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NAXOS

BEETHOVEN

Folk Songs

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Bertin Christelbauer, Cello

Bernadette Bartos, Piano



Ludwig van
BEETHOVEN
(1770–1827)
Folk Songs

Irish Songs II, WoO 153

- 1 No. 44. Sunshine, Hess 178 (1815) 2:50
(Text: William Smyth, 1765–1849)

26 Welsh Songs, WoO 155

- 2 No. 19. The Vale of Clwyd (1st version, Hess 191) (c. 1810) 4:37
(Text: Amelia Opie, 1769–1853)

Irish Songs II, WoO 153

- 3 No. 30. I dream'd I lay (2nd version) (1812/13) 2:38
(Text: Robert Burns, 1759–1796)
- 4 No. 41. I'll praise the saints (1st version, Hess 196) (1810) 6:08
- 5 No. 49. 'T is but in vain (2nd version) (1812/13) 4:09
- 6 No. 48. Oh! Would I were (1st version, Hess 198) (1812) 4:31
(Text: William Smyth)

25 Scottish Songs, Op. 108

- 7 No. 4. The Maid of Isla (2nd version, Hess 200) (1817/18) 2:29
- 8 No. 4. The Maid of Isla (1st version, Hess 200) (1817) 2:28
(Text: Sir Walter Scott, 1771–1832)
- 9 No. 7. Bonny Laddie, Highland Laddie 2:00
(2nd version with revised violin part, Hess 201) (1817/18)
- 10 No. 7. Bonny Laddie, Highland Laddie 1:55
(1st version with original violin part, Hess 201) (1815)
(Text: James Hogg, 1770–1835)
- 11 No. 20. Faithfu' Johnie (1st version, Hess 203) (1810) 6:15
(Text: Anne Grant, 1755–1838)

26 Welsh Songs, WoO 155

- 12 No. 7. O let the night my blushes hide (2nd discarded version, Hess 204) (1810) 3:52
(Text: William Smyth)
- 13 No. 14. The Dream (1st version, Hess 205) (c. 1810) 5:15
- 14 No. 20. To the Blackbird (1st version, Hess 206) (1810) 4:40
(Text: Roberts of Pentre, dates unknown)

25 Scottish Songs, Op. 108

- 15 No. 11. Oh! Thou art the lad of my heart (1st version, Hess 202) (1815) 2:06
(Text: William Smyth)

Irish Songs III, WoO 154 (1810–15)

- 16 No. 60. Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill 2:30
- 17 No. 62. Castle O'Neill 2:21

Irish Songs I, WoO 152

- 18 No. 5. On the Massacre of Glencoe (1st version) (1810) 6:28
(Text: Sir Walter Scott)

29 Songs of Various Nationality, WoO 158

- 19 No. 19. Una paloma blanca (1st version, Gardi 25) (1816) 1:00
(Text: Anonymous)

Irish Songs II, WoO 153

- 20 No. 40. When far from the home (alternative version, Hess 195) (1813) 4:13
(Text: David Thomson, 1770?–1815)

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827)

Folk Songs

The final decades of the 18th century brought wide interest in folk music, epitomised in Herder's *Stimmen der Völker in Liedern* ('Voices of the Peoples in Songs'). For many, Scotland, exotic and relatively remote, had suggested a world that appealed to the Romantic sensibilities of the time, represented in the pseudo-epics of Ossian and in the Border ballads. A musical stimulus too made a notable appearance in the activities of George Thomson, son of a schoolmaster, who eventually settled in Edinburgh. There, Thomson served as a clerk at the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Art and Manufactures in Scotland, an institution that owed its initial existence to the Treaty of Union. In Edinburgh he was able to follow his interests in literature through association with Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott and in music with his interest as an amateur violinist and as a promoter of Scottish music. For this latter purpose, he made it his business to commission settings of Scottish folk songs and other works that demonstrated Scottish connections.

