

Le Rossignol

move

**MARGARET AND
PETER LYNCH
AT MONTSALVAT**



LE ROSSIGNOL

Margaret Lynch, *soprano* Peter Lynch, *guitar*

Giulio Caccini

1 Amarilli, mia bella 2'59"

Philip Rosseter

2 What then is love but mourning? 2'47"

John Dowland

3 Come again!
Sweet love doth now invite 2'31"

Mátyáa Seiber

Four French Folk Songs

- 4** Réveillez-vous 2'42"
- 5** J'ai descendu 2'52"
- 6** Le Rossignol 3'25"
- 7** Marguerite, elle est malade 1'00"

Joaquin Rodrigo

Three Spanish Songs

- 8** En Jerez de la Frontera 1'20"
- 9** Adela 2'28"
- 10** De ronda 0'46"

Valentine Sawenko

11 Rhapsody 3'56"

Ernesto Cordero

12 Cinco Preludios 7'17"

Hans Haug

13 Alba 4'40"

Carlos Pedrell

14 Página Romántica 1'30"

Francisco Tarrega

- 15** Lagrima 1'42"
- 16** Maria (Gavota) 1'50"

Enrique Granados

17 Danza Española No. 5 4'56"

Situated near Eltham, Victoria, Montsalvat has much in common with a simple French provincial village. The rich blend of architectural styles is superbly complimented by the variety of artistic activities pursued here.

Although the land was purchased in 1934 by Justus Jorgensen, work did not commence on the Great Hall (the site for the present recording) until 1938. Then, as now, this magnificent building was the focal point of a thriving artistic community.

A recital by Margaret Lynch, soprano, and Peter Lynch, guitar, is an intimate experience. Since their first duo recitals in the early 70s, Margaret has researched and performed much of the original repertoire for this exquisite combination, including works by Weber, Gitaliani, Britten, Musgrave and Rodrigo. Fostered and encouraged by studies in London with noted baritone Trevor Ling, and in Melbourne with the distinguished soprano Loris Synan, her pure vocal style is beautifully suited to the melancholy love songs which are to be heard in their programmes.

Peter Lynch commenced the guitar at an early age, his teachers including Bernard Stahl, Susan Ellis and Sadie Bishop. After graduating from the Canberra School of Music in 1974, he continued his studies in London with the celebrated guitarist, John Mills, and since his return in 1976, has earned a unique position in Melbourne's

musical circles. Solo broadcasts for ABC radio, chamber music performances with principals from the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, and teaching positions at both the Victorian College of the Arts, and the University of Melbourne, are indicative of his contribution and commitment to the guitar.

Margaret and Peter Lynch have performed extensively throughout Australia and this, their first recording, presents their artistry at its best.

"The song of the piano is a discourse, the song of the cello is an elegy, but the song of the guitar is a song." A more perfect accompaniment to the human voice would be hard to imagine.

By the late renaissance, the lute song had achieved a degree of perfection in style and form of no less significance than its nineteenth century counterpart, the German lied.

Enjoying the favour of Elizabeth I, Philip Rosseter (c 1575-1623) composed a large number of lute songs. The guitar adds a rich, sonorous dimension to this poignant song.

While England and the court of Elizabeth seemed reluctant to recognise John Dowland (1562-1626), he was regarded on the continent as one of the greatest lutenists and composers of the age. Both sombre and frivolous, his songs are amongst the finest of the genre.

His son, Robert Dowland (1591-1641), published an anthology of English and European lute songs in 1610. Entitled "A Muscicall Banquet", it contains one of the most remarkable songs of the period, Amarilli, mia bella, by Giulio Caccini (c 1550-1610). Although several sources exist for this song, the accompaniment realised here is wonderfully suited to this most

haunting of vocal lines.

The folk song arrangements of the Hungarian composer Mátyás Seiber (1905-1960) are the most beautiful of their type in the repertoire. The guitar both imitates and compliments the voice with inventive counterpoint and lush harmonies, colouring the text in its every nuance. It seems most appropriate that these songs are here performed in surroundings so similar to their country of origin.

The works of Joaquín Rodrigo (b. 1902) are amongst the most significant and demanding in the literature of the guitar. These lesser known songs capture the very soul of Rodrigo, and of Spain, with a sentimental song of unrequited love couched between exuberant, flamenco rhythms. The unusual tuning of the sixth string to C sharp, is a superb piece of orchestration in Adela.

The nineteenth century was the age of the pianist-composer. While Chopin, Schumann and Liszt composed works that can justly be described as masterpieces, Sor, Giuliani, and Coste were popularising guitar solos often of slight musical value, although fiercely demanding, technically. It is little wonder that the piano succeeded where the guitar ultimately did not.

Happily, due to Tarrega and his disciples, the tradition of the guitarist-composer has been firmly re-established and is nowhere more successful than in the works of Sawenko and Cordero.

Born of Ukrainian parents, Valentine Sawenko studied at the Canberra School of Music and at the Victorian College of the Arts, graduating in 1982. His music is essentially a blend of folkloric melody and romantic harmony, beautifully tailored to the idiosyncrasies of the guitar.

