



# THIS IS ME

Susanna  
Andersson



# Tracklist

1. Certo timor ch'ho in petto	Antonio Vivaldi (1678–1741)	4:37
2. Vorrei spiegarvi, oh Dio!	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)	7:38
3. Skogen sover	Hugo Alfvén (1872–1960)	2:42
4. Alma oppressa	Antonio Vivaldi (1678–1741)	5:16
5. Solveigs sang	Edvard Grieg (1843–1907)	4:57
6. Lascia ch'io pianga	Georg Friedrich Händel (1685–1759)	3:57
7. No word from Tom	Igor Stravinsky (1882–1971)	8:28
8. Der Hölle Rache	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)	3:06
9. Erlkönig	Franz Schubert (1797–1828), arr. Franz Liszt (1811–1886)	4:14
10. Rat song	Albert Schnelzer (*1972)	3:36
11. Song of the Hen's head	Albert Schnelzer (*1972)	4:38
12. Bell song	Léo Delibes (1836–1891)	7:58
13. O mio babbino caro	Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924)	2:35
14. Morgen	Richard Strauss (1864–1949)	3:51
15. Papa, can you hear me?	Michel Legrand (*1932), arr. Björn Kleiman (*1978)	6:30

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# Introduction

*This is me – a small glimpse of who I am and what I do.*

I've wanted to make a solo orchestral CD for many years and when it finally happened I was particularly proud to work with the Helsingborg Symphony Orchestra who I admire and have known and worked with for many years. A special feature is that my older brother Johan is the orchestra's principal flautist and we have always dreamed of recording together. Also my friend Gordan is one of the orchestra's concertmasters – his playing was the inspiration for choosing *Morgen* and both Vivaldi arias. I was also very lucky to be able to have my husband Tecwyn as the conductor. Having all these personal touches to the project made the whole experience of recording at the Helsingborg concert house even more special.

I still don't know how we managed to do everything we set out to do in just four days. It was such a short time to tackle all the music we wanted to include. How my voice managed to last the distance I have no idea, but thanks to Tecwyn on the podium, the wonderful support of the orchestra, recording engineer Jan-Eric Persson and producer Chris Hazell, the whole process was such a joy, and I think we managed to create a great CD together. I'm so grateful to them all, and to my many friends who helped support my dream through GoFundMe.

*This is me* is a CD of songs from the heart. Here's why they are so special to me. I hope you enjoy them as much as I do.

A few years ago tenor Topi Lehtipuu invited me to sing at the Turku Music Festival. He had been anticipating working with soprano Sandrine Piau but she couldn't make it. The concert was to feature early music group *Il p'omo d'oro* and author Donna Leon. I'd read many of Donna's books, so I was already excited. Then I listened to Sandrine's recordings of the arias I had to sing. And oh my! Wow! I can't thank Topi enough for introducing me to Vivaldi's *Certo timor* and *Alma oppressa*. Discovering these two arias reminded me just how much marvellous music there must be out there that we might never get to know just because we haven't been introduced to it. I'm very grateful to have found these songs which have come to mean a lot to me.

As a coloratura soprano I get a chance to work with Mozart's glorious high concert arias. His *Vorrei spiegarvi* has

one of the most beautiful woodwind introductions ever written. Mozart wants singers to make the aria sound light and easy, however it's anything but easy to sing because of the high tessitura!

When I wanted to showcase something Swedish on this disc, Alfvén's *Skogen sover* was a natural choice. It's one of the most beautiful songs I know. All Swedes can relate to the notion of a slumbering forest on a mild summer night in June. Melancholy can be heart-achingly beautiful.

Grieg's *Solveigs sang* is one of his masterpieces and is known all over the world. It has followed me for many years so it felt absolutely right to include it here too. It reminds me of home up in the north of Sweden and always manages to make me homesick.

*Lascia ch'io pianga* can move me to tears. I would have liked to include more of Handel's fabulous music but for now I hope this one song will be enough.

