



Les chansons des roses

Choral, Vocal & Piano Works *performed by*
Jervaulx Singers & Charlie Gower-Smith

TRACKLIST

Trad. Norwegian arr. Ola Gjeilo (b. 1978)

- 1 Ingen Vinner Frem
Til Den Evige Ro 2.44

Onutė Narbutaitė (b. 1956)

- 2 Vasara 2.42

Lili Boulanger (1893–1918)

- 3 Hymne au Soleil 4.03

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873–1943)

12 Romances, Op. 21

- 4 v Lilacs 2.39

Morten Lauridsen (b. 1943)

Les chansons des roses

- 5 i En une seule fleur 2.22
6 ii Contre qui, rose 2.37
7 iii De ton rêve trop plein 2.19
8 iv La rose complète 3.59
9 v Dirait-on 4.47

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)

Fiançailles pour Rire, FP101

- 10 vi Fleurs 2.54

Jonathan Dove (b. 1959)

The Passing of the Year

- 11 i Invocation 1.29
12 ii The narrow bud opens
her beauties to the sun 2.49
13 iii Answer July 2.07
14 iv Hot sun, cool fire 2.45
15 v Ah, Sun-flower! 2.03
16 vi Adieu! farewell earth's bliss! 4.31
17 vii Ring out, wild bells. 4.41

Leonard Bernstein (1918–1990)

- 18 Candide: Make Our
Garden Grow (Finale) 4.43

Total Running Time 56.18

INTRODUCTION

When setting out to start a new vocal group, Jenny Bianco and I had a clear aim in mind: to form an eight-voice ensemble that celebrated the very best singing in all its forms, be that in choral music, song or opera. We wanted singers to feel that they could sing freely, giving space to the beauty of each individual's own sound.

During our first few years, we performed many different programmes to explore what music best suited our group's dynamic. What emerged was a sense that our artists were hugely versatile, all with beautiful individual voices that could feature both together as ensemble and apart as soloist in the same programme. Our first album encapsulates this programming approach, combining sacred and secular choral music with solo song

and an opera extract, all linked by a theme of the natural world. The album takes the listener on a musical journey, where each work flows from one to the next. It is a celebration of nature and the human voice.



Charlie Gower-Smith

PROGRAMME NOTES

Ola Gjeilo's personal *Ingen Vinner Frem Til Den Evige Ro* sets one of his favourite folk songs with clear warmth and affection. The melody moves at pace, depicting the soul's search for salvation. It can be traced to the Norwegian valley of Hallingdal, from which Gjeilo's family originates.

Onutë Narbutaitë transports the listener to a forest in *Vasara (Summer)*. She evokes a feeling of dawn in the woods with vocalisations like *tak, tuk, trr, u-u*, and *cik*. Through this sound-scape, we meet two young lovers running through nature. As they look to the sky, the tenors and basses join to depict the clouds above them, before they run to the sea.

Hymne au Soleil was composed in July 1912 ahead of Lili Boulanger

entering the Prix de Rome competition. The text comes from the end of the first act of five-act tragedy 'Le Paria' (1833) by Casimir Delavigne, in which Brahmins and worshippers gather to pay homage to the rising sun. Boulanger praises the sun with chordal textures that evoke mass chanting, before a middle section of excited polyphonic writing depicting rushing horses that ignite the horizon with their breath.

Sergei Rachmaninoff's immensely tender *Lilacs* is his own transcription of his Op. 21 No.5 song for voice and piano, which sets words by Ekaterina Beketova. It depicts a search for happiness in nature. The melody varies a simple three-note phrase which it repeats and embellishes to intimate effect.

PROGRAMME NOTES

Crafted with poise and elegance, Morton Lauridsen's lyrical *Les chansons des roses* have become widely loved by singers and audiences alike. The music delicately captures the sensuous beauty of Rilke's texts, contrasting near-whispered patter with soaring melody. The cycle links songs by returning to earlier musical material – the opening song is developed in the third, and the second in the fourth, before the restrained addition of piano in the fifth movement creates a radiant finale.

Francis Poulenc composed *Fiançailles pour rire* in response to the start of World War II. *Fleurs* is the final song in the cycle, and is laced with the melancholy evoked in the poetry by his friend Louise de Vilmorin. Known as 'half monk, half rascal', this is the voice of the former, writing with sincerity and feeling.

Jonathan Dove wrote *The Passing of the Year* in memory of his mother, setting texts by English poets including Blake, Dickinson and Tennyson. The seven movements chart the course of the seasons: the first three songs are full of the promises of spring and anticipation of summer, the music full of excited suspense; the fourth song aches of muggy heat in the height of summer; the sixth song is haunted by autumn's mortality, before the closing song of the cycle dances with wild abandon for bells ringing out change, and winter's hope of rebirth.

