

WIGMORE HALL

Monday 20 January 2025
7.30pm

In the dark times will there still be singing?

Jess Dandy contralto
Dylan Perez piano

Nicolas Medtner (1880-1951)
Dmitry Shostakovich (1906-1975)

Winter Evening Op. 13 No. 1 (1907)
6 Verses of Marina Tsvetayeva Op. 143 (1973)
I. Moi stikhi • II. Otkuda takaja nezhnost'? •
III. Dialog Gamleta s sovest'ju • IV. Po `et i Car' •
V. Net, bil baraban... • VI. Anne Akhmatovoj

André Caplet (1878-1925)

Les prières
Oraison dominicale • Salutation angélique •
Symbole des apôtres

Olivier Messiaen (1908-1992)

From *Harawi* (1945)
La ville qui dort, toi • Bonjour toi, colombe
verte • Dans le noir

Interval

Trad/Jewish
Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Tsvey Taybelech
From *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (1892-99, rev. 1901)
Ablösung im Sommer • Urlicht • Das himmlische
Leben

Hanns Eisler (1898-1962)

Spruch 1939 (1939)
Das Lied vom Anstreicher Hitler Op. 41 No. 3

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Wie lange noch? (1944)
Alabama Song from *Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt*
Mahagonny (1927-9)

Philip Glass (b.1937)
Alex Mills

Wichita Vortex Sutra (1966)
From *The Book of Hours*
In deep nights • I believe in the night • I love you, my
darkness

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In the dark times, will there also be singing? Yes, there will be singing. About the dark times. Bertolt Brecht, *Motto for 1939*.

Why does creativity emerge from the darkest terrains of our experience? Why does everyday language – flatpack and sensible – fall short?

We invite you to step into these songs, each their own vast topography of darkness, and witness what dwells within. Northwest Russia; a 'Winter Evening' as much of the soul as the skies. Pushkin in exile: his storm-spirit howls like a beast; cries like a child. Not alone. With his childhood nanny, Arina Rodionova, he melts into the vast root network of Russian language and folklore. Arina, his Mother Russia, her songs indelibly inked into his bloodstream, a gauze against the barbs of a hostile regime.

Tsvetayeva ventriloquises for an ailing **Shostakovich**. 'In My Verses', her early poems are 'spray' and 'sparks' erupting at will out of dark chasms in screaming quaver sevenths. 'Where does such tenderness come from?' she asks, wrestling with her feelings for poet Osip Mandelstam. 'Nezhnast' ('tenderness') playfully lingers on the tongue. Erotic attention fragments the human body – eyes, lips, curls, lashes. 'Hamlet's Dialogue with his Conscience' drowns us in algal bloom and thick mud. The dead weight of Hamlet's conscience, a rhythmic drone. In 'The Poet and the Tsar' and 'Not a drum was drumming', the sham of Imperial might is for all to hear in absurd concoctions of pomp. Pushkin runs in quavers through the legs of establishment giants, manuscripts personally censored by the Tsar. 'To Anna Akhmatova' is the closest Shostakovich came to setting the poet's work. 'You summon a black snowstorm upon Russia', a cleansing truth predicated on dark destruction.

On the precipice of World War One, **Caplet** turns to the resonance of ancient texts. 'Oraison dominicale' – drops of sacred rain yielding to glimmer. In 'Salutation angélique', the tone is intimate: Mary is a friend, not the Queen of Heaven. 'Symbole des Apôtres' emerges later from the trenches; Caplet twice wounded and gassed, 'Je crois en Dieu' defiantly sets in motion a whirlwind of harmonic transformations, unfurling ecstasy, affirmation, freedom. **Messiaen's** cosmology of pluralistic syncretism dances across the fabric of spacetime. Tristan & Iseult coalesce with the lovers of 'Harawi', a Quechan lyric of love and death. 'La ville qui dormait', eyes half-closed, 'toi' suspended like a jewel at the sixth and the octave. 'Bonjour toi', eyes wide open, hyper-alive with the iridescence of the beloved: a resplendent quetzal bird, her green plumage a prism of green-gold blue-purple. But the dark comes for all things. 'Dans le noir' is reverse alchemy: 'toi', 'noir'; 'chant des oiseaux', 'l'ointain d'amour'. What goes up must come down.