I was studying at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London when I first heard Anne Trulove's recitative, cabaletta and aria "*No word from Tom*" from *The Rake's Progress*. I was gobsmacked and instantly fell in love with it. Stravinsky's music is so beautiful and haunting at the same time. It gets straight to your heart and you can't escape its direct demand for attention. This is a role I still dream of singing on stage!

Mozart has played a big part in my life. His music is funny, witty, dramatic, joyful, sad, painful, exquisite, glorious, beautiful and demanding – for the singers just as much as the audience. The performers working with Mozart

in his day must have been absolutely fantastic for him to write as he did. I fell in love with *The Magic Flute's "Queen of the Night"* the very first time I heard it. But I never thought I'd be able to sing it because I was told as a teenager that my voice didn't move fast enough for me to become a coloratura soprano. Fortunately Ingegerd Tyrenius at Ljungskile Folkhögskola helped me change that and gave me the opportunity to sing *Der Hölle Rache* at one of the concerts at the school, dressed only in a cape and some nice underwear. I still have people who were there that day telling me how they had been sitting transfixed looking at my tummy working hard singing all the high notes and coloratura. I'll always be grateful to Ingegerd, and also Stefan Solyom and the Staatstheater Weimar who gave me my first opportunity to sing Queen of the Night on stage.

Schubert has a special place in my heart because his songs were a big part of my education at the Guild-hall. My interest in Lieder expanded with the help of the fabulous pianist Eugene Asti, and after hearing Schubert's *Erkönig* for the first time I was sold! For this CD Goethe's haunting operatic-like text is lifted into another dimension though the orchestration of Liszt.

My brother Johan introduced me to Albert Schnelzer, and since hearing his music I've been in love with it. It has such a distinct sound and rhythm that you can always identify it as Albert's. I'm immensely proud that Albert wrote the song cycle *Animal songs* for me and the Helsingborg Symphony Orchestra, so we're including two of them, from Margaret Atwood's poems. How could we resist titles like *Rat Song* and *Song of the Hen's head*?

I've always looked up to Natalie Dessay as we have similar voice types. Her rendition of Lakmé's *Bell song* inspired me to record it for this CD. I love the melodies and the coloratura in between and the sound of the bells towards the end. Music like this always makes me smile and makes me happy! See if you can stop yourself smiling when the bells start playing.

When I was 16 I went to an Italian-speaking woman in our village to help me with the language of Puccini's *O mio babbino caro*! This was one of the first arias I learned and it still never fails to amaze me. Now I don't sing it as I did when I was 16 ... or 26 ... or 36 ... and I find it fascinating how a piece that means so much to me can also remind me that I can always do better or differently. I know I'll sing it differently in a few months and again in a few years. This is my idea of great music –

pieces that always change and challenge you and give you different hurdles to overcome, depending on your form, your age or where and when you perform them. Music is never still. Even if it is a recording, the way we listen to it is different each time depending on how we listen. This piece can sound different when you hear it a second or third time, or whether you are actively listening, sad, joyful or in love. Music to me is all about expressions and feelings.

Tomorrow the sun will shine again upon us where we walk along the road together. Strauss' *Morgen*, written for solo violin and soprano, is probably one of his most loved songs. Mackay's short poem makes a big and lasting impression – a love song to you all! Let music always touch you in whatever form or shape you might allow!

The desire to sing Legrand's *Papa, can you hear me?* came to me when I heard it used at an ice-skating performance, arranged for violinist Itzak Perlman – and what an arrangement! I asked my good friend Björn Kleiman to write an arrangement for me to sing with a solo violin for this CD, and here it is. I'd also like to dedicate this song to my fantastic father Key who I love and whose good-night kisses I will always be grateful for. Thank you for everything, Dad!

Releasing this CD has been a wonderful experience and I'm very proud of what we achieved in those short days in June 2015. It's a real thrill to put together a disc like this showcasing all that I love about singing. Whether you sit and listen intently or have the music on in the background, I hope you enjoy it all.