Make Our Garden Grow is the touching final scene from Leonard Bernstein's operetta *Candide*, in which Candide and Cunegonde resolve to marry and nurture their love for one another.

TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

1 Ingen Vinner Frem Til Den Evige Ro

Traditional Norwegian. Arranged by Ola Gjeilo (b. 1978)

Ingen vinner frem til den evige ro
som seg ei veldig fremtrenger.
Sjelen den må utstå en kamp for den tro
hvorav vår salighet henger.

Porten kalles trang og veien heter smal.
Dog kan Herrens nåde åpne himlens sal.
Kjemp da alvorlig, treng fremad med makt,
om du vil himmerik vinne!

Jesus i ditt hjerte er alle ting verd,
selv er han himmeriks rike.
Derfor gjør med Jesus din daglige ferd,
aldri vil han fra deg vike!

Treng deg til hans hjerte inn med all
din makt, han i nåde rekker deg din
bryllupsdrakt.
Hør hva han sier: Bruk tålmod, o sjel,
så skal du himmerik vinne!

*No one seeking eternal peace
can attain it easily.
The soul must endure a battle for the
faith on which our salvation depends.*

*The gate is narrow and the path is small.
Yet God's grace may open the entryway.
Fight earnestly, advance with valour,
if you desire to join the kingdom of Heaven!*

*Jesus in your heart is worth everything,
as He is the kingdom of Heaven.
Include Him in your daily journey,
He will never leave your side!*

*Connect to His heart with purpose, with
grace He will hand you your garments.
Listen to His words: Have patience, o
soul, then you may enter the kingdom
of Heaven!*

Text: Lars Linderot (Swedish, 1798)

*Gustav Jensen (Norwegian translation,
1914). English translation by Ola Gjeilo.*

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TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

2 Vasara

Onutė Narbutaitė (b. 1956)

Vasara vasara,
vasara vasara,
lakstėm basi,
braukdami ryto rasą,
miške rinkom žemuoges,
skruzdės bėgiojo pušų žievėmis,
dūzgė bitė virš dobilo,
vėjas sujudino smilgas,
dundėjo griaustinis,
lietaus lašiukus nuo jurginų žiedų
rinko saulė,
kvepėjo sakai,
ošė liepos,
upely dainavo varlė,
mes gulėjom žolėj
ir žiūrėjom į dangų.

O debesys debesys,
debesys debesys
plaukė balti dideli
lyg laivai plaukė debesys
plaukė dangum.

*Summer summer,
summer summer,
we ran barefoot,
brushing away the morning dew,
we picked strawberries in the forest,
the ants ran along the bark of the pines,
the bee hummed over the clover,
the wind stirred the sedges,
thunder rumbled
raindrops from dahlia flowers
the sun rose
it smelled like you said.
Oh July!
the frog sang in the stream,
we lay in the grass
and we looked at the sky.*

*And clouds clouds,
clouds clouds
white big ones floated
as if they were ships were sailing in the
clouds floating in the sky.*

TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

Bėgom prie jūros
ieškoti kriauklelių baltų,
radom daug akmenėlių gražių,
paišėm plunksnom ant smėlio,
švelnus buvo jūros vanduo,
vakarinė šviesa glostė viržius,
sugrįžom namo,
tamsoje jaukiai švietė langai,
griežė pievoj svirpliai,
ir virš marių pakilo mėnulis.

*We ran to the sea
to look for white shells,
we found many beautiful stones,
we marked the sand with feathers,
gentle was the sea,
the evening light caressed the heather,
we came home,
the windows glowed in the dark,
crickets were chirping in the meadow,
and the moon rose over the sea.*

Text: Onutė Narbutaitė

Translation by Charlie Gower-Smith.



TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

3 Hymne au Soleil

Lili Boulanger (1893–1918)

Du soleil qui renaît bénissons la puissance.
Avec tout l'univers célébrons son retour.
Couronné de splendeur, il se lève,
il s'élance.
Le réveil de la terre est un hymne d'amour.

Sept coursiers qu'en partant le Dieu
contient à peine,
Enflamment l'horizon de leur
brûlante haleine.

O soleil fécond, tu parais!

Avec ses champs en fleurs, ses monts,
ses bois épais,
La vaste mer de tes feux embrasée,
L'univers plus jeune et plus frais,
Des vapeurs du matin sont
brillants de rosée.

*Let us bless the power of the reborn sun.
With all the universe let us celebrate its
return. Crowned with splendour, it rises,
it soars.
The waking of the earth is a hymn of love.*

*Seven rushing steeds that the God
scarcely holds back
Ignite the horizon with their
scorching breath.*

Oh, vivid sun, you appear!