27 January marks the 80th anniversary of the liberation of the German Nazi concentration and extermination camp, Auschwitz-Birkenau. 'Tsvey Taybelech' has become synonymous with Liuba Levitska, a singer of the Vilna Ghetto, tortured to death in 1943 after smuggling in peas for her sick mother. She performed this song at a concert following the murder of 1500 Jews in 1942, during which

'the audience stood in sacred silence as one stands in front of an open grave' (Avraham Sutzkever, poet).

Mahler described himself as 'thrice homeless...a Bohemian in Austria, an Austrian among Germans, and a Jew throughout the world.' In 'Ablösung im Sommer', we hear the ache of a man partially looking in at German folk poetry. 'Urlicht', the first light of the universe, can be found in the smallest of things in the darkest of times. The little red rose contains the entire cosmos: expansive and tender, it reaches out towards the infinite. In 'Das himmlische Leben', Schubertian *Gemütlichkeit* is compromised by hostile forces. Of course, the child can only sing of Heaven because he is already dead.

We plummet back to Earth after our Mahlerian fever-dream for 'Spruch 1939'. In a one-party totalitarian dictatorship the singing must be of an urgent insanity, stripped to the bone, hammering out the truth of the matter. In 'Das Lied vom Anstreicher Hitler', Brecht cackles at the burgeoning Moloch of the Nazi regime. His use of 'Anstreicher' ('Painter') is acerbically belittling. Hitler was claiming to rebuild Germany by painting over the cracks of the 'shithouse', says Brecht, and he once had ambitions to become a fine artist, to which the German word *maler*, not *anstreicher* (a 'painter and decorator'), would apply. **Eisler's** rickety honky-tonk is pleasingly prissy but by the time we get to 'Reich Chancellor', it's really not very funny at all. 'Wie lange noch?' looks back in searing anger at a lover – or perhaps a nation – betrayed. 'Alabama song' takes us back to the vagaries of Weimar meets Mahagonny, the city of nothing of substance. **Weill's** unmistakable garbage band, rusty scissors and a trumpet dropped down three flights of stairs, hoots to prostitutes flailing for the next cheap thrill of purgatorial unreality.

Ginsberg's 'Wichita Vortex Sutra' is a gargantuan anti-Vietnam War cry. He is Whitman awoken to the insanity of conformist modernity, making 'Mantra of American language', re-sensualising the 'body universe' in a machine age. As he stops 'for tea and gas', the most mundane moment is packed with 'a vortex of hatred that defoliated the Mekong Delta', but also the power of language, truly wielded and embodied, to effectuate sacred & political change.

We end our programme with new settings of Rainer Maria Rilke in translations by poet and psychologist Anita Barows and ecologist and Buddhist teacher, Joanna Macy. Musical shrines by composer **Alex Mills**, they form part of a larger collection recorded for future release. A different kind of darkness offers itself: a fertile darkness of infinite potential. In a Russian monastery, a brother offers love poems to God: 'you, darkness of whom I am born'. 'The Book of Hours' – intimate, domestic, vulnerable – ventures an alternative Credo: 'I believe in the night'; a dark that 'embraces everything: shapes and shadows, creatures, and me, people, nations – just as they are. It lets me imagine'.

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Nicolas Medtner (1880-1951)

Winter Evening Op. 13 Winter evening

No. 1 (1907)