Thomson shared his interest in Scottish music with other contemporaries, and there were rival collections of 'folk songs' from other publishers, such as William Napier and William Whyte. In particular he found a possible source of arrangements in Vienna. His early dealings were with Haydn's pupil Pleyel, then with Koželuch. From Haydn himself he commissioned 232 'airs with symphonies and accompaniments', until this source came to an end, as Haydn grew older and no longer able to continue. There had, in any case, been misunderstandings with Haydn, who had also contributed to a series of folk song arrangements with Whyte. Thomson then turned to Beethoven, now largely dependent on his income as a composer. Inevitably the commercial arrangement between Thomson and Beethoven brought disagreements. Above all, Thomson needed versions of folk songs that were easy enough for performance by amateurs, a point

he continued to stress in surviving correspondence. Beethoven, on the other hand, had a musical interest in his settings and found it impossible to oblige Thomson by devising arrangements of the necessary simplicity, music for amateurs. Beethoven insisted on seeing the texts of the songs, and this was by no means a straightforward matter. Thomson made some use of widely known texts by Burns or Sir Walter Scott, but words of greater obscurity had to be presented in a form acceptable to English speakers, who might have balked at texts in Scots or, indeed, those originally in Welsh or Irish. When Beethoven demanded the words of the songs he was setting, many of these had not yet been written, as Thomson awaited the latest texts from contemporary writers such as the Cambridge don, William Smyth, who was happy to be rewarded in books, the latest novels of Scott. The correspondence between Beethoven and Thomson started in 1803, as Haydn retired, and continued until 1819. Thereafter Thomson turned to Weber, to Hummel and finally, nearer home, to Sir Henry Bishop.

Originally, the first set of *25 Scottish Folk Songs*, *Op. 108*, with texts suitably adapted, consists of works written between 1815 and 1818, and published in the latter year. The settings accompany the vocal part with piano, violin and cello. These were largely preceded by *25 Irish Songs*, written between 1810 and 1812 and published in Edinburgh in 1814, to be followed by *20 Irish Songs* and *12 Irish Songs*. 1810 brought *25 Welsh Songs*, published in Edinburgh in 1817. Other settings were *12 Scottish Songs*, including *Auld Lang Syne* and groups of folk songs from various sources, from England to the Tyrol, from *God Save The King*, and obvious intruder, to Professor Smyth's *The Wandering Minstrel*. The songs have been ordered in various different ways over time.

Keith Anderson

Irish Songs II, WoO 153

① **No. 44. Sunshine, Hess 178** (1815)

'Tis sunshine at last, come, my Ellen, sit near me,
And twine me these roses, we sorrow no more;
Come taste of my cup, while it sparkles to cheer me,
The cup that I fill, now the tempest is o'er. Oh!
Not that my mirth, with unhallow'd intrusion,
Would thy gentle mind to rude transport beguile,
But catch from my bowl one fond passing illusion,
And crown my gay heart with thy sympathy's smile.
Oh! Ever, my love, must I think of that season,
When, friendless, we mingled our terrors and sighs;
And how had I failed, in the night of my reason,
Had comfort not beam'd from thine eloquent eyes.
Take the glass that I fill, take the homage I render:
No riot shall break the soft dreams of the soul;
Around us shall breathe an Elysium more tender,
And finer enchantment be waked from my bowl.

William Smyth, 1765–1849

26 Welsh Songs, WoO 155

② **No. 19. The Vale of Clwyd (1st version, Hess 191)** (c. 1810)

Think not I'll leave fair Clwyd's vale;
To me 'tis fondly dear!
For still its scenes those hours recall
When I was blest and Henry here.
Long, long, to part our willing hands
An angry father strove;
While sorrow prey'd on Henry's health,
A sorrow nurs'd by hopeless love.
Nor was the idea in vain:
How sad thou art, he cried;
But smile again, my darling child;
For thou shalt be thy Henry's bride.
At that glad sound, on wings of love,
To Henry's cot I flew:
But, ah! The transient flush of joy
From his wan cheek too soon withdrew.

Ah! Hopes too false; ah!
Fears too true, Nor love nor joy could save:
I can no more, – but mark you turf
With flow'rs o'erspread, – 'tis Henry's grave!