Susanna Andersson

# Helsingborg Symphony Orchestra

Founded in 1912, the *Helsingborg Symphony Orchestra* (HSO) is one of Sweden's oldest orchestras, now numbering 61 members. Its principal conductors over the years have included Sten Frykberg, John Frandsen, and Okko Kamu. The orchestra is one of the region's international leaders and ambassadors and in January 2014 performed three sold-out concerts at the Großes Festspielhaus in Salzburg. Under Andrew Manze, Principal Conductor from 2006 to 2014 the orchestra developed a distinctive sound – clear, fluid, and expressive – which has made it renowned and sought after for both concerts and recordings. Its discography now includes CDs of the symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms. Along-

side its core activities the Helsingborg Symphony Orchestra aims to reach all the residents of the city of Helsingborg. It is attempting to break down barriers and create a gateway to the arts for people who are less accustomed to symphonic music. It hopes to achieve this through new concert arrangements that simplify traditional concert practices, while enhancing educational and social activities and offering various concerts for children and young people. Since 2015 the orchestra's Principal Conductor is Stefan Solyom.



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# Susanna Andersson

Swedish soprano Susanna Andersson has received considerable praise for her flexible and lyric coloratura voice and enjoys a successful career on both the concert and operatic stage. A graduate of the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London she won the GSMD Gold Medal in 2003 and the Kathleen Ferrier Song prize the following year.

Nominated as a Rising Star in the European Concert Hall Organisation programme in 2006/2007, Susanna appeared with pianist Eugene Asti in concerts halls from Carnegie Hall, New York to the Musikverein, Vienna and Concertgebouw, Amsterdam. Susanna made her professional operatic debut

as Zerlina at Grange Park Opera and developed her career with roles such as Blondchen, Valencienne (*Die lustige Witwe*), Servilia, Zerbinetta, Lisette (*La rondine*), Gretel, Musetta, Oscar, Susanna, Violetta, Pamina, Venus and Gepopo (*Le Grand Macabre*) and Queen of the Night in opera houses in Europe (English National Opera, Opera North, Garsington Opera, Opera Leipzig, Opera Nürnberg, Opera Köln, Weimar National Theater, Folkoperan, Gothenburg Opera, Åbo Svenska Teater, Danish National Opera) and in South America (Teatro Colón). Susanna has appeared at the BBC Proms, the Salzburg, Adelaide, Holland, Turku, Ruhr-Triennale and Aldeburgh festivals and with orchestras throughout Europe

under conductors such as Christopher Hogwood, Lawrence Foster, Roy Goodman, Andrew Manze, Ingo Metzmacher, Edward Gardner, George Benjamin, John Storgårds, and Sïan Edwards. Susanna has given world premieres of works by Stuart MacRae and Albert Schnelzer alongside contemporary repertoire for high soprano in works by Julian Anderson, Oliver Knussen, George Benjamin, Luigi Nono, Siegfried Matthus and Wolfgang Rihm.

[susanna-andersson.com](http://susanna-andersson.com)





# Tecwyn Evans

New Zealand-born conductor Tecwyn Evans has worked and lived in Europe since 1998. After starting his career at Glyndebourne Festival Opera when appointed as Chorus Master by Sir Andrew Davis, he has gone on to establish a successful and varied career working for many high level orchestras, professional choirs, and opera houses across 10 countries. The list of artists he has worked with include Bryn Terfel, Steven Isserlis, Marlis Petersen, and Nicola Benedetti. Since being a finalist in the 2005 Leeds' Conducting Competition he has had successful working relationships with several of the BBC orchestras, and he held the position of Deputy Chief Conductor of Grazer Opera from 2009 to 2011. He has appeared at the BBC Proms, at the

Musikverein in Vienna, and has recorded for Deutsche Grammophon. In his native land Tecwyn has worked with all the major orchestras and arts organisations and is Lecturer in Ensemble Conducting at the University of Auckland.