Alexander Pushkin

Burya mgloyu nebo kroet, Vikhri snezhnye krutya; To, kak zver', ona zavoet, To zaplachet, kak ditya, To po krovle obvetshaloj Vdrug solomoj zashumit, To, kak putnik zapozdalyj, K nam v okoshko zastuchit. Nashs vetkhaya lachuzhka I pechal'na i temna. Chto zhe ty, moya starushka, Priumolkla u okna? Ili buri zavyvan'em Ty, moj drug, utomlena, Ili dremlesh' pod zhuzhzhany'em Svoego veretna? Vyp'em, dobraya podruzhka Bednoj yunosti moej, Vyp'em s gorya; gde zhe kruzhka? Serdsu budet veselei. Spoj mne pesnyu, kak sinitsa Tikho za morem zhila; Spoj mne pesnyu, kak devitsa Za vodoj poutru shla. Burya mgloyu nebo kroet, Vikhri snezhnye krutya; To, kak zver', ona zavoet, To zaplachet, kak ditya. Vyp'em, dobraya podruzhka Bednoj junosti moej, Vyp'em s gorja; gde zhe kruzhka? Serdcu budet veselej.	The storm clouds the sky with haze, and swirls whirlwinds of snow; At times like a beast it howls, at times it cries like a child, At times it suddenly rustles the straw of the shabby thatch, At times it knocks upon our window like a late traveler. Our old hut is sorrowful and dark; Why you, my old lady, have fallen silent by the window? Has the storm's howling made you drowsy? Are you lulled by the whirring of your spinning wheel? Let's drink, kind friend of my poor youth, Let's drink from sorrow, where is the mug? Our hearts will be more cheerful. Sing a song of a bluetit quietly living beyond the sea; Sing a song of a maiden going to get water in the morning. The storm clouds the sky with haze, and swirls whirlwinds of snow; At times like a beast it howls, at times it cries like a child, Let's drink, kind friend of my poor youth, Let's drink from sorrow, where is the mug? Our hearts will be more cheerful.
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Dmitry Shostakovich (1906-1975)

6 Verses of Marina Tsvetayeva Op. 143

(1973)

I. Moi stikhi

Marina Tsvetayeva

My Poems

Moim stikham, napisannym tak rano, Chto i ne znala ja, chto ja -- po`et, Sorvavshimsja, kak bryzgi iz fontana, Kak iskry iz raket, Vorvavshimsja, kak malen'kije cherti, V svjatilishche, gde son i fimiam, Moim stikham o junosti i smerti, - Nechitannym stikham! -- Razbrosannym v pyli po magazinam (Gde ikh nikto ne bral i ne berjot!) Moim stikham, kak dragocennym vinam, Nastanet svoj cherjod!	For my poems, written so early That I didn't even know yet that I was a poet, Which erupted like splashes out of a fountain, like sparks from a rocket, Which burst like little devils into a sanctuary of slumber and incense, For my poems about youth and death, Never-before-read poems! -- Scattered around in the dust of the shops, (Where no one is buying them still), For my poems, as with precious wines, Their turn will come!
--	---

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

II. Otkuda takaja nezhnost'?

Marina Tsvetayeva

Otkuda takaja nezhnost'?
Ne pervye -- `eti kudri
Razglazhivaju, i guby
Znavala temnej tvoikh.

Vskhodili i gasli zvjozdy

-- Otkuda takaja nezhnost'? -
-

Vskhodili i gasli ochi

U samykh moikh ochej.

Jeshchjo ne takije pesni
Ja slushala noch'ju temnoj

-- Otkuda takaja nezhnost'? -
-

Na samoj grudi pevca.

Otkuda takaja nezhnost'?
I chto s neju delat', otrok
Lukavyj, pevec zakhozij,

S resnicami -- net dlinnej?

III. Dialog Gamleta s sovest'ju

Marina Tsvetayeva

-- Na dne ona, gde il
I vodorosli ... spat' v nikh
Ushla, -- no sna i tam net!

-- No ja jejo ljubil,

Kak sorok tysjach brat'ev
Ljubit ne mogut!

-- Gamlet!

Na dne ona, gde il:

!!! ... I poslednij venchik
Vsplyl na prirechnykh
brevnakh ...

-- No ja jejo ljubil,

Kak sorok tysjach ...

-- Men'she

Vsjo zh, chem odin ljubovnik.

Why such tenderness?

Why such tenderness?
Not for the first time --
such locks I stroke,
And I knew lips -- darker
than yours.

The stars have risen and
burnt out,
(why such tenderness?),

The eyes have risen and
burnt out

Close to my very eyes.