Amelia Opie, 1769–1853

Irish Songs II, WoO 153

③ **No. 30. I dream'd I lay (2nd version)** (1812/13)

I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were springing,
Gaily in the sunny beam;
I listen'd to the wild birds singing,
By a falling crystal stream.
At once the sky grew black and daring,
While through the woods the whirlwinds rave,
The trees with aged arms were warring,
Across the swelling drumlie wave.
Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But long ere noon loud tempest storming,
All my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Though fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
Promised fair, and perform'd but ill,
Of many a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

Robert Burns, 1759–1796

Irish Songs II, WoO 153

④ **No. 41. I'll praise the saints (1st version, Hess 196)** (1810)

I'll praise the saints with early song,
For now the wars are ended;
I'll praise our Lady late and long,
That has my Love defended.
Yes, home is come my Patrick dear,
From me no more to sever;
And in his looks, I see it clear:
He loves me more than ever.
He sits our evening fire beside,

The cabin round surveying,
 And looks with all a father's pride,
 While near the child is playing.
 Even me he turns to gaze upon,
 As in my maiden beauty,
 Before my bloom was worn and gone
 By many a toilsome duty.
 My love, he cries, thou canst not guess,
 Tho' kind and tender hearted,
 What I have known of sad distress,
 Since last from thee I parted.
 And little canst thou now suppose
 How my poor heart is swelling,
 To find myself at evening's close
 In this my peaceful dwelling.

William Smyth

Irish Songs II, WoO 153

☐ No. 49. **T is but in vain (2nd version)** (1812/13)

T is but in vain, for nothing thrives,
 Where Dermot has to do,
 Ill-fortune seems, howe'er he strives,
 His footsteps to pursue!
 But one by one, when friends are gone,
 Must I forsake him too.
 O poverty! Full sure thou art
 A foe the most unkind;
 And weary, weary is the heart
 That feels thee still behind.
 But one by one, when friends are gone,
 Must I forsake him too.
 Next month he sails to find a home
 Beyond the western tide;
 And heav'n knows where he means to roam,
 His houseless head to hide.
 But one by one, when friends are gone,
 Must I forsake him too.
 Oh! Breathe it not thou passing wind,

I tell it thee alone,
 My Dermot is not always, kind –
 He breaks my heart, I own,
 But one by one, when friends are gone,
 Must I forsake him too.

William Smyth

Irish Songs II, WoO 153

☐ No. 48. **Oh! Would I were**
(1st version, Hess 198) (1812)

Oh! Would I were but that sweet linnet!
 That I had my apple tree too!
 Could sit all the sunny day on it,
 With nothing but singing to do!
 I'm weary with toiling and spinning;
 And Dermot I never can see,
 Nor sure am I Dermot of winning,
 There's never good luck for poor me!
 I set was my heart all the Sunday
 On going to Killaloe fair,
 So my father fell ill on the Monday,
 And, look ye I could not be there,
 And it was not the fair that I minded,
 For there was I Dermot to see;
 But I'm always before or behind it,
 And there's never good luck for poor me!
 I tried with my sweetest behaviour
 To tell our good priest my distress;
 And ask'd him to speak in my favour,
 When Dermot came next to confess.
 But he said I was but a beginner,
 And from love and temptation must flee!
 So if love will but make me a sinner,
 There's never good luck for poor me!
 Ye Saints, with the Virgin! Believe me,
 I join with the priest in your praise!
 Contrive but my Dermot to give me,
 And I'll love you the length of my days.

In vain would they bid me be wiser,
 And never my Dermot to see,
 Bad luck to advice and adviser!
 Good luck! To dear Dermot and me!