*With its fields in bloom, its mountains,
its thick forests,
The vast sea set ablaze by your fires,
The universe, younger and fresher,
With morning vapours are
glistening with dew.*

Text: Casimir Delavigne (1793–1843)

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the LiederNet Archive.*

TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

5-9 Les chansons des roses Morten Lauridsen (b. 1943)

i En une seule fleur

C'est pourtant nous qui t'avons proposé
de remplir ton calice.
Enchantée de cet artifice,
ton abondance l'avait osé.

Tu étais assez riche, pour devenir cent
fois toi-même en une seule fleur;
c'est l'état de celui qui aime...
Mais tu n'as pas pensé ailleurs.

ii Contre qui, rose

Contre qui, rose, avez-vous adopté
ces épines?
Votre joie trop fine vous a-t-elle forcée
de devenir cette chose armée?

Mais de qui vous protège
cette arme exagérée?
Combien d'ennemis vous ai-je enlevés
qui ne la craignaient point?
Au contraire, d'été en automne, vous
blessez les soins qu'on vous donne.

Texts: Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926)
Translations by Robert and Susan Bianco.

i In one flower alone

*It is, after all, we who proposed you
should fill your chalice.
Enchanted by this artfulness,
your abundance dared.*

*You were rich enough to become a
hundred times yourself in one flower
alone; such is the state of one who
loves... but you did not think otherwise.*

ii Against whom, rose

*Against whom, rose, have you taken up
these thorns?
Did your fragile joy oblige you to
become this armed thing?*

*But from whom does it protect you,
this excessive weapon?
From how many enemies have I rescued
you who did not fear it at all?
On the contrary, from summer to autumn,
you wound the protection you are given.*

TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

iii De ton rêve trop plein

De ton rêve trop plein, fleur en dedans
nombreuse, mouillée comme une
pleureuse, tu te penches sur le matin.

Tes douces forces qui dorment, dans un
désir incertain, développent ces tendres
formes entre joues et seins.

iv La rose complète

J'ai une telle conscience de ton être,
rose complète, que mon consentement
te confond avec mon cœur en fête.

Je te respire comme si tu étais, rose,
toute la vie, et je me sens l'ami parfait
d'une telle amie.

v Dirait-on

Abandon entouré d'abandon,
tendresse touchant aux tendresses...
C'est ton intérieur qui sans cesse
se caresse, dirait-on;

se caresse en soi-même, par son propre
reflet éclairé. Ainsi tu inventes le thème
du Narcisse exaucé.

iii From your overflowing dream

*From your overflowing dream, flower
within many, drenched like a mourner,
you lean on the morning.*

*Your sweet powers which sleep, in
uncertain desire, unfold these tender
forms between cheeks and breasts.*

iv The perfect rose

*I am so conscious of your being,
perfect rose, that my consent mistakes
you for my rejoicing heart.*

*I breathe you in as if you were, rose,
all of life, and feel I am the perfect
friend of such a friend.*

v One could say

*Abandon surrounded by abandon,
tenderness touching tenderness...
It's your inner self who ceaselessly
caresses itself, one could say;*

*caressing itself by itself, in the light of
its own reflection. And so you invent the
translation of Narcissus fulfilled.*

TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

10 Fiançailles pour Rire, FP101 Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)

vi Fleurs

Fleurs promises,
fleurs tenues dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des
parenthèses d'un pas,
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?

Sable de tes baisers,
fleurs des amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de
cendre et dans la cheminée
Un cœur en rubanné de plaintes
Brûle avec ses images saintes.

*Flowers promised,
flowers held in your arms,
Flowers issued from the
parenthesis of a step,
Who brought you these flowers in Winter
Powdered with the sand of the seas?*

*Sand of your kisses,
flowers of withered loves,
Beautiful eyes are made of
ashes and in the chimney
a heart beribboned in complaints
burns with its sainted images.*

Text: Louise de Vilmorin (1902–1969)
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TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

11-17 The Passing of the Year Jonathan Dove (b. 1959)

i Invocation

O Earth, O Earth, return!

Text: William Blake (1757–1827)

ii The narrow bud opens her beauties to the sun

The narrow bud opens her beauties to
The sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins;
Blossoms hang round the brows of morning, and
Flourish down the bright cheek of modest eve,
Till clust'ring Summer breaks forth into singing,
And feather'd clouds strew flowers round her head.

The spirits of the air live on the smells
Of fruit; and joy, with pinions light, roves round
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees.

Text: William Blake (1757–1827)

*Summer is icumen in
Lhude sing cuccu*

iii Answer July

Answer July –
Where is the Bee –
Where is the Blush –
Where is the Hay?

Ah, said July –
Where is the Seed –
Where is the Bud –
Where is the May –
Answer Thee – Me –

Nay – said the May –
Show me the Snow –
Show me the Bells –
Show me the Jay!