[tecwynevans.com](http://tecwynevans.com)



## Track description

**“Certo timor ch’ho in petto”, aria sung by Candace from *La Candace* by Antonio Vivaldi**

Only 11 arias survive from this opera completed in Mantua in 1720. Candace sings this tour de force of coloratura to conclude Act 1. “This fear I have in my heart is like a breeze that which while flying, leaves, returns and goes. Nevertheless it shakes me like a frond, encircles me, and makes me sway.”

**“Vorrei spiegarvi, oh Dio!”, concert aria K. 418 by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**

“How I would like to explain to you what my grief is like, oh God! Fate, however condemns me to weep and to keep silent. I am hard-hearted and cruel

since my heart does not pine for the one I would like to love. Alas, Count, part from me, run, flee far away from me. Your beloved Emilia awaits you. Don’t keep her waiting, she’s worthy of love. Alas, pitiless stars! You are hostile to me. Please, part from me, run, do not talk about love because her heart is yours!”

**Skogen sover, Seven poems of Ernest Thiel, Op. 26, No. 6 by Hugo Alfvén**

“The forest sleeps. A ray of sunlight flickers. The day stands guard through the night of June. Her merry laughter has fallen silent and already she is asleep. I sat down, mute, at her side. Love stands guard over its treasure. Love stands guard through the night of June.”

**“Alma oppressa”, aria sung by Licori from *La fida ninfa* by Antonio Vivaldi**

The main character in the opera, the nymph Licori has her faithfulness tested by more than one man in the course of the narrative. In this aria she disdains the advances of the shepherd Osmino. Her pessimism towards love knows no bounds – “it’s better to chain your foot than your heart.”

**Solveigs sang, from *Peer Gynt*, Op. 23, No. 19, by Edvard Grieg**

“Winter, spring, summer and the whole year may fade and disappear. But you will return, that I know. And I will wait for you as I promised long ago. May God guide and keep you, wherever you may go. Upon you His blessing and mercy is bestowed. Here I will await you until you appear. And if you are in heaven, then I’ll meet you there.”

**“Lascia ch’io pianga”, aria sung by Almirena from *Rinaldo* by Georg Friedrich Händel**

“Let me weep over my cruel fate. Oh how I long for freedom! Grief infringes my tormented sufferings and I pray for mercy.”

**“No word from Tom”, Recitative, Aria, and Cabaletta sung by Anne Trulove from *The Rake’s Progress* by Igor Stravinsky**

Anne is troubled over her beloved Tom and wants to save him from whatever hardships he may have encountered. Even though her father needs her, Tom needs her more, of that she’s certain. “I go to him. Love cannot falter, cannot desert. Though it be shunned, or be forgotten, though it be hurt, if love be love, it will not alter.”

**“Der Hölle Rache”, aria sung by the Queen of the Night from *Die Zauberflöte* by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**

In the second act of the opera the Queen of the Night demands that her daughter Pamina kills Sarastro. She alone wants to have the power. “My heart is boiling from Hell’s vengeance. Death and despair surrounds me! If you don’t kill Sarastro, then you are not my daughter any more and I will forever break and tear apart our bond. Hear me, oh God’s of revenge! Hear a mother’s oath!”

**Erlkönig, Op. 1 D 338, by Franz Schubert arranged by Franz Liszt**

In the woods a father rides with his son in his arms. The son is frightened seeing the Earl King in the woods, luring and beckoning him to come to him and play and dance with his daughters. The father doesn’t believe the boy and says it’s only the grey mist playing in between the branches. But the boy’s tor-

ment becomes stronger and finally the father rides faster. Fearing for his life, the boy is fighting against the promises and temptations of the Earl King throughout the ride, in the end when they finally reach the safety of the castle the father stops but in his arms the boy is dead!