The Puerto Rican guitarist Ernesto Cordero (b. 1946) has been acclaimed internationally for both his performances

and his compositional creativity. Studies in Puerto Rico, Spain and Italy have provided him with quite unique materials with which to express his musical identity. Melodic richness, rhythmic vitality and warm sonorities characterise these wonderfully varied miniatures.

The Swiss composer Hans Haug (1900-1967) is perhaps better known for his symphonic and chamber music. However, several significant works for solo guitar came from his pen of which Alba (Dawn) is a haunting example. The musical language, although quite conventional, makes imaginative use of chorale-like harmony, recitative, and arioso material within an archform structure.

If the renaissance of the guitar in the twentieth century is epitomised in the person of Andrés Segovia, it is no less attributable to Tarrega, Granados (perhaps unwittingly) and lesser composers such as Carlos Pedrell.

It was the great Spanish musicologist Felipe Pedrell (1841-1922) who recognised the importance of the guitar in his country's musical heritage, and that the musical personality of Tarrega was to be the inspiration of all that followed. It seems fitting therefore, that Felipe's nephew, Carlos Pedrell (1878-1941), should compose a small, but nevertheless beautiful collection of pieces dedicated to Segovia. Seldom heard, *Página Romántica* glimpses Spanish nostalgia at its most intimate and lyrical.

The works of Francisco Tarrega (1852-1909), although perhaps slight in comparison to those of his compatriots Albeniz and Granados, nevertheless display warmth, charm and craftsmanship of the highest order. As if in the romantic tradition of Chopin, he seems most at ease in the smaller forms, so characteristic of this period. *Lagrima* (Tear Drop) is

serene yet passionate, while *Maria* (almost certainly named after his wife) is a sensitive reflection of the baroque gavotte.

At the very least, the artistic climate of the late nineteenth century Barcelona must have been extraordinarily stimulating. It is not surprising that Albeniz (who died in the same year as Tarrega) and Granados, embraced Tarregli in this flowering of Spanish nationalism. The *Danza Española No. 5* of Enrique Granados (1867-1916) is here played in the transcription by Miguel Llobet (1878-1938), Tarrega's most distinguished pupil. This prolific virtuoso was the link between the dawn of the revival and Andrés Segovia, without whom this present recording, and most of the repertoire herein, would not exist.

Annotations © 1985 Peter Lynch

Recording engineer: Martin Wright
Montsalvat: Jorgensen Family
Guitar: George Love, Surrey, England
Dedicated to Sarah

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ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE SONGS

AMARILLI, MIA BELLA

Amarilli, my fair one,

don't you believe, my heart's sweet desire,
that you are my loved one?

Oh, believe it, and if fear assail you, do not doubt;
open my bosom and you will see written on my heart:
Amarilli is my love.

REVEILLEZ-VOUS

Wake up, beautiful sleeper, for it is daylight.
Put your head by the window; you will hear talk of you.
The beautiful one put her foot to the ground, going so slowly.
With one hand she opened the door: "Come in, sir, if you love
me."

But the beauty slept in the arms of her lover,
and he watches her, seeing her eyes fade.
How brilliant are the stars, and the sun so glorious,
but the beautiful eyes of my lady are still the most charming
of all.

IN JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA

In Jerez de la Frontera,
lived an honest miller,
who hired a mill to grind the corn
to earn his daily bread.
The man was married to a girl
as rosy as can be,
but the city's justice of the peace
had fallen for her too.
So it came to pass in Sherry,
that the miller's wife made merry.
Answering the justice when he craved
that she return the love he gave:
"How witty, flattering and generous too,
and a gentleman as well,
but my miller I love,
upon my word, he really is my lord!"

J'AI DESCENDU

I went down to my garden to gather rosemary.
Pretty poppy, ladies, nice fresh poppy.
I had only picked three when a nightingale sat on my hand.
He said three words in Latin, that men are worth nothing.
That men are worth nothing, and boys even less.
He had nothing to say about women, but plenty to say about
girls.

LE ROSSIGNOL

Little nightingale of the wood,
teach me how to speak and how to love.
"They say that you have beautiful apples in your garden.
Let me take one in my hand."
"No, I let no one touch my apples.
But bring to me the moon and the sun,
and you will touch the apples in my garden."

MARGUERITE, ELLE EST MALADE

Margaret is sick, she needs the doctor.
But when the doctor comes, he orders her not to drink wine.
"Doctor, you can go to the devil if you forbid me to drink
wine!
I've been drinking it all my life, and I'll drink it to the end!"

ADELA

Beautiful, Adela, she had fallen in love with Juan,
but stricken with love, it broke her heart,
to know Delores, her dearest friend,
had long been courting with him.
Sorrowful Adela; how quickly time passed,
and how pale she grew.
Weaker she seemed, and much frailer too.
Her love for Juan, she knew only too well,
would soon and completely her life dispel.

DE RONDA

Little sweet blushing peach,
why don't you fall to the ground?
All my life I've been hoping to reach you;
you're so attractive!
If you look into my heart,
you'll find two ladders of glass:
Up one, love's moving fast,
while tenderness flies down the other.