William Smyth

25 Scottish Songs, Op. 108

☐ No. 4. **The Maid of Isla (2nd version, Hess 200)**
 (1817/18)

☐ No. 4. **The Maid of Isla (1st version, Hess 200)**
 (1817)

O, Maid of Isla, from the cliff,
 That looks on troubled wave and sky,
 Dost thou not see yon little skiff
 Contend with ocean gallantly?
 Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
 And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,
 Why does she war unequal urge? –
 O, Isla's maid, she seeks her home.
 O, Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark,
 Her white wing gleams through mist and spray,
 Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,
 As to the rock she wheels away; –
 Where clouds are dark and billows rave,
 Why to the shelter should she come
 Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave? –
 O, maid of Isla, 'tis her home.
 As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,
 Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring,
 And cold as is yon wintry cliff,
 Where sea-birds close their wearied wing.
 Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
 Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;
 For in thy love, or in his grave,
 Must Allan Vourich find his home.

Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832)

25 Scottish Songs, Op. 108

☐ No. 7. **Bonny Laddie, Highland Laddie**
(2nd version with revised violin part, Hess 201)
 (1817/18)

☐ No. 7. **Bonny Laddie, Highland Laddie**
(1st version with original violin part, Hess 201) (1815)

Where got ye siller moon,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Glinting braw your belt aboon,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
 Belted plaid and bonnet blue,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Have ye been at Waterloo,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
 Wheels me on your tartan trews,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Tell me, tell me a' the news,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie!
 Saw ye Boney by the way,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Blucher wi' his beard sae grey,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
 Or, the doure and deadly Duke,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Scatt'ring Frenchmen wi' his look,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie!
 Some say he the day may rue;
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 You can till gin this be true,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.
 Would ye tell me gin ye ken,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Aught o' Donald and his men,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
 Tell me o'my kilted Clan,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Gin they fought, or gin they ran,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie?

James Hogg (1770–1835)

25 Scottish Songs, Op. 108

☞ **No. 20. Faithfu' Johnie (1st version, Hess 203)** (1810)

When will you come again, ma faithfu' Johnie,
When will you come again?
'When the corn is gathered,
And the leaves are withered,
I will come again, ma sweet and bonny,
I will come again.'
Then will you meet me here, ma faithfu' Johnie,
Then will you meet me here?
'Though the night were Hallowe'en,
When the fearfu' sights are seen,
I would meet thee here, ma sweet and bonny,
I would meet thee here.'
O come na by the muir, ma faithfu' Johnie,
O come na by the muir.
'Though the wraiths were glist'ning white
By the dim elf-candles' light
I would come to thee, ma sweet and bonny,
I would come to thee.'
And shall we part again, ma fathfu' Johnie?
Shall we part again?
'So lang's my eye can see, Jean,
That face so dear to me Jean,
We shall not part again, ma sweet and bonnie,
We shall not part again.'

Anne Grant, 1755–1838

26 Welsh Songs, WoO 155

☞ **No. 7. O let the night my blushes hide (2nd discarded version, Hess 204)** (1810)

Oh let the night my blushes hide,
While thus my sighs reveal,
What modest love and maiden pride
Forever would conceal.
What can he mean, how can he bear,
Thus falt'ring to delay;
How can his eyes, his eyes so much declare,
His tongue so little say, his tongue so little say?

The times are hard, an odious word,
I'm wearied with the sound,
A cuckoo note, for ever heard
Since first the sun went round,
Well pleas'd a happier mind I bear,
A heart for ever gay;
How can his eyes, his eyes so much declare,
His tongue so little say, his tongue so little say?
What recks it that the times are hard,
Try fortune, and be blest –
Set Hope still cheer and Honour guard,
And Love will do the rest.
Far better load the heart with care,
Than waste it with delay;
How can his eyes, his eyes so much declare,
His tongue so little say, his tongue so little say?

William Smyth

26 Welsh Songs, WoO 155

☞ **No. 14. The Dream (1st version, Hess 205)** (c. 1810)

Last night worn with anguish that tortur'd my breast,
When my senses benumb'd I at length sank to rest;
The passion that waking has ruled o'er my mind
Still woke in my dreams where it rov'd unconfin'd.
Methought that my fair one, o'ercome by my pain,
Assented at length to reward her fond swain;
And soon at the altar she stood by my side,
To the priest I already 'I will' had replied.
Her reply I awaited with transport of soul,
When, death to my hopes! did the matin bell toll,
I started, awoke, and with horror I found,
'Twas a dream that maliciously fled at the sound.