**Rat song and Song of the Hen’s Head from *Animal Songs* by Albert Schnelzer**

In these poems by Margaret Atwood we turn to the animal’s thoughts and tribulations. The texts are both concentrated and compelling sprung from the deepest seriousness but also absurd humour. In the music one can hear Albert’s attempt to let the woodwind represent the feet of the rats as they run around, never still in their movements. As a complete contrast the macabre text in the “Song of the Hen’s head” has been left to soar over music of a more medi-

tative form leaving the scene in a tranquil state, and we hear the Hen’s speaking voice just before the blade will cut it off. The poems shine through the plea and worry from the human voice and are perhaps a cry from the unease of how we seem to live our lives today.

**Bell song, “L’Air des clochettes”, aria sung by Lakmé from *Lakmé* by Léo Delibes**

Lakmé and her servant Mallika have walked to the river to collect flowers and to bathe. A British officer Gerard and his friends walk past in the garden and see jewels that the women have left behind on a bench. Gerard stays behind to draw a sketch of these beautiful jewels and happens to be there when Lakmé returns from bathing. The two of them fall instantly in love but Lakmé knows her father would never agree on them marrying and asks Gerard to forget her and leave before it is too

late. Lakmé’s father, Nilakantha, a high priest of the Brahmin temple, finds out that a British soldier has trespassed and swears vengeance. He forces Lakmé to sing the “Bell song” in an attempt to draw out the unknown trespasser. Lakmé hopes that Gerard has heeded her warning and then sings the legend about a young periah’s daughter walking on the moors and with her enchanted bells manages to save Vishnu, the son of Brahma who has been attacked by roaring beasts. Vishnu falls in love with the girl and brings her to heaven with him. “And from that day on, in the depths of the forest, a traveller may still sometimes hear the slight noise of the enchanted bells.”

**“O mio babbino caro”, aria sung  
by Laretta from *Gianni Schicchi*  
by Giacomo Puccini**

In this one-act farce Laretta’s father Gianni Schicchi is asked by Rinuccio to help look over the will of his deceased Uncle. To the considerable displeasure of Rinuccio’s extended family they discover the Uncle left all his money to a monastery. They desperately want help to somehow alter the will. Laretta is in love with Rinuccio and would like to marry him but when one of Rinuccio’s relatives offends Schicchi because of his less than desirable origins, Schicchi refuses to help and prepares to leave. Laretta makes a final plea to her Father asking him to rethink and help Rinuccio’s relatives because if he doesn’t help there is no way they can be married. “Oh my dear papa, I love him so much! Please let me go to the city Rossa to buy a ring. If you don’t let me, I

will throw myself in the river Arno and I would be anguished and tormented. Oh God, I would like to die! Please papa, have pity, have pity!”

**Morgen, from 4 Lieder, Op. 27, No. 4,  
by Richard Strauss**

“Tomorrow the sun will shine once more. And on the sunlit path of earth, love will unite us again, as it has done before. We will reach the spacious beach under wave-blue skies by descending soft and slow, and mutely gaze into each other’s eyes and over us rapture’s great hush will flow.”

**“Papa, can you hear me?”, song from  
the movie *Yentl*, by Michel Legrand,  
arranged by Björn Kleiman**

“Papa, can you hear me? Papa, can you see me? Papa, can you find me in the night? Papa, are you near me? Papa, can you hear me? Papa, can you help

me not be frightened? Looking at the skies I seem to see a million eyes which ones are yours? Where are you now that yesterday has waved goodbye and closed its doors? The night is so much darker; The wind is so much colder; The world I see is so much bigger now that I’m alone. Papa, please forgive me, try to understand me; Papa, don’t you know I had no choice? Can you hear me praying, anything I’m saying, even though the night is filled with voices? I remember everything you taught me every book I’ve ever read ... Can all the words in all the books help me to face what lies ahead? The trees are so much taller and I feel so much smaller; The moon is twice as lonely and the stars are half as bright ... Papa, how I love you ... Papa, how I need you. Papa, how I miss you kissing me good night ...”