Much better songs
I have heard in the dark of
night,

(why such tenderness?),

Lying upon the very chest
of the singer.

Why such tenderness?
And what do I do with it,
Wily lad, wandering
singer,

With eyelashes -- the
longest I've ever seen?

Dialogue of Hamlet with his conscience

-- She is at the bottom,
where mud and weed...
She went to sleep there, -
-

But even there she can't
find sleep!

-- But I loved her,
as forty thousand
brothers cannot love!

-- Hamlet!

She is at the bottom,
where mud: mud!...

And the last wreath
has washed up upon the
riverside decking...

-- But I loved her,

as forty thousand...

-- Still less

than one lover.

Na dne ona, gde il.

-- No ja jejo --
Lyubil?

IV. Po`et i Car' *Marina Tsvetayeva*

Potustoronnim
Zalom carei.
-- Kto nepreklonnyj
Mramornyj sej?

Stol' velichavyj
V zolote barm?
-- Pushkinskoj slavy
Zhalkij zhandarm.

Avtora -- khajal,

Rukopis' -- strig.

Pol'skogo kraja --
Zverskij mjasnik.

Zorche vgljadisja!
Ne zabyvaj:
Pevtsoubijtsja

Car' Nikolaj
Pervyj!

V. Net, bil baraban... *Marina Tsvetayeva*

Net, bil baraban pered
smutnym polkom,

Kogda my vozhdja khoronili:

To zuby carjovy nad
mjortvym pevcom
Pochjotnuju drob' vyvodili.

Takoj uzh pochjot, chto
blizhajshim druz'jam --

Net mesta. V izglav'i, v
iznozh'i,

I sprava, i sleva -- ruchishchi
po shvam --
Zhandarmskije grudi i rozhi.

She is at the bottom,
where mud.

-- But I
loved her...?

The Poet and the Tsar

I walked through a gallery
of deceased Tsars.
Who is this unbending
proud statue?

So majestic in the gold
of his regalia.
-- A pitiful gendarme
of Pushkin's glory.

He bad-mouthed the
author
and chopped up his
manuscripts,
A savage butcher
of the Polish land.

Look at him
with a watchful eye!
Don't forget -- the Poet's
murderer
is Tsar Nicholas
the First.

No, the drum was drumming

No, the drum was
drumming in front of a
gloomy regiment

When we were burying
the leader.

That sound was the teeth
of the Tsar

Above the dead poet
sounding an honorary
drum roll.

Such a huge honour, that
even for the closest of
friends

There was no space to be
found. By the bedhead,
at the feet,

To the right and left -
hands to the seams -
only chests and mugs of
gendarmes

Ne divo li — i na tishajshem iz lozh	What a wonder – even upon the quietest of beds
Prebyt' podnadzornym mal'chishkoj?	To remain under surveillance like a little boy?
Na chto-to, na chto-to, na chto-to pokhoz	Something, something, something this honour reminds me of,
Pochjot sej, pochjotno — da slishkom!	Honourable – but a little too much!
Gljadi, mol, strana, kak, molve vopreki, Monarkh o po `ete pechjotsja!	Look, subjects, how against all rumours, The Monarch cares about the Poet!
Pochjotno — pochjotno — pochjotno — arkhi-pochjotno, — pochjotno — do chjortu!	Honourable, honourable, honourable, Super honourable, honourable – cursedly so!
Kogo zh `eto tak — tochno vory vora	So whom – like thieves another thief,
Pristrelennogo — vynosili?	Shot with a gun – did they carry out?
Izmennika? Net. S prokhodnogo dvora —	A traitor? No. Through the back door -
Umnejshego muzha Rossii.	The cleverest man of all Russia.