*Roberts of Pentre
Based on a text in Welsh by Dafydd ap Gwilym
(c. 1340–c. 1400)*

26 Welsh Songs, WoO 155

☞ **No. 20. To the Blackbird (1st version, Hess 206)** (1810)

Sweet warbler of a strain divine,
What woodland note can equal thine?
No hermit's matins hail the day
More pure than fine from yonder spray.
Thy glossy plumes of sable hue,
Retiring from the searching view,
Protect the like, the leafy screen
Beneath whose shade thou singst unseen.
Thou to the poet art allied,
Be then thy minstrelsy my pride:
Thy poet then, thy song I'll praise,
Thy name shall grace my happiest lays;
To future lovers shall proclaim
Thy worth, thy beauty, and thy fame,
And when they hear thee in the grove,
Thy'll own thee for the bird of love.

*Roberts of Pentre
Based on a text in Welsh by Dafydd ap Gwilym
(c. 1340–c. 1400)*

25 Scottish Songs, Op. 108

☞ **No. 11. Oh! Thou art the lad of my heart (1st version, Hess 202)** (1815)

Oh! Thou art the lad of my heart, Willy,
There's love and there's life and glee,
There's a cheer in thy voice, and thy bounding step,
And there's bliss in thy blithesome ee.
But, oh, how my heart was tried,
Willy, For little I thought to see,
That the lad who won the lasses all,
Would ever be won by me.
Adown this path we came, Willy,
T'was just at this hour of eve;
And will he or will he not, I thought,
My fluttering heart relieve?
So oft as he paused, as we saunter'd on,
T'was fear and hope and fear;

But here at the wood, as we parting stood,
T'was rapture his vows to hear!
Ah vows so soft thy vows, Willy!
Who would not, like me, be proud!
Sweet lark! with thy soaring echoing song,
Come down from thy rosy cloud.
Come down to thy nest, and tell thy mate,
But tell thy mate alone,
Thou hast seen a maid, whose heart of love,
Is merry and light as thine own.

William Smyth

Irish Songs I, WoO 152

☞ **No. 5. On the Massacre of Glencoe (1st version)** (1810)

Oh! Tell me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where non may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mist that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle, that from hig
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?
No, not to these, for they have rest,
The mist-wreath has the mountain crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild wood deep, nor mountain grey,
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.
The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel,
Meed for his hospitality.
The friendly heart which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with a brand
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.
Long have my harp's best notes been gone,

Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey-hair'd master's misery.
Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
'Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
'Revenge for blood and treachery!'

Sir Walter Scott

29 Songs of Various Nationality, WoO 158

№ No. 19. Una paloma blanca (1st version, Gardi 25) (1816)

Una paloma blanca
Como la nieve
Me ha picado en el pecho,
Como me duele!
Mas allá de la vida
He de quererte,
Que amor está en el alma,
Y esa no muere.
Dicen que sueño es muerte,
Mas yo lo niego,
Pues cuando duermo, vivo,
Cuando no, muero.

Anonymous

Irish Songs II, WoO 153

№ No. 40. When far from the home (alternative version, Hess 195) (1813)

When far from the home of your youth we have rang'd,
How fondly we think of the days that are past;
Their image through changes is ever unchang'd,
Wherever our lot may be cast.

I muse on the features of those whom I lov'd;
The farewell of friendship I yet seem to hear:
The scenes I remember where oft I have rov'd,
The songs that delighted my ear.
In slumbers their music some vision recalls,
And oft I implore it a moment to stay;
But, ah! Soon the measure in soft cadence falls,
I wake, and the sound dies away.
How sad the reverse, – once I wept but in dreams,
The dawn then awoke me to hope and delight;
Now hope never comes with the morning's gay beams,
And joy is a phantom of night.
Oh! Sleep, how enchanting the power of thy wand,
More swift are thy pinions than fancy e'er spread;
For back o'er the ocean of time they expand,
And bring us to scenes that are fled.
Tho' hope never comes with the morning's gay beams,
Tho' long o'er the desert of life I may roam,
Oh! Let thy soft magic still waft me in dreams
To all the lov'd scenes of my home.