# Text in Original Language

## *Certo timor, ch'ho in petto*

(Domenico Lalli)

Certo timor ch'ho in petto,  
è un'aura, che volando,  
parte, ritorna, e va.  
E pur talora qual fronda  
mi scuote, e mi circonda,  
e vacillar mi fa.

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## *Vorrei spiegarvi, oh Dio!*

(author disputed)

Vorrei spiegarvi, oh Dio!  
Qual è l'affanno mio;  
ma mi condanna il fato  
a piangere e tacer.

Arder non può il mio core  
per chi vorrebbe amore  
e fa che cruda io sembri,  
un barbaro dover.

Ah conte, partite,  
correte, fuggite  
lontano da me;  
la vostra diletta  
Emilia v'aspetta,  
languir non la fate,  
è degna d'amor.

Ah stelle spietate!  
nemiche mi siete.  
Mi perdo s'ei resta.

Partite, correte,  
d'amor non parlate,  
è vostro il suo cor.

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## *Skogen sover*

(Ernest Thiel)

Skogen sover.

Strimman på fästet flämtar matt.  
Dagen vakar i juninatt.  
Tystnat har nyss hennes muntra skratt,  
redan hon sover.  
Vid hennes sida jag stum mig statt.  
Kärleken vakar över sin skatt,  
kärleken vakar i juninatt.

*Alma oppressa*

(Francesco Scipione)

Alma oppressa da sorte crudele  
pensa invan mitigar il dolore  
con amore, ch'è un altro dolor.  
Deh raccogli al pensiero le vele,  
e se folle non sei, ti dia pena  
la catena del piè, non del cor.

---

*Solveigs sang*

(Henrik Ibsen)

Kanske vil der gå både Vinter og Vår,  
og næste Sommer med, og det hele År; –  
men engang vil du komme, det ved jeg visst;  
og jeg skal nok vente, for det lovte jeg sidst.

Gud styrke dig, hvor du i Verden går!  
Gud glæde dig, hvis du for hans Fodskammel står!  
Her skal jeg vente til du kommer igen;  
og venter du histoppe, vi træffes der, min Ven!

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*Lascia ch'io pianga*

(Giacomo Rossi)

Lascia ch'io pianga  
mia cruda sorte,  
e che sospiri  
la libertà.

Il duolo infranga  
queste ritorte  
de' miei martiri  
sol per pietà.

---

*No word from Tom*

(W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman)

No word from Tom.  
Has love no voice?

Can love not keep a May-time vow in cities?  
Fades it as the rose cut for a rich display?

Forgot!

But no! To weep is not enough.

He needs my help.

Love hears, love knows,

Love answers him

across the silent miles and goes.

Quietly, night, oh! find him and caress.

And may thou quiet find his heart,

although it be unkind, nor may its beat confess,  
although I weep, it knows of loneliness.

Guide me, oh! moon, chastely  
when I depart.

And warmly be the same  
he watches without grief or shame.

It cannot be thou art a colder moon  
upon a colder heart.

My Father!  
Can I desert him and his devotion  
for a love who has deserted me?

No.

My Father has strength of purpose,  
while Tom is weak and needs  
the comfort of a helping hand.

Oh God! protect dear Tom,  
support my father and  
strengthen my resolve.

I go to him.  
Love cannot falter,  
Cannot desert;  
Though it be shunned,  
Or be forgotten,  
Though it be hurt  
If love be love  
It will not alter.  
Should I see my love in need,  
it shall not matter what he may be.

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### *Der Hölle Rache*

(Emanuel Schikaneder)

Der Hölle Rache kocht in meinem Herzen,  
Tod und Verzweiflung flammet um mich her!  
Fühlt nicht durch dich Sarastro Todesschmerzen,  
so bist du meine Tochter nimmermehr.

