Andreas Scholl - A Musical Banquet (2000)

1. My heavy sprite, oppress'd with sorrow's might 3:03
2. Lady, if you so spite me 2:50
3. In darkness let me dwell 4:18
4. O dear life, when shall it be? 4:58
5. Ce penser qui sans fin tirannise ma vie 2:23
6. Si le parler et la silence 4:24
7. Change thy mind since she doth change 3:54
8. Go, my flock, go get you hence 2:49
9. Se de farmi morire? 1:52 play
10. Amarilli mia bella 2:44
11. Passava Amor su arco desarmado 3:15
12. Far from triumphing court 5:11
13. Sir Robert Sidney His Galliard 2:25
14. In a grove most rich of shade 4:01
15. Vous que le Bonheur rappelle 3:01
16. Vuestros ojos tienen d'Amour 2:49
17. Sta notte mi sognava 2:25 play
18. To plead my faith 3:18
19. O Eyes, leave off your weeping 3:00
20. Dovrò dunque morire? 2:18
21. O bella piu 2:21

Andreas Scholl, countertenor
Edin Karamazov, bass lute - tenor lute
archlute - guitar - orpharion
Markus Markl, harpsichord
Christophe Coin, bass viol

These lovely songs are full of period metaphor, subtle music and complexity despite the deceptive simplicity of the presentation. They challenge the listener unused to the poetry of the period but more than repay a little concentration. If you like melancholy, you'll love it. Scholl himself described this genre of English song as `incredibly melancholy' - but not everything on this CD is, and not all the songs are English: there is lyrical Italian and French material, as well as fiery Spanish music.

These are not easy songs for a singer to do well but Andreas Scholl is ready for them, now: his voice bigger, deeper and more resonant than formerly. His thoughtful approach to text shines, as usual. His ornamentation in all the songs is just ... so. Not too much, and nothing is wanting.

He imbues In Darkness Let Me Dwell with an incredibly dark sound and a powerful intensity that I don't think he could have executed as well in earlier years. The final bars of To Plead My Faith are wrenchingly sad. The Spanish songs are spectacular in his live performance, especially Vuestros Ojos, which, live, he takes at one hell of a lick, to the immense pleasure of the audience; a fraction slower on the recording, but still very exciting. The coloratura tour de force of Sta Notte Mi Sognava is accomplished with almost throw-way ease. The genteel innuendo of Lady If You So Spite Me is done with sardonic humour and energy alternating with pathos - quite a combination. In Go My Flock, Go Get You Hence, he sounds about seventeen and full of teenage desperation: at `No, she hates me!' you can imagine the infatuated teenager flinging his arms about. The final track, O Bella Piu, is a little miracle of interpretation. Apart from the sheer perfection of voice and delivery, he does `pining' so well! He begins with quiet adoration; `non piu dolore!' is a gnat's whisker from a sob but without any loss of control or musicality - no extraneous funny business - moving into pleading in the first `Pieta!', and sheer desperation in the second. A heart-stopper.

download: uploaded anonfiles mega 4shared mixturecloud yandex mediafire zidd u

back