d'Astree and the Armonico Consort.

He has performed the solo tenor role in *War Oratorio*, a film by BAFTA winning director James Kent, commissioned by Channel 4 and has created the role of Lugar, Black Catplus in *Varjak Paw*, a new opera by Julian Philips for the Opera Group.



DANIEL GRIMWOOD

With a repertoire which ranges from Elizabethan Virginal music to the modern day, Daniel Grimwood is carving a reputation as one of the most varied and insightful musicians of his generation. Although primarily a pianist, he is frequently to be found performing on harpsichord, organ, viola or composing at his desk.

He is a passionate champion of the early piano, and has performed Liszt's *Annees de Pelerinage* at the Wigmore hall on an 1851 Erard to rapturous critical acclaim. His CD of the same was CD of the week in the Telegraph and has been unanimously praised in the press.



CARL HERRING

Carl is the leading British guitarist of his generation and has rapidly built up an international career, giving performances throughout the UK and in Cuba, Sri Lanka, Scandinavia and Europe.

Released in March 2008 on JCL Records, Carl's second album, *Burnt Sienna*, has received excellent reviews including Classic FM Magazine, Gramophone and MUSO Magazine (Star CD). Carl's own arrangement of Robert Schumann's *Dichterliebe* with Kevin Kyle has also been released by JCL Records.

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JCL 513



COSTAS FOTOPOULOS, PIANO

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and Costas Fotopoulos

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Tracks 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19
Daniel Grimwood – piano

Tracks 3, 4, 8, 14, 18
Carl Herring – guitar

Tracks 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19
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