Verstoßen sei auf ewig,  
verlassen sei auf ewig,  
zertrümmert sei'n auf ewig  
alle Bande der Natur.

Wenn nicht durch dich Sarastro wird erblassen!  
Hört, hört, hört, Rachegötter, hört, der Mutter Schwur!

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### *Erkönig*

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?  
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind.  
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,  
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?  
Siehst Vater, du den Erkönig nicht!  
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?  
Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.  
Du liebes Kind, komm geh' mit mir!  
Gar schöne Spiele, spiel ich mit dir,  
Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,  
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.



Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,  
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?  
Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind,  
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.

Willst feiner Knabe du mit mir geh'n?  
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön,  
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn  
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.  
Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort  
Erlkönigs Töchter am düsteren Ort?  
Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh'es genau:  
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.

Ich lieb dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt,  
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt!  
Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an,  
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan.

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,  
Er hält in den Armen das ächzende Kind,  
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not,  
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

—  
**Rat Song**

(Margaret Atwood)

When you hear me singing  
you get the rifle down  
and the flashlight, aiming for my brain,

but you always miss  
and when you set out the poison  
I piss on it  
to warn the others.

You think: *That one's too clever,*  
*she's dangerous,* because  
I don't stick around to be slaughtered  
and you think I'm ugly too  
despite my fur and pretty teeth  
and my six nipples and snake tail.  
All I want is love, you stupid  
humanist. See if you can.

Right, I'm a parasite, I live off your  
leavings, gristle and rancid fat,  
I take without asking  
and make nests in your cupboards  
out of your suits and underwear.  
You'd do the same if you could,

if you could afford to share  
my crystal hatreds.  
It's your throat I want, my mate  
trapped in your throat.  
Though you try to drown him  
with your greasy person voice,  
he is hiding / between your syllables  
I can hear him singing.

*Song of the Hen's Head*

(Margaret Atwood)

After the abrupt collision  
with the blade, the Word,  
I rest on the wood  
block, my eyes  
drawn back into their blue transparent  
shells like mollusks;  
I contemplate the Word.

while the rest of me  
which was never much under  
my control, which was always  
inarticulate, still runs  
at random through the grass, a plea  
for mercy, a single  
flopping breast,

muttering about life  
in its thickening red voice.

Feet and hands chase it, scavengers  
intent on rape:  
they want its treasures,  
its warm rhizomes, enticing sausages,  
its yellow grapes, its flesh  
caves, five pounds of sweet money,  
its juice and jellied tendons.  
It tries to escape,  
gasping through the neck, frantic.

They are welcome to it,

I contemplate the Word,  
I am dispensable and peaceful.  
The word is an O,  
outcry of the useless head,  
pure space, empty and drastic,  
the last word I said.  
The word is No.

Margaret Atwood, from *Selected Poems 1965–1975*. © 1974, 1976 by Margaret Atwood.  
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—

*Bell song, 'L'Air des clochettes'*

(Edmond Gondinet and Philippe Gille)

Ou va la jeune Indoue,  
Filles des Parias,  
Quand la lune se joue,  
Dans le grand mimosas?

Elle court sur la mousse  
Et ne se souvient pas  
Que partout on repousse  
L'enfant des Parias;  
Le long des lauriers roses,  
Revant de douce choses, Ah!  
Elle passe sans bruit  
Et riant a la nuit.

Labas dans la foret plus sombre,  
Quel est ce voyageur perdu?  
Autour de lui  
Des yeux brillent dans l'ombre,  
Il marche encore au hasard, e perdu!  
Les fauves rugissent de joie,  
Ils vont se jeter sur leur proie,  
Le jeune fille accourt  
Et brave leur fureurs:  
Elle a dans sa main la baguette  
ou tinte la clochette des charmeurs!