VI. Anne Akhmatovoj *Marina Tsvetayeva*

To Anna Akhmatova

O Muza placha, prekrasnejshaja iz muz!	Oh muse of lamentation, the finest of all muses!
O ty, shal'noje ischadije nochi belo!	Oh you, fierce fiend of the white night!
Ty chjornuju nasyajesh' metel' na Rus',	You summon a black snowstorm upon Russia,
I vopli tvoi vonzajutsja v nas, kak strely.	And your cries thrust into us, like arrows.
I my sharakhajemsja, i glukhoje: okh!	And we stumble aside, and a stifled; "oh!"- of a hundred thousand
Stotysjachnoje -- tebe prisjagajet. Anna Akhmatova! `Eto imja -- ogromnyj vzdokh,	Sounds like a pledge of allegiance to you. Anna Akhmatova! This name is a colossal sigh,
I v glub' on padajet, kotoraja bezymjana.	Which falls inside, into the nameless depth.
My koronovany tem, chto odnu s toboj	We are crowned by the fact that we trample the same earth as you,

My zemlju topchem, chto nebo nad nami-to zhe!	And that the sky above us is the same!
I tot, kto ranen smertel'noj tvojej sud'boj,	And he who is wounded by your deadly misfortune,
Uzhe bessmertnym na smertnoje skhodit lozhe.	Already immortal, descends upon his death bed.
V pevuchem grade mojom kupola gorjat,	In my all-singing town the domes are shining bright,
i Spasa svetlogo slavit slepec brodjachij ...	And The Holy Redeemer is glorified by a vagrant holy fool.
I ja darju svoj kolokol'nyj grad,	I gift to you my bell-ringing town, Anna Akhmatova,
- Akhmatova! - I serdce svoje v pridachu.	And my own heart in addition.

André Caplet (1878-1925)

Les prières

Oraison dominicale

The Lord's Prayer

Au nom du Père, du Fils, du Saint Esprit. Ainsi soit-il.	In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.
Notre Père, qui êtes dans les Cieux, que votre nom soit sanctifié, que votre règne arrive, que votre volonté soit faite sur la terre comme au Ciel. Donnez-nous aujourd'hui notre pain de chaque jour, pardonnez-nous nos offenses, comme nous pardonnons à ceux qui ont offensés, et ne nous laissez pas succomber à la tentation, mais délivrez-nous du mal. Ainsi soit-il.	Our Father, which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, On Earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.

The Gospel according to Matthew, Book of Common Prayer (1892 version)

Salutation angélique

Je vous salue Marie, pleine
de grâce.
Le Seigneur est avec vous.
Vous êtes bénie entre toutes
les femmes,
et Jésus, le fruit de vos
entrailles, est béni.
Sainte Marie, Mère de Dieu,
priez pour nous pauvres
pécheurs,
maintenant et à l'heure de
notre mort.

Ainsi soit-il.

The Gospel according to Luke, Book of Common Prayer (1892 version)

Symbole des apôtres

Je crois en Dieu, le Père
tout puissant,
créateur du ciel et de la
terre;
et en Jésus Christ son fils
unique,
Notre Seigneur,
qui a été conçu du Saint
Esprit,
est né de la Vierge Marie,
a souffert sous Ponce
Pilate,
a été crucifié,
est mort et a été enseveli;
est descendu aux enfers;
le troisième jour est
ressuscité d'entre les
morts;
est monté aux
cieux;
est assis à la
droite de
Dieu,
d'où Il viendra juger
les vivants
et les morts
Je crois au Saint
Esprit,
à la Sainte Eglise catholique,
à la Communion des Saints,
à la rémission des péchés,
à la résurrection de la
chair,
à la vie éternelle.

Ainsi, soit-il!

Hail Mary

Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with thee,
Blessed art thou amongst
women,
and blessed is the fruit of
thy womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, mother of
God,
pray for us
sinners,
now and the hour of our
death.

Amen!

The Apostles' Creed

I believe in God, the
Father Almighty,
Maker of Heaven and
Earth,
and in Jesus Christ, His
only Son,
Our Saviour,
who was conceived by
the Holy Ghost,
born of the Virgin Mary,
suffered under Pontius
Pilate,
was crucified,
dead and buried;
He descended into Hell;
the third day He rose
again from the
dead;
He ascended into
Heaven;
and sitteth at the right
hand of God [the Father
Almighty].
From thence he shall
come to judge the
quick and the dead.
I believe in the Holy
Ghost,
the holy catholic church,
the communion of saints,
the forgiveness of sins,
the resurrection of the
body,
and the life everlasting.