David Thomson, 1770?–1815

Paula Sophie Bohnet



Photo: Atelier Höll

German soprano Paula Sophie Bohnet completed her Bachelor of Music degree at the Hochschule für Musik und darstellende Kunst in Frankfurt am Main. She continued her studies at the Universität Mozarteum Salzburg in the Master of Lied and oratorio programme, and also in postgraduate Lied duo. Throughout her studies, Bohnet has gained valuable insight as a participant in masterclasses with renowned specialists such as Helmut Deutsch, Christiane Iven, Burkhard Kehring and Axel Bauni. In 2013 Bohnet made her operatic debut as Barbarina in Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*. Since then she performed many roles such as Mozart's Pamina, Humperdinck's Gretel and Senta in a children's version of Wagner's *Der fliegende Holländer*. As a concert soloist, Bohnet has performed many recitals and concerts throughout Germany, Austria and Slovenia. She was the recipient of the prestigious Giovanni Omodeo Scholarship and has been awarded several prizes from organisations such as the Österreichischen Bundesministerium für Bildung, Wissenschaft und Forschung for her Master's degree.

www.paula-bohnet.com

Daniel Johanssen

Photo: Michael Johanssen



The Austrian tenor Daniel Johanssen studied with Lieder specialists such as Robert Holl, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Christa Ludwig, and thus approaches art song performance with great affection. A prizewinner in the International Robert Schumann, National Mozart, and Wigmore Hall/Independent Opera International Song Competitions, Johanssen's repertoire extends from early Baroque monody to contemporary song settings. Along with the great Schubert and Schumann cycles, his art song repertoire includes more than 300 settings in German, French and English, which he has performed with piano partners such as Graham Johnson, Charles Spencer and Helmut Deutsch. Johanssen's name is often connected with the role of the Evangelist in Bach's *Passions*, in addition to more general oratorio repertoire from the Baroque, Classical, and Romantic eras. He has performed with ensembles such as the Staatskapelle Dresden under conductors such as Trevor Pinnock and Neville Marriner. Johanssen has appeared in Vienna's Musikverein and New York's Carnegie Hall, as well as other major venues in Europe, North America and Japan. www.danieljohanssen.com

Georg Klimbacher

Photo: Theresa Pewal



Baritone Georg Klimbacher's career has already led him to Vienna's Musikverein and the Konzerthaus, the Schubertiade Schwarzenberg, Gstaad Menuhin Festival, the Auditorium Maurice-Ravel in Lyon, the Teatro Olimpico in Vicenza, the Holywell Music Room in Oxford, the International Lied Festival Zeist and the Auditorio Nacional de Música in Madrid. His debut album, *#talesoflove*, won the Bank Austria Art Award. Klimbacher has worked with pianists such as András Schiff, Graham Johnson, David Lutz and Breda Zakotnik, eminent conductors including Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Sascha Goetzel, Martin Haselböck, Walter Kobéra and Dennis Russell Davies, as well as orchestras such as the Orchestre National de Lyon, Cappella Andrea Barca, Concentus Musicus Wien, ORF Radio-Symphonieorchester Wien and the Orchester Wiener Akademie. Klimbacher studied at the Universität für Musik und darstellende Kunst Wien and at the Kunstuniversität Graz. He has refined his vocal training working with Iris Dell'Acqua and Uta Schwabe. www.georgklimbacher.com

Josef Herzer



Josef Herzer was born in Vienna. He started violin lessons at the age of four, and at the age of seven began studies at the Institut Oberschützen at the Universität für Musik und darstellende Kunst Graz. Two years later he moved on to the Universität für Musik und Darstellende Kunst Wien where he studied with Gerhard Schulz. At the age of 17 he became a regular student of Dora Schwarzberg, and in 2000 received his first diploma with distinction, joining the class of Josef Hell in 2002. Herzer is a laureate of the Jugend musiziert and Prima la Musica competitions, and was a finalist at the International Johannes Brahms Competition. He has appeared with the Vienna State Opera, and since September 2006 has been a member of the Bruckner Orchestra Linz. In 2011 he joined the Johann Strauss Ensemble, taking over its management in July 2018. In 2012 Herzer founded the Fritz Kreisler Piano Trio.