L'étranger la regarde,  
Elle reste éblouie.  
Il est plus beau que les Rajahs!  
Il rougira, s'il sait qu'il doit  
La vie a la fille des Parias.  
Mais lui, l'endormant dans un reve,  
Jusque dans le ciel il l'enleve,  
En lui disant: 'ta place et la!  
C'était Vishnu, fils de Brahma!  
Depuis ce jour au fond de bois,  
Le voyageur entend parfois  
Le bruit leger de la baguette  
Ou tinte la clochette des charmeurs!

---

### *O mio babbino caro*

(Giovacchino Forzano)  
O mio babbino caro,  
mi piace, è bello, bello;  
vo' andare in Porta Rossa  
a comperar l'anello!  
Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!  
e se l'amassi indarno,  
andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,  
ma per buttarmi in Arno!  
Mi struggo e mi tormento!  
O Dio, vorrei morir!  
Babbo, pietà, pietà!  
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

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### *Morgen*

(John Henry Mackay)

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen  
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,  
wird uns, die Glücklichen sie wieder einen  
in mitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...  
und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,  
werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,  
stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,  
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen ...

---

*Papa, can you hear me?*

(Alan Bergman and Marilyn Bergman)

Papa, can you hear me?

Papa, can you see me?

Papa can you find me in the night?

Papa are you near me?

Papa, can you hear me?

Papa, can you help me not be frightened?

Looking at the skies I seem to see

A million eyes which ones are yours?

Where are you now that yesterday

Has waved goodbye

And closed its doors?

The night is so much darker;

The wind is so much colder;

The world I see is so much bigger

Now that I'm alone.

Papa, please forgive me.

Try to understand me;

Papa, don't you know I had no choice?

Can you hear me praying,

Anything I'm saying

Even though the night is filled with voices?

I remember everything you taught me

Every book I've ever read ...

Can all the words in all the books

Help me to face what lies ahead?

The trees are so much taller  
And I feel so much smaller;  
The moon is twice as lonely  
And the stars are half as bright ...

Papa, how I love you ...

Papa, how I need you.

Papa, how I miss you

Kissing me good night ...

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# THIS IS ME

Susanna Andersson



- |                               |   |      |
|-------------------------------|---|------|
| 1. Certo timor ch'ho in petto | Antonio Vivaldi (1678–1741)                                 | 4:37 |
| 2. Vorrei spiegarvi, oh Dio!  | Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)                         | 7:38 |
| 3. Skogen sover               | Hugo Alfvén (1872–1960)                                     | 2:42 |
| 4. Alma oppressa              | Antonio Vivaldi (1678–1741)                                 | 5:16 |
| 5. Solveigs sang              | Edvard Grieg (1843–1907)                                    | 4:57 |
| 6. Lascia ch'io pianga        | Georg Friedrich Händel (1685–1759)                          | 3:57 |
| 7. No word from Tom           | Igor Stravinsky (1882–1971)                                 | 8:28 |
| 8. Der Hölle Rache            | Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)                         | 3:06 |
| 9. Erlikönig                  | Franz Schubert (1797–1828),<br>arr. Franz Liszt (1811–1886) | 4:14 |
| 10. Rat song                  | Albert Schnelzer (*1972)                                    | 3:36 |
| 11. Song of the Hen's head    | Albert Schnelzer (*1972)                                    | 4:38 |
| 12. Bell song                 | Léo Delibes (1836–1891)                                     | 7:58 |
| 13. O mio babbino caro        | Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924)                                 | 2:35 |
| 14. Morgen                    | Richard Strauss (1864–1949)                                 | 3:51 |
| 15. Papa, can you hear me?    | Michel Legrand (*1932),<br>arr. Björn Kleiman (*1978)       | 6:30 |

## Helsingborg Symphony Orchestra / Tecwyn Evans

*Concertmaster* Gordan Trajkovic

*Producer* Chris Hazell

*Engineer* Jan-Eric Persson

*Post-production* Simon Eadon

Recorded at Konserthuset, Helsingborg June 9–12, 2015

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