Quibbled the Jay –
Where be the Maize –
Where be the Haze –
Where be the Bur?
Here – said the Year –

*Text: Emily Dickinson
(1830–1886)*

TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

vi Hot sun, cool fire

Hot sun, cool fire, temper'd with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me:
Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause, cause of [my] mourning.
Let not my beauty's fire
Enflame unstaïd desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wand'reth lightly.

Text: George Peele (1556–1596)

v Ah, Sun-flower!

Ah, Sun-flower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the Sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveller's journey is done:

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

Text: William Blake (1757–1827)

vi Adieu! farewell earth's bliss!

Adieu! farewell earth's bliss!
This world uncertain is:
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from his darts can fly:
I am sick, I must die –
Lord, have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made;
The plague full swift goes by:
I am sick, I must die –
Lord, have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower
Which wrinkles will devour:
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair
Dust hath closed Helen's eye:
I am sick, I must die –
Lord, have mercy on us!

Text: Thomas Nashe (1567–1601)

TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

vii Ring out, wild bells

O earth, O Earth, return!

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;

Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the time;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

*Text: Alfred, Lord Tennyson
(1809–1892)*



Picture: Rhian Hughes

TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

18 **Candide: Make Our Garden Grow (Finale)**

Leonard Bernstein (1918–1990)

Candide

You've been a fool and so have I,
But come and be my wife,
And let us try before we die
To make some sense of life.

We're neither pure nor wise nor good;
We'll do the best we know;
We'll build our house, and chop our wood,
And make our garden grow,
And make our garden grow.

Cunegonde

I thought the world was sugar-cake,
For so our master said;
But now I'll teach my hands to bake
Our loaf of daily bread.

Candide and Cunegonde

We're neither pure nor wise nor good;
We'll do the best we know;
We'll build our house, and chop our wood,
And make our garden grow,
And make our garden grow.

Candide, Cunegonde, Paquette, The Old Lady, Governor, Maximilian, and Pangloss
Let dreamers dream what worlds
they please;
Those Edens can't be found.
The sweetest flow'rs, the fairest trees,
Are grown in solid ground.

Full company

We're neither pure nor wise nor good;
We'll do the best we know.
We'll build our house, and chop our wood,
And make our garden grow,
And make our garden grow.

Text: Richard Wilbur (1921–2017)

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BIOGRAPHIES

Jervaulx Singers

Jervaulx Singers is a leading soloists' choir, combining choral music with song and opera to create exciting and diverse programmes that thrill and delight audiences. Founded by Charlie Gower-Smith and Jenny Bianco, the group comprises some of the country's finest professional voices. We are passionate about giving

expressive, memorable performances through creative and varied programming. We present a wide range of repertoire, putting sacred and secular choral music alongside opera extracts and solo songs to create programmes that convey narrative whilst giving showcase to the individual voices of the group. See more at jervaulxsingers.com.

**JERVAULX
SINGERS**
DIRECTOR CHARLIE GOWER-SMITH

Sopranos

Eleanor Garside **S**
Jenny Bianco

Mezzo Sopranos

Sarah Anne Champion **†**
Beth Moxon **‡**

Tenors

Gareth Meirion Edmunds **S**
Robert Jenkins

Basses

Edmund Danon
Laurence Williams

Soloists **†** track 3, **‡** track 10, **S** track 18

BIOGRAPHIES



Charlie Gower-Smith **Conductor**

Charlie Gower-Smith is a conductor of choirs and orchestras, in demand for working at all levels with warmth and fun whilst demanding precision and excellence. He is Musical Director of Jervaulx Singers and the Chapter House Youth Choir. He has prepared choirs for performances at the BBC Proms and for live radio broadcasts.

Charlie is a board member of Made with Music, a not-for-profit organisation delivering early years, primary school and family music in and around Leeds. When not making music, Charlie can be found cooking with his daughters or avidly cleaning his car.

Picture: Rhian Hughes

BIOGRAPHIES



Alison Frances Gill **Piano**

Alison Gill is a graduate of the Royal Academy of Music, specialising as an accompanist and répétiteur.

Now based in North Yorkshire, Alison is highly sought after as an accompanist across the region, collaborating regularly with the Chorus of the Royal Northern Sinfonia, Jervaulx Singers and as an accompanist-in-residence for Leeds Conservatoire, Durham University and for the BBC Proms held at the Glasshouse International Centre for Music.

As a soloist and accompanist Alison has also performed at venues from the Wigmore Hall to the Palau de La Musica in Barcelona and Vienna's Musikverein.

Picture: Benjamin Harte



Les chansons des roses

Jervaulx Singers

Piano Alison Frances Gill

Conductor Charlie Gower-Smith

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