Bertin Christelbauer



Cellist Bertin Christelbauer studied at the Konservatorium der Stadt Wien with Josef Luitz and the Universität für Musik und darstellende Kunst Wien with Wolfgang Aichinger, graduating in 2006 with distinction. He has participated in masterclasses in Austria, Germany and Italy, including with Wolfgang Boettcher and Wolfgang Herzer. He has appeared in concert and on tour with the Vienna Philharmonic and Vienna Symphony Orchestras across Europe, America and Asia. In demand as a chamber musician, he has performed as part of piano duos, harp and piano trios, string quartets and various other ensembles including octets. He has participated in numerous recordings and performs as a soloist, appearing in this capacity with the Festival Sinfonietta Linz and Philharmonices Mundi. Since 2006 he has been a member of the Bruckner Orchester Linz.

Bernadette Bartos

Photo: Paparazzi Studios Limited



Born in Austria in 1982, the pianist Bernadette Bartos studied at the Universität für Musik und darstellende Kunst Wien and the Royal College of Music, London. Since October 2012, Bartos has been working as a vocal répétiteur for Lieder and oratorio at the Mozarteum University Salzburg. Her activities as a concert pianist have led her across Europe and South America, and she has performed in the Musikverein and Konzerthaus in Vienna. Her debut at Regent Hall in London gained her First Prize in the Beethoven Chamber Music Competition of the Beethoven Society of Europe. Bartos regularly shares the stage with singers such as Rainer Trost, Paul Armin Edelmann and Elisabeth Wimmer. Her discography, released on Gramola, includes an album of Randhartinger Lieder with baritone Wolfgang Holzmaier, and a release that consists of excerpts from operas by Wagner transcribed for violin and piano with Gerald Schubert, which received acclaim in *Pizzicato* magazine. Bartos has been represented by the Vienna Music Connection artists agency (VCM) since 2014.

www.bernadettebartos.at

George Thomson of Edinburgh, a notable promoter of Scottish music, encouraged settings of his nation's folk songs. In particular, he found a rich source of arrangements in Vienna, where he commissioned first Haydn and then Beethoven to set a large sequence of poems, including those of Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott. Thomson envisaged simple works, agreeable to amateurs, but Beethoven found it impossible to compose within such limitations and his settings, which include Irish and Welsh songs, with the accompaniment of strings and piano, have proved perennially popular.

Ludwig van
BEETHOVEN

(1770–1827)

1 Sunshine	2:50	11 Faithfu' Johnie	6:15
2 The Vale of Clwyd	4:37	12 O let the night my blushes hide	3:52
3 I dream'd I lay	2:38	13 The Dream	5:15
4 I'll praise the saints	6:08	14 To the Blackbird	4:40
5 'T is but in vain	4:09	15 Oh! Thou art the lad of my heart	2:06
6 Oh! Would I were	4:31	16 Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill	2:30
7 The Maid of Isla (2nd version)	2:29	17 Castle O'Neill	2:21
8 The Maid of Isla (1st version)	2:28	18 On the Massacre of Glencoe	6:28
9 Bonny Laddie, Highland Laddie (2nd version)	2:00	19 Una paloma blanca	1:00
10 Bonny Laddie, Highland Laddie (1st version)	1:55	20 When far from the home	4:13

Paula Sophie Bohnet, Soprano **1–6 11 12 13 15 18**

Daniel Johannsen, Tenor **1 6 13 14 19 20** • **Georg Klimbacher, Baritone** **3 7–10**

Josef Herzer, Violin **1 3–20** • **Bertin Christelbauer, Cello** **1 3–20**

Bernadette Bartos, Piano

A detailed track list can be found inside the booklet. The sung texts are included in the booklet, and may also be accessed at www.naxos.com/libretti/574174.htm

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