Amen!

Early Christian (5th century Gaul) from The Book of Common Prayer (1892)

Olivier Messiaen (1908-1992) From *Harawi* (1945)

La ville qui dormait, toi

Olivier Messiaen

La ville qui dormait, toi ...

The town that was sleeping, you

The town that was
sleeping, you
My hand on your heart by
you
The full midnight the
bank, you
The double violet, you.
The unmoving eye,
without undoing your
gaze, me.

Bonjour toi, colombe verte

Olivier Messiaen

Bonjour toi, colombe verte ...

Hello you, green dove

Hello you, green dove,
return from the sky.
Hello you, bright pearl,
depart from the water.
Chained star,
Shared shadow,
You, of flower, fruit, sky,
and water,
Birdsong.
Hello,
[You] of water.

Dans le noir

Olivier Messiaen

Dans le noir ...

In the Dark

In the dark, green dove.
In the dark, bright pearl.
In the dark, my sky-fruit,
my day-fruit,
Far from love.
My love, my breath!
Dove, green dove,
The number five is yours,
The double violet will
double,
Very far away,
very quiet,

very far away,
very quiet.

Very far away.

The town that was
sleeping...

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Interval

Trad/Jewish

Tsvey Taybelech

Anonymous (trad. Yiddish)

Tsvey taybelekh zenen ibern
vaser gefloygn,
In di piskelekh hobn zey zikh
gekisht (gekusht),
Farsholtn zol vern nor yener
mentsh,
Vos hot zikh in undzer libe
arayngemisht!

Un az du vest kumen in a
fremder shtot, lyubelyu,
Mayne reydzolstu
badenken;
Un az du vest kumen iber a
vaser, lyubelyu,
Far tsores zolstu zikh
nisht dertrenken.

Un az du vest kumen in a
vayter shtot, lyubelyu,
Mayne reydzolstu
bakenen;
Un az du vest kumen iber a
fayer, lyubelyu,
Far tsores zolstu zikh nit
farbrenen.

Tsvey taybelekh zenen ibern
vaser gefloygn
Mit di fligelekh azoy
tseshpreyt;
Keyn gutn sof zol der mentsh
nit hobn,
Vos hot undz fun der libe
azoy gikh tsesheydt!

Two Little Doves

Two little doves flew over
the water
they kissed each other's
beaks;
Cursed be that
man
who interfered in our love!

And when you come into
a strange city, my love,
may you remember my
words
so when you cross the
water, my love,
you do not drown
yourself from woe.

And when you come into
a far city, my love,
may you remember my
words
so when you pass over a
fire, my love,
you do not burn yourself
from woe.

Two little doves flew over
the water
with their wings spread
out like so;
May that man come to a
bad end
who parted us so swiftly
from our love.

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

From *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

(1892-99, rev. 1901)

Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano

Ablösung im Sommer *From Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (Anonymous)

Kukuk hat sich zu
Tode gefallen,
An einer grünen Weiden,
Kukuk ist tot, hat sich zu Tod
gefallen!
Wer soll uns denn den
Sommer lang
Die Zeit und Weil vertreiben?

Ei das soll tun Frau
Nachtigall,
Die sitzt auf grünem
Zweige;
Die kleine, feine Nachtigall,
Die liebe, süsse
Nachtigall.
Sie singt und springt, ist
allzeit froh,
Wenn andre Vögel
schweigen.

Wir warten auf Frau
Nachtigall;
Die wohnt im grünen
Hage,
Und wenn der Kukuk zu
Ende ist,
Dann fängt sie an zu
schlagen.

The Summer Changing of the Guard

Cuckoo has sung himself
to death
On a green willow,
Cuckoo is dead, he has
sung himself to death!
Who shall while away the
hours for us then,
all summer long?

Well, that'll be what Mrs
Nightingale will do,
She who sits on the green
branch;
the fine little nightingale,
the lovely, sweet
nightingale!
She sings and jumps, is
always happy,
Should other birds be
silent.

We are waiting for Mrs
Nightingale;
She lives in the green
grove,
And when the cuckoo is
finished,
Then she begins to
sing!

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Urlicht

*From Des Knaben
Wunderhorn (Anonymous)*

O Röschen rot, Der Mensch liegt in grösster Not, Der Mensch liegt in grösster Pein, Je lieber möcht' ich im Himmel sein. Da kam ich auf einen breiten Weg, Da kam ein Engelein und wollt mich abweisen, Ach nein, ich liess mich nicht abweisen! Ich bin von Gott und will wieder zu Gott, Der liebe Gott wird mir ein Lichtchen geben, Wird leuchten mir bis an das ewig selig Leben.	O, little red rose, Humanity lies in greatest need, Humanity lies in greatest pain, How much I would rather be in Heaven. Then I came to a wide path, There came a little angel and wanted to turn me away, Oh no, I would not be turned away, I am from God and want to return to God, The loving God will give me a little light, Will shine upon me until the eternal blessed life.
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Das himmlische Leben

*From Des Knaben
Wunderhorn (Anonymous)*

Wir geniessen die himmlischen Freuden, Drum tun wir das Irdische meiden. Kein weltlich' Getümmel Hört man nicht im Himmel! Lebt Alles in sanftester Ruh'! Wir führen ein englisches Leben! Sind dennoch ganz lustig daneben! Wir tanzen und springen, Wir hüpfen und singen! Sankt Peter im Himmel sieht zu! Johannes das Lämmlein auslasset, Der Metzger Herodes drauf passet! Wir führen ein gedultig's, Unschuldig's, gedultig's, Ein liebliches Lämmlein zu Tod!	We enjoy heavenly pleasures, That's why we avoid earthly things. No worldly commotion Can be heard in heaven! Everything lives in the gentlest peace. We lead an angelic life, But are still quite merry; We dance and jump, We hop and sing, Saint Peter in heaven is watching. John lets out the lamb, The butcher Herod is watching. We lead a patient, Innocent, patient, A lovely lamb to death.
---	--

Sankt Lukas den Ochsen tät schlachten Ohn' einig's Bedenken und Trachten! Der Wein kost' kein Heller	Saint Luke would slaughter the ox Without any concern or respect. The wine doesn't cost a penny
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Primordial light

Im himmlischen Keller; Die Englein, die backen das Brot! Gut Kräuter von allerhand Arten, Die wachsen im himmlischen Garten. Gut' Spargel, Fisolen, Und was wir nur wollen, Ganze Schüsseln voll sind uns bereit! Gut' Äpfel, gut' Birn und gut' Trauben, Die Gärtner, die alles erlauben! Willst Rehbock, willst Hasen? Auf offner Strassen Sie laufen herbei!	In the heavenly cellar; The angels bake the bread. Good herbs of all kinds, They grow in the heavenly garden, Good asparagus, green beans And whatever we want. Whole bowlfuls are ready for us! Good apples, good pears and good grapes; The gardeners who allow everything. If you want roebuck, if you want hares, They run here on the open streets!
--	---

Sollt ein Festtag etwa kommen, Alle Fische gleich mit Freuden angeschwommen! Dort läuft schon Sankt Peter Mit Netz und mit Köder Zum himmlischen Weiher hinein! Sankt Martha die Köchin muss sein! Kein Musik ist ja nicht auf Erden, Die unsrer verglichen kann werden. Elftausend Jungfrauen Zu tanzen sich trauen! Sankt Ursula selbst dazu lacht! Kein' Musik ist ja nicht auf Erden, Die unsrer verglichen kann werden. Cäcilia mit ihren Verwandten Sind treffliche Hofmusikanten! Die englischen Stimmen Ermuntern die Sinnen, Daß alles für Freuden erwacht.	If a fasting day should come, All the fish would swim up with joy! Saint Peter is already running there With net and bait Into the heavenly pond. Saint Martha must be the cook. There is no music on earth That can be compared to ours. Eleven thousand virgins Dare to dance. Saint Ursula herself laughs at this. There is no music on earth That can be compared to ours. Cecilia and her relatives Are excellent court musicians! The angelic voices Encourage the senses, So that everything awakens to joy.
--	---

Hanns Eisler (1898-1962)

Spruch 1939 (1939)

Bertolt Brecht

In den finsternen Zeiten
Wird da noch gesungen
werden? ...

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Das Lied vom Anstreicher Hitler Op. 41 No. 3

Bertolt Brecht

Der Anstreicher Hitler
Sagte: Liebe Leute, laßt mich
ran!

Motto for 1939

In the dark times
will there still be
singing?
Yes! there will be singing
about the dark times,
there will be singing,
about the dark times.

The Song of the Painter, Hitler

The painter Hitler said:
Dear people, let me have
a go!
And he took a bucket of
fresh whitewash
and repainted the whole
house,
the whole German
house.

The painter Hitler said:
This new building will be
finished in no time!
And the holes and the
cracks and the breaks,
he simply painted
everything over.
He painted over all the
crap.

Oh, painter Hitler,
why weren't you a
bricklayer? Your house,
when the whitewash gets
rained on,
the dirt underneath
comes out again,
the whole shithouse
comes out again.

The Reich Chancellor
Hitler
hadn't studied anything
except paint,
and when they let him
have a go,
he smeared everything.

He smeared all of
Germany.

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Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Wie lange noch? (1944)

Walter Mehring

Ich will's dir gestehen, es war
eine Nacht
da hab ich mich willig dir
hingegen ...

How much longer?

I will confess to you, there
was one night,
I gave myself to you
willingly,
you had me, drove me
mad,
I thought I couldn't live
without you.

You promised me the
moon and the stars
and I looked after you like
a father.
You tortured me, you
broke me.
I would have laid the
earth at your feet.

Look at me!
Look at me!
When will the day come
when I tell you:
it's over!

When will the day come,
oh the day that I fear?
How much longer? How
much longer?
How much longer?

I believed you, I was as if I
were in a madness,
from all your words, from
your vows.
Whatever you wanted, I
did.
Wherever you wanted, I
let myself be led.

Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

You promised me the
moon and the stars
and ! Oh, I didn't dare to
cry.
But you broke your word,
your vows,
I kept quiet and suffered.

Look at me!
Look at me!
When will the day come
when I tell you:
it's over!

When will the day come,
oh the day that I fear?
How much longer? How
much longer?
How much longer?

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text of this song

Alabama Song
*from Aufstieg und Fall
der Stadt Mahagonny*
(1927-9)
*Bertolt Brecht (original text
unknown)*

Alabama Song

Oh, show us the way to
the next whisky-bar,
oh, don't ask why, oh,
don't ask why,

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text of this song

Philip Glass (b.1937)
Wichita Vortex Sutra (1966)
Allen Ginsberg

I'm an old man now, and a lonesome man in Kansas
but not afraid

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text of this song

Alex Mills

From The Book of Hours

In deep nights
Rainer Maria Rilke

In deep nights

In deep nights I dig for
you like treasure
For all I have seen
that clutters [up] the
surface of my world
is poor and paltry
substitute
for the beauty of you
that has not happened
yet.

I believe in the night
Rainer Maria Rilke

I believe in the night

You, darkness, of whom I
am born –

I love you more than the
flame
that limits the world
to the circle it illumines
[illuminates]
and excludes all the rest.

But the dark embraces
everything:
shapes and shadows,
creatures and me,
people, nations – just as
they are.
It lets me imagine
a great presence stirring
beside me.

I believe in the night.

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original texts of these pieces

I love you, my darkness
Alexander Mills

You darkness
I love you
My darkness
I love you,
my darkness.

Translation by Kirill Kuzmin of 'Winter Evening'; Translations by Sergey Rybin of '6 Verses of Marina Tsvetayeva'. Translations by Jess Dandy of 'Harawi'; pieces From Des Knaben Wunderhorn; 'Spruch 1939'; 'Das Lied vom Anstreicher Hitler'; and 'Wie lange noch?'. Translation by Elisabeth Hauptmann of 'Alabama Song'. Translations by Anita Barrows & Joanna Macy of pieces from the 'Book of Hours'.